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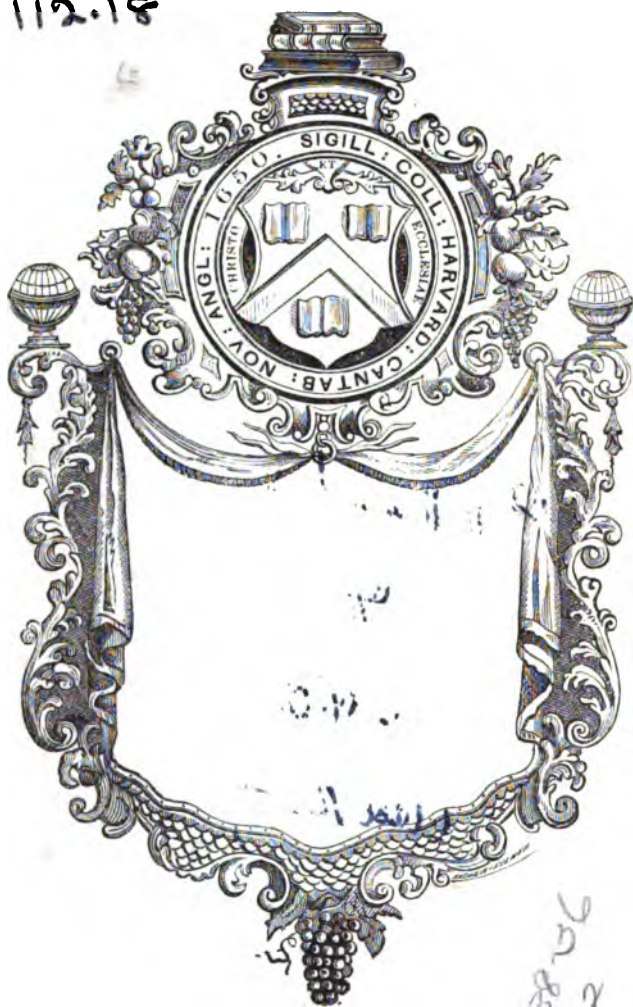
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VOL. IV.

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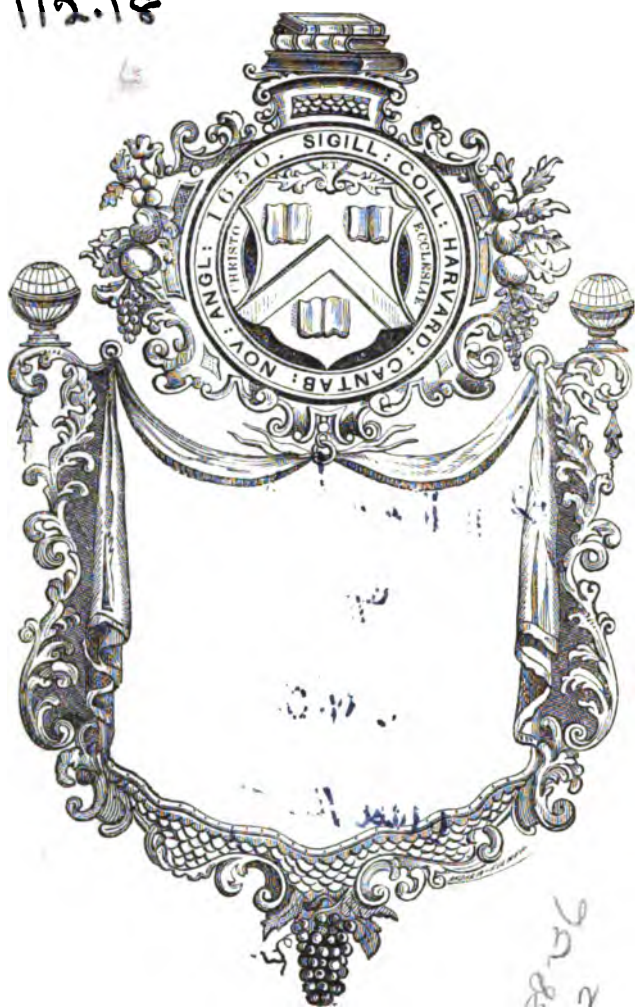
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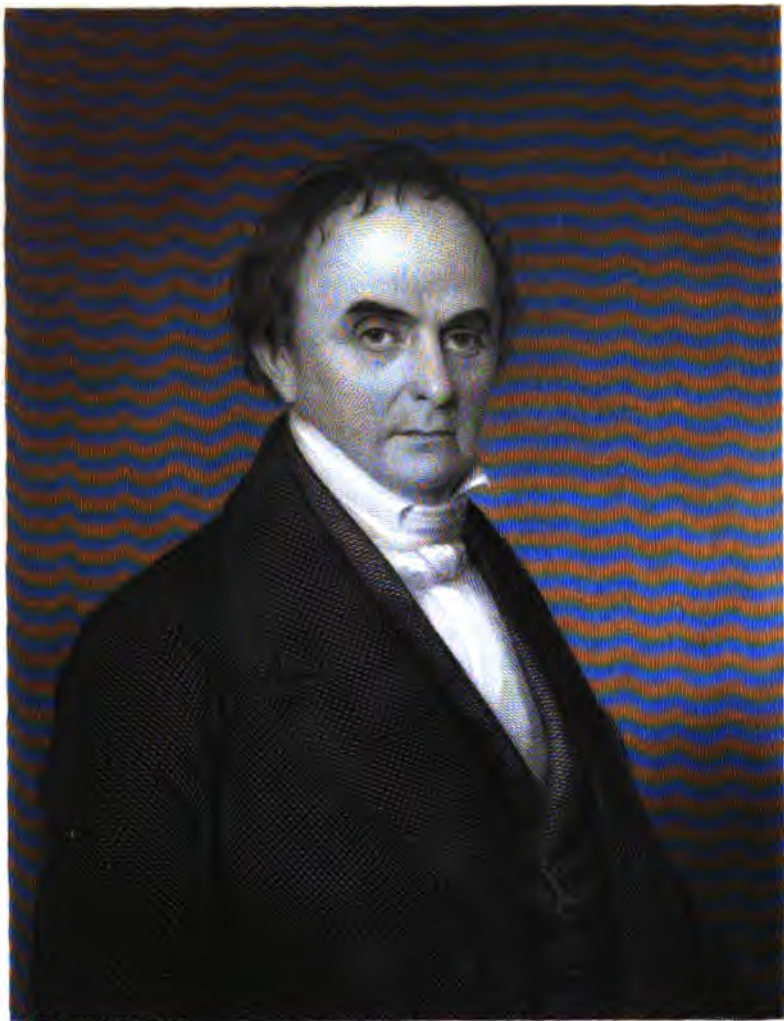
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Miss Maria C. Fay.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The present number begins the fourth volume of the American Review. It is not needed that much should be said at this time as to its condition or prospects. As the success of such a work depends upon the countenance of the public, it will be considered indicative both of the importance of such an organ, and of the character which this has maintained, that the public countenance was at once extended to it and has never been withdrawn. It was generally felt that a periodical of this kind was demanded in this country, and the work was established. For the same reason it will be continued. But it ought to be remarked, that the increased power of this Review must depend upon an enlarged list of subscribers. We have done what we could, and have endeavored to be liberal; and we know, indeed, that, in the aggregate, this work has paid more to its contributors within the past year, than any other periodical in the United States. But we say again—and we state it frankly, because it is really the chief thing to be considered—we feel that *this* remuneration is inadequate. To make the Journal what it can be made and what we wish to make it, our list must be greatly increased. We make it our request, therefore, that those who have received and read it, will not feel that their interest in the matter shall be bounded by their own, still less by a single year's, subscription. We request them to continue their support, and to enlist others. They can by each speaking a few words for it to some friend, easily extend the sphere of its influence. We especially ask the continued warm encouragement of the conductors of the Whig press, as we sincerely thank them for their kindness hitherto. Is it too much to hope thus for the permanent aid of our *friends*, when it is of late more manifest than ever before, that the Whig party with two or three minds on the other side not weak enough to receive dictation, are mainly the conservators of the best interests of the Republic? Every means ought to be taken, by which the true conservative mind of the country shall have a *voice*. Of such means this Review, it is hoped, is not the least important.

### ENGRAVINGS.

*We present this month an engraved portrait of Mr. Webster. Though beautifully executed both by the original artist and by the engraver, it was of course to be expected, that it would not do full justice to the massiveness and power in the features of the distinguished subject. We do not suppose that any painter or engraver will ever accomplish it. This will be judged, however, to be greatly superior to any likeness of Mr. Webster that has yet appeared.*

*Two other engraved likenesses are provided for:—one of them is already finished.*

*We regret to state that the sketch of Mr. Mangum provided for us at Washington; never reached its destination. We are informed by the writer that it was placed in the mail-box of the cars, but we have been unable to obtain it; other packages coming from Washington, have missed us in the same way. It may be written and furnished hereafter.*

THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW:

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No. I.

## OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

HITHERTO, since the sudden breaking out of this war, little has been said, in regard to it, in any quarter, but what has had relation to the paramount duty which the country owes to itself, in the new position in which it is placed as a belligerent power. On all sides, our people have been chiefly occupied, as hostile armies are on the approach to battle, in surveying the enemy, in contemplating his force and numbers, and all his means of annoyance and injury, and considering what must be done to insure their own success in the conflict of arms to which they are committed. This they have regarded as their first duty. Everywhere the sentiment of patriotism has prevailed. And never was this virtue appealed to, or responded to by any people, under more trying circumstances. To the better and more intelligent portion of our people, war is utterly revolting; and we believe the impression is all but universal among such, even in advance of all argument and all minute investigation, that we have been plunged into this war, by the blunders, or the crime, of those who administer the public affairs of our own country. Divided into parties—and accustomed, as those in the ranks of the Opposition are, to give free utterance to every feeling of contempt and scorn with which the conduct of the Administration habitually inspires them—it is a thing to be specially noted and commended, that no portion of our peo-

ple, however deeply exasperated by this condition of things, have ever suffered themselves to forget, for a moment, the fidelity due to the country, in the face of the public enemy. The first care of all has been that the hands of the Government should be fully furnished with every means and weapon necessary to meet the advance of that enemy in the field. Under very peculiar circumstances, especially unfavorable to calm deliberation, or rather as if forbidden to deliberate, Congress was appealed to by the President, and the response was promptly sent back to him, like an echo. Nothing was demanded in vain—though more was demanded than necessity required, or truth or the Constitution could sanction. And the whole country, with a singular unanimity, has virtually given its assent and countenance to the war, and has cheered on the Government to the employment of every necessary means for securing the defence and maintaining the honor of the land. And all this has been done, with a conscious feeling, we are persuaded, pervading all intelligent classes of the community, in all quarters of the country, that in its inception, this is purely an Executive war—a war of the President's own seeking, or if not specially sought by him, a war into which he was precipitated by acts of his own, of the most unjustifiable and the most reprehensible character.

After what has already transpired since this war was commenced, after what has already been done to vindicate the patriotism of our people, and the glory of our arms, and after the severe chastisement which the enemy has already received, we think it high time now that the people should begin to consider seriously of a proper reckoning between themselves and the guilty authors of the war. If we should wait till the war may be ended, till those who have got us into it may see fit to get us out in their own way, we believe the day of reckoning would never come. Our silence would be construed into consent and entire acquiescence. We believe the time has already come, when peace should be made, or sought at least, with Mexico; and the very fact that no step whatever has been taken, or, so far as we know, contemplated, by the Administration, towards an offer or an effort to renew friendly relations with that Power, since the disasters which have befallen her arms on the Rio Grande, should be held as a new offence, only less reprehensible than that of bringing us originally into a needless war. The voice of the people must be heard on this matter. We do not hesitate to affirm, as our undoubted conviction, that Mexico is ready to treat with us to-day, if she were approached by us as a weak but proud nation should be, by one so much her superior in power. She should be treated delicately, in respect of her pride, and generously and humanely, in consideration of her depressed and distracted condition. To-day, Commissioners to offer her terms of peace might be approaching her capital; or, at any rate, in some mode, measures should have been taken for bringing before her Government, at the earliest period, declarations and proofs of our pacific and friendly disposition. But all this seems far enough from the purpose of the Administration. We hear of nothing from that quarter, but designs of prosecuting the war to the heart of Mexico. We hear of an army of invasion, thirty thousand strong, to be concentrated with all possible dispatch on the frontiers of that country, and to be precipitated, in three grand divisions, without delay, and with little or no regard to climate or season, on the capital of the Empire. There, and there only, in the enemy's country, and at his capital, Napoleon-like, we are to dictate the terms of peace! Great words, and grand ideas, these, for modest and peace-loving

republicans to employ. We are "to conquer a peace in Mexico"—that is the phrase; and to do this, we are to march an army of thirty thousand men, five-sixths of them militia, many hundreds of miles into the enemy's country—strictly an army of invasion, and of foreign conquest. Yes: we are to have an army of invasion and of foreign conquest, composed, five to one, of militia; and by what authority? Certainly not by the authority of the Constitution. No project or notion could be entertained more palpably in contempt of that instrument. In short, the plans for prosecuting this war are only equalled in atrocious usurpations of Executive power, by those which produced the war. It is time the people began to look after their own interest in this matter. Our own mind, at least, is made up. We will no longer refrain from uttering, before the country, the convictions which have been forced upon us, that the Administration, at Washington, is wholly responsible for this war; that though we may have had cause of war against Mexico, upon which we might have justified ourselves, according to the usage of nations in times past, yet this war was undertaken for no such cause; that in its inception it was in no way a war of defence, on our part, but of aggression; that it was induced and provoked by the Administration, at Washington, in assuming military occupation of a section of country to which the United States had no title, and which was till that moment in the actual and undisturbed possession of Mexico, as it always had been, since she had been a nation; a movement of the army of the United States into a foreign territory, by the sole authority of the President, and as little to be justified by any plea of necessity, arising from anything done, or threatened to be done, by Mexico, as by anything found in the Constitution of the country; and finally, that the plans for prosecuting the war, and, so far as we are permitted to understand them, the objects to be secured by it, if the Administration is to have its way, have as little in them, as the inception of the war itself, to commend them to the just sympathy or countenance of the American people. Such, we say, are our convictions, and we give them free utterance; but we propose, too, to offer to our readers some reasons for the opinions that we are so free to express.

The first thing we have to consider is,

that this war was begun with little real regard to those "wrongs and injuries" committed by Mexico against citizens of the United States, which form the burthen of complaint against that Power both in the President's annual message to Congress, in December last, and in his war message, of the 11th of May. This is a point which ought to be well understood by the whole country. It may be a question which party began the war—and this we shall consider hereafter—but however this may be, certain it is, it had little or nothing to do, in its origin, with any wrongs and injuries whatever committed by Mexico. If she began hostilities, of course it was for some cause, if for any cause at all, other than that of wrongs and injuries committed by herself. If hostile demonstrations were first made on our side, we repeat, that very little regard, except by way of pretence, was had to our unsettled claims on Mexico; they entered very little into the real considerations which led to these demonstrations. The President has taken care all the while to make these claims figure largely in his communications to Congress, touching our difficulties with that Power; and we have not the least doubt that he has handled this juggle so adroitly as to make the impression, to a wide extent, on the minds of our people, that the real cause of this war is to be found, in a great measure at least, in these unsettled claims, and the necessity he was under of enforcing the adjustment of them without any further delay. Let us not allow ourselves to be deceived and imposed on in this way. If there had been no causes of difference between us and Mexico but this, and if the President had had no other object but this in view, there would have been no war, nor any approach to war. The President knows this well enough, and he has only sought to flourish "the wrongs and injuries we have so long borne" in the face of our people, that he might "prepare their hearts" for a war to be undertaken and prosecuted on other grounds, and for very different objects. We say again, let us not allow ourselves to be deceived and imposed on by the transparent pretences of the Administration at Washington. This war is to be referred mainly to one cause, and one cause only; it has been brought about in the determined pursuit of one principal object, and one only: *that object was the acquisition of more territory.* Not Texas only, or Texas proper;—that was secured

already, without war, or, as things finally resulted, without any danger of war. But the President wanted more territory than was secured by the terms of annexation, or than was likely to be obtained merely by an amicable settlement of the question of boundary, except as negotiation should be preceded or accompanied by military demonstrations in and about the coveted country. We think it susceptible of the clearest moral demonstration, that this had been the one grand object of the President; and that it is to this one object, as the principal and main thing, and the measures resorted to to secure it, that the country is indebted for the existence of this war. We shall recur to this point before we conclude this paper, and dwell upon it more at length. At present we wish to speak a little further, and more particularly, of our unsatisfied claims on Mexico, that we may understand for ourselves exactly what we have to complain of on this score, and what they have to do with the war, or the war with them.

Ever since the revolution which separated Mexico from Spain, in 1822, American citizens in Mexico, and the vessels of American citizens on the coasts of that country, have been subjected to occasional insults, oppressions, exactions and injuries. These things have arisen partly from the want of that just sense of the rights of persons and property, so well understood in our own country, and so little appreciated in Mexico, and partly as incident to the unsettled state of things there, and the fact that, if a republic at all, Mexico is a military republic, with the supreme power shifting almost as often as the seasons change from the hands of one military chief and despot to another. In such a country persons and property are necessarily very insecure; and it is not much to be wondered at, though not to be justified or tolerated, that strangers—the citizens of other countries—trying the hazards of trade or business there, should suffer in common with those who are native to the country. It happens not unfrequently in such cases, that such strangers become the special objects of the arbitrary authority and the rapacity of the Government. The same causes, too, which operated to produce the injuries to which our citizens were subject at the hands of Mexico from time to time, in a long series of years, have constantly stood in the way of obtaining that prompt and complete redress which was due to the respective instances of outrage or in-

jury. There has, of course, often been the most provoking indisposition and delay to consider these cases, or to acknowledge the obligation to make satisfaction for them. The sense of justice has not at any time been very keen or active, and when this has been waked up, as has been done at times by some rather rough handling of the Mexican authorities, the necessities of that country, always urgent and pressing, have mightily interfered—as the necessities of desperate debtors always do—with the payment, and even the adjustment, of her proper obligations and dues.

In 1831, the American Government sought, as far as possible, to provide against the recurrence of these injuries on the part of Mexico, by defining with clearness and precision, in the Treaty of Amity and Commerce with that Power, of the 5th of April, the rights and duties of the respective parties towards each other. This may have checked, but, unhappily, it was not sufficient to prevent the commission of repeated acts of the Mexican authorities, especially of the subordinate authorities, injurious and oppressive to American citizens. A communication from the Secretary of State to Mr. Ellis, then our Chargé in Mexico, in July, 1836, enumerates some fourteen distinct cases of injury and outrage to American citizens and their property, occurring after the date of the Treaty, which the Minister was instructed to bring afresh to the notice of the Mexican Government.

It is worth while to remark, that it was this particular period of time—one of very special interest to Mexico—that was first selected by our Government for pressing, with uncommon zeal and urgency, the claims which our citizens had on the justice of that Power. These claims dated back, some of them, as far as 1815, and so on up to the revolution which terminated the Spanish rule in that country; and very many of them were older than the Treaty of 1831. Other claims had arisen, as we have seen, subsequent to that Treaty; yet from the period of General Jackson's accession to the Presidency, in 1829, up to the time when Mexico became involved in civil war with her revolted province of Texas, Mexico was treated with the utmost forbearance, in reference to these claims. In truth, they may be said to have been very little pressed, though not quite neglected. Through eight successive annual messages to

Congress from General Jackson, the subject of these claims is scarcely once, if at all, alluded to—except in the last. In the last of these, however, that of December, 1836, the subject is referred to in these general terms. Speaking of our relations with “all our neighbors on this continent,” he says: “The just and long-standing claims of our citizens upon some of them are yet sources of dissatisfaction and complaint. No danger is apprehended, however, that they will not be peacefully, although tardily, acknowledged and paid by all, *unless the irritating effect of her struggle with Texas should unfortunately make our immediate neighbor, Mexico, an exception.*”

Beyond all doubt, the secret was here disclosed, which might well account not only for some of the more aggravated cases of outrage to the rights and property of American citizens, then recently perpetrated by subordinate Mexican authorities, and for a more than ordinary indisposition to heed our complaints, but also for the very particular importunity which just then characterized our demands for redress. Mexico had come to look upon the United States and our people with extreme distrust. She did not at all relish our sympathies towards the Texans in their struggle for emancipation. She took up a violent prejudice against us—of course a very injurious one—as if our desire to see Texas free was stronger than our friendship for her, or as if we entertained a secret wish and purpose, some day or another, to take that province to our own embrace! Texas declared her independence on the 2d day of March, 1836, and on the 21st of April the decisive battle of San Jacinto was fought. Mexico persisted in believing, and does, we think, to this day, that American citizens had something to do with that revolution, and that battle. Notwithstanding the decisive result of the affair of San Jacinto, including the capture of the President of Mexico, rumors were soon abroad in Texas of great preparations for another invasion from Mexico; and just about the time when, according to these rumors, the invading army should have been looked for in Texas, it was found that the American General, (Gaines,) at the head of a formidable body of troops, had deemed it necessary under instructions from Washington, in order to guard the frontier of the United States against Indians! to march fifty miles into the interior of Texas, and take up a position at

Nacogdoches. Mexico was weak enough to be startled and offended at this movement! and Mr. Gorostiza, her Minister in this country, failing to get such satisfaction as he deemed due to the case, demanded his passports, and went home.

Now, it was the period here referred to—so critical to Mexico, with an irritating struggle on her hands, with her President a prisoner and an exile—it was this period that was selected at Washington as the most convenient and opportune, to press on the attention of that Power the necessity of her responding promptly and satisfactorily, without any further delay, to the formidable array of complaints and reclamations which we had to prefer against her. By a dispatch of the 20th of July, Mr. Ellis was instructed forthwith to present these complaints and reclamations, and demand reparation for these accumulated wrongs; he was instructed to wait patiently *three weeks* for an answer, and if at the end of that period “no satisfactory answer” should be received, he was to give formal notice that at the end of a *fortnight* more, unless such “satisfactory answer” should be received, he would demand his passports! Mr. Ellis, of course, obeyed his instructions, and, having received an answer to his demand which he deemed satisfactory, he received his passports, and came home. Mr. Gorostiza took his departure from this country in October, 1836; and Mr. Ellis came home in January, 1837. Thus were the diplomatic relations of the two Governments entirely suspended.

On the 7th of February, 1837, General Jackson, now thoroughly aroused to the crying injustice of Mexico, sent a special message to Congress, recommending, “that an act be passed *authorizing reprisals*, and the use of the naval force of the United States by the Executive against Mexico, to enforce them, in the event of a refusal by the Mexican Government to come to an amicable adjustment of the matters in controversy between us, upon another demand thereof, *made from on board one of our vessels of war on the coast of Mexico.*” Doubtless this would have been a powerful diversion—not, of course, so intended! but operating to that effect—in favor of Texas, where the apprehension of further annoyance from Mexico was not yet quite ended. Happily, however, for the peace and honor of the country, Congress did not deem the case quite so urgent as the President had supposed it

to be. No act authorizing reprisals was passed; and the Committee of the Senate recommended to the President to make another demand, in some peaceful form, for justice and satisfaction. This they deemed the more important, as we chanced to have a Treaty with Mexico, which expressly provided, that “neither of the contracting parties will order or authorize any acts of reprisal, nor declare war against the other, on complaint of injuries or damages, until the said party considering itself offended shall first have presented to the other a statement of such injuries or damages, *verified by competent proofs*, and demanded justice and satisfaction, and the same shall have been either refused or unreasonably delayed.” Confessedly, by the dispatch of Mr. Forsyth to Mr. Ellis, there must have been a failure to verify the cases, or some of them, by competent proofs, when the peremptory demand for satisfaction was made by that Minister.

The result of this business showed that, notwithstanding “the irritating effect of her struggle with Texas,” Mexico could be brought to terms of settlement by negotiation, as well as by reprisals, or war; but it required forbearance and patience on our part. Mr. Van Buren dispatched a special messenger to Mexico, soon after entering on the duties of his office, to make a final demand for redress of injuries, *with the documentary proofs*, as required by our Treaty. The answer was, that “nothing should be left undone that might lead to the most speedy and equitable adjustment of our demands.” Soon afterwards Mexico voluntarily renewed diplomatic relations with this country, by sending to our government an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, who “brought with him assurances of a sincere desire, that the pending differences between the two Governments should be terminated in a manner satisfactory to both.” This was in 1838. In April, 1839, a convention was concluded between the two powers, and ratified by the respective Governments; a previous convention having been made in September, 1838, which the Mexican Government, for reasons accepted at Washington as satisfactory, had failed to ratify. By this convention of April, 1839, it was agreed, that “all claims of citizens of the United States upon the Mexican Government, statements of which, soliciting the interposition of the Government of the United

States, have been presented to the Department of State, or to the Diplomatic agent of the United States at Mexico, until the signature of this Convention," should be referred to a Board of four Commissioners, two appointed from each country, for final adjustment. An Umpire was to be appointed by the King of Prussia. This Commission was organized in August, 1840, and sat for eighteen months, when its term of service expired by the limitation of the convention.

The recital we have here made shows, that notwithstanding all former delays, and in spite of "the irritating effect of her struggle with Texas," Mexico had at last yielded to our importunate demands for redress of injuries, and that from the autumn of 1840 to the spring of 1842, the examination and adjustment of the claims of our citizens were quietly going on at the capital of our own country, before a Commission constituted by an amicable convention agreed upon between the two powers. Whatever complaints then we have now to make against Mexico, in regard to these claims, must date from and after the spring of 1842, when that Commission was terminated by its own limitation. All former delays—all former evasions and equivocations to avoid the settlement of these claims, ceased to be any longer a subject of complaint on our part, when Mexico yielded the point, and came into a voluntary, amicable and satisfactory arrangement in regard to them. If, since the Convention of 1839, and the termination of the Joint Commission in 1842, she has returned to her former line of conduct; if she has delayed and equivocated as she did aforetime; if she has failed, without just reason or excuse, to perform her treaty stipulations in regard to claims already liquidated, and has refused to make provision for other claims not so adjusted; then she has given us new and just cause of offence, and it would not lie in her mouth to complain if we had chosen to take redress, by reprisals, or even war, into our own hands. Let us see exactly what her conduct has been, and what we have to complain of, since the spring of 1842.

The Joint Commission, with and without the aid of the Umpire, made, during their sitting, final awards in favor of American citizens to the amount of something more than two millions of dollars. The number of cases, in all, was very great; and "all the cases of

claims," say the American Commissioners, "prepared for the final action of the Board, so far as depended upon it, were disposed of, *except three*." Three or four other cases were presented, but not in a state for the Board to act upon. Of the three *excepted* cases, two of them being claims, *on paper*, to the aggregate amount of more than two and a half millions, came to the Board *only on the last day of its session!* These parties could have been in no great hurry for their money. They were claims of several years' standing, and the President, in his annual Message, takes care to make the most of them. What is really due on them nobody can tell. Claims on Governments always loom up large on paper. In the cases examined and decided by the Commission and Umpire, the claimants demanded in the aggregate, \$6,439,723 19; and the amount finally awarded, as justly due in these cases, was \$2,026,139 68, or less than one-third of the amount claimed. By the same rule, the claims in the three, or six or seven cases, not acted on by the Board, and amounting on paper, all told, to three millions and a third, would seem to be worth about a million. The bulk of the two heaviest of these *on paper* was for damages on *land contracts* with the Republic of Mexico.

Besides the final awards by the Commission and Umpire, there were claims acted on by the Board, as presented, to near two millions, and in which the American Commissioners were ready to allow about one-half the amount claimed, while the Mexican Commissioners allowed nothing. These were left undecided by the Umpire, because, owing solely to the delay of the parties in preparing and presenting them for a hearing, they came into his hands too late for decision. All, except one, were received by him only six days before the Commission ceased to exist. What the award of the Umpire would have been in these cases, of course we cannot know. In the cases in which he did act, his allowance was in the ratio of about two-thirds of the amount which the American Commissioners would have allowed, while it exceeded by many times the sum which the Mexican Commissioners were willing to concede. On the whole, we may conclude, that when the Joint Commission terminated its labors, besides the two millions and twenty-six thousand dollars actually and finally awarded, there remained an amount of a million and three-quar-

ters, or perhaps two millions more, justly due to American citizens from the Mexican Government, and for the adjustment of which, as well as for the payment of the amount awarded by the Commission and Umpire, she was bound to make suitable provision. In the spring of 1842, she owed to American citizens a liquidated debt of \$2,026,139 68, and a further sum of probably two millions, possibly three or four, which was not, but ought to be liquidated. We will see what has been done with this debt and these claims.

Early in the spring of 1842, the Hon. W. Thompson, a gallant, generous and high-minded gentleman of South Carolina, went to Mexico as our Minister Plenipotentiary. Let us hear what he has to say, in the first place, about this liquidated debt of two millions, adjudicated by the Joint Commission.

"The Mexican Government had, by the terms of the convention which established that Commission, the alternative of paying the awards either in coin, or in *their own Treasury Notes*, at their option. The market was already flooded with this depreciated Government paper, and new emissions were daily made. The market value of these Treasury Notes was about thirty cents on the dollar, and if this additional two millions had been thrown on the market, they would have depreciated still more. The owners of these claims knew this, and were anxious to make some other arrangement. *The awards were not sent to me until October.* I demanded the money; but it was a mere form, for every one knew that the Government neither had the money nor the means of raising it, and coercion was out of the question, as they would have availed themselves of the alternative of the treaty and given the Treasury Notes, which would only have been changing the evidence of the debt, and to a less advantageous form. In a week, however, I made a new convention with the Government."

And what was this new convention? Why, Mexico agreed to pay this liquidated debt in coin, paying the interest up to the 30th of April, 1843, and the principal and interest in five years from that date, in tri-monthly installments, with the advantage also and saving to the creditors, of export and transportation duties, freight, insurance and commissions, which under the former convention would have fallen on them at the cost of eighteen or twenty per cent. on all they should have

received. But though Mexico agreed to pay this indebtedness, she has not paid it, except in part. It is certainly true, what Mr. Thompson says; "the claimants have received fifteen per cent. of the principal of their debt, and about nineteen per cent. of interest, which is twice as much as the market value of the whole of the claims when I [he] went to Mexico, which was less than twenty cents on the dollar." This is very well to show that the claimants are better off to to-day than they were the day they got their awards, even if they should never receive the next farthing on their demands; but they are entitled under the new Convention, voluntarily entered into by Mexico for their relief from the certain losses to which they were subject under the former, to the whole amount of their awards; and sooner or later, in one way or another, Mexico must pay the uttermost farthing. "All the installments" says Mr. Thompson, "which fell due whilst I remained in Mexico, were paid." The President says, "the three first"—by which he means the first three—"installments have been paid." Two other installments, those of April and July, 1844, are claimed to have been paid by Mexico, though the subject, Mr. Polk informs us, is involved in much mystery. Why the payment of the remaining portions of these indemnities has been suspended, remains to be explained. We shall advert to this point directly.

We have seen that there were claims—they were eighteen in number—which failed of decision by the Umpire, for want of time; and there were some other cases—seven according to Mr. Thompson—which were not considered by the Commissioners, also principally for want of time. The question is, how did Mexico conduct herself in regard to these claims? We will let Mr. Thompson tell the story:

"I was anxious to have made provision for the settlement of these cases at the time that I negotiated the Convention of January, 1843, but *my Government thought otherwise.* In November, however, of that year, I received instructions to negotiate another convention for the settlement of these claims. . . . I succeeded, but with difficulty, in obtaining every concession which I had been instructed to ask, and on some points more, with the single exception of the place of meeting of the new Commission, which I agreed should be Mexico instead of Washington."



Unhappily, this treaty was not ratified by the United States, except with amendments. It was insisted that the Commission should sit in this country and not in Mexico. The treaty has never been ratified at all by Mexico. We think there can be no doubt that a great error was committed, very much to the prejudice of the claimants, when our Government insisted on changing the terms of this convention as to the place where the Commission should sit. By yielding this point, our negotiator had secured a capital advantage—which was that he should name the Umpire. This was of the very highest importance. Experience had shown that, as in all such cases, the American and Mexican Commissioners were pretty sure to disagree on every claim, and the Umpire would in effect be the sole judge in every instance, it was worth half the real value of every claim to name the Umpire, and this our Minister secured by yielding the place of meeting to Mexico. And this was all the more important, as the convention had stipulated that the eighteen cases above referred to were not to be re-examined by the Commissioners at all, but handed over at once to the Umpire for his decision. Nor was there any very imperative or just reason, in principle or convenience, why the Commission should sit in Washington rather than Mexico. The Commission was to settle claims of Mexican citizens on our Government, as well as claims of our citizens on the Mexican Government; and had it been otherwise, there is nothing very new in the rule that the claimant, whether citizen or foreigner, should prosecute his demand in the country where it arose. It happened, too, here, that nearly all the six or seven claims of our citizens which alone were to be submitted to the Commissioners for examination, depended on documentary proofs which were in the public archives of Mexico. There is every reason for saying that, if this convention had been promptly ratified by us just as it was made, it would have been ratified by Mexico, and at least the eighteen cases above mentioned would have been long since settled by the Umpire. There would have been some chance, too, for the settlement of the remaining cases, before our relations with Mexico had been perplexed, and diplomatic intercourse suspended by the intervention of the question of Annexation. How far we are right in throwing

the whole blame on Mexico that these claims—the eighteen and the seven cases—have not been adjusted and settled, let the American public, in all candor, judge. The fact, certainly, as it is charged on our part, remains undisputed, that Mexico has failed to pay the greater part of the indemnity to which she was bound by the treaty of January, 1843, and that she has made no attempt or offer to provide for the settlement of the remainder of the claims which American citizens have on her, since the failure of the Convention negotiated by Mr. Thompson for that purpose. How much or how little excuse she has for all this, the country and the world must judge from the facts and the circumstances of the case.

The history of the Annexation of Texas to the United States—about the merits of which we have not a word to say in this place—is too recent not to be familiar, at least in its leading events, to all intelligent readers. One effect of that measure, at least, is perfectly well understood; and that is, that it caused the suspension of all diplomatic relations between Mexico and the United States. General Almonte, the Mexican Minister, withdrew from this country, and the Mexican Government refused to have any further diplomatic intercourse with Mr. Shannon, our Minister in that country. Our Government was aware, from the beginning, that so far at least Mexico would go to show her resentment, and how much farther remained to be seen. From the beginning she declared that she should regard Annexation as an act of hostility to her, and all her language breathed of war. A state of war, though of late without active hostilities, existed between her and Texas; and she seemed to suppose, not very unnaturally, that if we chose to put ourselves in the place of Texas, we should place ourselves in a state of war with her.

A serious movement towards Annexation was begun in the winter of 1843-4, resulting in the treaty which was concluded by Mr. Tyler with the Republic of Texas on the 12th of April, 1844. This treaty was rejected by the Senate; but it effectually disturbed and broke up the friendly relations of the two Governments; and the project was by no means abandoned. It was evident that the measure was to be consummated at an early day, and Mexico so understood it. From that hour she counted us as her enemy—waiting only for the con-

summation for any open demonstration of her belligerent designs. Of course we accomplished the measure with every reasonable dispatch. The joint resolution of Annexation was passed by Congress, and approved March 1, 1845.

Now it is to this fact to which we wish to call the attention of our readers; namely, that Mexico chose to take offence at this measure of Annexation—chose to regard it as an act which placed the two countries necessarily in a state of hostility, and as calling on her, as she regarded her rights, her honor and her dignity, to make it cause of war against us; and that the necessary consequence was, whether she attempted to prosecute actual hostilities against us or not, or made an actual declaration of war or not, that, as at least all friendly relations and all diplomatic intercourse were suspended, she should deem herself free, for the time being, from all obligations toward us, by treaty or otherwise; the question, therefore, of her right temporarily to disregard these obligations—the question whether she has any and how much excuse for her neglect and delay to pay her acknowledged indebtedness and to provide for other undoubted claims upon her, depends altogether, in our judgment, on another question; and that is, whether she can justify herself before the law of nations, the law of God, and the civilized world, in resorting to war, or carrying her resentment so far as to assume an attitude of hostility towards us, on account of the Annexation of Texas to the United States.

Into this question we have no intention now to enter. We should not care to be obliged to defend the act of Annexation, at all points, in the face of the world; though we think that on strict grounds of legal right, as against other nations, including Mexico, it is defensible—certainly not on any ground of wisdom, generosity or fairness. And this we will freely say of the matter, that no generous or liberal-minded man can wonder that Mexico should have indulged just that feeling of wounded pride, and all that disposition to resent this act as an injury and an outrage, which she has manifested. She felt as George III. did when his American colonies were about to be wrested from him by force of arms. He is said to have been the last man in his kingdom to be convinced of the impossibility of reconquering them, and the necessity of giving them up.

Mexico was never ready to believe, or rather to confess, that she could not yet reconquer Texas, and impose her arbitrary laws on an unwilling people. This was her error—her weakness, if we will have it so. And it was an error and a weakness that we could very well have afforded to respect, and which we ought to have respected. We did not choose to do so. We took Texas; with how much profit or honor we shall know by and by. The strict legal right to do so we think may be maintained and defended—just as an individual may defend his legal right to the profits of a bargain, though taking a very unfair or ungenerous advantage of other persons' necessities in securing that bargain to himself. Having taken Texas by strict legal right, it seems to follow that, technically at least, Mexico is wrong in setting up that acquisition by us, either as cause of war, or as a reason or excuse for her failure to fulfill her treaty and other obligations towards us. She should have swallowed her resentment; and we, the American people, tell her so, who would probably be the last on earth, in the like case, to follow this teaching. She should have kept down her pride; she should have submitted to an inexorable necessity. She might have appealed to the world against us, and got what sympathy she could; but she should not have talked or thought of war, and she should have proceeded, as if nothing had happened, to do us ample justice, by satisfying all the claims of our citizens upon her. We sometimes call the Mexican nation half civilized; here was a chance for that Power to show us that, at least, she understood the moral law almost as well as we do.

We hold, then, that strictly Mexico cannot defend herself, on the ground of the measure of Annexation, for her failures to give us complete redress for the injuries and losses which our citizens have sustained at her hands in times past; and if we had chosen to do so, we might have regarded her failures to make reparation, at least if continued after a proper demand according to old treaty stipulations, as cause of war. But have we done so, or have we had any real occasion to do so? Neither the one nor the other. We have not made war on Mexico for this cause, though we have set up this grievance as a pretence for hostilities. We have not declared war against her at all. The President called on Congress "to re-

cognize the existence of the war;" Congress recited in the preamble of a Supply Bill, that war existed; and the President issued a proclamation, to the effect that Congress had so recognized the existence of the war. Neither has Mexico declared war against us.

"I solemnly announce," says the Provincial President, Paredes, in a formal proclamation, "that I do not declare war against the United States of America, because the august Congress of the nation, and not the Executive, must decide definitively upon that reparation which so many insults call for. But the defence of the Mexican territory which is invaded by troops of the United States, is of paramount necessity, and my responsibility would become great if I did not command that the enemy's forces should be repelled. I have done so."

War exists, then, between these two nations in the actual collision and conflict of their armies in the field, and not by the formal declaration of war on either side. We marched an army into a territory which Mexico claimed as her own, the possession of which she held, and had always held, by her people, her municipal authorities, and her military posts; she called this a hostile invasion of her soil, and forthwith undertook to repel it by force. This made the war. And what, we ask now, has this war, *in its inception*, to do with our unsatisfied claims on Mexico for wrongs and injuries done to American citizens? Manifestly nothing. Our army was not sent into the field to make a military demonstration in behalf of these claims. That movement had a distinct and a very different object. It was territory and not money that the President intended to secure by it—new and further acquisitions of territory, above and beyond what was strictly acquired by the Annexation of Texas. Hence the war. We will not suffer ourselves, and, if we can help it, we will not allow the people of this country, to be cheated into the belief that our Government has gone to war with Mexico on account of a debt of three, four or six millions, which she has neglected to pay. The Administration know well enough that this cause has not produced or led to the war. We do not hesitate to affirm, as a matter admitting of no doubt or disputation, that, had every dollar of this debt been paid to us two years ago, this war would have been just as inevitable, and would have taken place just as

certainly as it has, if the Administration had entertained the same designs in regard to the extension of our territorial limits, and had adopted the same measures to secure that object. How we wish Mexico had been both just and wise enough to have satisfied our claims upon her promptly, at any sacrifice, when she saw this difficulty approaching, and so left this modest and peace-loving Administration of ours to pursue its designs of aggression upon her, if it dared, stripped naked of every rag of defence or apology! She did not do this; and her failure has complicated the relations between the two countries. War has come on while this notable delinquency is chargeable on her; and, though certainly brought on with little real regard to this cause, still it gives this advantage to this Government, that it marches upon her under cover of a fire from this battery. She should have spiked this artillery beforehand. As it is, she goes into the war—a war for other and distinct objects—with this admitted cause of complaint against her, on our part, and with the necessity fastened upon her of making due reparation for this injury before she can expect to come out of it. The war cannot now be relinquished by us till this satisfaction be made or secured. Would to God she understood her interest well enough to make this advance at once, and without any further delay. Public opinion in this country would soon settle the rest of the business, by compelling our Government to make peace with her, without robbery, or any further attempt at robbery.

But not only was this war begun, with no other than a pretended regard to our unsatisfied claims as a distinct object to be secured by it; but there was no necessary occasion for making this a cause of war—at least, at the time and in the manner in which warlike demonstrations were commenced on our part. At a former period, when Mexico was suffering under "the irritating effects of her struggle with Texas," and General Jackson took that occasion to break out in paroxysms of impatience and passion for the delay of that Government in providing for these claims, even he did not recommend war, but reprisals—and that only after another demand from on board one of our vessels of war. Congress refused to sanction even this measure of redress, and recommended a compliance with treaty stipulations, before resorting either to reprisals or war—which required a friendly de-

mand first to be made for redress of injuries, accompanied with proper proofs to verify the complaints. If the two countries were not at war until blows were struck on the Rio Grande, then the Treaty of 1831 was as much in force as ever, and a proper demand was to be made before a resort to war or reprisals. And if it be said that Mexico refused to receive our Minister, sent to her for this and other objects, still we say, the mode of redress formerly proposed by General Jackson was open to the Government; a demand might have been made from on board one of our vessels of war, followed by reprisals in case of refusal, or unreasonable delay. If it be said that Mexico had first violated her treaty obligations to us by neglecting to pay her liquidated debt, and therefore we were no longer bound by any treaty stipulations with her, still we say, that with or without treaty, demand and reprisals were better than war, and should have been first resorted to, if coercive measures of any kind were necessary, and the real object had been to obtain satisfaction from Mexico for her debt and dues to us. But who does not see that the matter of these claims was the last and the least object which the Administration had in view in its military demonstrations towards Mexico? It was not for this that one fleet was gathering, at an early day, before Vera Cruz, and another was hovering around her ports on the Pacific, while an army was directed to take up a position on and over the farther boundary of Texas proper, preparatory to a march to its "point of ultimate destination" on the Rio Grande. The Administration cannot say, with truth, that it was the object of these movements *originally*, to compel Mexico to settle these claims, or that anything of the sort was deemed necessary for that purpose—though the President and his echoes are continually ringing changes on these "wrongs and injuries," as if they had really led to the war. They knew very well that these claims would be voluntarily settled the moment that Mexico could be reconciled to the loss of Texas, or could be made to submit to that loss. Mexico has never, at any period, refused to recognize and settle these claims, though she has often procrastinated and neglected their settlement. It is only just to her to say this much. Before friendly relations were interrupted by this Texan business, and from the time of the Convention of 1839, we cannot charge

Mexico with any disposition or design to escape from the settlement of her just dues to us. Witness the conventions negotiated by Mr. Thompson. One, by which she gave up her right by former treaty to pay in depreciated paper, and agreed to pay in coin; and another, by which the remaining cases, not disposed of under the former commission, were promptly provided for. And this was not all. Mr. Thompson says: "I was anxious before I left the legation that the docket should be cleared, and as there were five cases remaining, some of them of long standing, I asked an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to discuss and settle them. . . . The result was, that all I asked was conceded to me, in all of them." All this did not look as if Mexico, at that time, if she had been unjust, was resolved to be unjust still. There were not wanting many other occasions, while Mr. Thompson was in Mexico, when the dispositions of that Government, whether to oblige or disoblige and injure us, were put to the test. She had in her possession prisoners of the Santa Fé expedition, prisoners of the expedition to Mier, and prisoners taken at San Antonio, in behalf of all of whom, in one way and another, our Minister had occasion to interpose with his remonstrances, or his good offices and solicitations. It was never done without success. So an order had been issued stopping the inland trade to Santa Fé, and another affecting seriously the goods and interests of American merchants in that country, both of which were rescinded, at the instance of the American Minister. So also the Government of Mexico, fearing another Texan operation, and not without good reason, had made an order for expelling all natives of the United States from California, and three adjoining Departments of Mexico; this order, too, was rescinded, at the peremptory demand of the Minister, who says that he did not take the high ground he had assumed in regard to it without "some compunctious visitings," for he had already been informed, and indeed consulted, in regard to a plot for the formation of an Independent Republic in that quarter, of which California should constitute a part.

Mr. Thompson's Mission in Mexico terminated, be it remembered, in March, 1844, just one month before Mr. Tyler's Treaty for the Annexation of Texas was concluded; and up to that moment, as he declared in his address on taking leave,

"the bonds of friendship between the two nations had been strengthened, instead of being weakened." He added, in that same address, this fact—as creditable to him as to the Mexican Government—having first adverted to one exception only—"I have not made a single official demand, or even a simple request, which was not granted." All this did not look, certainly, as though in two short years from that time, we must needs be thundering with our cannon around her cities, to wake her up to a sense of "the wrongs and injuries we had so long borne," and of the justice she was wantonly withholding from us. No, no. It only needed that Mexico should have been conciliated in regard to Texas, to make the settlement of our claims certain and secure; and this the Administration knew perfectly well. There was not a well-informed man in the country who did not perfectly understand, that, on the event of Annexation, if nothing worse happened, at least our friendly relations with Mexico, and with them the payment of our claims, must be suspended for a while, and until, by counsels of conciliation, moderation and wisdom, on our part, in dealing with her and the whole subject, she could be brought to look on Annexation with composure. We all knew, that if we escaped war in this business, yet the restoration of friendly relations must necessarily be the work of time, and would demand of us great circumspection, delicacy of treatment, and forbearance towards that excitable and sensitive people, whom, however innocently as we may think, we had deeply wounded.

And now we are prepared to say, and we do say, with emphasis and solemnity, that, with such a line of conduct on our part towards Mexico as was due from us in reference to the case and the occasion, war might have been and would have been avoided, without the sacrifice of one just claim or one substantial and fair interest of the United States, or of any American citizen. All the facts and disclosures in the case testify to this conclusion, and warrant us in taking this ground boldly, and without the slightest misgiving or doubt. Let those beware who have brought this needless war upon us, for covert objects which they have not dared to disclose or avow, and yet with pretences which are hypocritical and false!

The position which we here take in the first place, is this; that Mexico would

never have declared war against us, or gone to war with us, merely on account of the Annexation of Texas to the United States, with an undefined boundary between her territory and ours. It is true, she threatened war, and assumed a war-like attitude, and if her ability had been equal to her will, *perhaps* she would have taken the field—and perhaps not. There was at first some danger of war, merely because there was some danger that her authorities might not be able to satisfy the boastful feelings and pride of her people and her army short of it. But it is a good while since this danger passed away. It is perfectly manifest that her successive military chiefs—Santa Anna—Herrera—Paredes—none of them intended to make war on account of Annexation, unless forced into it by a noisy popular opinion which could clamor about war, without having really any stomach for the fight; and it is a good while since it became apparent that such a war, so far as Mexico was concerned, might and would be avoided. General Thompson satisfied himself of this before he left Mexico. "They are not going to declare war against us—I have never doubted for a moment about that." "They talk as they have done for years about invading Texas. No such thing was attempted before the Annexation of Texas to this country; and an invasion now only excites a smile whenever it is spoken of. Not one man of sense in Mexico either desires or anticipates such a thing."

The attitude assumed by Mexico immediately after our Resolution of Annexation, made it necessary, in the opinion of the President, "as a precautionary measure, to order a strong squadron to the coasts of Mexico, and to concentrate an efficient military force on the Western Frontier of Texas." Where the "Western Frontier" of Texas was, or might be on a settlement of boundaries, was an important question, which it was not competent to the President to decide. But our army took up a position at Corpus Christi on or near the *right* bank of the Nueces—a river which marked the well-known boundary of the old province or department of Texas on the West. This was early in August of last year, and the avowed object of the movement was "to repel any invasion of the Texan territory which might be attempted by the Mexican forces." The President considered the Texan territory even then,

which was long before Annexation was consummated, and while Texas was still as much an independent republic as she ever was, as a part of the territory of the United States, and to be defended accordingly. On this assumption, absurd, and mischievous as we deem it to be, he was right in taking proper precautions for its defence against a threatened invasion, if he believed the danger to be real, as we suppose he did. Admitting that it was, even at that period, the duty of the Executive to be prepared to repel any invasion of Texas by the Mexican forces, and to place the army near where it would be needed if Mexico should declare war against us; and admitting also that, with this object in view, it was proper that the army should have been directed to take up a position in the Texan territory, where, we ask, was the necessity that the very first position of our forces should have been taken on the farther side of the Nueces? Did not the President know that every inch of ground beyond the Nueces was disputed territory between Mexico and Texas? Did he not know that the Resolution of Annexation expressly reserved the question of boundary between us possessing the Texan territory, and Mexico, to be settled by friendly negotiation, and that it was this very country, between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, and the whole of it, which formed the subject of dispute? Certainly he knew all this, and he knew, too, that, if any thing could at that time, the taking military possession of this disputed territory would bring on a war. It was not enough for him to take possession of the *undisputed* soil of Texas, at that early day, to hold it against the day when Annexation should be consummated. Events have shown that he might have done this with impunity. But this could not satisfy him. Long before any attempt was made, or thought of, to open negotiations with Mexico for the peaceable settlement of the question of boundary, he orders General Taylor, as soon as the Convention of Texas should have passed on the proposition of Annexation, to march into Texas, and he instructs him that the point of his "ultimate destination" was "the Western Frontier" of Texas, where he would *select and occupy a position with his army, on or near the Rio Grande*—the extreme limit to which the nominal paper title of Texas had ever gone. General Taylor is told in another dispatch, "You will approach

as near the boundary line—the Rio Grande—as prudence will dictate." \* \* \* "The President desires that your position, for a part of your forces at least, should be west of the River Nueces." These letters *invited* General Taylor to push at once for the extreme limits—the Rio Grande—they *instructed* him to pass "*west of the River Nueces*." He was too old a soldier to be caught in any trap set for him at Washington; he obeyed the orders, and gave the invitation the go-by. He took his position at Corpus Christi, which was "*west of the Nueces*" because on the right bank of that river; and there he remained for six months, a hundred and fifty miles from the Rio del Norte, and until, having finally received positive orders, he moved to the latter river.

We affirm that Mexico would not have made war on the United States on account of Annexation, nor would she have invaded Texas, or crossed the Rio Grande with an army, if the President had kept his forces wholly out of Texas, or had contented himself with the military occupation of Texas alone within the well-known limits of the ancient state or province of that name. No man of sense can have any doubt on this point who understands what the position of Mexico has been, and what has actually transpired since the measure of Annexation was begun. If she made no attempt to reconquer Texas for long years, when Texas stood alone, she was not likely to begin such an enterprise after that country had come into our possession. Long before Annexation, she had become satisfied that her hold on Texas was gone—the only difficulty was in making the acknowledgment. She was even ready, and offered to do this, in the prospect of Annexation, if Texas would pledge herself to remain independent. Indeed, it is known that Mexico had for some time cared for nothing else in regard to Texas, but to save the point of honor. She was willing to let her escape and be quit of her, on this condition. A nominal reunion, resulting, and designed to result, in complete separation, would have satisfied her at any time. It is true, that until some arrangement of the sort could be effected, her military chiefs deemed it politic to talk of re-conquest and invasion—but it was talk only. They became a little more vociferous on the event of Annexation—still, it was talk only. The Government of Herrera was well under-

stood to be opposed to invading Texas, and in favor of an amicable settlement with the United States. He fell—partly on account of this imputation; but Paredes, who succeeded, was just as little disposed to undertake such a conquest as Herrera had been.

And not only would there have been no invasion, or attempt at invasion, if the President had occupied only the proper and acknowledged soil of Texas, but it is manifest that nothing of the sort would have occurred, notwithstanding that our army had crossed the Nueces and taken position on the west bank of that river, provided the President had allowed it to remain there. Corpus Christi, and a narrow strip of country on the west bank of the Nueces, though not a part of the ancient province of Texas, had been actually occupied by Texans, and governed by the laws of the Republic. General Taylor had held his position there for six months without disturbance, and he was just as little threatened with disturbance at the end as at the beginning—and vastly less so. At first there was some apprehension, both in the camp and at Washington, that Mexico might mean something by her threats of war and invasion. But this apprehension soon subsided at both points. On the 6th of September, within three weeks of his arrival at Corpus Christi, General Taylor writes: "I have the honor to report, that a confidential agent dispatched, some days since, to Matamoras, has returned, and reports that no extraordinary preparation was going forward there; that the garrison does not seem to have been increased, and that our Consul is of opinion there will be no declaration of war." He adds, "I must express the hope, that no militia force will be ordered to join me without my requisition for it. *I am entirely confident that none will be required.*" And on the 17th of September, the Secretary of State writes from Washington: "Information recently received at this department . . . renders it probable that the Mexican Government may now be willing to restore the diplomatic relations between the two countries." We say confidently, that from the month of September down to and including the 13th of January, when a peremptory order was issued to General Taylor to move to the Rio Grande, there was not the least reason to apprehend, nor was any serious apprehension actu-

ally felt by the Administration at Washington, that Mexico would declare war, or would attempt an invasion of Texas, or even cross the Rio Grande with an army. If it was otherwise, let it be shown. It cannot be shown, or pretended. For any movement of troops, or demonstrations of hostile purpose, the Administration relied for information on General Taylor at Corpus Christi. Not an expression can be found in any letter of his, from the month of September onward, which indicated danger, or any prospect of danger. On the contrary everything breathed of repose, quiet and peace. And the news of peace from General Taylor was confirmed to the Administration from other quarters. The Secretary of War writes to him, under date of October 16: "The information which we have here renders it probable that no serious attempts will, at present, be made by Mexico to invade Texas—although she continues to threaten incursions." We repeat, and we charge, in the most solemn manner, not only the fact, but that the President and his Cabinet well knew, that so long as General Taylor remained, or should remain, in his position at Corpus Christi—so long as they refrained from pushing the army forward towards the Rio Grande, no war and no invasion was to be apprehended from Mexico. All the accounts show conclusively, that after the month of August, and up to the time of this fatal movement of our army from the Nueces, there had been no concentration of Mexican troops on that frontier—no movement of troops towards it, and no preparations for any such movement. The military correspondence shows this fact beyond all dispute.

The collision of arms between us and Mexico resulted, without any sort of doubt or question, from the movement of our army to the Rio Grande. The present war is the necessary consequence of that movement, and is attributable to that cause alone. This movement was commenced about the first of March, and every active preparation for resistance by Mexico, was made after that period—or at least after the time when the news of this intended movement reached her capital. Meja was then in command of a small force—not two thousand men—at Matamoras. Ampudia was at the capital, but marched to Matamoras with a force of two or three thousand men, where he arrived and assumed the com-

mand a fortnight after General Taylor had sat down before that city. A fortnight later, on the 4th of April, Arista arrived and assumed the command. And what was the attitude and position which these commanders assumed, under instructions from their Government? Each in succession issued a proclamation, or sent a communication to General Taylor. That of Ampudia recited the explicit demands of his Government. They were, in substance, that General Taylor should forthwith break up his camp and retire to the Nueces, until the question of boundary should be settled between the two Governments. "If," said he, "you persist in remaining upon the soil of the *Department of Tamaulipas*, it must certainly result that arms, and arms alone, must decide the question." The answer of Taylor was: "The instructions under which I am acting will not permit me to retrograde from the position I now occupy." Taylor acts as he is ordered, and says little. He immediately ordered the blockade of the mouth of the Rio Grande, to cut off all supplies from Matamoras. "It will," said he, a few days afterwards, "compel the Mexicans either to withdraw their army from Matamoras, where it cannot be subsisted, or to *assume the offensive on this side of the river.*" He was right. On the very next day Captain Thornton's command was attacked, and sixteen men killed and wounded; and "hostilities were *now* considered as commenced." General Arista considered hostilities commenced before this. The Mexican army in force, soon after "assumed the offensive on this side of the river," and the country is informed of the issue.

We desire, in all this, that our readers should note the attitude assumed by the Mexican Government and the Mexican Commanders. The Proclamation of the President was: "I solemnly announce that I do not declare war against the United States." "But the defence of the Mexican territory, invaded by the troops of the United States, is of paramount necessity." The Commanders called on General Taylor to retire to the Nueces, as his occupation of "the soil of Tamaulipas" must lead to hostilities. And we advert to these things now as affording indubitable proof of the position we have been insisting on, namely—that Mexico had long since abandoned all idea, if she had ever seriously entertained it, of declaring or making war on account of the Annexation of Texas to the United States,

with an undefined boundary, or of invading or occupying that territory, or any part of it, with her forces; that if General Taylor had been suffered to remain at Corpus Christi, no war and no collision would have taken place, and that hostilities and the war are to be attributed solely to the marching of our army to the Rio del Norte. It was not Texas that Mexico undertook to invade or defend; but it was the soil of Tamaulipas invaded by our army, even to the banks of del Norte, that she attempted to protect. She submitted, in terms express as she could make them, before a blow was struck, to our forcible occupation of Texas up to, and even over, the Nueces. More than that, pending the question of boundary between the two countries, she resolved not to submit to.

We can think of nothing more absurd and silly, than a reference in a case like this, to the party that struck the first blow, as determining the question as to which party began the war. We have no hesitation whatever in saying that the President of the United States began this war. The people of this country, and the world, will hold him responsible for it. Let him justify it, if he can! We have said before, and on another occasion, that it was not his fault that this war was not begun many months earlier than it was. He began in the first summer month of 1845 to point the vision of a brave military commander to the banks of the Rio del Norte. Taylor was a warrior, bred in camps, who had never any fault to find with his profession, except that in a long peace it lacked activity. This was the individual whom the President *invited* in repeated messages—we cannot call them orders—through several successive months, to march to "the point of his ultimate destination." But Taylor waited for orders, and when they came he marched. And he had no sooner passed out of the valley of the Nueces, and over the unsettled region adjoining, than he became fully aware that he was in a *foreign* country, at the head of an *invading* army, and surrounded by enemies. His situation was wholly changed. At Corpus Christi he had seen no enemy. Mexican traders came and went, and all was friendship and peace. Now the case was altered. His advance began to be met, he says, by armed parties of Mexicans, thrown out to observe his force and his movements. At the Arroyo Colorado he was met by a considerable force, who in-



formed him that they were there to dispute his passage of that river, with positive orders to fire on him if he attempted to cross. He crossed as in the presence of an enemy, with his "batteries of field artillery planted so as to sweep the opposite bank." The Mexicans retreated. Some miles before reaching Point Isabel, he was met by a civil deputation, bearing a white flag, from Matamoras. They brought with them a formal Protest of the Prefect of the northern district of Tamaulipas against his occupation of that country. "The citizens of this district," says this respectful and dignified document, "in the exercise of the natural rights of self-defence, PROTEST, through their organ, IN THE MOST SOLEMN FORM, THAT NEITHER NOW, NOR AT ANY TIME, DO THEY CONSENT, OR WILL EVER CONSENT, TO SEPARATE THEMSELVES FROM THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC, AND UNITE THEMSELVES TO THE UNITED STATES OF THE NORTH." . . . "The inhabitants must, whatever professions of peace you may employ, regard you as openly committing hostilities." General Taylor found this information strictly and literally true. The buildings at Point Isabel were fired at his approach. The inhabitants abandoned their homes and cultivated fields, and fled as he advanced. When he reached his position opposite Matamoras, in his brief, soldierly way of writing, he sums up the case in this wise: "The attitude of the Mexicans is so far decidedly hostile." He conducted himself accordingly. "On our side," said he, "a battery of four 18 pounders will be completed, and the guns placed in battery to-day. *These guns bear directly upon the public square of Matamoras, and within good range for demolishing the town. Their object cannot be mistaken by the enemy;*" &c. Only one step was wanting to "compel the Mexicans either to withdraw their army from Matamoras, or to assume the offensive on this side of the river;" that step was to blockade the mouth of the river—and it was done!

We are not condemning General Taylor. This war was not his, but the President's. And it was no sin of ignorance in the President. He knew that the country on the Rio Grande had never been occupied by Texans, or touched by Texans, except to be destroyed, or captured as enemies. He knew that the inhabitants were Mexicans; that the whole district was under the quiet and undisturbed rule of the civil authorities of Mex-

ico, and was occupied and protected by her military posts. In the earliest dispatches from the Department of War, General Taylor was advised of the existence of these military posts and Mexican settlements this side the Rio Grande. And now let the President answer whether he did not begin this war. He invaded, with his army, a foreign country—in possession of a foreign people, and under the rule of a foreign power. And this is war—this is war! It was, in every step of the march for the last hundred miles, a forced invasion, with military array—a conquering march, with inhabitants fleeing, and military parties retreating before it. And this is war! It was an invasion of a foreign country to the distance of one hundred miles beyond where the United States, or the Republic of Texas, had ever exercised or pretended to exercise jurisdiction; and the invasion did not stop till, at that distance from any territory which we ever had the slightest pretence to call our own, a powerful battery was planted to "bear directly on the public square" of a foreign city, "within good range for demolishing the town!" If this is not war, will the President tell us, in the name of all the martial gods at once, what war is?

We think that no reader who has followed us thus far can doubt that the President of the United States is alone responsible for the war with Mexico—that that war is to be attributed solely to the march of our army, under his orders, from the Nueces to the Rio Grande—that that march itself was a hostile invasion and the commencement of hostile operations. There is not a nation in Christendom, or in the world, having the ability and the courage, that would not have resisted such an invasion, under the like circumstances. It remains to inquire what justification or apology the President offers, or can offer, for making this war. We can do but small justice to this part of our subject in the brief space that is left to us for this article.

Let us not, in this inquiry, be diverted from the true point in the case. This war, as we have seen, was begun by the act of the President, in moving the army from Corpus Christi on the west bank of the Nueces, and sending it to take possession of the country on the east bank of the Rio Grande del Norte. The question is, what sufficient reasons existed to justify this act? The President makes the most of his own case, in his message

to Congress of the 14th of May. We feel bound to give him the benefit of his defence just as he has presented it. Here it is:

"This force (the army) was concentrated at Corpus Christi, and remained there until after I had received such information from Mexico as rendered it probable, if not certain, that the Mexican Government would refuse to receive our Envoy.

"Meantime, Texas, by the final action of our Congress, had become an integral part of our Union. The Congress of Texas, by its act of December 19th, 1836, had declared the Rio del Norte to be the boundary of that Republic. Its jurisdiction had been extended and exercised beyond the Nueces.

"The country between that river and Del Norte had been represented in the Congress and in the Convention of Texas, had thus taken part in the act of Annexation itself, and is now included within one of our Congressional Districts. Our own Congress had, moreover, with great unanimity, by the act approved December 31st, 1845, recognized the country beyond the Nueces as a part of our territory by including it within our own revenue system; and a revenue officer, to reside within that District, has been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

"It became, therefore, of urgent necessity to provide for the defence of that portion of our country. Accordingly on the 13th of January last instructions were issued to the General in command of these troops to occupy the left bank of the Del Norte. This river—which is the south-western boundary of the State of Texas—is an exposed frontier. From this quarter invasion was threatened; upon it and in its immediate vicinity, in the judgment of high military experience, are the proper stations for the protecting forces of the Government.

"In addition to this important consideration, several others occurred to induce this movement. Among these are the facilities afforded by the ports at Brazos Santiago and the mouth of the Del Norte for the reception of supplies by sea, the stronger and more healthful military positions, the convenience for obtaining a ready and more abundant supply of provisions, water, fuel and forage, and the advantages which are afforded by the Del Norte in forwarding supplies to such posts as may be established in the interior and upon the Indian frontier."

We will see what this defence amounts to. The army had lain quietly for several months at Corpus Christi, disturbing nobody, and nobody disturbing it. On the 13th of January it became, in the

opinion of the President, "of urgent necessity" to provide for the defence of *that particular section* of country which lies between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. Why? What new exigency had arisen to demand now, and not before, the special defence of "that portion" of country? The President answers: "Meantime, Texas, by the final action of our Congress, had become an integral part of our Union," and the country "between the Nueces and Del Norte" was a part of Texas; and hence "the urgent necessity to provide for the defence of that portion of our country," on the 13th of January. But, Mr. President, allow us respectfully to remind you, that if the Rio Grande was the south-western boundary of Texas, it did not become so on or near the 13th of January, 1846, or at or about the time when Texas, by the final action of our Congress, became an integral part of our Union. You, yourself, date that boundary from the 19th of December, 1836; and besides this, your army had actually occupied the Texan country—yes, and "beyond the Nueces"—for several months before your order of the 13th of January, and before Texas, by your present confession, had become an integral part of our Union, by the final action of our Congress. Several months before that order, you assumed, in derogation of the Constitution, and to the great scandal of your country, that Texas, by the action of the Congress, or Convention, of that republic, became an integral portion of our Union, and you ordered an army to march there, to occupy and defend it, as such. For months before Texas became a State of this Union—while she was still an independent republic, governed in all things by her own republican authorities—your "Army of Occupation," by your order, was encamped and entrenched in that country, to defend it as an integral portion of our Union. And if the Rio Grande was the boundary of Texas in January, 1846, it was not less the boundary of Texas in July, 1845; and we do not yet see, therefore, how your obligations, on your own principles, became so much more "urgent" to provide for the defence of that portion of Texas beyond the Nueces, in January, than it had been in July.

Certainly, the President seemed to entertain no doubt from the beginning that, as soon as Texas herself had acted on the question of Annexation, it became his duty to protect and defend that country, and

the whole of it, up to its extremest limits; and as little doubt did he seem to entertain, as long ago as the 15th of June, that the Rio Grande constituted its western boundary. Gen. Taylor was then so instructed. Under instructions, he took up a position in Texas, "beyond the Nueces," and this occupation was designed expressly for the protection and defence of Texas—not of Texas on this side of that river only, but of Texas wherever Texas was, and wherever Texans were. By orders of the 13th of July, he was to protect and defend "the territory of Texas, to the extent that it has been occupied by the people of Texas." "The Rio Grande is claimed to be the boundary between the two countries, and up to this boundary you are to extend your protection—only excepting any posts on the eastern side thereof, which are in the actual occupancy of Mexican forces, or Mexican settlements over which the Republic of Texas did not exercise jurisdiction at the period of Annexation, or shortly before that event." Such were then the General's orders; and under them, and to fulfill them to the letter, he selected and maintained his position on the west bank of the Nueces. What we want to know is: what had happened, on or about the 13th of January, to create such an "urgent necessity" for directing his position to be changed from the Nueces to the Rio Grande? and that change to be made, too, wholly regardless of any Mexican posts or Mexican settlements on this side of that river! Up to that time the "Army of Occupation," in its position at Corpus Christi, had served abundantly to protect Texas, and the whole of it, to the extent that it had been occupied by the people of Texas, and strictly in accordance with the orders of the 15th of June, and the 30th of July. No war had been declared, and Texas had not been invaded; and all apprehension that it would be was past. No such apprehension was sincerely felt either in the camp or in the cabinet. We have furnished the proof of this significant fact already. We ask again then: wherefore the orders of the 13th of January? What were the grounds of that "urgent necessity" which then arose to provide especially for the better defence of "that portion" of country which lies beyond the Nueces? Certainly, the President does not account for it, by declaring that "meantime Texas, by the final action of our Congress, had become an integral part of our Union,"—nor by declaring, as if it

were a new idea to him, that Texas had its western boundary on the Rio Grande—nor yet by talking of that boundary as "an exposed frontier," proper and convenient to be occupied by the protecting forces of the Government. On the 23d of Aug., a dispatch was written from Washington to inform General Taylor that the Administration then had "reason to believe that Mexico was making efforts to assemble a large army on the frontier of Texas;" and he was instructed that, "should Mexico assemble a large body of troops on the Rio Grande, and cross it with a considerable force, such a movement must be regarded as an invasion of the United States, and the commencement of hostilities." And yet he was told in the same dispatch, that they "had no more explicit instructions to give him in regard to his movements than had been already forwarded." At that time, even a danger felt to be imminent could not draw from the President a positive order to move the army to the Rio Grande; what, in the name of wonder, was it that made that order of such "urgent necessity" on the 13th of January?

But we have not forgotten that the President had then, as he states, "received such information from Mexico as rendered it probable, if not certain, that the Mexican Government would refuse to receive our Envoy." If the President really offers this as a reason for moving the army to the Rio Grande, then it must have been on one of two grounds: either that he intended to consider the rejection of Mr. Slidell as cause of war, or to make it, if he could, the occasion of war, with Mexico, on the part of the United States, and to lead the way to the commencement of hostilities accordingly; or, he apprehended that Mexico would follow up that act by herself making war on us, or invading Texas.

Now we are prepared to say, and maintain, that the President had not the slightest reason to believe—nor do we suppose he did believe, or would so pretend—that Mexico was about to commence hostilities because she had rejected, or would reject our Minister. The subject of this mission, and the temper and manner in which it was conducted, ought to receive a full exposition in this connection. But we cannot now enter into it. We think if the object really was to conciliate the Mexican Government in the matter of Annexation—the point of offence to Mexico—nothing would have been more un-

happy than the course adopted and persisted in. And the Government should have known that such conciliation was the way both to peace, and to the securing of our just rights and interests at the hands of Mexico. But let this pass. Mexico refused to receive Mr. Slidell in the ordinary form as a Minister, resident near that Government, until he, or somebody else, had first been received as a Commissioner, to make terms with her in regard to Annexation. Such a Commissioner she professed herself willing to receive. Mr. Slidell insisted that she had promised to receive a Minister, with full powers. This she denied; and he was rejected. Now, the very grounds on which she put this rejection—however absurd, and however false—show conclusively that she did not mean war by this rejection. She meant to run the hazard of a war begun by us for such a cause; but the manner of the rejection precluded the idea of its being taken as a declaration of war on her part, or as leading necessarily to such a declaration, or to any acts of hostility. We are perfectly safe in saying, that the President did not so regard it—by anticipation or otherwise.

The other alternative then remains, namely: that he intended to consider, and so far as depended on him, to make, the rejection of Mr. Slidell, taken in connection with the unsatisfactory state of our relations with Mexico, cause of war, or rather the occasion of war with that power; and that he directed the movement of our army to the Rio Grande, by his order of the 13th of January, as a hostile operation, or at least as calculated, in its very nature, and by its necessary effects and results, to leave no alternative but war to either Government. We believe this to have been the exact state of the case. Indeed the proof that it was so is at hand, and is incontrovertible.

On the 20th of January Mr. Buchanan addresses a dispatch to Mr. Slidell, written after information had been received of the "probable" rejection of the Minister. In this dispatch the purpose of the President is fully disclosed. He tells Mr. Slidell, in case of his final rejection, that "nothing will then remain for this Government, but to take the redress of the wrongs of its citizens into its own hands." "The desire of the President is, that you [Mr. Slidell] should conduct yourself with such wisdom and firmness

in the crisis, that *the voice of the American people shall be unanimous* in favor of redressing the wrongs of our much-injured and long-suffering claimants." In other words, this affair was to be so conducted, that the hearts of the American people might be "prepared for war." Finally, Mr. Buchanan says: "*In the mean time, the President, in anticipation of the final refusal of the Mexican Government to receive you, has ordered the Army of Texas to advance and take position on the left bank of the Rio Grande; and has directed that a strong fleet shall be immediately assembled in the Gulf of Mexico. He will thus be prepared to act with vigor and promptitude the moment that Congress shall give him the authority.*"

What becomes now, we ask in view of this explicit declaration, of the pretence set up by the President, that his order of the 13th of January, for the movement of the army from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, was prompted by some new and urgent necessity, "to provide for the defence of that portion of our country!" Who does not now see that that order originated in another and a very different design? The rejection of Mr. Slidell was to be the signal for war—the *ostensible* ground of which should be the unsatisfied claims of our citizens on the justice of Mexico. There were real objects which were not disclosed. The hearts of our people were to be prepared for the war. Congress was to be appealed to for its authority, but not—as events have demonstrated—until a hostile incursion and military demonstrations, under Executive direction, carried through Mexican settlements and Mexican military posts up to the gates of a Mexican city, more than one hundred miles beyond the remotest dwelling of any Texan citizen, and the remotest limits of Texan authority and jurisdiction, had made the war inevitable, and left Congress no alternative but to adopt and prosecute it. The President knew as well as we could tell him, that the Rio del Norte was the nominal boundary of Texas only; that Texas could not make it her boundary by her declaration merely; that the country on the east bank of that river for fifteen hundred miles, constituting parts of four provinces or departments of Mexico, with several cities—Santa Fé among the number—was inhabited exclusively by Mexicans, and was, as it had been continually, exclusively under Mexican jurisdiction; that

the question of boundary, expressly reserved in the Act of Annexation, related solely to the country beyond the Nueces and in the direction of the Rio Grande—a question which it was one professed object of the Mission of Mr. Slidell, instituted by the President himself, to adjust with Mexico; that the jurisdiction of Texas, though exercised “*beyond* the Nueces,” never extended to or near the Rio Grande; that though the country “*between*” these two rivers had been represented in the Congress and Convention of Texas, and is now included within one of our Congressional districts, and within our revenue system, yet that neither Texan authority, nor the authority of the United States, had ever approached within a hundred miles of the Rio Grande, until our power was carried there by the hostile march of an invading army. All this the President knew; and we believe he acted with a full understanding—or at least a confident expectation—of the consequences that have resulted, when he issued his order for the march of that army. The war is his, and he made it.

But we must bring this article to a close. It is manifest to us that the object which the President has all along proposed to himself to secure, out of our difficulties with Mexico, has been the acquisition of territory. Fifteen hundred miles of territory, from the mouth to the highest sources of the Rio Grande, on the left bank of that river, including several towns and cities, and sixty thousand Mexicans, with several of the richest mines in all Mexico—so much, at least, was to be secured. And if Upper California, with Monterey, and the fine harbor of San Francisco, could be clutched at the same time, no doubt the President has thought that his administration would be signalized as among the most glorious in the annals of the aggrandized republic. He has calculated largely on the supreme affection which he thinks animates the American people for their neighbor's possessions—or what he supposes to be the covetous desires, the rapacity, and the ambition of the “*Model Republic*.” Witness the absurd and false claim set up to the whole of Oregon—as high as fifty-four, forty—and his readiness to involve us in war with England, to back this pretension.

The President must allow us to do him the justice to say, that he has been more consistent with himself from the beginning of this Mexican business, than he

has been willing should publicly appear. As soon as he was fairly settled in his seat, his policy was fixed. Texas proper was secured already, and without his aid. He must have more than ever belonged to Texas. There was the fine country of the Rio Grande—that he would have at all hazards; and his appetite was sharp for California also. Mexico owed our citizens some millions, and she was unwise enough to sulk about Annexation, and yet leave these debts unpaid. Here was a capital chance for a blow, and a speculation. He could get her lands in consideration of the debts, and make war upon her, if need be, to secure them, and still throw the fault of the war on her. He could make her bear all and everything—the loss of Texas—the loss of as much more territory as we could grasp—and the blame and the cost of the war. The new territory acquired would pay for all, and the country would sing psalms to the President, and *compel* him to serve them for another term. Mexico was poor, distracted, in anarchy, and almost in ruins—what could she do to stay the hand of our power, to impede the march of our greatness? We were Anglo-Saxon Americans; it was our “*destiny*” to possess and to rule this continent—we were *bound* to do it! We were a chosen people, and this was our allotted inheritance, and we must drive out all other nations before us!

The President was ready to bring on this war with Mexico in June, a year ago. Everything was said and done to *seduce* General Taylor, even then, to prepare for his march, and not to stop short of the Rio Grande. At first some degree of caution was employed. He was to defend Texas, as far as wherever Texans had extended their possessions; and he was to approach as *near* the Rio Grande as prudence would allow. But he was not to disturb any Mexican posts or Mexican settlements. Shortly after this, he was told, if a Mexican force should cross the Rio Grande, or *attempt* to cross it, this would be war; and Texas must be defended—an object which he would then but secure by himself crossing the river and taking and holding possession of Matamoras and “*other places*” in the country. No more cautions now about Mexican posts and settlements this side of the Great River. Finally, he was told, with the Rio Grande again distinctly set before him: “*You need not wait for directions from Washington, to carry out what you may*

*deem proper to be done.*" This was said to General Taylor, after the President had become satisfied that "no serious attempt would be made by Mexico to invade Texas." Still the wily soldier held back. Mexico would not invade Texas, and Taylor would not invade Mexico. What was to be done? Says the President, "After our army and navy had remained on the frontier and coasts of Mexico for many weeks, *without any hostile movement on her part*, I deemed it important to put an end, if possible, to this state of things." Then the mission to Mexico was undertaken. It was undertaken in order "to put an end to this state of things," that the peremptory order was given for the march of our army to the Rio Grande. Hence the war!—and he who runs may read how it was begun, and for what objects it was undertaken.

We had intended, in conclusion, to recur to the plans of the Administration for prosecuting this war, in connection with the objects manifestly proposed to be secured by it. And we had intended, also, to note some of the more glaring instances where the Constitution has been, and is, wantonly trampled upon in this business. But we must stop. Hardly has the President deemed it necessary to pay even a decent and cold respect to the remains of that once venerated instrument. In every step of his progress—in sending an army into Texas, and in authorizing a call for militia from that country, while it was still a foreign and independent republic—in directing the invasion of the proper soil of Mexico, covered with Mexican posts and settlements—in beginning a

war with Mexico on his sole authority, even though Congress was then present at Washington—and finally, now, in undertaking the conquest of Mexico, even, if need be, to the gates of the Imperial City, with an army to be composed of militia, to the amount of five-sixths of its numbers, when his utmost authority, under the Constitution, is to employ militia "to repel invasions"—in all these things, and in others which might be named, he manifests a reckless disregard of Constitutional restraints, and of his own solemn oath, in which he leaves far behind him, in the career of daring experiment and political gambling, the worst and boldest of his predecessors. God help the country, while he remains at the head of it!

We have intimated, in the commencement of this article, what we thought the Administration ought to do—the initiative steps it ought immediately to take—to restore peaceful relations with Mexico. But we confess we have little to hope from the Administration—except in the difficulties which will certainly environ every step of its further progress in its proposed career of conquest. Possibly Mexico, having done what she could, may soon succumb to our power. But beyond this, our hopes of peace rest mainly on the interested interposition of other Powers—of England or France, or both—with their friendly offices, to mediate between us and Mexico. Without such mediation, if prayers of ours could be heard in such high quarters, we would pray the Administration, for the honor of the country, for humanity's sake, to make peace with Mexico. We pray God to put thoughts of peace into their hearts—peace with justice and honor—peace without conquest, or the wanton desire of spoiling the enemy of his goods, his possessions and his heritage.

D. D. B.

## HEARTS WE LOVE.

BY W. T. BACON.

THEY talk of homes amid the wild,  
And fancy decks them forth  
With every charm that ever smiled  
To beautify the earth;  
Yet sure I am the purest flame  
E'er human heart did move,  
Is that sweet light that burneth bright  
In happy hearts we love.

The sailor sails upon the sea,  
 His heart, his home is there;  
 The spirit's veriest witchery  
 Comes in that spot and air;  
 He proud will roam and dare the foam  
 And all its wonders prove,  
 Yet sure we are no rest is there  
 Like that in hearts we love.

And one will find his home in fame,  
 Another in his gain,  
 And some despise a glorious name  
 And riot in the mean;  
 With different mind they each will find  
 A joy, a thing to move;  
 And such it is, but not the bliss  
 That lives in hearts we love.

And some have thought the martyr's crown,  
 So full of glories bright,  
 Had joys, from its fire circlet won,  
 To thrill with wild delight;  
 Such will receive—such crown will give  
 A joy like that above,  
 Yet nothing sure than bliss more pure  
 That burns in hearts we love.

Others have thought the poet's fire  
 Unearthly pleasure has,  
 And light there is around his lyre  
 That doth in Heaven blaze;  
 He strikes the string, his numbers ring,  
 Rapt is his soul above,  
 And yet his bliss is not like this  
 Found in the hearts we love.

When morning comes, we go abroad  
 Upon the vernal earth,  
 And feel the very breath of God  
 Is in its shouting mirth;  
 The heart's not still, with wildest thrill  
 Its living pulses move,  
 Yet comes there not with all this thought  
 The bliss of hearts we love.

The warrior dares the angry path  
 Where death-doomed surges swell,  
 The madness of its awful wrath  
 He seeks—it pleases well;  
 Yet go to him when stars burn dim  
 O'er those life late did move,  
 Ask if his pleasure has that large measure  
 Poured from the hearts we love.

Then give me one in which my own  
 Shall ever center'd be,  
 And I will spurn the monarch's throne—  
 The richer man than he;  
 There's not o'er all this earthly ball  
 One joy like this to move—  
 A happy heart that dwells apart,  
 And lives in our own love.

## LEIGH HUNT.

## A SKETCH.

"We are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure, not that we have anything important to say, but because the subject is pleasing."—GOLDSMITH'S *LIFE OF PARNELL*.

"Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined,  
A knowledge both of books and human kind."—POPE.

"Je parle au papier comme je parle au premier que je rencontre."—MONTAIGNE, *Chap. 1, Liv. 3d.*

HUNT's temperament and genius have been strongly marked by the decided characters of his parents. His father was a West Indian, a descendant of a long line of clergymen, and was educated at Philadelphia, where, when difficulties broke out between England and America, he sided zealously with the mother country, and became obnoxious to the citizens, who seized him with the intention of giving him a coat of tar and feathers; but while proceeding on their way to accomplish their design, their prisoner was struck on the head so violently by a stone, that he fell senseless, and his eyesight was so much impaired by the blow, that he ever after was compelled to wear glasses. He now thought it best to leave for England, and on his arrival in London he was strenuously advised to go on the stage by some actors who had heard him recite, but instead of this he went into the church. When he spoke his farewell oration on leaving College, two young ladies fell in love with him, one of whom he afterwards married. He is described as being fair and handsome, with delicate features, a small aquiline nose and blue eyes. To a graceful address he joined a remarkably fine voice, which he modulated with great effect. It was by reading that he completed the conquest of his wife's heart, a graceful and noble method of courtship. He was ordained by the celebrated Lowth, then Bishop of London, and in a short time became so popular that the Bishop sent for him and remonstrated against his preaching so many charity sermons. His delivery was admirable, and one day Thomas Sheridan came up to him in the vestry and complimented him on having profited so well from his treatise on reading the Liturgy. Fancy the astonishment of Sheridan

when quietly informed by the parson that he had never seen it. Crowds of carriages were to be seen at the door of the church, and one of his congregation had an engraving made of him, and a lady of the name of Cooling left him by her will £500, as a return for the gratification his sermons had afforded her. Unfortunately his polished manners and accomplished mind, joined with a strong inclination and keen relish for the festive enjoyments of society, too often brought him to the tables of the gay and the witty. He was blessed with various and pliant powers. He told a story capital-ly, had seen much of life, which gave a shrewdness and point to his conversation. Here he was in his element. Better for him if he had remained in Barbadoes; there he could unproved have quoted Horace, enjoyed "the pleasant labyrinths of ever fresh discourse," and quaffed his wine. There is much matter of fact in the nature of John Bull, and in his island, "where merchants most do congregate," the gay dashing divine was incomprehensible to the shopkeepers, who knew not under what head to class him, especially as he was poor. With ten thousand a year, he could have led the same life unapproached and even admired.

"But let a man of parts be wrong,  
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.  
The fools shall cackle out reproof,  
The very ass shall raise his hoof;  
And he who holds in his possession,  
The single virtue of discretion,  
Who knows no overflow of spirit,  
Whose want of passion is his merit,  
Whom wit and taste and judgment flies,  
Shall shake his noddle and seem wise."

He became careless and inattentive to his profession, "society became his glit-



tering bride, and airy hopes his children." He was appointed by the Duke of Chandos tutor to his son; but his character was like Henry Fielding's, as described by Lady Montague; give him his leg of mutton and bottle of wine, and in the very thick of calamity he would live happily for the time being. Embarrassments arising from becoming security for others pressed heavily on him; he lost his good name, which made him poor indeed, and finally became the inmate of a jail: and the first room his gifted son, Leigh Hunt, had any recollection of was a prison. His habits had now become inveterate, and the promises of amendment made to his wife seemed to produce no good fruit. To the very last he had a great fondness for sermons, and he daily read the Scriptures;—there was no hypocrisy in this for it was to him the book of books. These many trials of life must have fallen severely on Mrs Hunt's affectionate heart, but even she had glimpses of sunshine, when the little room having been put in order, the fire brightened up, and coffee placed on the table, her husband with his fine voice and unequivocal enjoyment, would read some sermon of Saurin or Barrows. This to her was the height of enjoyment; she had but two accomplishments, but these two were the best of all, a love of nature and of books. Nevertheless this man, with all his imprudence and unfitness for the duties of life, was humane, full of candor, free spoken, liberal to the virtues and weaknesses of his fellow-men. The mother was most exemplary in all the duties of life, and labored anxiously to keep the family comfortable and together—

"Stealing when daylight's common tasks  
were done  
An hour for mother's work, and singing  
low  
While her tried husband and her children  
slept."

Leigh Hunt says he can never forget her looks when she used to come to the school where he was, to see him, "with that weary hang of the head and melancholy smile." Suffering had softened her heart to the miseries of her race, and it is related of her, which ought to embalm her in the memories of all, that on a severe winter's day she was accosted in the street by a woman, feeble and ill clad, who asked for charity. Mrs. Hunt with tears in her eyes beckoned her up a

gateway, and taking off her flannel petticoat gave it to her. It is supposed that a cold which ensued fixed the rheumatism on her for life. Was not that an angelic act, gentle reader, and do you not feel a moisture in your eye and a pressure about your heart? In her decay her great pleasure was to lie on a sofa, and look at the setting sun which she likened to the door of heaven, and fancied that her lost children were there waiting for her. Both she and her husband had become Unitarians and republicans. To Leigh Hunt has descended with increase his parents' virtues. Some of his earliest writing is to be found in the "News," published in London in 1805. He was the dramatic critic for that paper, and established an entire new system of criticism. Before this period nothing could be more meagre and unsatisfactory than theatrical notices. The audience were generally more observed and commented on than the performers, especially if there were a number of lords and ladies gracing the boxes. Hunt commenced with the resolution to become acquainted with no actor or actress, so that he might be untrammelled, and that personal friendships might not interfere to warp his judgment. He was filled with the hope of exciting a laudable ambition in the actors, who had hitherto been, for the most part, a mere mark for scandal or ill-judged praise. His acquaintance with plays was considerable, and he joined with this a fondness for theatrical amusements. His remarks are excellent and well written, and the evanescent and fragile beauties of fine acting are dwelt upon with a delicate tact. "Iris had dipt the woof." "As to the contempt that has been cast upon histrionic genius, it is not worthy an argument. If the knowledge of ourselves be the height of wisdom, is that art contemptible which conveys this knowledge to us in the most pleasing manner? If the actor is inferior to the true dramatist, if he merely tells others what has been told himself, does the officer deserve no praise who issues the instructions of his general with accuracy, with spirit, with an ardor that shows he feels them? For my part I have the greatest respect for an art which has been admired by the greatest critics, ancient and modern, which Horace did not think it beneath his genius to advise, Addison to commend, and Voltaire to practice as well as protect. That genius cannot be despicable in the eyes of

the most ardent for fame, which without anything to show to posterity for its reason, has handed down to us the memory of *Æsop*, *Roscious*, *Baron* and *Le Couvreur*, and which will transmit to our descendants the names of *Garrick*, of *Oldfield*, and of *Siddons*.

"It has been denied that actors sympathize with the feelings they represent, and among other critics *Dr. Johnson* is supposed to have denied it. The Doctor was accustomed to talk very loudly at the play upon divers subjects, even when his friend *Garrick* was electrifying the house with his most wonderful scenes, and the worst of it was that he usually sat in one of the stage-boxes: the actor remonstrated with him one night after the representation, and complained that the talking disturbed his feelings: 'Pshaw, David,' replied the critic, 'Punch has no feelings.' But the Doctor was fond of saying his good things as well as lesser geniuses, and to say a good thing is not always a true one or one that is intended to be true. To call his friend a puppet, to give so contemptuous an appellation to a man whose powers he was at other times happy to respect, and whose death he lamented as having 'eclipsed the gayety of nations,' must be considered as a familiar pleasantry rather than a betrayed opinion.

"It appears to me that the countenance cannot express a single passion perfectly, unless the passion is first felt; it is easy to grin representations of joy, and to pull down the muscles of the countenance as an imitation of sorrow, but a keen observer of human nature and its effects will easily detect the cheat: there are nerves and muscles requisite to expression that will not answer the will on common occasions; but to represent a passion with truth, every nerve and muscle should be in its proper action, or the representation becomes weak and confused, melancholy is mistaken for grief, and pleasure for delight; it is from this feebleness of emotion so many dull actors endeavor to supply passion with vehemence of action and voice, as jugglers are talkative and bustling to beguile scrutiny.

"One of the first studies of an actor should be to divest himself of his audience, to be occupied not with the persons he is amusing, but with the persons he is assisting in the representation. But of all simple requisites to the mimetic art, this public abstraction seems to be

the least attained. Our good performers are too fond of knowing they are good ones, and of acknowledging the admiration of the spectators by glances of important expression: our bad performers are vainer still, because ignorance is always vain and because, not being able to enter into the interest of the scene, they must look for interest elsewhere. These men in reality never speak of one another, but to the pit and to the boxes; they are thinking not what the person spoken to will reply, but what the audience think of their speeches; they never speak soliloquy, because soliloquies are addressed to one's self, and they always address their solitary meditations to the house: they adjust their neckcloths; they display their pocket-handkerchiefs and their attitudes; they cast sidelong glances, and say to themselves, 'there's a lady in the stage-box contemplating my shape! The critics in the pit are astonished at my ease. My character sits well on me and so do my small-clothes.' But let us imagine the scene, in which this extravagance is performed to be a real room enclosed in your walls, for such a room the actor himself ought to imagine it. What then is he looking at all this time? He is casting side glances at a wainscot, or ogling a corner cupboard.

"We certainly imagine that the fame of *Garrick* as an actor has been injurious to his reputation as a writer. All the world were capable of admiring him in the former character and therefore they talked more of it. People are indeed unwilling to believe that a man can excel in two things at a time: when *Voltaire* produced his first comedy, he carefully concealed the author's name because he had succeeded in tragedy. But no man had better opportunities of studying the manners of the lively world than *Garrick*, and no man entered it with a mind more eager of observation: it was the business of his life to study mankind, and his universal powers of imitation prove that he succeeded. It cannot be denied that an universal mimic, a man who exhibited the features of human life in all their vivacity and variety of expression, must have well understood the human mind; a great actor does not copy faces like a portrait painter; he makes a countenance for the mind, and not, like an artist studies to make a mind for the countenance. It was said of *Garrick* by *Johnson*, who was not eager to praise

him, nor anybody else, that he was the first man in the world for sprightly conversation; and to pay a compliment to a man's powers of conversation, is to pay a compliment not only to his variety of information but to his knowledge of the mind: he who does not understand human nature will find it difficult to support and to please in a long conversation."

The stage affords the most lasting and vivid of our impressions.

It is a cheerful and instructive amusement, it is a sort of Aladdin's lamp of youth. The green curtain at that period shuts out nearly all our world, and at the tinkling of a bell, and as if by magic, it is drawn up, and glowing scenes—finely-dressed men and women, with wit and sense falling like pearls from their lips—the graceful wave of feathers, the fluttering of fans—the glancing of bright eyes—afford food for the enraptured sight and ear.

"If spleen fogs rise at close of day  
I clear my evening with a play,  
Or to some concert take my way.  
The company, the shine of lights,  
The scenes of humor, music's flights,  
Adjust and set the soul to rights."

GREEN'S SPLEEN.

And good-natured Farquhar, he who threw his glorious comedies "carelessly into the world," calling them two or three little trifles, thought that the ladies had a more inspiring and triumphant air in the boxes than anywhere, else, with their best clothes, best looks, shining jewels, the treasure of the world in a ring. The stage is the only true mirror of life; it is better than a mirror, for we see not only the face, but the throbbing heart laid bare with its affections, hopes, and fears, and the tortuous windings of art. Conversing about a favorite performer or play, and comparing notes as it were with a friend is most delightful—especially those we have seen in by-gone days. Time and memory have softened and harmonized the colors, and we dwell upon its rich and subdued tone with a lingering fondness. The late Miss Vincent was the best performer (male or female) that I have ever seen. She died young, but she left an indelible impression on those who had the good fortune to see her. Beautiful and gifted with genius, she trod the stage as if born for it. Her voice was sweet and clear, and she had a light and elegant figure; but her great

power consisted in her total surrender of herself to the character she was performing. For the time being she was not Miss Vincent, but Juliet, or Miss Hardcastle or Amanthia. Churchill might have complimented her as he did a Vincent of his day.

"Lo! Vincent comes, with simple grace arrayed—

She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade."

She forgot the audience—in truth she never looked at them. She had implicit faith in nature, and trusted to her impulses on the stage, which always gave her acting a freshness and beauty. She seemed unconscious of her strength, and of the hold she had on the feelings of her auditors. Her modesty in this respect was duly appreciated. "She pleased by hiding all attempts to please." As Miss Hardcastle, her gayety and archness were inimitable, and she infused a spirit of youth and happiness into it that would have pleased Goldsmith. Peace to her ashes.

Hunt is fond of refined society, and no one can bring a larger supply of happy materials to make a "July's day short as December," or cause a winter's night to glide unheeded and happily away. He can tell a good story, and relishes one, fills the head of a table gracefully and cordially, has elegant, frank manners, and, like Will Honeycomb in the Spectator, can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily; and, with the Vicar of Wakefield, he is by nature an admirer of happy human faces. His West Indian blood runs like quicksilver through his veins. His eye is bright, and a *bon mot* quivers about his sincere lips. His disposition is most affectionate, and his kindness untiring. Though blessed with but few of the world's goods, he has surrounded himself with a band of loving friends.

"It is most strange and wonderful to find

So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd."—SPENSER.

The mere reader of Hunt's books loves the man, and it is no wonder that those who live in the sunny atmosphere he creates about him should wear him in their "heart of hearts." To read his writings is like listening to the gentle voice of wisdom and charity. He leads you through quiet, grassy lanes; you feel the free air blowing against your cheek,

and the humble flowers that adorn the field and wayside in their meek beauty, have a fragrance and loveliness before unnoticed. If you sit with him at home, he will discourse on some favorite author, "one of great nature's stereotypes," and point out his beauties with a fond appreciation, "with some sweet relish was forgot before," with a wish to make all the world as wealthy as he is in the admiration and comfort they afford. He is alive to the poetry and beauty of human nature, and what lies about us in our daily paths, clear and inspiring to him, but hidden from many eyes by gross films, the product of worldly habits and customs. He is forcible and direct both in his poetry and prose. Cowley says that for a man to write well, it is necessary for him to be in a good humor, and this is one of the secrets of Hunt's success. He makes us behold the good and beautiful in every-

thing, tenderly takes note of our faults and failings, so that we become tolerant towards those of others. The friendship we have for Hunt is a sure proof of his kindness, and the sincerity of his writings. He has suffered much, but he seems as full of hope and trustfulness now as in the days of his youth. Nature and man still have undying, cordial sympathy. This is genuine religion. His verses are very fine, and worked up from the simplest materials: read Rimini, for instance,

"With subtil pensil painted was this storie."—CHAUCER.

The bits of scenery in it are beautifully described, with a truth that brings them as palpably before you as if you were looking at a picture of Waterloo's. I observe that in a late edition he has changed the opening of the poem, to free the landscapes from northern inconsistencies:

## 1819.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,  
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay—  
A morn the loveliest which the year has seen,  
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;  
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,  
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,  
And there's a crystal clearness all about—  
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;  
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze—  
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;  
And when you listen, you may hear a coil  
Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil;  
And all the scene in short, sky, earth and sea,  
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

## 1844.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day  
Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay:  
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,  
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light;  
And April, with his white hands wet with flowers,  
Dazzles the bride-maids, looking from the towers:  
Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and near,  
Glitter with drops, and heaven is sapphire clear,  
And the lark rings it, and the pine-trees glow,  
And odors from the citrons come and go,  
And all the landscape—earth, and sky and sea—  
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

Hunt is an exquisite judge of poetry, and his criticisms on Keats' poems, at a time when

"The tender page with horny fists was galled."—DRYDEN'S *Religio Laici*.

were stamped with fearlessness, judgment, and a thorough insight into their beauties and faults, which the world now

acknowledges. As to his politics, I believe he never went farther than to insist on the inherent right of the people to choose any form of government that best pleased them. He certainly did not believe in "the enormous faith of many made for one," nor in the bloody legacy of right divine. These heresies were sufficient for the Tory magazines, and

they opened their batteries upon him. They heaped up falsehoods mountain high. Governments built on the model of that of Paraguay, as described by Cambo, in Voltaire's *Candide*, they heartily eulogized. "C'est une chose admirable que ce gouvernement. Le Royaume a déjà plus de trois cent lieues de diametre; il est divisé en trente provinces: los Padres y ont tout, et les peuples rien, c'est le chef d'œuvre de la raison et de la justice." Nor were they better pleased with his poems, criticisms and essays. They took out their rules and compasses, and measured, but found everything out of all plumb, quite irregular, not one of the angles at the four corners was a right one. There is a pleasant description of Leigh Hunt in the *Pen and Ink Sketches*. The author is describing the celebrated men he met at a breakfast party at Samuel Rogers'. "Leigh Hunt was amongst the earliest arrivals. He was about the average height, and looked somewhat older than I should have supposed, but anxiety and adversity had done their work on his frame. Unlike Rogers, his life has been one of privation and endurance. His hair was parted on the very centre of his forehead, and carefully combed towards either side. Once it had been raven black, but now it was so thickly streaked with the frost-work of mental toil and time, that it appeared of iron gray. His eyes were dark and vivacious, and beamed with that kindly expression which one may be sure Leigh Hunt wears who reads his delightful works. There was a fullness about the lower part of his face, which rather marred the general pleasant expression, but his mouth was indicative of much amiability of disposition, his cheeks were whiskerless, which gave somewhat of a boyish air to his appearance, and this was increased by his manner of wearing his collar, which was ample, and turned down à la Byron. There was a slight stoop of his shoulders, that bend which is almost always a characteristic of studious men, and his dress was ill fitted, and hung ungracefully about a spare and somewhat attenuated figure. So much for the author of *Rimini*, who, as soon as he had greeted the master of the house, strolled towards the book shelves."

As a specimen how Hunt makes the best of everything, and can even throw elegance on the cheerless walls of a prison, I copy the following from his autobiography:—

"I papered the walls with a trellis of

roses; I had the ceiling colored with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my book-cases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a piano forte had made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side of the water. I took a pleasure when a stranger knocked at the door to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise, on issuing from the Borough and passing through the avenue of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room, railed off from another belonging to the neighboring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass plat. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire—Mr. Moore—told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the 'Parnaso Italiano' while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:—

'Mio picciol orto  
*A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.*  
BALDI.

My little garden,  
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and meadow,  
and wood.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison; the latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry tree, which I saw twice in blossom. \* \* \* My friends were allowed to be with me till ten o'clock at night, when the under-turnkey, a young man, with his lantern, and much ambitious gentility of deportment, came to see them out. I believe we scattered an urbanity about the prison till then unknown. Even W. H., (Mr. Hazlitt,) who there first did me the pleasure of a visit, would stand interchanging amenities at the threshold, which I had great difficulty in making him pass. I know not which kept his hat off with the greater pertinacity of deference—I to the diffident cutter up of dukes and kings, or he to the amazing prisoner and invalid, who issued out of a bower of roses. There came T. B., (my old friend and

school-fellow, Barnes,) who always reminds me of Fielding. It was he that introduced me to A. (Alsager), the kindest of neighbors, a man of business, who contrived to be a scholar and a musician. He loved his leisure, and yet would start up at a minute's notice to do the least of a prisoner's biddings. Other friends are dead since that time, and others gone. I have tears for the kindest of them, and the mistaken shall not be reproached, if I can help it. But what return can I make to the L's. (Lambe), who came to comfort one in all weathers, hail or sunshine, in daylight or in darkness, even in the dreadful frost and snow of the beginning of 1814? \* \* \* \* Great disappointment and exceeding viciousness may talk as they please of the badness of human nature; for my part, I am on the verge of forty, and I have seen a good deal of the world, the dark side as well as the light, and I say that human nature is a very good and kindly thing, and capable of all sorts of excellence. Art thou not a refutation of all that can be said against it, excellent Sir John Surnburne?—another friend whom I made in prison, and whose image, now before my imagination, fills my whole frame with emotion. I could kneel before him and bring his hand upon my head, like a son asking his father's blessing. It was during my imprisonment that another S. (Mr. Shelley), afterwards my friend of friends, now no more, made me a princely offer, which at that time I stood in no need of. I will take this opportunity of mentioning, that some other persons, not at all known to us, offered to raise money enough to pay the fine of £1,000."

Hunt's dedications display a frankness and cordiality which remind us of the noble old writers of hale and hearty Eng-

land. I select the one prefixed to *Foliage*, a volume of poetry and translations published in London in 1818: "To Sir John Edward Surnburne, Bart. My Dear Sir John: This book belongs to you, if you will accept it. You are not one of those who pay the strange compliment to heaven of depreciating this world, because you believe in another; you admire its beauties both in nature and art; you think that a knowledge of the finest voices it has uttered, ancient as well as modern, ought, even in gratitude, to be shared by the sex that has inspired so many of them. A rational piety and a manly patriotism does not hinder you from putting the Phidian Jupiter over your organ, or flowers at the end of your room; in short, you who visit the sick and the prisoner, for the sake of helping them without frightening, cannot look more tenderly after others than you are regarded by your own family; nor can any one of the manly and amiable friends that I have the happiness of possessing, more fitly receive a book, the object of which is to cultivate a love of nature out of doors, and of sociality within. Pray pardon me this public compliment, for my own sake, and for sincerity's. That you may long continue to be the centre of kind, happy looks, and an example to the once cheerful gentry of this war and money-injured land, is the constant wish of your obliged and affectionate servant, Leigh Hunt."

To conclude, I will copy two sonnets, and parts of two epistles, showing the graceful and kind-hearted intercourse that subsists between Hunt and his friends:

#### TO THOMAS BARNES, ESQ.

*Written from Hampstead.*

Dear Barnes, whose native taste, solid and clear,  
The throng of life has strengthened without harm,  
You know the rural feeling, and the charm  
That stillness has for a world-fretted ear;—  
'Tis now deep whispering all about me here,  
With thousand tiny hushings like a swarm  
Of atom-bees, or fairies in alarm,  
Or noise of numerous bliss from distant sphere.

This charm our evening hours duly restore;  
Naught heard through all our little, lulled abode,  
Save the crisp fire, or leaf of book turned o'er,  
Or watch-dog, or the ring of frosty road.  
Wants there no other sound, then? Yes, one more—  
The voice of friendly visiting, long owed.

TO T. M. ALSAGER, ESQ.

*With the Author's miniature, on leaving prison.*

Some grateful trifle let me leave with you,  
Dear Alsager, whose knock at evening-fall,  
And interchange of books, and kindness all,  
Fresh neighborhood about my prison threw,  
And buds of solace that to friendship grew;  
Myself it is, who, if your study wall  
Has room, would find a nestling corner small,  
To catch at times a cordial glance or two.

May peace be still found there, and evening leisure  
And that which gives a room both eye and heart—  
The clear, warm fire that clicks along the coal;  
And never harsher sound than the pure pleasure  
Of lettered friend, or music's mingling art,  
That fetches out in smiles the mutual soul.

#### EPISTLE TO CHARLES LAMB.

Oh, thou, whom old Homer would call, were he living,  
Home-lover, thought-feeder, abundant-joke-giving;  
Whose charity springs from deep knowledge, nor swerves  
Into mere self-reflections or scornful reserves;  
In short you were made for two centuries ago,  
When Shakespeare drew men, and to write was to know;  
You'll guess why I can't see the snow-covered streets  
Without thinking of you and your visiting feats,  
When you call to remembrance how you and one more,  
When I wanted it most used to knock at my door.  
For when the sad winds told us rain would come down,  
Or snow upon snow fairly clogged up the town,  
And dun-yellow fogs brooded over its white,  
So that scarcely a being was seen towards night,  
Then, then said the lady yclept near and dear,  
"Now, mind what I tell you, the L's will be here."  
So I poked up the flame, and she got out the tea,  
And down we both sat, as prepared as could be;  
And there, sure as Fate, came the knock of you two,  
Then the lantern, the laugh, and the "Well, how d'ye do?"  
Then your palm towards the fire, and your face turned to me,  
And shawls and great coats being—where they should be—  
And due "never saws" being paid to the weather,  
We cherished our knees and sat sipping together,  
And leaving the world to the fogs and the fighters,  
Discussed the pretensions of all sorts of writers,  
Of Shakespeare's coevals—all spirits divine—  
Of Chapman, whose Homer's a fine, rough old wine;  
Of Marvel, wit, patriot and poet, who knew  
How to give both at once Charles and Cromwell their due;  
Of Spenser, who wraps you, wherever you are,  
In a bower of seclusion, beneath a sweet star;  
Of Richardson, too, who afflicts us so long  
We begin to suspect him of nerves over strong;  
In short, of all those who give full-measured page.

## EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HAZLITT.

"Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites  
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent."—MILTON, *Eleg. 7.*

"Enjoying now the range of town at ease,  
And now the neighboring rural villages."

Dear Hazlitt, whose tact intellectual is such  
That it seems to feel truth as one's fingers do touch—  
Who in politics, arts, metaphysics, poetics,  
To critics, in these times, are health to cosmetics,  
And nevertheless, or I rather should say,  
For that very reason, can relish boy's play,  
And turning on all sides, through pleasures and cares,  
Find nothing more precious than laughs and fresh air :  
One's life, I conceive, might go prettily down  
In a due easy mixture of country and town—  
Not after the fashion of most with two houses,  
Who gossip and gape and just follow their spouses,  
And, let their abode be wherever it will,  
Are the same vacant-house-keeping animals still—  
But with due sense of each and of all that it yields,  
In the town, of the town, in the fields, of the fields ;  
In the one, for example, to feel as we go on,  
That streets are about us, arts, people, and so on ;  
In t'other to value the stillness, the breeze,  
And love to see farms, and to get among trees.  
Each his liking, of course—so that this be the rule.  
For my part, who went in the city to school,  
And whenever I got in a field, felt my soul in it  
Spring so, that like a young horse I could roll in it,  
My inclinations are much what they were,  
And cannot dispense, in the first place, with air ;  
But then I would have the most rural of nooks,  
Just near enough town to make use of its books,  
And to walk there whenever I chose to make calls,  
To look at the ladies and lounge at the stalls ;  
To tell you the truth, I could spend very well  
Whole mornings in this way, 'twixt here and Pall Mall,  
And make my gloves' fingers as black as my hat,  
In pulling the books up from this stall and that :  
Then, turning home gently through fields and o'er stile,  
Partly reading a purchase, or rhyming the while,  
Take my dinner (to make a long evening) at two,  
With a few droppers-in, like my cousin and you,  
Who can season the talk with the right-flavored Attic,  
Too witty for tattling, too wise for dogmatic ;  
Then take down an author whom one of us mentions,  
And doat for awhile on his jokes or inventions ;  
Then have Mozart touched, on our bottle's completion,  
Or one of your favorite trim ballads Venetian :  
Then up for a walk before tea down a valley,  
And so to come back through a leafy-wall'd alley,  
In which the sun peeping, as into a chamber,  
Looks gold on the leaves, turning some to sheer amber.  
Then tea, made by one who (although my wife she be)  
If Jove were to drink it, would soon be his Hebe ;  
Then silence a little—a creeping twilight—  
Then an egg for your supper, with lettuces white,  
And a moon and friend's arm to go home with at night.  
Now, this I call passing a few devout hours,  
Becoming a world that has friendship and flowers.



Steele, in the last number of the *Tattler*, says that the general purpose of the whole has been to recommend truth, innocence and virtue, as the chief ornaments of life; this with equal justice may be applied to Hunt's writings. His purest and noblest effusions gush from a loving heart. He causes us to regard our fellow mortals with consideration and affection, as brother toilers on the earth, and heirs of a happy immortality. Nature has always worn the same unchanged face to him, for he has been true to himself, and, considering life a blessing, he has made it one. No writer has more strenuously inculcated a spirit of kindness and self-sacrifice, and he practices what he preaches. To use the affecting words of Jeannie Deans, "when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, then it is na what we hae dune for oursel, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly." We are all in search of happiness—it is "our waking thought by day, our dream by night"—and yet, how find it? In truth, we become the slaves of others from want of independence of character. We are afraid to trust the throbbings of our own heart, we fear the world's dread laugh, and our lives are passed in a feverish dream, seeking to equal or outshine those whose wealth gives them means of making a greater display. Very few please themselves, even in their amusements—they must do as the world does. 'Tis not fashionable to have a mind of your own. The vain and the idle, "the trim, transient toys" that flutter in the gaudy blaze of society, forgive none that can live out of their circle—it is the greatest of treasons. Such persons are slandered, and their sanity called in question. Man should be happier than he is. We should cultivate simple tastes, and form ourselves after the true and beautiful. We would rather have been, for the real satisfaction of the thing—"for the sunshine of

the breast"—Izaak Walton, than Napoleon. The one enjoyed life in simplicity and thankfulness, which the other, in his purple career, never thought of. Life palls, we become sick at heart, and exclaim, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." This arises from selfishness, for no one can be happy unless he seeks to make those happy around him.

"The only amaranthine flower on earth  
Is virtue, the only lasting treasure truth."

Religion is the basis of every estimable quality, and contentment and selfishness cannot exist together. He is the most mistaken of human beings who hugs himself in the vain idea that he can live happily when he lives for himself alone. The Spirit of God within him allows it not. His life and his immortal soul wage a continual war.

"There's not a blessing individuals find,  
But some way leans and hearkens to the  
kind."—POPE.

We must strive to improve ourselves, and to live righteously in the sight of Heaven—for the purer we become here, the less we shall have to learn hereafter. 'Tis certain that riches alone do not bestow happiness. The picture drawn by Burns, in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," is one of religious contentment, and we feel that the prayer uttered by those peasants, beneath their humble roof, ascended through the still air to the bosom of their Father and their God.

"How swift the shuttle flies that weaves  
thy shroud!"

In the words of old Burton, Why do we contend and vex one another? Behold, death is over our heads, and we must shortly give an account of all our uncharitable words and actions. Think upon it, and be wise.

G. F. D.

## CIVILIZATION: AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN.

We are arrayed into an infinite diversity of parties, and represent many and opposite tendencies. Each battles with uncompromising energy for the prevalence of his peculiar views. All is activity, agitation. The man who can raise himself above the dust and excitement of the arena, and divest himself of prejudice for either party, will not wish the contest hushed, though he may desire its violence to be somewhat subdued and tempered. He will not wish any particular element or tendency to become exclusively predominant or to be entirely crushed. Extremes meet; and the result would be either a transition from one to the other no less restless and violent than the present fermentation, or else a worse transition to the lethargic quiet of social and political death. The highest glory and the chief hope of safety for our civilization, lie in the fact that it gives free scope to the great leading tendencies of human nature and human society—that it embraces and, to some extent, harmonizes them all. Our political system, for example, combines, in a high degree, the two great antitheses—the conservative and the progressive principles. On their preservation its salvation depends. The destruction of either would be the ruin of the other. And as, among us, unlike the case of the Europeans, the progressive is undoubtedly the strongest tendency, the reflecting friends of true freedom and progress are constantly called upon to lend their aid to the weaker side. But the natural consequence of the complete triumph of ultra-conservatism would be that the nation would at length burst with maddened fury from the strait-jacket imposed on it, and rush into the chaos of perfect anarchy. The cramped and tortured giant would prefer the cold, bare ground of savage lawlessness to the Procrustean bed of antiquity. On the other hand, the complete triumph of the ultra-progressive principle would probably result in a speedy transition to monarchy; and that monarchy would be despotism, as all past history teaches. We should thus be thrown from all our high and peculiar advantages into the same broad and downward road which others have trodden before us. Institutions essentially

democratic have ever proved the most favorable soil for the rapid progress of civilization, and, with a due limitation and intermixture of the conservative principle and spirit, they would be equally favorable for its mature and permanent growth. And perhaps the *ideal* of a monarchy—a monarchy in which all right liberty should have free scope, vigor and development—might accomplish the same purposes.

There is always a vast difference between the ideal and the caricature of a thing. Partisans and controversialists look at the ideal of their own side and a caricature of their opponents—hence their zeal and violence; while, if they could exchange the points of view, they would exchange characters also. Monarchists can see only a caricature of democracy—they cannot distinguish it from mobocracy; in like manner, we are apt to look at nothing but a caricature of monarchy, which is undistinguishable from despotism. But to the *ideal* of a monarchy, if it could be permanently realized, the democrat could have little objection; while to the ideal of a democracy, if that also could be permanently realized, the monarchist could have as little. Indeed, the two ideals will not substantially differ—only each, in its progress towards realization, regards a peculiar set of dangers. The one would guard against licentiousness on the part of the governed, the other against corruption and selfish misrule on the part of the governors—and unquestionably both dangers exist. The great question is, which of the two theories is the most practicable? Monarchy has been tried on a large scale in connection with modern civilization, and has undoubtedly accomplished many valuable purposes; but it seems incapable of securing, thoroughly and permanently, the highest purposes of civil society. It has been tried and found wanting. There is in the civilized world a very general yearning after a change. The most philosophical observers of Europe see and acknowledge that the democratical tendency is the tendency of the age. It remains to be seen whether democracy can perform the purposes in which monarchy has failed. The experiment never has

been and never could be tried, under so favorable circumstances as in our own case; if it fails with us, it fails for many ages, if not forever.

Self-government is not, as has been acutely but sophistically maintained by a late writer in the Democratic Review, a self-contradiction: Rather it is, morally and politically speaking, the highest problem of civilization—for it is, in these respects, the proper self-development of man. It by no means implies the rejection of an external rule, a law and an authority emanating from a source above us, and revealed to us as well as in us—it only rejects such a rule and authority as emanating from a source which is not above us. Self-government begins with a reverential recognition of a supreme law: its process is a constant endeavor to render that law objective, real, operative—to externalize it, if we may use the term. It evolves the law not as derived from itself, but through itself and to itself from a supreme power. Does not every man who has struggled with temptation and sin know that self-government is no absurdity? And the case of the intemperate man who has by himself resolved and re-resolved on reformation in vain, but who, after signing a public pledge, finds himself enabled to persevere, is an instance and an illustration of the nature and importance of that process by which the rule of conduct is conceived of and realized as exterior to ourselves. In the case of the nation that would govern itself, it is no less essential it should recognize this supreme law as paramount to its own will, and the objective rule of its conduct, than in the case of the individual. It is not, indeed, necessary that, according to the philosophy of monarchy, this supreme law should be visibly embodied in some particular person. This is a sort of political idolatry or Grand-Lamaism. But the law must be recognized, realized, submitted to as somewhat independent of the people's will and sovereign over it. The effort of a free people must ever be to render more dim the consciousness of governing, and more distinct that of being governed. They must think less and less of their right, and more and more of their duties; otherwise, instead of governing themselves, they will end, at best, in governing one another. A prevailing tendency to declaim against, decry and resist authority is of itself sufficient proof, that, where it exists,

self-government does not or will not long exist. It is the part of a slave to contend against the government of another; it is the part of a freeman to submit to his own. Not only is the posture of resistance to external authority not self-government, but, more than anything else, long continuance in such a posture unfits for its exercise. It is notorious that slaves just emancipated are most unfit to exercise their freedom, *i. e.*, they have no use and no power of self-government; the whole tendency and habit of their minds have been resistance—resistance—resistance to all that ever was presented to them in the shape of government.

If such be the character and such the conditions of self-government, it will be seen that it is not yet thoroughly established among us. Let us not deceive ourselves; for many of the perils to our civilization are connected with the likelihood of a mistake on this point. We must remember that self-government is a thing not only most *noble*, but also most *difficult*.

We proceed to call attention, therefore, to some of the disadvantages, dangers and defects of our civilization. They may be grouped under two general heads—our extravagant *radical*, and our equally extravagant *utilitarian*, tendencies. Let us begin with our radical tendencies, as being in immediate connection with the business of self-government.

We hesitate not to say, there is among us too strong a tendency to reduce all the elements of society to a common level. In calling it "too strong," we mean to admit and imply that it is a tendency not dangerous *in kind*—for it is a proper and necessary correction of other and opposite tendencies—but we mean also to assert that it may exist, and we believe it does exist, in an exorbitant and dangerous *degree*. It is a very prevalent notion among us that each individual has a full right to an equal voice and influence in the government and social institutions of the country, without any regard to his progress in intellectual and moral culture. Thus intelligence and ignorance, virtue and vice, are mixed up in one general average. This is a notion which the ignorant and vicious, of course, most greedily embrace and cherish, and its abettors are therefore sure of their support and suffrages. But does the self-government of the individual imply that all his faculties and propensities should have an equal voice in the

forum of his conscience? Does not every one see at once that such a state were an end of all government? A self-governing man is guided by the light of reason, and ruled by the law of conscience, while the lower principles of his nature are checked, restrained, reduced to obedience. Yet that reason and conscience, as well as those lower principles, are his own—are his very self. When a question of duty comes up, he does not call together all his powers, passions, appetites and desires, on a footing of perfect equality, and decide according to the major vote. Yet all these are present in the solemn council—all have their voice—all are heard. Better a thousand times be heard fully and patiently then, than come in with their disconcerting cries afterward. The whole man decides the question—the whole man submits to the decision—and it is executed accordingly.

So must it be with a self-governing people. Among them each individual has an influence, and has a right to an influence, not in the arithmetical ratio of one of the whole mass, but in the moral ratio of his intelligence and virtue—i. e., in proportion as those elements which in their own nature have a legitimate claim to authority predominate in his character. It is a government of intelligence and virtue, not of mere will, not of persons as such. If the ideal of a democracy were a government of mere persons—of arbitrary will—it were a thousand-fold more degrading and detestable than the very caricature of a monarchy. It is true that *persons* perform the functions of government, and persons obey the requirements of government. But those who govern, govern as representatives of certain ideas of order, justice, reason, legitimacy; and those who obey, obey in view of those ideas. Submission to mere personal will, in whatever form, is slavery. If now you ask, who shall distinguish the intelligent and virtuous from the ignorant and vicious? who shall classify them, and assign to each his proportionate influence? We answer, nobody in particular—we propose no individual censorship—but the whole society must determine the question by a sort of natural instinct—and a truly self-governing society in a healthy state *will determine it, and determine it correctly*. We do not take it upon ourselves to say to any man in particular, your governmental rights are less than ours, nor is any other

man allowed to claim such superiority over us; but we do say that we and every man should feel that our rights to governmental influence—we speak not now of personal or private rights, or of rights to the protection of equal laws—our just share in controlling the course of society, are only according to our capacities, attainments, characters; and such influence we shall actually possess, and no more, in a sound, self-governing community. As to the boasted right of suffrage even, we go so far as to deny its very existence as a *natural or moral right of each individual*. The ignorant and vicious should not *feel* that they have any such right—it is allowed them as a legal right, or privilege, because it cannot be helped; because no safe means have been or can be devised to distinguish and separate them by any previous scrutiny from the rest of society. They ought to feel that they enjoy this privilege on sufferance. It is an evil, though a necessary evil. It is a social disease, though we honestly believe that no remedy has been or is likely to be invented—such as a distinction of birth or property or what not—which is not worse than the disease. Therefore, when a people pretend to govern themselves, we *insist upon universal suffrage at once, as a matter of fact*, but not as a matter of right. But in order that a people may govern themselves, intelligence and virtue must also, as a matter of fact, maintain the controlling influence in spite of universal suffrage. And according as this is the result we may determine whether the experiment of self-government is in successful operation.

Civil society has certainly not reached its highest ideal in the forms of Shakerism or socialism. It is not a barren plain, or a shifting, shapeless heap of undistinguishable grains of sand, as some vainly dream. It is a living organism—a well-compacted body. "Now we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office." These memorable and significant words were spoken by the holy apostle in reference to the church as a social, visible organization—an organization from whose constitution all physical force is banished—an organization which should develop itself spontaneously according to the highest moral laws of man's being under the guidance and energy of the indwelling Divine Spirit. And if these words, implying grades, subordination, system,

are true in reference to the church, most certainly are they true in reference to civil society. We are in danger of forgetting that *society is a system*—a system where all the parts have their proper functions and office—and not a mere mass of elements placed in juxtaposition or jostled into a general average; nor yet a huge, hideous, headless, heartless trunk, whose every particle of flesh, bone, sinew and muscle is endued, and just equally endued, with consciousness, intelligence, life and energy: who would not shrink from the contact of such a monster with horror! The essential condition of true freedom in society as well as the individual, is not a lawless discordant equality of elements on the one hand, or a dead, monotonous level on the other, but a living, varied harmony. It were beautiful to see a man all whose powers and affections were thus attuned in sweet, spontaneous concert, based on the normal principles of his constitution; and beautiful to see society presenting such an aspect. But infinitely more noble are both the man and the society who have trained and disciplined themselves to such a state, than they who, if such a thing be possible, by external force and corruption have been constrained to it. Self-government is essential, therefore, to the highest elevation both of the individual and social man. Whether it be possible for human society, under the guidance of self-government, to attain such an ideal, or make any reasonable approximations to it, or whether it must ever remain under the tutelage of arbitrary rule, is one of the problems which in the Providence of God has been committed to us to solve in behalf of all mankind.

We have said that, in rearing our social edifice, we have no rubbish to remove of the decaying and ruinous structures of antiquity. This is a great advantage, if we use it right. But at our present rate of progress, when are we likely to build any edifice at all? Do we not pull down as fast as we put up? An old house is better than none. What should we say, or where should we be, if every man were to remodel or rebuild his father's house the moment it came into his possession? We should soon come to live in a very miserable sort of hovels, or else should have little time for anything besides house-building. Now is not this precisely our social position? Indeed, to a fanciful view, the actual

state of architecture in this country appears emblematical of the stage of its civilization. Our very fundamental laws, our "constitutions," are daily undergoing changes; or, if to change them be too difficult, a temporary majority sometimes tramples upon them with impunity. We think that as a people we are in rapid progress—yet, in fact, are we not constantly beginning? In respect to social institutions do we build anything for permanence? If we do, we scarcely get beyond the foundations, and the next generation, if not the next election or next great voluntary society, rips up all our work to start on a new plan. It is to be feared this everlasting beginning will be the ruin of us. It is impossible for one generation to build up from the ground, a solid, spacious, well-proportioned fabric of social institutions; and were it possible, there is little encouragement to attempt it, if the next generation is sure to demolish the whole and begin anew. It is high time for us to have settled something—to be ready to take something for granted. If great changes are necessary, it is unfortunate, and progress must be proportionably checked; and the habit of making them is a still greater misfortune. When revolution and change are matters of ordinary preference, and not reserved for cases of stern necessity which knows no law—when they become the favorite rule and not the sad exception—the result must be monstrous. Contempt for the past is closely connected with a disregard of the future. "What right has my great grandfather to control me?" and "What has posterity done for me?" are questions very nearly related. A man who has ill-treated his father is naturally suspicious of his children.

We are in great haste to abolish all those institutions which imply an imperfect state of society, forgetting that we may thereby destroy the very means of attaining perfection. We shall have to put up the scaffolding again. "Haste brings waste," says the English proverb. "Avarice bursts the bag," says Sancho. Many fancy that we are on the eve of a social and political as well as religious millenium. Social Chiliasm threatens to become the prevailing creed. There is abroad a sort of indistinct notion that we have only to pass a solemn resolution that we have reached a certain state and ape its fashions, and forthwith we are really there; not considering that facts are too stubborn things to yield to the

omnipotence of majorities. No wish is so mighty as to transform the eager boy into a full-grown man. If our agricultural societies should vote that henceforth the earth would need no more culture, but would yield spontaneously all desirable fruits—though by ever so strong a majority—they would not make it so. And if they acted on the faith of their vote they might starve the next season. In a perfect state of society penal laws and strong governmental restraints would not be necessary; but they are excellent schoolmasters to lead us to it. That state of society is best which demands the least government, but hence it by no means follows, that that government is best which governs least.

But our radical tendencies assume no more fearful form than that of the overshadowing, paralyzing despotism of "Public Opinion," which threatens to banish all free and manly thought from among us. In a perfect state of society, public opinion would be a safe guide; but at certain stages of progress it may be most fatal. In the midst of general ignorance and corruption this is too manifest to need an argument. And by what magic does it happen that, in a mixed state, the opinions of the enlightened and virtuous should be rendered more just and authoritative by being averaged with vulgar prejudice and vicious predilections? Now those who are most busy in the apotheosis of public opinion are precisely those who most decry and condemn authority. Public opinion is the average opinion of the mass. Authority is the opinion of the more enlightened few. With the terms thus defined we hesitate not to prefer authority to public opinion. When public opinion urges upon us its domineering claims, threatening odium and disgrace, social ostracism or political disfranchisement if we refuse obedience, we hurl back its demands on the submission of our free spirit with defiance and contempt, while we yield a profound reverence to the unarmed, persuasive dictates of authority. Look at the accredited organs and exponents of this infallible public opinion. Who and what are they? A host of paltry newspapers which, like the army of locusts seen in prophetic vision, darken the land, and threaten to destroy and devour every bud, shoot and germ of civilization amongst us. Men who have an abundant command of slang, but could hardly write a respectable paragraph of good, manly, sober Eng-

lish; or who, if not destitute of considerable capacity and intelligence, yet know no higher principle than man-pleasing and party-success; men who are as innocent of any effort or thought to promote the general cause of civilization and humanity, in any high and noble sense, as the new-born infant—such men, from the editorial chairs of thousands of city and village newspapers, assume to announce the decisions and decrees of this great invisible, omnipotent, sovereign public opinion. Of course we do not mean that there are no exceptions to this character among the corps editorial. There certainly are exceptions—honorable and splendid exceptions; the more honorable because they are few. A newspaper editor occupies a noble and responsible station, if he but fill it worthily. We boast of the unshackled freedom of our press; and well we may. It is a priceless boon won for us by the blood and treasure of our fathers. Shame on us, their degenerate sons, that we can make no better use of it. We wish no harm to any newspaper editor or proprietor, but believe it would be an occasion for hearty rejoicing, if seven-tenths of all the newspaper presses in the country were broken up forthwith, those employed about them provided with more lucrative occupation, and those who now exercise the boasted faculty of knowing how to read in scarcely anything else but eagerly conning all their scurrilities and gossipings, were sent back to study their neglected Bible, and read the standard works of wise, virtuous and cultivated men.

If now you ask, how we shall distinguish good authority from bad—how we shall determine who are the intelligent and gifted few that have a right to influence our opinions? again we have no particular answer to give. What we insist upon is, that a man in forming his opinions should recognize not the claims of a domineering public sentiment, but the authority of the wise and honest. He must first recognize that a distinction exists, and then endeavor to find it for himself as well as he can. Of course there is no compulsion about the matter, nor any infallible tribunal to decide for all. Each man decides for himself; and, with these conditions, as a free and rational being, *he must decide for himself*. In this sense we would strenuously maintain the right of private judgment—private judgment formed with a due regard

to authority—not a blind but an enlightened deference to authority. While the lawless exercise of private judgment, severed from and defying all authority, almost infallibly ends in the despotism of the opinions of the mass—a despotism which, being raised above all responsibility, may generally be assumed to be immeasurably worse, more dangerous, more false and more degrading, than any tyranny of authority. Some people seem to forget that the case may sometimes be not “authority *versus* reason,” but *authority versus ignorant presumption*.

Let the choice of civil rules, and all matters which chiefly or solely regard mere external well-being and present expediency—banks, tariffs, and the like—when they come up for practical decision, be left to the judgment and decision of the mass. In respect to these things their own contentment and happiness is the highest end. If they err, they themselves suffer the immediate consequences. But higher ideas of morality, justice, theology, theories of government, should by no means be considered proper subjects to be decided by the popular vote. In these things the common mind should be accustomed to recognize an authority above it. And in the other matters, a little modesty on the part of the less informed would do no harm, though they are of course the last to be expected to have it.

Many seem to think that questions—not only of practice but of theory—not only of public preference but of private character—not only what shall actually be done but what ought to be done—may be decided by a vote of the majority. They know no worse stigma, no deeper disgrace, no greater sin, than to be in the minority. They look upon the minority as so many condemned criminals. But who got the majority of votes when the question was propounded to the multitude, “Will ye have this man or Barabbas?” Who shouted against the Son of God, “Crucify him! crucify him!” And can men still without shuddering echo back “Vox populi, vox Dei?” Yet multitudes do it, if not in those very words, yet in plain English or still plainer actions.

But while we would thus rebuke the insolence of majorities, we are desirous of not being misunderstood. Wilful misinterpretation it is impossible to guard against if we would; but we are bound to endeavor to make ourselves intelligible to those who honestly would know

what we mean. We will say, therefore—there are certain applications of the phrase, “Vox populi, vox Dei,” where we admit and maintain its truth and propriety; but the trivial and flippant senses in which it is often applied we think little less than blasphemous. They imply either a deification of the people or a popularization of God—and probably both. We are making these explanations, not because we feel that we should have any dispute with reasonable men of any party, who reflect upon the subject, and hold independent opinions based upon their own convictions—but precisely because we feel we should have no such dispute when our own views are distinctly understood.

We heartily sympathize with those statesmen and patriots who, fresh from some great struggle for liberty, and still quivering with its excitement, have burst forth in the hyperbolic exclamation—Vox populi, vox Dei.” But it is no new or extraordinary thing in the history of the world, that the rhetorical flourishes of one age become the doctrinal formulas of others.

We believe in the literal truth of this formula, as far as it implies the validity of arguments drawn from the universal or quasi-universal and uncontradicted consent of mankind—as indicating the laws of man’s spiritual and moral nature, and sometimes even the facts of his history. We believe in the sentiment, so far as it implies the general correctness of the instinct of a people in regard to their own interests and rights—if it be really an instinct, general and spontaneous. We believe in the sentiment, so far as it implies that in governments which are so constituted that the people are sovereign, the people *are* sovereign—to the extent to which the constitution makes them so; and more than this, we believe, in general, that looking at the question theoretically and *a priori*, the people have, under God, a better right to the sovereignty than any other party, person or power whatsoever. Sovereign power must be lodged somewhere, and wherever that sovereign power is lodged its voice is practically the voice of God—it is the voice of destiny. But supremacy and infallibility are two ideas so utterly distinct that they ought not to be, as they too often are, confounded. The people may be supreme, yet not infallible. Their voice may be the fiat of destiny, yet not the sentence of truth or right. In the

same sense, the decision of a judge, the ukase of the Russian Autocrat and the firman of the Grand Seignior, are alike the voice of God. They are so, in a very important sense, to the parties affected by such utterances. It is no more true that the sovereign people can do no wrong than that the sovereign king can do no wrong. Yet we believe, finally, that as a matter of fact, the voice of the people uttering itself, not upon a sudden call through the ballot-box, but spontaneously, yet quietly and gradually, through the thousand intelligent organs which nature and society have furnished, will, in the long run, and on the whole, be fair, just and right. Further than this reason and facts forbid us to go.

When, therefore, the sentiment in question is appealed to—and it sometimes is—as implying that the decision of a bare majority of votes given at the polls, on any question however sudden, however exciting, is the voice of God—in any higher sense than as a practical determination of the question submitted to them—we demur: for that majority may be determined by the vote of a single city, and the vote of that city may be determined by processes of combination and corruption, such as were described in an early number of this Review. Men should pause before they lay such things to the charge of their Maker. Besides, when the decision is made by a bare majority, the voice of the people very nearly contradicts itself, and may vary, in its judgment upon the same point, from year to year: do truth and right vary with it? The annexation of Texas, for example, may be unconstitutional in Massachusetts and constitutional in South Carolina; constitutional to a majority of the union this year, unconstitutional the next. When and where is the voice of God uttered in such a case? We suppose the voice of God is binding on the conscience. Is the minority, then, bound to give up its intimate convictions and cherished doctrines to the majority of one, and acknowledge on its knees, with Galileo, that opinions of whose truth it has ocular demonstration, are damnable heresies? If the majority may be sometimes right and sometimes wrong, who shall determine the cases? Shall each one say the majority is right when he is with it, and wrong when he is against it? This must be the practical result. But what becomes, then, of this boasted "*Vox Dei*?" And then, before we can deter-

mine what is a major part, it is necessary to determine *the bounds of the whole*—a point which, it seems to us, is almost always forgotten or purposely avoided by radical theorists. At the time of our Revolution we were in the minority. The majority of the British Empire—of the great political society of which we acknowledged ourselves a part—was against us. Were our fathers therefore in the wrong? Perhaps some may think that a majority of the *people* of the British Empire, if the question had been left to them, would have voted in favor of American claims. We think decidedly otherwise. It was rather the *people* of the mother country who were pressing the government to impose a part of *their* burdens on the colonies. But be that as it may, we are sure that the patriots of America would have had too much good sense to have staked the decision of their rights and liberties on the result of such a vote.

In another particular the Fathers of American Freedom gave the lie to the sentiment that the voice of the majority is the voice of God; and we believe all the conventions who have subsequently framed constitutions for our different political communities have followed the precedent thus set them, by inserting in all their constitutions of government that something more than a bare majority should be required to change the fundamental law; that two-fifths of the people, for example, if against change, should prevail over three-fifths demanding it. But, certainly, they would not have had the arrogance and impiety to set up their imperfect constitutions against the express voice of God.

Did Aaron, the high-priest, obey the voice of God when he made the golden calf? Did the people of Israel utter the voice of God when they demanded a king? The whole history of this people is a most striking commentary on the doctrine in question; and yet this is the only people in connection with whose history the voice of God has been independently and distinctly revealed. Was it the voice of God which banished Aristides from Athens, the people being weary of hearing him continually called the Just? Was it the voice of God which clamored for the condemnation of Socrates?

Perhaps it will be said, it was not the people who were in fault in these cases, but the demagogues that perverted them—that the people, if left to themselves,



would have decided aright. "Aye, there's the rub!"—if *left to themselves*! But how are they to be left to themselves? Who does not know that the very essence—the fundamental principle—of demagoguism is, first to pervert the popular mind, and then to appeal to it as authority? It was, indeed, at the instigation of the chief priests and rulers that the Jewish people preferred a murderer to the innocent man whom, but a few days before, they had been very attentive to hear. But this view of the case, so far from relieving the deifiers of the voice of the people, only adds the last insupportable weight to their burden.

We are not wanting in faith in the people. If questions could be fairly got before the minds of a community generally so intelligent and virtuous as ours, we should have almost unlimited confidence in the correctness of their practical decisions. But, unfortunately, the good people are not only fallible, but gullible; and there are sharp-witted men enough who know how to make their account of it. The mischief is, that while the people too often reject and hate those who warn them of their ignorance, and tell them wholesome but unwelcome truths, they are prone to love and follow those who flatter only to betray; who persuade them to despise all authority only that themselves may profit by their consequent self-conceit; who promise them liberty only as a cloak to their own ambition, while they themselves are the servants of corruption. The first step towards true wisdom and perfect freedom on the part of the people, must be, not to cast off all guidance, but to be more circumspect in selecting their leaders. Until they have learned to do this, they have not learned to lead themselves.

Let no enemies of popular liberty—let no foreign abettors (*domestic*, we trust, there are none) of the despotism of one, or of the insolence of the few, pervert what we have said to the purpose of showing that the people are unable and unfit to govern themselves. By a similar course of argument it might, with far greater facility, be proved that a monarch or an aristocracy are unable and unfit to govern human society. How then is it to be governed? But we utterly deny that any such inference against the capacity of the people for self-government can reasonably be drawn from the positions we have taken. And when foreigners officiously intermeddle in our do-

mestic differences, they will learn that the old adage about quarreling man and wife is applicable to other social relations. On the other hand, let no professed friend of popular rights accuse us of having assailed them. We repel the charge with our soul's intensest energy. We hold the rights and liberties of the people sacred—we enshrine them in our heart of hearts; but are the people therefore gods to be adored and worshiped? For ourselves we would neither adore the Roman people nor the Roman Emperor. Let those flatter who seek for favor. Those who seek to benefit others must, now as of old, be even ready to sacrifice themselves. And as we would not abase ourselves to flatter a sovereign king or a sovereign aristocracy, so will we not abase ourselves to flatter the sovereign people. It is precisely because the American people are sovereign, and because we rejoice in that sovereignty, that we would have them think on their duties and their dangers. It is because we earnestly desire to have that sovereignty not only continued but practically enlarged and completed that we would have the people reminded of their exposures and defects; that thus they may be led to avoid and remedy them, and self-government may be established among us so firmly, so beautifully and gloriously that the mouths of gainsayers may be forever stopped, and we may become the envy and the exemplar of the world.

The other class of dangers and deficiencies connected with our civilization may be rather loosely grouped under the designation of *extravagant utilitarian tendencies*. The useful Arts, and especially the higher forms of the Mechanic Arts—to which American genius is too exclusively devoted—do indeed contribute towards the progress of civilization; both directly, by exercising the intellects of men and giving them a sense of elevation and control over matter and the powers of nature, and indirectly, as a means of obtaining wealth and leisure. Yet utilitarianism and practicalness may get such exclusive possession of the general mind as to prove the most serious obstacle in the way of a higher and nobler culture. The more of the ideal there is thrown around life and all its affairs, the more of true refinement and genuine culture will prevail. Refined taste looks, perhaps, with the highest pleasure on those things which have no use for us but to be beautiful.

There is among the mass of our population more of a glorying in rudeness—a rudeness often put on and cherished of set purpose—than, perhaps, among any other people in the world. On the other hand, the hauteur and contemptuousness, which too often accompany what refinement there is, betray an upstart character, a narrow-mindedness, a “Little-Pedling-tonism,” which render such superficial village-squire refinement little, if at all, preferable to a proud and sturdy rudeness. Perhaps in this we are not more guilty than all others—at least we may claim our English cousins as *participes criminis*.

If we compare the social character and condition of our common people with that of the same class in France, we shall find much more comfort, mental activity and useful knowledge among us, but vastly less refinement of feeling and manners. Good manners are restricted to no particular class in France; but every Frenchman seems to be endowed with an easy politeness of address and a nameless delicacy of sensibility and social tact by virtue of his birth. How these little matters throw a charm around social life and give it an air of refinement and elevation, of which, with all our more solid requirements and enjoyments, we are quite unaware. We may despise these things if we will, because we see no use in them; but, so far as we are destitute of them, we are wanting in one of the elements—though an external rather than an essential element—of civilization.

Compare one of our farmers or mechanics with an Italian in a similar position. The snug and thrifty life of the American finds no counterpart with the Italian. But the refinement of the tastes and sensibilities of the latter is equally wanting in the former. Introduce the American into the presence of the Apollo di Belvedere; and he sees nothing but the figure of a naked man, cut in dingy marble, fractured, scarred and defaced in sundry places, which, if he thought he could make a good speculation out of it, he would consider worth buying—otherwise he can see no use in it. Place the Italian before the same statue; and, though he may be poor and ignorant and perhaps never read a newspaper in his life, his bosom swells with irrepressible emotions, his eyes brighten and his soul seems going forth to commune with the glorious ideal of beauty and majesty

which for him is embodied in that same dingy marble. And say, which of the two minds is the more cultivated and refined? which is the more truly civilized? Both are men. Both have the same nature, and in that nature the same sensibilities and principles of taste. But in the American these are completely overlaid and smothered by the accumulation of exclusively practical habits. This second nature has so annihilated the first, that he looks upon the Italian's enthusiasm with mingled incredulity and contempt. But again, we may prefer our thrift to the Italian's taste as much as we please; yet let us not *therefore* claim to be more civilized.

Grecian civilization may be characterized as æsthetic—the civilization of taste and genius; the Roman as politico-ethical—the civilization of jurisprudence and the state; the Jewish as theocratic-popular—the civilization of religion and the tribe; that of the mediæval Italian cities as commercial-luxurious;—that of modern Europe is a combination of all, with the addition of the economic or utilitarian element. In its forming period the religious or theocratic element predominated; subsequently the classical element; in later times the economic-practical.

A barbarian element is sometimes reckoned among the constituent principles of modern civilization. But this, if not a barbarism, is at least a solecism. All that can really be meant, is, that our forefathers, the barbarians of the North of Europe, furnished Christianity and the genius of classic culture with materials of a certain character to be civilized; and the character of the materials has naturally modified the character of the result—for man, when civilized, has other characters besides that of being civilized. Respect for woman, and the sense of personal independence, which have been assigned to a barbarian origin, are, in their normal state, the natural offspring of Christianity. It is true, in their extravagance, they show an unmis-takeable affinity with barbarism. That this is the case with the latter is plain; and if the modern theory of the rights of women is connected with the former, that tends equally to barbarism; for, whether the story of the Amazons be true or fabulous, it is certain they were always and justly considered as the most anomalous of savages.

Historically speaking, the Grecian element was engrafted on the Roman, and

both the Roman and Jewish engrafted on the modern European. Thus the Grecian is historically one remove farther from us than either of the others; while the mediæval Italian stands in our immediate neighborhood.

In the American phasis of European civilization, the most modern, the utilitarian element is predominant. Under its influence, just then coming into the ascendancy, European civilization was transplanted to this country. It is therefore historically as well as practically the basis of our civilization; next comes the Roman—then the Jewish; and last of all the Grecian—the beautiful Grecian—which in fact has in it more of the distinctive character of proper civilization than any of the others, the religious element not excepted. For the main scope of religion transcends the direct objects of civilization, and only incidentally affects them. Civilization regards, exclusively, the present world; religion regards, chiefly, the world to come. Civilization regards *society*, or individuals only as composing society; religion regards *individuals*, or society only as composed of individuals. Each may use the other as a means for the accomplishment of its peculiar ends; but their ends being different, the two are radically distinguished. So with the Roman element; it is important, yet secondary. Political institutions, laws, regard the rights and corresponding duties of men chiefly in relation to their external well-being and safety; civilization regards also fitness, propriety, beauty, intellectual progress—the whole culture of man as a social being. Thus it includes civil law, but includes it as a subordinate element.

It is a saying of Guizot, that the dignity of civilization never appears in a more striking light than when we observe that even religion prides itself upon contributing to its progress. "Thus facts the most important; facts, of themselves and independently of their exterior consequences, the most sublime in their nature, acquire increased importance, reach a higher degree of sublimity, by their connection with civilization. Such is the worth of this great principle, that it gives a new value to whatever it touches."

In this view religion is made to play a subordinate part; and in this view Christianity may be regarded as a constituent of civilization. But, in general, we should choose rather to consider religion

as a higher and broader subject, which includes and subordinates civilization as one of the elements of its own development. So that we should pronounce the religion of any age, nation or sect defective, which should not recognize it as one of its important functions to civilize its adherents. And this is not inconsistent with what we have already said of the main scope of religion. Civilization is essential not to the existence but to the perfection of true religion; as, on the other hand, the true religion is essential not to the existence but to the perfection of civilization. Thus *morality* also has its foundations in the essential principles of man's nature, and has its own proper sphere, independently of any positive religion. Yet, on the one hand, morality requires the sanction of religion for its full development, and, on the other hand, religion includes morality in its own complete idea; while, for all this, religion and morality are not identical. Like the sun in the solar system, religion embraces the true centre of the moral, intellectual, and social world—of all human ideas and human institutions; and, viewed from that centre, all are seen to move in the harmony of their true relations.

Yet there are other points of observation. The spectator may plant himself at another point; and the apparent relations or movements of the system, as seen from that point, are *facts*, and may be recorded as such. Assuming, then, one of these subordinate points—*civilization*, in the present instance—as our centre or stand-point; religion, though in truth the centre, will seem to move in some orbit around us. From this point of view we may rightly and earnestly insist upon moral and religious culture as essential to the permanence as well as the perfection of our civilization. Undoubtedly it is so. It is the element, the only element of certain conservation. We would not utter this sentiment in a corner. We would make it as emphatic as possible. We would repeat it, if needful, a hundred times in a hundred different forms—*civilization must look to religion as the only element of certain conservation*. Whatever parallel or contrast, if any, might be drawn between American and European civilization in respect to this element, we leave to other and abler hands.

But, after all, we think we are right in placing the classical element nearest

the heart of proper civilization. Let it not be said we are exalting taste above morals, and civilization above religion. That is precisely what we are not doing. We are insisting upon being content to call things by their right names, and let them pass for what they are worth. Religion is religion; and civilization is civilization—that is, it is what, by common usage and under the guidance of common sense, men have agreed to call civilization. Our appeal is to facts. The Greeks in the age of Pyrrhus are universally held to have been more civilized than the Romans; and in the fullest bloom of the classical spirit, in the Augustan age, Roman civilization is regarded as having reached its acme. Both Greeks and Romans we consider more civilized than the Jews; and even the Mussulman Saracens more civilized than the early Christian crusaders—though the latter in both cases were possessed of the true religion—and by what rule? Whatever other points of distinction there may have been; the prevalence of the classic spirit, of arts, science, philosophy, intellectual culture, is the decisive test. The revival of letters awakened Europe from the semi-barbarism of the dark ages; and the influence of classical learning had determined the peculiar type and refinement of European culture. This element had introduced and firmly established its influence in European society, before the economic-practical or utilitarian element had become expanded with such tremendous energy. The classical element has therefore, in Europe, an advantage in its struggle with its more modern competitor, which unfortunately it does not possess in this country.

In comparing ourselves, therefore, with Europeans in respect to intellectual, and particularly in respect to classical and æsthetical culture, we should expect to find them our superiors. Yet even in making this comparison, one important distinction is not to be forgotten. When we speak of the civilization of a country, we may refer to the aggregate or average condition and culture of society in that country, or taking the term in a more restricted and, *by usage, more appropriate sense*, we may refer to the higher culture and social progress of those who take the lead in the community around them—of those who stand as the representatives of that country in the eyes of the world. These two spheres of civilization do not

always correspond either in their centre, circumference or axis. Though, without arrogance, we may claim superiority to England in the former sphere, yet she is so much superior to us in the latter and narrower sphere, that, by the common consent of the rest of the world, she is regarded as actually superior to us in point of civilization. If Russia and Switzerland be compared, the converse will be the result; that is, Switzerland will be pronounced more civilized than Russia, notwithstanding the superior culture of a few of the Russian nobility.

The genius of our civilization leads us to an undue depreciation of this restricted sphere: but it is unfair that we should be compared with others in view of this exclusively; though foreigners, seeing only what is most prominent, are likely to content themselves with such a comparison. Thus much we may safely say in our behalf, that civilization has nowhere attained its highest, noblest end, until it has pervaded the whole mass of society with its refining influences. In respect to other nations, we insist upon the general diffusion of social and intellectual culture among us; in respect to ourselves we have reason to deplore our deficiency in higher civilization.

The average correctness and propriety, for instance, with which the English language is spoken by our whole population, are incomparably greater than England with all her counties can boast of; while it is a rare case that an American has that easy, unconscious, graceful command of his mother tongue, both in speaking and writing, which is common among the higher classes in England. If American and English society—using the term society in its more trivial sense—be compared, the result will be similar. Taking the average of all classes—and American society is really a sort of miscellaneous aggregate—we are superior to the English; while we have scarcely anything to compare with the polished refinement, the natural ease, propriety and simplicity of the English aristocratic circles. Yet these being the representatives of England to foreigners, she of course secures the general voice in favor of her absolute superiority. As a nation we appear abroad in our every-day dress, and admit visitors indifferently to any part of our establishment; while both the English and the French make their appearance only in their holiday suits, and receive strangers in their best saloons.

The substantial facts being ascertained in respect to both parties, it is a mere question of words to inquire which is the more civilized? Yet it is a question of some importance; for we have, and it is right we should have, some pride in being *civilized*. But we suppose that, according to the general usage and historical acceptance of that term, the question must be answered adversely to our claims. For, paradoxical as it may appear, it must yet be admitted that the average of mental and social culture may be much higher among us than in England; and, nevertheless, we may be rightly accounted less civilized. That is, Society as a whole, as a system, may not be so magnificently and harmoniously developed to the eye of the spectator, and for the purposes of outward impression—just as an ill-officerd army, with all its soldiers tolerably versed in tactics, may yet be vastly inferior to another composed of ignorant boors, but led by able and experienced generals.

Whether our civilization do not want more in intensity than it surpasses in extension, and whether greater intensity be not necessary to preserve and increase its extension, are questions of vital importance for our consideration. Elasticity has a limit. The cultivation of the few may indeed be carried to a high degree without requiring, either as a condition or a consequence, the general elevation of the community; but the general elevation of the mass can never proceed safely, or reach a high degree, without being preceded and guided by the higher culture of a few. There is no instance of such a phenomenon in history, and never will be. The course of nature will not be altered to suit any theories of ours, however they may pretend to be purely democratic.

Hence the importance not only of retaining but elevating the higher type of education which belongs to our colleges and universities. Hence the peculiar claims of classical education upon the vigorous defence and jealous protection of all enlightened men. If the great fountains are neglected or dried up, what will become of the little streams? Yet there are men among us who pretend to be the elect sons of freedom and apostles of progress, and who nevertheless assail all such institutions and studies, not only

as useless in themselves but as agents and means of tyranny. Is it possible that the genius of democracy is inconsistent with the highest forms of social and intellectual culture? Can men in the highest places have the effrontery to say publicly that the establishment of a national institution for the promotion and dissemination of knowledge is abhorrent to the principles of freedom, and could serve only to fetter the mind of the people? And that when a benevolent foreigner has munificently furnished the means for such a purpose, we must reject them, and say, "we are *democrats*, and cannot use them?"

If the whole object of life be, to get to the end of it as comfortably as possible; if to eat, drink and sleep, to be clothed and housed in competence in quiet be all men want—there is no need of a liberal education. If men were made to be good farmers, artisans, traders, and nothing more—there is no need of a liberal education. In proportion as an occupation is manual rather than mental, intellectual discipline is, of course, less to the purpose—though *improvement* in all the arts and handicrafts of life may depend much upon such discipline and culture. But is it not of some importance to be a man—a civilized man—as well as a good artisan or tradesman? Let us not be understood as treating these pursuits with contempt. By no means. The mere classical scholar is as deficient in the full development of manhood as the mere farmer or the mere mechanic. Besides, men must eat, drink and sleep, or they cannot live to be civilized. Those ordinary employments of life are necessary to the very existence of society as well as of man, and their improvement is closely connected with the progress of civilization. It is plain that, although we assign the first place to intellectual culture among the constituents of proper civilization, it is not of itself sufficient for the full development of humanity. In our bodily organization the heart is most necessary, but even the heart will not perform its functions alone. Practical habits must more fully draw out and invigorate intellectual culture, must lop off its excrescences and check its vagaries; and, on the other hand, intellectual as well as moral culture must interpenetrate, regulate and refine the practical

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\* See Senator Allen's Speech on the appropriation of the Smithsonian Bequest.

habits, before the highest type of civilization can be reached—before we can have a whole man or a perfect citizen. The wide separation of learning from life, and the unprecedented extent to which the division of intellectual labor has been carried in Germany, have prevented the immense erudition of German scholars from raising their country to a corresponding rank in the scale of civilization. The principle of division of labor, so efficient in promoting the improvement and productiveness of the mechanic arts, is not less efficient as applied to the various departments of scholarship; but it is attended, in both cases, with this evil—that, in respect to the individuals employed, it cripples, stunts and mutilates humanity. What, then, we chiefly object to, is, that a man should be so entirely absorbed in any one pursuit as to lose all sympathy with other pursuits, or to set before himself no higher object than the thrift consequent upon the skillful and diligent prosecution of his own handicraft. What we mean, is, that a *mere* tradesman—if a mere tradesman can be found—though he excel ever so much in his appropriate trade, is but the fraction of a man.

The theorizing philosopher and the musing poet, though amidst our thrifty community they may hardly get a living for themselves, or a hearing from others, contribute infinitely more to the advancement of the race, to the civilization of mankind, than multitudes of active and enterprising men of the various lucrative trades and professions. Many men, industrious and successful in their pursuits, lived comfortably and grew rich, while Milton dictated the *Paradise Lost*; but has not that single poem contributed more to the culture and elevation of the human mind than the ephemeral labors of them all?

It may sound strange to many, yet we believe it to be a most serious truth, that we need more theorizers and fewer empirics—i. e., more men of comprehensive thought, and fewer men of mere off-hand practice. We need eyes well as hands. Because the sense of touch can judge of certain immediate properties of things better than that of sight, and thus prevent or correct many false optical judgments, are we content to grope our way along through the world, dispensing with vision altogether? Because, by a sharpened practical instinct, we can determine what is good and profitable for the mo-

ment, shall we utterly repudiate that "high discourse of reason which looks before and after?"

What has, more than anything else, brought theory and all philosophy into such discredit among us, is, in fact, the pretension of a multitude of mere quacks to be theorists and philosophers, joined with the popular habit of generalizing from the narrow premises of a few present facts. If we have no closet philosophers, we have plenty of *street* philosophers and *bar-room* philosophers. We may have discarded the name of philosophy, but we have the men who *act* as if they had mastered and outrun all the philosophy and theory in the world. But in truth there neither is nor can be any rational practice without theory of some kind. Every man who acts with design and plan, who combines means for the accomplishment of an end, is so far a theorist. The question is, shall his theory be a long-sighted or a short-sighted theory? Shall he think patiently, dig deep and lay its foundations upon a rock, or shall he erect it upon the shifting sands of immediate experience? We are already beginning to reap the long harvest of bitter fruits, in the shape of indirect consequences, from several of our spasmodic, empirical attempts at religious, moral and social reform. In political theory we think we are—and if anywhere we ought to be—especially proficient; yet how many among us, even of our legislators, have thought it necessary to make themselves acquainted with the established principles of political science or even of political economy, or with the general history of legislation and politics in this and other countries and ages? Yet while it is manifest that, without such knowledge as a basis, there can be no sound theory; it is equally manifest that, without the same knowledge and the theory based upon it, there can be no safe practice or permanent progress.

But to say no more of poetry and philosophy—there are certain employments in society which have a special connection with civilization, and are essential to its proper development, but which require a higher discipline and more thorough mental training than are needful for the manual laborer. The business of the merchant, taking the appellation in its higher sense—as it has an important bearing upon civilization, so it forms a connecting link in passing for-

ward to those other employments which we have in view. A portion of the merchant's, as of all other, business is indeed routine, drudgery if you will, but another portion will call every faculty into exercise and task his highest powers. Either, therefore, he must have received a thorough preparatory mental training, or he must be introduced and carried forward in his pursuit very gradually.

But who could expect to have good lawyers, good physicians and good divines, without a thorough discipline and education; and that not only with a particular reference to their particular professions, but to the due and well-balanced development of the whole mind? We might indeed have pettifoggers, quacks and rangers; and these might make not only more noise but more money than well-educated men. But what becomes, in the mean time, of the interests—we will not say, of civilization, but of jurisprudence, and of medical and theological science? And when the tree is dead, what will become of the parasite plants, which twined luxuriantly around it and lived upon its sap?

There are indeed some people who think that the learned professions themselves are excrescences upon society, and do more harm than good. Be it so; how will you remedy it? No civilized community can exist without them. Abolish them to-day, and they will reappear in some shape or other to-morrow. There *will* be some persons who will make it their business to tell their neighbors the law, and prescribe for the diseases of their souls and bodies. The only practical question is, shall those professions be filled with learned, able and skillful men, or with ignorant pretenders?

In like manner, if all our higher institutions of learning were annihilated at once; unless all our civilization and yearnings after civilization were annihilated with them, it would not be many years before our wants would imperiously demand, and infallibly bring about, their restoration, or the establishment of something like them. No better general discipline for the whole mind—including the reason, imagination, taste—will probably ever be invented than is furnished by the classics combined with the mathematics. The study of language itself is a most noble and humanizing discipline; and the classics furnish the best

models of style in poetry, eloquence, history, philosophy. These together with the mathematics are, and should remain—with such additions from the arts and sciences and modern languages as may be found practicable—the basis of a liberal, that is to say, of a liberalizing, civilizing education. There is great danger of endeavoring to combine with them too many other things, partly from a laudable desire to enlarge the sphere of general knowledge, and partly, by rendering a liberal education more practical, to propitiate popular prejudices. The consequence of this multifarious mass of study compressed into the space of half-a-dozen years, is either to crowd out the mathematics and classics, or to cram instead of cultivating the mind—or more probably both: and the end must be to bring our higher institutions of learning into still greater disrepute. If our colleges cannot stand on the simple ground of the merits and benefits of a mathematical and classical discipline; if they must become institutions for the communication and acquisition of all sorts of so-called useful knowledge, merely to furnish abundant materials for stopping empty bags; in a word, if they must become encyclopedias instead of mental gymnasia; why, then, they cannot be sustained at all in their true character; they might as well be christened by a new name.

Let it never be forgotten that such institutions are designed to furnish facilities for a fundamental, intellectual discipline, and not for wide, general acquisitions, which, under the circumstances, if attempted, must terminate in a smattering of many things and a knowledge of nothing. We say, they are designed to furnish *facilities*. They will not communicate mental discipline to a passive recipient by mere external contact. There is no *opus operatum* in education. Nor is there any so great difference as some seem to imagine between a publicly-educated and a so-called self-educated man—provided only he be really educated. Every disciplined mind must have disciplined itself. Every educated man must have educated himself, and must feel that he has disciplined and educated himself. All that others—all that any institutions—can do for him, is, to furnish *facilities, helps, incidents*; he must do the *work* himself.

The man who thirsts for knowledge, who diligently and greedily improves

every opportunity, however trifling, for self-improvement, will undoubtedly, with few advantages, make much greater progress both in culture and acquisition, will drink more copious and invigorating draughts, than he who sits listlessly down beside the gushing fountains of science, truth and refinement. The diligent and studious mechanic, who can steal but a few moments from his daily toil to devote to the culture of his mind, if he improve those few moments, will infallibly become a better educated, better disciplined, more civilized as well as more respectable and useful man, than the college fopling, dunce or drone. But such a comparison is a comparison of extremes, and though often made to the manifest disadvantage of colleges, is as manifestly unfair. Good were it for colleges as well as for society, if dunces and drones received their deserts—a silent dismission instead of an honorary degree—or by some means or other were abolished. They bring more discredit upon colleges than all other causes combined. But are the classics or mathematics to blame for it?

But we dismiss this subject, content with protesting against the utilitarian, uncivilizing tendency, which would pervert or destroy our higher institutions of learning; and with insisting on these two points, that discipline and not acquisition is the fundamental idea of a liberal education, and that public institutions can only furnish the means, but each individual must perform the work for himself.

We readily admit that, without the aid of any public institution of learning, a man may, though at great disadvantage, acquire all that is essential in a liberal education. We readily admit, also, that without any thorough education a man may not only get a livelihood, but may make no little sensation in the world. The modesty and refinement that ought to grow out of such an education may even unfit a man for successful competition with audacity and coarseness. In political life is this especially true. The rude and reckless demagogue may secure more popular votes than his refined and cultivated rival. A man of tolerable original capacity will naturally busy his mind about something, and for want of a higher and more generous discipline, he may direct all his efforts to acquiring the mastery of that craft and management, that system of little arts and low cunning, by which to insure a triumph over

his opponents who have been accustomed to employ their minds on more elevated and humanizing subjects.

We are for cheap manufactures: and a demagogue is an article of much cheaper manufacture than a Statesman. But the process does not end here. When all Statesmen have been thrown quite off the course, and their competitors are left in exclusive possession, these will not be able quietly to divide the prizes among themselves. What is cheap is abundant; and now he will succeed best among them who can descend lowest. The problem now is, "beneath the lowest deep to find a lower deep." But when he who is most skillful in solving this problem has got himself into high office, he may be brought into contact with the highly cultivated and refined minds who act as the representatives of other countries. And if he has any discernment or sensibility left—which indeed is hardly to be supposed—how must he quail before them! how keenly must he feel his inferiority! Or if—as must too often be the case—he is utterly callous and unable to appreciate anything above his accustomed habits; though he and even the less informed and cultivated portion of his countrymen may exult in his republican superiority to all the forms of refinement and rules of propriety; yet what must be the judgment, the just judgment, of other nations in regard to our progress in civilization, when they see such men acting as our organs and representatives?

We may be proud of coarseness, vulgarity and ignorance, if we please. We may affect to consider them as signs manual of true democracy. We may despise, or if we cannot despise, denounce and renounce, all refinement and taste and learning as useless, pedantic, or worst of all, aristocratic. We have a right—a sort of right—so to do, if we please. Nobody has a right to interfere, but let us not then enter the lists in the race of civilization. Let us rather be consistent, and despise and denounce civilization itself as a badge of slavery. Let us rejoice and exult that we are free—savages. If we are not ready to do this—and assuredly we are not—there is but one other way of being consistent: seeking after civilization to seek those things which constitute it.

The first step should be to ascertain our true position, to recognize our deficiencies, and look our dangers full in the



face. Let us make a brief recapitulation of some of some of our comparative disadvantages.

Want of the refining and uniting influences of national antiquity, and with a disposition to reject the experience and authority of others; want of a highly educated and cultivated class; overshadowing and oppressive incubus of popular opinion; excessive absorption in thrift and money-getting; a habit of change; an anticipative millenium; an impatience and restiveness under the transient or accidental evils on which the final and permanent good is conditioned; the general preponderance of the centrifugal over the centripetal, of the disorganizing over the conservative, of the leveling over the elevating tendencies; of selfishness over humanity, of partisanship over patriotism, of sectarianism over catholicity; in a word, of the negative, the immediate, the tangible, the useful, the practical, over the positive, the distant, the ideal, the general, the humanizing. We are in danger of being all carpenters without an architect—tinkers and cobblers without a master-workman.

That is the dark side of the picture. But, courage! there is also a bright side. Our first hope is in a "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." God has given us a great work to do, and we trust he will secure its accomplishment, though it may be by such methods as to save us from all occasion of glorying in ourselves. Faith is the first element of success. Besides we have still an open field; no insuperable obstacle has yet been thrown in our way. Our body social has certain bad habits and tendencies, but no deep-seated, fatal disease, no old, festering wounds, no shriveled limbs, no exhausted spirits. We have evils, but they are far from remediless. Will and wisdom are all we want. After all that we have said, and that some may be ready to condemn as unpatriotic and undemocratic—though we would warn all such beforehand that the only proper way to manage an argument is to *reason* and not to *revile*—after all that we have said, we would not exchange our whole situation, opportunities, prospects, with those of any other people on earth. We would not exchange our boisterous, changeful, rude, impatient, but active and energetic democracy, for the vegetable life, the lethargic tranquillity, the silence and slavery, of Russian or Austrian despotism, or any of the

boasted paternal governments on earth; nor yet for the shocking contrasts between the thousands of English aristocrats and the millions of English menials and paupers. We would not exchange our church institutions, fragmentary, ill-digested and unsettled as they are, with the organism of death, the galvanized corpse of the Romish hierarchy; nor yet with a corrupting and degrading dependence on the civil government.

In respect to intellectual cultivation, too, America need not be ashamed of her position and prospects; and the American mind possesses many excellent points. It is generally true of Americans abroad that they have more sensibility to objects of taste, more susceptibility of culture, more appreciation of what is foreign, less of national narrow-mindedness, than their English brethren. We can learn. Besides the English can claim little superiority over us either for great useful inventions or for taste and genius in the fine arts. In painting and sculpture, in poetry and eloquence, we are already their rivals.

But as a nation we are yet in our youth. We achieved our independence before we had passed our non-age. We have the characteristic faults, follies, extravagancies, dangers and defects of youth; but we have also its vigor and freshness, its buoyancy and hope. It is indeed time for us to begin to cherish the sober thoughts of manhood. Wild sallies and boyish excesses must have an end.

In developing a manlier and maturer state, our men of education and culture have a most important and noble office to perform. If they put themselves in the right spirit and with due energy to the work, they will yet perform it. Their first step must be to cherish and advance their own culture. Their next step must be to renounce distinctly and resolutely all pursuit and expectancy of wealth and political station. They must set their faces as a flint against such temptations. Called to act as judges on subjects of the highest import, they must not be bribed. They must above all things studiously preserve their mental independence.

Let them remember that those who figure most largely in their generation are not ordinarily those who survive it longest. Poets and artists are proverbially poor and despised; and this is as it should be. If poets could be idle and honored, all *would* be poets, hence Providence has appointed a needful remedy. For all real greatness

the present is the time of outlay, of seed-sowing; its harvest lies in the future. What was poor, blind, puritanic Milton, to Charles II. and his licentious cavaliers? What was the incarcerated and half-maddened Tasso to the noble and haughty Duke of Ferrara? Inspired men, with a still holier mission—when not endued with miraculous powers—formed no exception. What was Jeremiah in his dungeon to a Jehoiachim? the imprisoned John Baptist to a Herod and his merry-making Court, or Paul to an Agrippa or a Nero? Nay, what was Jesus of Nazareth to the kings that set themselves and the rulers that took counsel together against him? But how stand their memories now? And what is the comparative measure of their present in-

fluence? Truly a prophet is not accepted in his own country.

Let then our men of intelligencia and virtue—of true culture and refinement—set about their task with singleness of eye and simplicity of heart; and let them pursue it with a noble disinterestedness, with an earnest and undaunted boldness, with energy, prudence and perseverance; and our American civilization, under the blessing of God, is safe; and good Bishop Berkeley's prophetic lines will yet be fulfilled:

“Westward the star of empire takes its way;

The four first acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;

Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

## A FATHER'S REVERIE.

BY MISS ANNA BLACKWELL.

WHEN float light clouds on heaven's azure sea,  
When through the trees low breathes the whispering wind,  
While clustering roses, in sweet canopy,  
Hang overhead, in fragrant wreaths entwined,  
And small glad voices ringing through the air,  
Speak of the innocent, the good, the fair,  
Then, my beloved! then do I think of thee!  
Then seem thy soft blue eyes to rest on me!

And when the sorrowing and gentle eve  
Follows, with dewy tears, the dying sun,  
And all the shining clouds, as he doth leave,  
Wrap them in mourning garb and mantle dun,  
I think of thee—for thou, like him, in light,  
Didst pass from earth and my too-loving sight,  
And my soul wrapped herself in shroud of night!

My best beloved! my beautiful! my child!  
Still, still I press thee to my throbbing breast;  
Still yearns, by thy sweet memories beguiled,  
My heart toward thee, brightest thou and best  
Of all God's gifts to me! Fame, wealth and friends,  
And all the bounties that kind Heaven lends,  
Were but as dust, my child! to me, the while  
My life was gladdened by thy voice and smile!

The earliest bird that welcomes in the day  
Recalls thy morning greeting to my ear,  
And how the sunshine fell with brighter ray  
When thy light footstep told that thou wert near:

And when, at night, 'mid pleasant household sounds,  
The blazing hearth a kindred group surrounds,  
I pause and listen, feeling sudden lone,  
The music of thy ne'er forgotten tone !

I miss thee, dearest ! when the hour of prayer  
Gathers heart-incense on the holy shrine,  
For angels ever, through the solemn air,  
Bore thy pure worship unto Heaven with mine ;  
And now, while reverent at His throne I kneel,  
'Tis joy to me, mine own loved child, to feel,  
Though nobler raptures now thy bosom thrill,  
We worship the same great All-Father still !

I on the threshold of the mighty fane,  
Whose vast dimensions fill the infinite—  
Whose forms, dim-looming, we but strive in vain  
Fitly to apprehend with mortal sight :  
But thou hast passed the shadowy portal through,  
And Heaven's arcana open to thy view ;  
While round thy widening pathway daily shine  
Glory and beauty ever more divine !

O wondrous spirit-world ! that lies so near,  
Yet seems so distant from our yearning thought,  
Around, within, so real, during, clear,  
And yet our earth-dimmed vision sees it not !  
Would that thy loving voice, my gentle child !  
Might whisper me in accents undefiled,  
Some dulcet echo of that inner land  
'Mid whose full harmonies thy young feet stand !

My child ! my child ! those sounds, how sweet they fall,  
Waking loved memories on thy father's ear ;  
But thou no more art mine, nor dare I call  
Thee by the gentle name thou weardest here !  
No ! thou art mine no longer ! earthly ties  
Melt into nobler kindred in the skies ;  
And all the glorious company of heaven  
To thee, for parents, and for friends, are given !

My child ! my glorious, translated child !  
From the deep beauty of thine angel-home,  
Would I, with yearnings vain, or wishes mild,  
Withdraw thy feet, o'er earth's rough ways to roam ?  
Wither the rose upon thy brow that lies,  
And dim the light of heaven from thy dear eyes ?  
No ! to my love for thee let power be given  
To draw, not thee to earth, but me to heaven !

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## THREE CHAPTERS ON THE HISTORY OF POLAND.

## CHAPTER III.\*

## CHARACTER OF THE POLES.

REFLECTING upon the fate of Poland, one is surprised and pained at the melancholy issue of so many great sacrifices, so much bloodshed, heroic devotion and fervid patriotism! The love of country with the Poles cannot be said to be a sober virtue. It is rather a passion that never ceases to agitate their breasts; it is the enthusiastic devotion of a chevalier to the queen of his heart; being always foremost in his thoughts and feelings. True, there are some traitors among them; but what nation has them not? Still it will be found true that no modern nation, or any of the ancient, have produced so many instances of enthusiastic patriotism as they. Other nations have not suffered such calamities—they were more or less prosperous; but it was not so with the Poles. If in prosperity man is not so much tempted to crime, his virtue at the same time is not so great, and does not stand out in bold relief. Misfortune has a contrary effect; it either plunges him into the abyss of iniquity, or hardens his virtue so that it will resist both time and change.

The chivalry of modern nations succeeded to the patriotism of the ancients; but in this age of prudence and expediency we rather choose to keep aloof from the *extremes* of either, for they become rather uncomfortable virtues. Notwithstanding this general tendency, the Poles give us examples of patriotism which, if they do not surpass, certainly equal any to be found in antiquity—of patriotism that is not based on mere selfish feeling, but on the noblest sentiments of the human heart. Their history proves they were never the aggressors, but fought only to defend their own rights and their own territory. The saying "*Ubi patria, ibi bene*," became theirs. Zolkiewski's last breath when falling on the battle-field, "*dulce pro patria mori*," is worthy the best Roman or Greek days. Their history and literature are replete with sayings and deeds whose exalted source was love of country. What feelings they cherish towards their own

land may be gathered from the endearing appellation of *our mother*, which with them is synonymous with Poland. Their last revolution is but one grand display of the noblest self-devotion—every man was a patriot, and every woman a heroine.

We will introduce here a few instances which will give an idea of the spirit that animated this people when struggling for their liberty. Besides exposing their lives to the chances of battle, many contributed large sums to the national treasury. General Pac (Pats) was the first, who in the very beginning of the revolution laid on the altar of his country the sum of 100,000 florins, (equal to 12,400 dollars,) and though nearly sixty years old, fought bravely to the close. Prince Czartoryski, (Charto-ryskie,) whose yearly income was £80,000, has had his estates confiscated, and yet he prefers to live an exile in foreign countries, on scanty means, than sue for pardon though the emperor be glad to grant it.

As for personal devotion, we must only mention a few among the bravest of the brave, and the Generalissimo Skrzynecki deserves the first notice. It would be impossible to display more courage than he did at the battle of Ostrolenka. He conceived the idea of attacking the enemy at the nearest distance possible. He took twelve field-pieces, and two regiments of cavalry for their protection, and profiting from the dusk, led them in person, fixed the battery at three hundred paces from the enemy, and ordered it to open. At the same time he seated himself, with the utmost coolness, at the head of the battery, exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy's artillery. In vain did the officers beg him not to expose his life thus: he sat immovable as a marble statue till he saw the enemy shaking and finally forced back.

Nor is this a single instance of such intrepidity; Colonel Piernka, whose battery at the battle of Grochow was the most destructive to the enemy, and frequently the most exposed, kept up a fire,

\* In the last number, on page 633, 1st line in 1st column should be transferred to the bottom of the 2d column.

chiefly of grape-shot; for five hours, sometimes at the distance of a few hundred paces only. Amidst the most frightful carnage he remained calm and imperturbable, and appeared more like a god dealing out deadly blows to mortals than an ordinary man. Although his clothes were pierced through and through, and his casque torn to pieces, yet his person was not touched. Lieutenant Czaykowski (Chy-kov-skie) affords a noble example of a patriot struggling for the salvation of his country. While at the head of the grenadiers of the 7th regiment, he received a grape-shot in his leg, which threw him down. Unmindful of himself, as he fell he cried, "Grenadiers, advance!" and kept up this cry while he lay prostrate on the ground. Worthy of such a commander, animated by his noble spirit, the grenadiers rushed to the charge and drove the enemy from their position. He is one of the heroes of the battle of Grochow. But here is another of them, bombardier Kozieradzki. This brave soldier was sent to another battery with orders to change its position, and while on his way to execute his commission, a cannon ball carried away his arm. Rising from the blow, dangling the bleeding mutilated stump as he went, he staggered on, reached the battery, executed his commission, and then fell from the loss of blood.

We should do injustice to the Polish women if we should here overlook them. Like the daughters of Sparta, they wished to share the dangers of war with their countrymen, and so formed three companies under the command of ladies of the most distinguished families. They were to follow the army in the rear, and on a battle taking place, to take care of the wounded. The first company, composed of the young and active, proposed to carry off the wounded from the field; the second, attending the vehicles designed to receive the wounded, were to take care of them and dress their wounds; the third to take charge of the provisions, the making of lint and bandages, and even of the washing of the soldiers' clothing. The nation, proud of such daughters, was satisfied with their noble intentions, but their services were refused, for the labor they were willing to task themselves with would have proved too much for them. But not to deprive such noble women of the luxury of sharing in the general toil, they were distributed among the hospitals, where they could nurse the

sick and disabled. In erecting the fortifications of Warsaw all the citizens were employed without distinction of age or sex, and to pay tribute to the patriotism of the women one of the outworks was named the *lunette* of the women, having been raised entirely by their hands. They also made sacrifices of their fortunes, plate, jewels, wedding rings, which they turned into coin for the use of the country. They even offered their lives on the field of battle. Countess Plater, after having armed the peasantry on her estates with scythes, pitch-forks, fowling-pieces, led them against the Russian troops. This girl, who led a life of ease and pleasure, now faced the dangers and hardships of war in every battle that was fought in Lithuania. Constantia Raszanowicz (Rah-shan-au-vich) was the Countess' companion in arms and perils; she also spared neither her fortune nor exertions in the cause of freedom.

Countess Claudine Potocka (Po-totskah) who spared neither herself, nor her fortune in many dangerous enterprises, gave particular proofs of heroic devotion, in the hospitals of Warsaw, where seated at the bedside, she spent seven successive months in alleviating the sufferings, and dressing the wounds of the sick. In connection with Countess Potocka we cannot but pay a tribute of admiration to her intimate friend and fellow-laborer Miss Emily Szczaniecka (Shtchah-nietskah). This young and lovely lady, at the age when hopes bloom the brightest, gave up the whole of her fortune to her country, and then joined the Sisters of Charity that she might continue to work for the common cause. Many more names may be mentioned that in future will be like stars illumining the path of heroism and virtue, but we forbear. Yet, notwithstanding the efforts of such sons and such daughters, Poland lies prostrate beneath that Power of the north, which is never satisfied with human blood; not however as conquered by force of arms, but as a victim to the intrigues of her enemy, and the pusillanimity of her friends.

The lot of Poland after the last revolution has become harder than ever it was before, for the Russian autocrat neglects no means that can oppress a people. If he cannot be master of flourishing Poland, he is determined to possess at least the Polish desert. He has already become the sole land-proprietor of more than the half of its soil by the confiscation of the estates of the

wealthy. By taxation, oppressive conscription, and keeping an army that is fed by the people, he drains the last drop of blood from the inhabitants. To make colonies in the deserts of Caucasus, he gave orders to transplant thither 5,000 families from the south of Poland. Unable to resist, they were dragged into the wilderness to lead a life of misery, leaving their homes, their country, and with them all that is dear to the human heart. To see them depart amidst lamentations and cries of despair of the women and children, and dumb looks of the men, surrounded by the base, insensible crew of the yet baser autocrat, to hear them invoke destruction upon the head of the inhuman enemy and their own; curse their parents that gave them birth, the day that saw them born, would fill any heart with the keenest indignation and the deepest sympathy. But this is not all, brutal Russians have been introduced in their place to become a part of the population of the country.

The oppression does not stop here. Their religion and their priests are persecuted; their universities and colleges, after being pillaged of all that they had valuable, as libraries, etc., were either suppressed entirely, or supplanted by mock institutions into which the most compulsive system of corrupted education was introduced. Their language is excluded from courts and from schools; nay, it is even prohibited to speak Polish in public places. Their laws are abrogated, and the Emperor's will or the *ukase* is made their substitute, till the administration of justice is mere mockery. The caprice of the officer, or a bribe, makes the scales turn accordingly. No one is allowed to hold an office, but a Russian or a renegade Pole. It is considered an act deserving punishment if one should publicly avow himself to be a Pole; and everything that pertains to their national customs or habits is prohibited or derided by those Moscovite barbarians. The country is made a large prison-house infested with spies. Thousands of the noble and daring are sent to work in the mines of Siberia. According to an official statement 75,000 men had been sent into Siberia, since the accession of Nicholas to the throne up to 1832, which includes the space of only seven years; but from that time to the present the number has trebled at least. These men are mostly state criminals and chiefly Poles, among whom the first names of

the country are to be found. In the dead of night they are seized and carried away from amidst their families to be never more heard of.

After the fatal termination of the last revolution, the emperor gave orders to provide for the orphans of those who were killed in war, or who went abroad leaving their children behind them. This was trumpeted throughout Europe as a benevolent, magnanimous act of the autocrat; while in fact it was designed to cover the most hideous crime. In consequence of this order, more than 5,000 children at a time, were torn from the bosoms of their mothers who were sufficiently able to provide for them: the most distinguished families were the victims of this barbarity. These children were forced away from their lamenting parents, in the bitter cold of January, and with scarcely any covering, packed up in wagons, and carried into the interior of Russia to be educated for slavery as common soldiers' children. Many of them died on their way from hunger and cold, but their numbers were replaced by those who were kidnapped on the way. It was a heart-rending scene to behold the streets of Warsaw resounding with the cries of agonized mothers throwing themselves under the wheels of the wagons to be crushed rather than survive that awful separation, or rudely pushed back by the brutal force of the Russian soldiery; and to witness the young victims confounded with the sight, heaped together like a flock of innocent lambs, separated from their parents, trembling with terror, utter in melancholy strains "*dear mother! dear mother!*" What father's or what mother's heart could withstand this sight without bursting with frenzy?

The same infernal act was repeated in the country with the children of many noblemen; and here is one of its tragic consequences. After the vain attempts of Lady Grozewska (Gro-zew-skah) to save her two sons by imploring mercy for them of the emperor, Cossacks were sent to carry the children away. On the appearance of these brutes to execute their commission, this noble woman determined to disappoint him. "No," said she, "that insatiable dragon shall not drink the blood of my loins. My children shall live with me forever." With these words she stabbed her two boys by her side, and then with the same steel pierced her own noble heart. Oh,

honorable weakness! may God avenge thy innocent blood! Such are the deeds of this arch-Herod of the North; but this is not all.

The Polish captives that were at Cronstadt were required to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor, but they refused, for which they were made to run the gauntlet. Two lines of soldiers were made, each of, 250 men. Each soldier held a hazel switch, several feet in length. Through these ranks the condemned Poles were forced to pass. First the victim's back was stripped of clothing, then the butt-ends of two carbines placed under his arms, by which means he was dragged along, while a bayonet was held against his breast to prevent him from going too quickly. Field-pieces were placed at both ends of the ranks to blow to atoms those of the Poles who would dare to attempt to rescue these unfortunate victims. 3,000 Polish captives were brought there to witness this awful scene. At the time we speak of, (November, 1832,) 50 men were the designed victims, eight of whom were flogged the same day.

The decree being read, the man was led between the two files, and with the first blow music began to play to drown his cries. Before the unfortunate creature reached the other extremity of the ranks, streams of blood burst from his back—his piercing cries were hushed in silence, and senseless he was dragged up and down the files, though flesh flew from his back at every step. This brutality completed, the sufferer fell on the ground, where he lay till the cart came to carry him away to the hospital, without any other covering to his mangled body than a mat. In this way, two or three of these unfortunate men received eight thousand, others from four to six thousand lashes! A priest, with the cross in his hand, stood at the head of the line near the general officer, and promised them pardon if they would recant; but the noble-spirited sufferers preferred death to servitude. These are the deeds of the *clement* Emperor, who, to prove to the world that cruelty and faithlessness go hand in hand, after repeatedly proclaiming amnesty to the Poles, seized upon those who confided in his word.

The picture we have drawn here is already horrible enough: though incomplete, yet it is sufficient to give some idea of the present state of Poland, and of the character of the monster, who has

yet found eulogizers in an English lord, and even one of our republicans, who was sent by the State of Ohio to inquire into the condition of the Prussian schools, and who informed the public that the *dement* Emperor is *educating* the Poles! Take shame to yourselves, men! who let the present of a gold snuff-box with the despot's portrait, cover the crimes of a fiend; or allow heartless, courtly politeness to go for benevolence. Shame! shame to you all, who screen flagrant guilt from the world's indignation!

Such is the lot of the Poles who are within the reach of the Emperor Nicholas; as for those who are abroad, a few words will suffice. The number of the latter amounts to several thousand, scattered throughout the civilized world; but they reside chiefly in France and England. About three hundred were sent by Austria into this country. Their subsistence depends on their exertion, but as a great number of them did not belong to working-classes in their own country, their condition may be easily conceived.

Little is known of the character, habits and literature of the Poles in foreign countries, and particularly on this side of the Atlantic. The degree of ignorance that prevails in this respect is often ludicrous. In the geographies used by schools in this country, it is gravely stated that they wear stockings and pantaloons of a piece; that when they are invited to dine with their friends, they bring with them their spoons in their pockets; and that during dinner they take care to have the door shut that nobody may come in! And an encyclopedist, speaking of their language, says, that it is so uncouth, that it has words of several consonants without a single vowel! This, besides being false, is an impossibility; for the human tongue cannot pronounce intelligible sounds, without there is a vowel at a certain distance to support the consonants. No more than two sounds made of either two, three, or at most six, consonants joined to a vowel can be pronounceable, is intelligible, or capable of being written.

We can give here but an imperfect outline of the character of this people and their literature. The means of education since the introduction of Christianity into the country, were never neglected in Poland; if not always in advance of, they always kept pace with, those of the rest of Europe. Poland had her colleges and universities, in which the no-

bility and middle classes were instructed with as much success as in any other part of the continent. The Polish nobility also frequently sent their sons to travel in foreign countries or attend foreign universities, being aware that intercourse with various people enlightens the mind and expands the heart.

To give the scope of the studies pursued in their universities, not to speak of others, we will take for an instance the university of Warsaw. Here the instruction in general knowledge was divided into five faculties; that of law, of divinity, of medicine, of the natural sciences and literature, and that of the fine arts: 42 professors filled these departments. The universities were well endowed, and all means that are indispensable to the completeness of instruction, such as libraries, cabinets of natural history and so forth, were secured. This, we say, was, for what now is we have already told: the Russian autocrat has trampled upon all knowledge and freedom.

If the Poles have not of late made themselves known to the scientific world by any discoveries in the sciences, yet they have the merit of having availed themselves of the investigations of others in their culture.

Poland has been enslaved and therefore she could not share the honor of late discoveries in science with other nations, as her mind was too much engrossed with her calamities, which have given a peculiar cast to her literature. Yet none of the departments of Polish literature have been neglected: science and belles-lettres had their guardians among the Poles, and philosophy had students, though no originators of new systems. The activity of the national mind, however, was particularly directed to polite literature, the burden of which is their country or the goddess of love.

The love of their country, her calamities, and the deeds of their heroes are the soul of their literature to such a degree, that they make its characteristic distinction from that of other countries in Europe. Thus it is rendered eminently their own, and may be considered a true counterpart of the character of the people. History and fiction have both been cultivated with ardor; and they have not neglected to polish their language. They are great lovers of music, song and the drama; and consequently these receive the impress of their character. The latter, pointing out the beauty of domestic

virtues, fans the spark of patriotism into vivid flame and ridicules national vices. The *Polish theatre*, a collection of the best dramatic writings of 56 volumes, testifies to the talent, taste and judgment of their writers. They have their satiric, epigrammatic and elegiac writers. Nor is their pastoral poetry neglected, which is especially popular; for the taste for rural enjoyments is universal with them. In *Wallenrod* and *Chocim War* they have two epic poems of great merit. In the *Historical Songs* of Julian U. Niemcewicz (Niem-tseh-vich), the Polish literature possesses what no other has; there the minstrel sings in smooth numbers the history of his own country. These songs are set to no less sweet music, and are frequently heard chanted by the fair daughters of Poland. This poet, soldier and statesman, is considered their Walter Scott; and if there be another Scott, the Poles may well claim to have him in Niemcewicz.

In Mickiewicz (Mits-kieh-vich) they have their Byron, with this difference that the Polish poet possesses the vehement fire of the Englishman, but consecrated by a purity which is his own. The Polish poetry abounds in ballads whose merit is their simplicity and sweetness of expression. They breathe either the sighs of a Sappho or an Adonis, or resound the glory of a Mars. The people are full of songs of great simplicity, and whose amorous and plaintive character bespeaks their docile nature.

It is commonly believed that the southern climes are most favorable to melody and poetical feelings. Everlasting verdure beneath, and continual serenity above, seem to conspire to unfold the whole soul of man. True as this is to a certain extent, yet there are some peculiarities in the temperate zone which render it equally genial to the cultivation of poetry. The continually exciting state of the outer world in the southern skies may exhaust the capacity of the soul for its enjoyments, or render them less acute by their familiarity, and thus produce a fickle, capricious character in man. But in temperate climes whose winter and summer succeed alternately, imagination in the presence of the former, paints the latter in such vivid colors, that when the season returns once more, the capacity of the soul for enjoying it is increased. The repetition of these enjoyments at intervals, leaves their impression more indelible, and thus imagination is made to burn



with a more steady and vivid flame even through the dreary reign of winter. Thus the love for melody and poetical feelings may be developed. At least the temperate climate of Poland has had such an effect on the inhabitants.

Besides the predilection which they show for the romantic in their real life, the great number of their poets entitles them to the appellation of a poetical people. In the dictionary of the Polish poets of Juszynski (Yoo-shin-skies) we find fourteen hundred of them; and yet the names of those who flourished during the reign of their last king Stanislas are not included. Of course it must not be expected that they are all of high merit. There must be many mere rhymesters; but making even this allowance, a respectable number of poets will be left.

The Poles, besides their original productions, have enriched their literature with translations of the Greek and Latin classics. And as the study of modern languages is not neglected by them, the beauties of foreign literature, as of the German, the French, the English, the Spanish and the Italian, are transplanted into their soil and admired by the people. The Polish language is a dialect of the Slavonian, which is, according to some, one of the original languages, consequently it does not resemble any of those of western Europe. In the termination of its nouns and verbs, it undergoes changes like the Latin, and these various inflections render it difficult. But this quality in a language renders its sense intelligible, though the words may be thrown, as it were pell mell, together; and enables the poet to study the harmony of his numbers much better.

The language has a great pliability and a great variety of sound, the latter of which enables the Poles to conquer the sounds of foreign tongues with greater facility than the inhabitants of most other countries. It admits of a change of the termination of a noun to express endearment or contempt, as is the case with the Spanish; an evidence of its pliability and congeniality with love. The Polish must be considered as a language of consonants rather than vowels, since in it the former prevail over the latter. Its words are long, consisting of many syllables, but they never have more words in one syllable, than the German admits. As for its melody, the natives might claim for it a higher degree, but an impartial judge would put it on a level with the

German or English, which certainly cannot be too high an estimate. We will not omit here to take notice of the peculiarity of Polish surnames, so generally remarked upon by foreigners; we refer to their termination in *ki*. It is, however, only equivalent to the *De* used by the French, the *Von* by the Germans, the *Van* by the Dutch, and the *of* by the English grandes; and a distinction which only nobility and gentry have a right to make use of. Thus we say the Marquis de Lafayette, Baron von Humboldt, the Duke of Cumberland. The surnames of the Polish nobility are principally, though not wholly, derived from the estates which the founder of a family became possessed of at the time of his being made noble. They are, indeed, adjectives made of the proper names of estates, and indicate the owners and proprietors. And as the nature of the Polish language makes such adjectives in *ki*, hence the termination of such names is in *ski* (*skie*), *cki* (*tskie*), or *zki* (*zkie*). For instance, if the name of the Prince Wisniowiecki (*Vie-sniow-yets-kie*) be accommodated to English idiom, it would be Prince of Wisniowiec (*Vis-niow-yets*); Count Pulawski (*Poo-lav-skie*) would make Earl of Pulawy (*Poo-lah-vy*); Pan Zamoyaki, (*Zah-moy-skie*) would be Lord of Zamosc (*Zah-most*); and so with other names of the same kind. Such surnames change their termination into *ka* to designate a woman, as the Princess Lubomirska (*Lov-bo-meer-skah*).

The Polish nobility may be said to be a democratic blossom on an aristocratic trunk; for this body within itself cherishes the purest democratic principles, although its political relation to the mass of their people is aristocratic. It is in fact what the Roman republic was—democracy embossed in aristocracy. Their titles descend equally to their children, both male and female; nor are their other children deprived of their share in the estate on account of the first-born son. Their democratic spirit is seen in the fact that they addressed their sovereign by the title of *king and brother*; for a Polish nobleman believes himself capable, by his birth, to wear his country's crown, should the voice of his brother nobles call him to that honor. Such being the organization of the Polish nobility, their estates may pass into other hands, while the name and title are perpetuated in the rightful heirs of the founder of a family, and as its numbers increase the name is

more frequently met with; thus the surnames terminating in *ski* or *cki* became prevailing among, and characteristic of, the Polish nobles. Sometimes, however, so terminating surnames are to be found among the lower orders (as sometimes servants take their lord's name); but then they are assumed only with the view of borrowing from them the lustre of gentility, which however never can impose upon natives that are nobles of right. It would be a mistake to believe that the names of all Polish noblemen have the above-mentioned termination; those that are not derived from estates but from some other circumstances, terminate variously.

The Poles, not content with their birth-right title of a gentleman, endeavor always to enhance it by their own merit; and to the outward graces and lofty feelings of a well-bred man, they are careful to add a familiarity with literature. Thus the Polish gentleman is never a total stranger to belles-lettres. Residing in the country on his estate as he generally does, he amuses himself with field-sports, and seeks the company of his books, or discharges the sacred duty of hospitality to his guests; and it is particularly in the latter capacity that his national character appears. With the taste for literature, he cherishes that also for the fine arts, and when his means allow he is glad to gratify it. But let us see him at home.

He keeps his house always open, and on his table are ever to be found a few covers for guests not expected. Here the wife shines like a gem, and all things reflect the light of her smiles. It is her lord's desire, and it becomes her pleasure to know how to direct her household affairs; the cooks and the waiters are her dutiful subjects. It would make Doctor *Sawdust* shudder to behold the variety of courses that the domestics are busy in changing, while their lord with his guests sit at the table; but if he should taste the generous wine, and should it chance to be *Today*, he would be forced to acknowledge the merits of the cook, and the taste and judgment of the mistress. While good cheer merrily circulates round the company, from yonder gallery a band of music pours melody into their ears; for the host, being an adept in the philosophy of living, knows that music only can scatter the turbulent passions and restore the mind to calmness so important on this occasion, and he keeps the band in his pay.

The dinner over, the company retire to spend the remainder of their time in some pleasant way; and this is easily accomplished when each guest endeavors to contribute something to the pleasure of the other, and when the host and hostess enliven every scene with their smiles. Polished ease, freedom and courtesy in both sexes, cement all into harmonious union; each pleases, and each in turn is pleased. If the company consist of titled and untitled individuals, it is no less pleasant, for here they meet on the ground of being gentlemen bred—the all-important distinction. Besides, other titles have no importance among them, when they have that of a Polish gentleman; and being received by the same host, they are made acquainted with each other without the ceremony of an introduction. Acquaintances thus commenced, are always acknowledged by the well-bred.

While thus there is nothing to disturb the enjoyments of the company, time glides on imperceptibly. Evening comes and brings new pleasures. The music fills the festive hall with enchanting melody, and youthful hearts begin to throb in expectation of the coming dance. First comes the host leading some lady guest into the room, followed by a gallant knight with the hostess. Each finds a partner to his taste, and all, young and old, stand ready. The hall resounds with the *polonaise*, and the host leads the van of the array of couples. Though he may be threescore and ten, yet his elastic step, obedient to the eloquent violin—his lordly, graceful bearing, as he leads the merry ranks in the serpentine course through the hall, remind him that his blood still flows freely. Thus again and again they wind their way upon the wax-polished floor at the caprice of the music, that as rapidly plunges them into a sweet reverie, and as quickly brings them out upon the waves of buoyant joy.

The *polonaise* is a national Polish dance with which evening amusements are opened. The old even join in it, as if to countenance the merriment of the young. It is a sort of dignified promenade to a very sweet music, an inadequate imitation of which one finds in what foreign musicians please to call the *polacca*.

After the *polonaise* more lively dances succeed, and the old are seated to behold the graces of their sons and daughters. Now four couples have the floor to give

expression to their favorite music of the *mazurka*. All fresh and joyous, clasping each other's hands, with a gliding step and waving graceful motion, they float, as it were, to and fro on the billows of the boisterous melody.

The *mazurka*, or more properly *mazurek*, is another of their national dances; it consists in moderately quick and even steps taken in an oblong space. The music of the *mazurka* has something boisterous and martial in its character, and it is *sui generis*. The movements are gentle and exceedingly graceful, and display the good proportions of the dancers.

As they dance, and the social glass circulates, the joy increases; and the youth vie with each other to carry off the palm in the *Cracovian* dance or *kra-kowiak* (*krah-kov-yak*). This dance, lively though dignified, is expressive of joy, and very fascinating to witness. In its movements, one would easily imagine joy dancing with love.

But in these raptures of pleasure, as if not satisfied with their own, they resort to some foreign dances, as the waltz, English country dance, or some other. At intervals, to rest the dancers, the band plays some national air, to which they cannot listen without emotion, since their music embodies both thought and feeling. Thus they feel and think, and laugh and make merry, till unwelcome midnight comes to separate them from the intoxicating bowl of joy.

Time has dropped its dark curtain on these joyous scenes, and so must we drop ours. Where joy, surrounded by its innocent progeny, once was enthroned, grim sorrow, with disheveled hair, suffused cheek, and eye red with tears, now reigns; and the owl, bird of gloom and night, chants in the lofty halls its doleful dirge to the departed spirits. But as from the womb of night the light of day issues; as from the depth of despair a ray of hope ever glimmers; so from this all-engulfing desolation the hopes of Poland shall blaze forth. The ashes that cover the face of Poland have not lost their vitality, nor ever will; they are, and they will be, warm enough to give birth to the Phoenix which, flapping its mighty wings, will blast her enemies. No, the indomitable spirit of their forefathers is not extinct, it is only subdued for a while; it burns in the oppressed breast of every Pole; it gathers its latent strength quietly, only to hurl, sooner or later, with more certainty the fiendish despots to utter perdition. Then the sun of liberty shall rise to the benighted race of man, and all people will see themselves brothers.

NOTE.—The recent events in Poland give us an opportunity to say a few words more on the Polish cause; we promise, therefore, our readers in our next number, a supplementary chapter on "Brighter days for Poland."

## THE AGE.

It is the age of bubble! Everywhere  
 One hears the gusty mouthing of pretence;  
 You'll find ten maniacs for one man of sense,  
 That jabber Truth (poor Truth!), their private care:  
 Your mad-house of a world! Will any dare—  
 Who yet have Reason, Reason's eloquence—  
 To speak one little word in her defence,  
 Before we all go mad? O Virtue fair!  
 Some sinewed champion deign once more to warm  
 With antique mettle, worthy your great cause!  
 He'll teach, sans doubt, these puppets of reform,  
 Profession is not practice—never was;  
 These fluent magpies, hatched our peace to balk,  
 What they know not—the odds 'tween truth and talk.

New Bedford, Mass.

## PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A MEDICAL ECLECTIC.

## NO. III.

THERE are petty annoyances which disturb a man's equanimity a vast deal more than the real trials of life. We brace our nerves and meet life's troubles like men, but its *disagreeables* often find us children. Amongst the minor ills which have always been my particular aversion, are smoke, black flies, mosquitoes and Fourth of July orations. It has been said by some metaphysician, or sophist—I leave the wise to settle which—that sins are only sins relatively—that all crimes become virtues under peculiar circumstances—for instance, rebellion in the Revolution was patriotism, and self-destruction is duty when it is the only way to escape the blackest defilement. I do not throw myself into the arena to contest for or against any question of this kind. I have only to say that though I have never found ordinary smoke odoriferous and grateful, or black flies civil, or mosquitoes amiable, or Pythagorean in their propensities, I have heard one Fourth of July Oration that aroused my enthusiasm, and brought before me images of grace and beauty, that will glow and burn in my soul through all my years.

In the young city of R—, which blends so lovingly with the parent city where I reside, a Mr. Arnott, a friend whom I very much prized for his devotion to what he considered true and right, had been mainly instrumental in founding a lyceum for the praiseworthy purpose of elevating the masses. It would be a difficult task to tell how much the uneducated were benefited by the effort to give them not only general but analytic ideas of astronomy, all kinds of philosophy, poetry, ethics, mechanics, &c., all in a dozen or twenty lectures of an hour each. I know of nothing more incongruous than the winter's bill of fare at a lyceum, unless it be the "stock in trade" of a country store, where are apples and anchovies, nails and needles, sugar and salt, calico and codfish, coral beads and cucumber seeds—indeed, where all the alliteration of the alphabet is present. My practice extended to a considerable portion of the village of R., and I knew the need the people had of mental culture.

Indeed this was never more apparent than in the gratulation and grandiloquence that succeeded the first lectures. Miss Dorothea Simons expressed her gratification by saying, "I am glad that ladies now have an opportunity to see into things. I am sure, heretofore, our education has been too *artificial*"—meaning superficial. But ignorance and conceit do not need illustration in my pages. They are continually illustrating themselves, and though they will always be manifested in every effort of the masses for elevation, the upward gushing of the Eternal Spirit of true Progress is none the less glorious, though thus shamed and impeded by its great need. The lyceum grew and flourished. It was popular. In art, in science, in literature, and in trade, Americans are adventurous. We have invented the cotton-gin; we have discovered the law of storms; we have dignified speculation and repudiation by legislative action; and last and meanest, we have made mosaic in literature.

The lyceum gave an impulse to intellectual life. It gave wholesome occupation to that superabundance of personal curiosity so rife in small cities, and large and unoccupied villages, and families. It gave new impulse to mind—new food for thought and reflection—and stimulated inquiry greatly. I sympathized with the effort of these young men, who, with aspiring minds and earnest hearts, were seeking elevation for all who could go up higher. But my sympathy resembled that which many sentimental people feel, or think they feel, for the poor and miserable in the world around them. They will give you any amount of sentiment, but ask them for one sacrifice of time, taste or convenience, to say nothing of absolute happiness, and they are poorer than a rich miser. I blush to say that such has been my interest often in the progress of humanity. But then I comfort myself with the reflection that there is a division of labor in the world necessarily—that not only our ability but our taste may be consulted in our choice of the portion which we shall perform. I have chosen my work. I endeavor to do it

with my might, and thus excuse myself for all sorts of delinquencies and neglects in the spheres of other men. My friend, who had been active in the establishment of the lyceum, was determined that I should patronize his pet charity by my presence at its annual celebration, which was fixed for the Fourth of July. He had labored with all diligence to induce me to enlighten the multitude with a lecture, and I had refused with much firmness. I would let my light shine in the sick-room, but not in the lyceum. I saw that I must attend the celebration, and walk in a procession of gentlemen. I gave myself up to blot out a day—to have my ears split with noise, great words, and the every way fulsome declamation and glorification of a Fourth of July orator. But I felt that the sacrifice was due to my excellent friend, if not to the country. I seated myself in the hall with much of the merit of a martyr. A tall, slender man, with eyes that glowed like fire, and a hectic flush in his cheek, rose in the desk. He had a MS before him, on which lay a hand which the many would have called delicate and beautiful, but which revealed to me that utter falseness in physical training, which produces nervous weakness, irritability and misery; which are often felt but never accurately described, for they beggar description before the half of their horror is told. My eye rested on the hand, and I became interested as if reading in the hand-writing of nature the symptoms of a patient. I was so much interested even before he spoke, that I quite forgot to consider myself a martyr to the Fourth of July. He began in a low and tremulous voice to speak of our country. His was no tone of gratulation. He had not the one idea common to orators who spout foam and fury on our natal day, viz., "that we are the people, and that wisdom shall die with us." He spoke hopefully of our infant country—he felt our weakness, our deficiency; and he saw, too, with clear sight our wonderful capabilities. Toil, struggle, the labor of a Hercules, or rather the labor of a host like Hercules, he saw and portrayed as the condition of completeness for us. His breast dilated, his tall form seemed to tower higher, and his dark eye burned with an intenser light, as he pointed to the young men, and said, "It is for you, O youth of my country, to bear the ark of our salvation!" He

showed the importance of education to a country that has declared that the people shall rule, thus virtually saying that ignorance and brute force shall be our only law if the people are left ignorant and brutal. And then, when the uneducated looked discontentedly at him, his clear voice rung out, "Man must be trusted with power before he can learn to use it. The only condition which should entitle any one to a vote, or voice in our elections, is, that he be a man. Let him blunder if need be, let him fall if he must. By exercising his powers he will come to walk erect, a being worthy to govern and guide himself." After a clear and profound consideration of our political, social, mental and moral condition, and pouring out the o'er-brimming cup of praise to him,

"Who scorned to die a branded thing,  
Or kneel for mercy to a king,"

he plunged into the genuine field for poetry, the natural scenery of our land. The awful thunder of Niagara, "the lake of storms," and the vast family of lakes, such as no other land can boast, the mighty rivers that

"Seaward hurry by,  
Like Life to vast Eternity"—

all passed before us like the lights and shades of a picture by a master hand. I was wrapped from myself in a delicious, whirling ecstasy. The orator made me feel a heavenly assurance that as a people we must inevitably grow to be worthy of our Father-land. How I blessed the life that thus poured out its treasures for me. I felt

"The bounding pulse of life grow strong,  
And all within, like budding leaf,  
Seemed young."

With deep sadness I saw the speaker cease, and look for a moment upon his audience, as if to note the effect of his effort, and then sink exhausted into his seat. I sat with my eyes riveted upon his flushed face—I saw him wipe the perspiration from his reeking brow—I saw his face become ashy pale, and then a friend drew his arm within his, and led him away. I turned to my exulting friend and said—

"It is hardly a profitable speculation to make all this preparation for a fifteen minutes' talk. I was just getting interested."

My friend silently held his watch to me. We had been two hours in the hall.

Two pieces of music had been performed, the orator had read half an hour, and extemporized an hour. I now honestly expressed my gratification. There are times when life hardly appears real to me; I seem to be walking, talking and acting in a dream—a troubled dream—when a heavy load weighs on my heart. It is not cant when I say that the sins of the world lie upon me. Its garnered sorrows are poured out before me. I see the want of those conditions which humanity demands in order to its healthy development. With a soul sick of the present, is it wonderful that I should at times despair of the future? But this day with the lyceum lifted the cloud from my spirit. I had seen and listened to a man who had made me willing, for the moment at least, to look away from my work—and he had made my eye rest with pleasure on his sphere of action—he had charmed my fancy, moved the deeps of my heart, and made me believe that day was dawning on America, if not upon the world. I was in great good humor during the next two days, when the friend who had procured for me all this pleasure called for me. His countenance was troubled, and he hurriedly made known the motive for his call. The Rev. James Moreton, the orator of the Fourth, was lying at his house with brain fever. I went to him immediately. As the Asiatic cholera is often the closing convulsion, consequent on a long series of sins against the human constitution, so a brain fever is the result of accumulated wrong. "The curse causeless cannot come." I found my hope and promise stretched upon his bed in the oblivion of insanity. Only a few hours had elapsed since he stood before me in the pride of commanding eloquence—since he had swayed a thousand hearts as one. Now he lay with stertorous breath, tense-bounding pulse a shaven and blistered head, and every symptom denoting that if he did not die of his disease he must of his medication. In the extreme peril of his attack his friend had called in three physicians, one after another. One had given opium, another calomel, the third had bled and blistered him. He was delirious at the first, and was now in the stupor consequent from rapid depletion and the coma induced by opium. A very beautiful woman was weeping bitterly at a distance from the bed of the sufferer. She did not approach him; he seemed to be frightful to her. Alas for hopes that are

built on anything in this world! I looked around to see if any responsible person could insure me the care of my patient without intrusion. I could not appeal to the wife. I saw at a glance that she might be described by calling her a pretty, little innocent woman—an amiable, beautiful, but unfortunately uninteresting and unprofitable person. The Irish have a very characteristic name for an idiot, viz., "an innocent." Though innocence is a desirable grace, it is not the virtue of achievement. I felt a sort of assurance that Mrs. Moreton could never have any of this last-named virtue. She might "suckle fools and chronicle small beer," but she could never be the companion of her husband. Presently, Mr. Arnott, my friend of the lyceum, came in, and I inquired if he considered himself at liberty to employ a physician for Mr. Moreton. He replied that he considered himself responsible for the care of his friend. I watched Moreton with earnest sympathy, doing very little but to allow him to get well, and seeking carefully to know the causes of his illness, which was universally attributed by his friends to hard study and laborious exertion in his profession. Mrs. Moreton innocently answered all my questions, hardly knowing to what they tended. From her I learned that soon after their marriage Mr. Moreton became "nervous," and subject to terrible depression of spirits. He had dyspepsy and a rush of blood to the head, and his doctor recommended brandy and water, and a few drops of laudanum. For a time his spirits were better, and then he became more nervous and unhappy, and impatient toward herself and their children, when these last were added to them. He was very successful in his profession, and became celebrated for brilliant thought and stirring eloquence. After some weeks of very severe suffering, Moreton recovered sufficiently to enable him to return to his home in a neighboring city, and I lost sight of him. Some years after these events my friend Mr. Arnott rung at my door one sultry afternoon in the latter part of the month of June. He was much agitated: a carriage stood at the door:

"For God's sake, Doctor," said he, "allow me to bring the worst sort of a patient into your office."

"Certainly," said I, "any one you please to bring is very welcome."

With the assistance of the driver he brought in a man dead drunk, covered

with mud, his face bruised, bleeding, and altogether presenting one of the most pitiable spectacles I ever saw. We laid him upon a sofa, washed his bruises, and waited for him to become sober. I soon discovered that my miserable patient was the Rev. James Moreton. Mr. Arnott had found him in the street, staggering bleeding along, and surrounded by a mob of boys. Arnott called a cab and put him in, and he immediately sunk down insensible. Of course we could learn nothing respecting the circumstances that led to this degradation. He awoke next morning to shame, remorse and horror, of which no one can form any adequate conception, unless he has passed through a similar experience. I went early into his room. He was ill at ease in my presence, and asked me for pen, ink and paper. The next evening a servant that I had sent to attend him brought me the following letter :

"MY DEAR SIR :—The circumstances which have made me your guest fill me with unutterable shame. But before you condemn me entirely, allow me to speak to you as a friend, as a brother; and let me entreat you to consider that you too are a man—a fellow worm—that you may be tempted and fall—and how would you wish a brother to act toward you if you were now as I am. Look at me, my friend, for such you have shown yourself to be, by giving me shelter from a world that points a dagger at my every pore. You see me weak as an infant, morally and physically—fallen, oh, how low! from as proud an eminence as you occupy to-day. Let me tell you a little of my history: a little it must be, though it seem much, for no one's life was ever wholly revealed. Could I speak of myself alone, I would speak fully and freely, but my life is interwoven with other lives, and their shame and sorrow, though mine to a sad degree, is not mine to reveal. But to you I can speak more freely; than to another, for your studies as a physician have long since made you aware that the quality of our life, and that of our ancestors, is indicated always by our diseases. When once nature's vast manual of sign language can be read, hypocrisy will be as vain as impossible. Then the sinner who keeps within the routine of custom will no longer point his finger at his fellow saying, 'Stand thou by for I am holier than thou.' 'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,' will be

the 'hand-writing on the wall,' against every creature, and parents will learn that their diseases may be their children's crimes. I do not say this, my dear sir, to justify myself. I am broken and destroyed. My standing-place in the world is gone forever. Ruined and lost, I will speak a few words of truth and hide myself, that men may forget me, and then they will not point the finger of scorn at me. I was born of diseased parents. The world had disappointed them, and worse yet they had wholly disappointed each other. My mother lived many years, before and after my birth, under the influence of wine and opium. She took them as medicines, and the Church and the world pitied, rather than blamed, one who was considered a pattern of piety. But the blessed fountain of my life was poisoned, and I drank in with my mother's milk the serpent that has stung, and crushed and destroyed me. Oh, my mother! fair, and beautiful, and loving wast thou to me, and I feel that I am tearing the veil of the tomb and desecrating thy sacred dust—but not profanely do I this. Mothers must hear these things. You, my dear Doctor, must warn them, as you so well can, and if one life of suffering such as mine is prevented, angels must rejoice. The precepts of piety which I received from my mother sunk deep into my heart. An ambition was aroused in me to do good, and I resolved to educate myself for the ministry, at whatever cost or sacrifice. It is written in the very constitution of things, that perseverance shall be forever a kind of limited omnipotence. Though my parents were poor, and could afford me very little assistance, I succeeded in obtaining a classical education, ordination, and a devoted people. I married. I must drop the veil of eternal silence over this portion of my life. Suffice it to say, that weakness, and sadness, and trial, resulted in a confirmed state of ill-health, for which my physician recommended stimulants. I knew, from some excesses in my early life, that so sure as I took his prescription great evil would be the result, but I was too weak to resist the cravings of my diseased system. I took the prescribed remedies. For a time I strove to flatter myself that I was better, but I was followed continually by an internal conviction that no new fire was added to my being. I had but kindled a strange fire which should ultimately consume me. I soon found that I could produce a marked

effect in my pulpit efforts by the use of stimulants. I loved fame, and I now came to love it more than life, and I was reckless as to the expense to my health. I cared not if I threw away a year's health in the preparation of one sermon, so that it produced the impression that I wished. I drank in praise with greediness. I sought every form of mental, moral, and material stimulus. If I could have distilled the air, and breathed only pure oxygen, I would gladly have done it, such was my mania for power. Strange as it may seem, I was satisfied with homage, or nearly so. But my home, my every-day life, the miserable Monday that I could not blot from the week! Oh, my dear sir, I turn from the contemplation of my life with indescribable loathing! I am happier to-day than when thus deceiving my people and the world as to my real character. Oh, the moral incubus of a lie upon the conscience, daily lived! It clutches the vitals with fingers of fire, and any open reality is better than the life that we feign, and the exposure that we fear. Time 'like a wounded snake dragged its slow length along.' I hated myself for seeming what I was not, for I had become, in no very long time, a *drunkard*. And yet I stood before my people as one to be revered and imitated. My constitution must have been originally very strong, for I sustained myself and performed my pastoral duties during four seemingly interminable years. That Fourth of July oration which introduced me to you, my dear sir, was the last weight in the balance against me. I sunk in the illness from which your kind care rescued me. I now saw that I could neither labor, nor blind my friends as formerly. I determined to travel, for the ostensible purpose of recovering my health, but really because I saw no way to turn. I realized the truth of the poet's words:

'Each way I fly is hell,  
And in the lowest depths a lower deep,  
Still threatening to devour me,  
Opens wide.'

"I spent nearly two years in visiting different cities, and though decidedly and painfully ill, I produced a great effect in all places where I labored. I still used stimulants in as large quantities as I could and conceal the fact from those about me. A second attack of brain fever again brought me to the verge of the grave. After several weeks of intense suffering I

began slowly to recover. I had been so long thrown upon the care of the people where I fell ill, that I felt the necessity of laboring as soon as possible. Add to this, I had reason to think that they had not perfect confidence in me. Oh, the dagger of distrust, how it pierced through and through my heart! and I left my hospitable care-takers as soon as I was able to ride. My next field of labor was Washington, D. C. I recollect the painful effort with which I made myself ready to appear in the pulpit there for the first time. My eyes were weak, my face was glazed and red, and my whole appearance, with the exception of my hand, was revolting. I knew that fame and bread depended on my acceptance with the people. I knew that I must nerve myself to overcome all my difficulties, and not the least formidable was a threadbare wardrobe. I smoothed my hat carefully with a silk handkerchief; I sponged my coat with alcohol; I turned my cravat, and rejoiced in the decency of my boots, after they had been through the hands of a professional boot-black. I bathed my face and eyes for a long time, but the blood would not leave my face. I became so exhausted with the necessary exertion, that I fell half fainting upon my bed within fifteen minutes of the time that I must leave for the church. It seemed to me an impossibility for me to support myself through the preliminary exercises, to say nothing of the sermon. I was in an agony of despair, yet half fainting with weakness. I was amongst strangers at a hotel. I must preach, or how should I get bread for the present hour, or sustain my wife and children? I could not tell my horrible secret to any one. There was no balm in Gilead, and no physician there for ills like mine. In the misery of the moment I rose, seized a bottle of cologne, and drank a large draught of it. I was almost instantly exhilarated. I felt an unnatural strength. I walked without the least effort, when ten minutes before it had seemed impossible for me to lift my hand or take a step. I had selected one of my most impassioned sermons—one which I had written when I was so far intoxicated that I could not have spoken plainly. I entered the church. Soft music breathed around me—everything seemed radiant with reflected light. My intoxication lasted till the services were nearly over. I walked with trembling and unsteady steps to my hotel. My fortune was



made by this most desperate and successful effort. Calls and invitations poured in upon me. I was feted and flattered to the last degree for some four weeks; and I had good hopes that my fatal secret was not discovered. But I was morbidly sensitive to all impressions, and I at length felt, or fancied, that distrust had entered the minds of some of those with whom I met. I was ill, exhausted and depressed to the last degree that could allow the least exertion, and yet another Sabbath was approaching, and again I must appear before an audience that inspired me with a mortal terror. I dared not look any one in the face. I felt, like Cain, that every one who should see me would slay me. And yet I must go into the pulpit and speak to this people. I shuddered and shrunk from the work before me, but it must be done. I went into the pulpit again, trembling with weakness and fear, and the most indefinable dread of all things. I had drunk wine and brandy, and I had smoked till the atmosphere of my room was palpable. But all my efforts availed nothing—I could not rouse myself—I sunk lower and lower every moment. A dying sickness came over me, and I never could tell how I reached the pulpit; but I found myself there, and read a hymn with which I was familiar, hardly seeing a word of it. I rose to pray—I could not begin, and had my salvation depended on my praying for it, I could not have done it. I repeated the Lord's Prayer, and read my sermon. The contrast between its burning words, and my calm feeble enunciation must have been startling. Strong men wept, and the whole audience was melted into one great heart. It was a triumph of which power might have been proud. Senators and 'men of mark' listened to me with absorbed attention; they hung breathlessly upon my words, and I am sure but one feeling prevailed when I closed—a feeling of sorrow that the sermon was ended. I know this to be true, for it came to me afterward from an authority that I could not doubt. When I left the desk several whom I thought had distrusted me, took me by the hand. Half blinded with weakness and pain I dragged myself to my hotel. How I could ascend the stairs was my only thought. My feet seemed to me to weigh tons. Fortunately I encountered a waiter, told him I was ill, and begged his assistance, and thus reached my room. I ordered some brandy as soon

as possible, and drank a large quantity in eager haste. My brain reeled—my life became a blank.

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"When I recovered my senses I was in bed. A lady sat by my side weeping most bitterly. My memory was gone. I only knew the present. I asked the lady why she grieved, with a very earnest sympathy. At first she could not answer me, but after some time she said, whilst her tears fell fast, and her utterance was broken by many sobs, 'I grieve that every earthly hope and promise must be disappointed.' I pondered the answer, and on a sudden the conviction that she referred to me flashed across my mind. Slowly my recollection returned; I became conscious where I was, what I was; and I remembered the last act before I lost my consciousness. I looked up and said, 'O woman! last at the cross, and earliest at the tomb! I am not *wholly* forsaken. Tell me all, I beg you. Indeed I can bear it. Any reality must be better than the dread that has haunted my life so long.'

"She told me as gently, as kindly as possible, that I had been found intoxicated directly after the public worship, on Sunday, that I had attacked and wounded the waiter who discovered me, he having answered an insane ringing of my bell. I had thrown my *empty* brandy decanter at him, and made some other offensive demonstrations, and had then sunk in drunken apoplexy, from which, after three days' insensibility, I had just recovered. I heard all this in the still calm of despair. Nothing worse could come to me. I had nothing to fear, for death was a blessing too great for me to pray for.

"Miss Thornton was one of those whose only blessing is to bless others. She had lived what the world calls a self-sacrificing life, because she had given her time and sympathy and money to the distressed. But she obeyed the law of her being, and any other life would have been indeed a sacrifice to her. She had come to me as soon as she heard of my exposure, and had assisted the physician in his efforts to relieve me of the poison of the alcohol. With a care and kindness that seemed superhuman to me, she watched over me and counseled me. I was utterly helpless. I had no money, no strength, no character. I had lost my all; and in the very hour when the

Christian kindness of the Church was most needed, I received—not a call from a Christian friend—not help or sympathy—but a letter from one of the Board of Trustees of the Church, simply informing me that ‘after what had happened they could not again open the church to me.’

“I thought of my paternal home—of my mother. She would be heart-broken, but I must go to her. No one seemed to think me worth any attention now, but Miss Thornton. To the many I had been a sort of prodigy, to fill their inane life with wonder and praise; and now gossip and scandal took the place of these, and I, though the fruitful theme of conversation, might have sunk into hell without their lifting a hand, or raising a prayer for me. Forgive me, my dear sir, if I speak strongly. I have suffered too deeply to speak otherwise. But Miss Thornton was my guardian angel. She advised, directed and assisted me, and I clung to her as an infant to its mother. God gave her to my need. I left the city as soon as possible for the home of my mother, who resided in northern New York. It seemed impossible for me to travel in my extremely feeble condition, but it was a greater impossibility to remain where I was. I loathed and dreaded everything about me, and I was really conscious of only one wish, viz., to escape from Washington. I did not then realize that I might ‘change the place and keep the pain.’ When I parted from Miss Thornton, and received from her hands money to bear my expenses home, I was in a deep stupor; but the fountain of my tears was unsealed, and I wept. There was something like relief in being able to weep. I thought, Miss Thornton will not think me wholly lost, for I can yet weep.

“For a time after I entered the coach I remained in the state of stupor, then I was aroused by persons conversing respecting me. The voices were those of my friends at a distance—my wife’s relatives—and, what may seem strange, I learned afterwards that they were really saying at this time the very words which I heard them say, though they were 200 miles distant. I listened to their revilings till I was maddened, for I supposed that all my fellow-passengers heard the same. I endured in silence as long as possible, and then started to call the driver, or jump out of the coach. In a moment I felt my throat grasped, and

looking up I saw a frightful red eye glaring upon me from a bright green cheek. The man to whom this horrible cheek and eye belonged, was small, and dressed in snuff-colored clothes, and one of his feet was like the foot of an ox. I never once doubted its being a real bodily presence: I no more thought that it was a hallucination, or an optical illusion, than I now think it was real. I struggled to disengage the hand, but it was impossible—though when I was perfectly still the pressure was relaxed. I knew that I was throttled by the Devil, and I strove to devise some way to get loose. Presently he began to talk to me. He taunted me with my holy office, and the lying life that I had led.

“‘Even the Devil,’ said he, ‘would have loathed such a life. You to profess to stand between man and his Maker, and teach the heavenward way, when the reeking steam from your poisoned body, and still more miserably poisoned spirit, rose up the very smoke from the bottomless pit; and your fellow-men must breathe the moral and material poison that surrounds you; and do not think that they can escape unscathed from its influence. Know, vile fool, if one being on the earth were exhaling moral and physical pollution, all beings near or remote must absorb their disease and sin.’ I tried to speak, but he grasped my throat so firmly, that I could only breathe with the greatest difficulty, and he went on: ‘You thought that it was enough to talk of heaven, and conceal your sin. But men are never saved by shams, and such a vile sham as you is fit only for ME,’ and he pressed my throat till I fell forward in a fit. But I cannot tell the half of the horrors that beset me on this terrible journey. God only knows how I survived it. That fiery eye was always fixed on me, and my throat was never free for a moment, though at times there was somewhat less of the pressure. I cannot speak of my home. My mother is at rest now. She saw me a blasted wretch. She knew that she had given me the appetite that had destroyed me—and she died.

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“The stunning blow of my mother’s death, the soothing influences of home, joined with the effect of a revival, kept me entirely abstinent from stimulants for a considerable time. At length I gained so much strength, that I began to think

of some way to gain a living, for I knew I was fallen forever from the clerical profession. My will wavering exceedingly, I at last determined to become an author. Under the hallucination that I might live by my writings, I determined to come to this city. My dear friend, Miss Thornton, with whom I had corresponded from the time I reached home, begged me not to leave home till I was stronger. But home had become such a miserable monotony that I could endure it no longer. Three weeks since I came here. Of course I was disappointed in all my hopes—my slight means were soon exhausted—and the result you know. I drank to forget myself, and life, and all things; I know not even who brought me to you; I know that the good Lord caused me to be brought, and I thank Heaven, and you, with my whole being, for the blessing of kindly care at such a time as this. I must return again to my friends—again be blotted from the world, and eat the bread of dependence. Life and time are insupportable burdens, and could I be sure of escaping from life, I would leave time this very hour. But, alas! I feel all too deeply that I can never escape from myself."

Poor Moreton! I read his letter with great interest; I wished to help him earnestly. But what could I do? He wanted occupation. He had energy and ability to guide and control a nation, but such were the conditions that surrounded him, that he could do nothing. No honorable field of usefulness was open to him. He had not been taught, at college, to labor. His lady's hand could not grasp the axe or the plough. He could write sermons and orations, but who wishes to hear homilies from a drunkard's lips. Temperance societies, in which horrible experiences form the most available capital, were not then in fashion. He could write essays and poems, but the market was glutted with such articles from accepted American writers, and any lack could be supplied by literary piracy upon foreign authors. I could see no way to make my patient available, without involving him in the monotonous life that would insure the use of stimulants. At length Arnott proposed to make him librarian of his protégé, the lyceum. The library was small, and the duties almost nominal; but then he suggested to Moreton that he could fill up his leisure by writing. A salary, merely sufficient to

sustain Mr. M. by the closest economy, was offered. The offer was gladly accepted, and Moreton soon entered upon his duties. He was now removed some three miles, and was out of the sphere of my immediate and absorbing duties. Notwithstanding the deep interest I felt in him when he was before me, I soon forgot him. The mind can only be full. Once only, that I recollect, was Moreton recalled to my mind for any length of time during several years; though I might have thought of him many times, and probably I did. But this once he was recalled by reading his wife's death in one of the city papers. Arnott had removed to the west; and, as I incidentally learned, he left with a good deal of impatience that his favorite mode of improving the masses had not been more rapidly successful. Six or seven years had passed since I had first listened to Moreton before the lyceum. I must confess that I was narrowed to the cares, and duties, and sympathies of my profession. I seldom went out of the city. I was chained to work, and it was well for me that I found my happiness in it. In winter I congratulated myself that town was always more pleasant than the country. There was less of drifting snow, and piercing winds could not sweep through walls of brick and granite. Then there were all sorts of lectures, and musical soirees, festivals, &c., which I seldom attended, but which one might congratulate oneself upon the chance of attending. I often thought, I *will* see our city, and the next thing I saw after this resolve, was the original of the Poet's picture:

"Within a closely curtained room,  
Filled to faintness with perfume,  
A lady lay at point of doom."

I dreamed of green fields and babbling brooks, and buttercups, and cowslips, and the noble woods, each tree of which was to me a perfection, but I satisfied myself with a cool matted parlor, far up town, with its blinds always keeping out sun and dust, and a bath adjoining, where I "got up" an artificial brook "at the shortest possible notice." There was a very beautiful park near my house, but I never entered it unless it was the shortest way through it to a patient. One evening, just as the setting sun was throwing a golden glory over everything around, I entered the park. A young man had lock-jaw on the farther corner. I hurried on, yet I could not but see that

all was very beautiful around me. As I was hurrying on with my brow knit, my head bent forward, my forehead aching with many thoughts and cares, I brushed against a lady almost rudely, and pausing to apologize, I found myself clasped in the gentleman's arms who accompanied her. At first I was at a loss to understand the meaning of it, but a glance at his face showed me the Rev. James Moreton, but so youthful and fresh was his countenance that I could hardly believe the testimony of my sight. There was a beaming, calm and open look in his face, that testified of truth and firmness which constitute true heroism. He needed no certificate of character save that which shone in his fine face.

"Whither so fast, my dear Doctor," said he, "I am going in all haste to your house."

"Spend half an hour in the park," said I, "and I will join you."

I walked on, with the images of the two persons I had just met floating before me, and forming one of the pleasantest pictures I had ever seen. The lady was near thirty, with a cold clear Grecian face, dark brown hair and dark hazel eyes. When Mr. Moreton called me by name a light overspread her face like the warm sun shining out as a dark cloud passes. Her smile won me in an instant, and I walked on thinking, what in the world has come to Moreton. He is a new man evidently. Heaven grant that the lady on his arm may be a new wife. I hastened to the bed-side of the sufferer. A warm bath and cold affusion threw off the fit, and I left my patient safe after half an hour of hard and most interesting work. On my return I found Moreton awaiting me, and a thrill of joy passed through my heart when he introduced me to his wife. It was indeed as I had wished. I looked upon the delicate creature before me. I noted her beaming smile and elastic step, and the pure repose of her manner, as we walked on toward my home. A half hour's converse quite confirmed my admiration for Mrs. Moreton. I seldom notice particularly the personal appearance of men or women. I am content with a sort of intuition of them quite womanly in its character. The sphere that surrounds them reveals them to me. But in this instance I was not content without a most searching analysis. The quiet eye that indicated the spirit's rest, the intellectual forehead that would have charmed

a professional phrenologist out of his fee, and which charmed me no less, the lines of the face which told rather of suffering from sympathy than from sin, the dark brown hair that lay in massive braids on a semi-transparent ear, so white and pretty that one might easily fancy that the hair was in love with the ear, and really enjoyed the proximity—all this, and a great deal more, I looked upon with the eye of a philanthropist counting his friend's treasures. Moreton was a rich man—a renovated man. I was exceedingly glad of his redemption. I had looked upon the drunkard as remedilessly lost; indeed, I once seriously thought that the best course to take with drunkards was to shoot them all; I looked upon them as a moral and material pestilence, of which it would be a kindness to rid the earth, for at one time I could say that I had never seen a radical cure. Great was my joy to see and feel with indubitable certainty that Moreton was saved.

"Give me the sequel of your history," said I, as I took his hand at parting.

"It is all ready for you," said Moreton, with a quiet smile.

The next morning I received a packet from Moreton, which I examined at my leisure, and from which I have made the following selections:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Once more with my feet upon the green earth, with the blue heavens clear above me, my mind turns to you, and I become conscious of the pleasure you will feel to know that a flood of new, pure life, is continually coming into my soul. My friend, I no longer shut out the influx of heaven. I am redeemed, and the first wish of my heart is to salute those who stood by me, and strove to save me when the fiends held me.

"The incidents of my life for the few years since I first saw you would fill a volume, but I must give you only the briefest outline. You remember that I left your hospitable home when I was last here, to return to my friends. The thought struck me in my desperation, that I might be cured of my terrible habit if I could be shut up in a lunatic hospital. I communicated the thought to Mr. Arnott, my kind friend. He was terribly shocked, and appealed to me most strongly to make another effort to conquer my besetting sin, and offered me the place of librarian at the lyceum. I accepted this

offer, but the idleness and monotony of my life was very soon intolerable. After a time I exhausted even Arnett's faith and hope, and he consented that I should go to the asylum. I went. There are experiences too terrible to speak of, or to dwell upon, even in thought. Could I have died—could I have been annihilated—gladly would I have left the world, gladly would I have resigned my being. I remained three months in a condition, which now a world would not tempt me to endure for an hour. I left in utter weakness and despair. Again I returned home, chastened but not helped. The only ray of light that beamed across my darkness, was an occasional letter from Miss Thornton. I poured out my misery to her without mixture or measure. I wrote quires of paper over, every line of which might have been steeped in the tears I shed. My wife had steadily refused to see me from the time I left the lunatic asylum. I knew she had not sufficient character to do this unless influenced by her friends. I did not blame her, though I wished to see her and our children. I knew that I was unworthy of all things, but I felt all the more keenly my destitution. God only knows how I lived through those years. At last my wife died. Though she had long been dead to me, I was shocked inexpressibly when I received the news of her death. Her friends had provided for our children. My drunkenness had paralyzed my power, and I had not had even strength enough to insist on seeing them. There were but three things in the world which I had strength and inclination habitually to do—I read, I wrote, I drank. I gave much thought to every new thing that claimed attention; and amongst other things I read a Tract on Water Cure by one of Priestnitz' early patients. I was interested, and the thought crossed my mind that there was really value in water as a remedial agent, but I was not sufficiently awakened to have the thought dwell with me. But Miss Thornton's mind was aroused fortunately by the same tract, and not knowing that I had seen it, she sent it to me, with a letter begging me to try the efficacy of a course of treatment. I answered her by a piteous plaint of my inability to do anything. I had no power to will—I had no means to act. I wrote over four sheets of paper in demonstration of my utter weakness and misery. But she would not be thus answered. She sought a German

Water Cure Physician, and stated my case as fully as possible to him. He told her that I could be cured, and that the desire for stimulants could be annihilated. Like an angel of mercy she went on with the most untiring earnestness in persuading me to put myself under the care of the Hydropathist—offering to pay all my expenses. The fact that the Doctor resided in the same city with Miss T. decided me to go. It seemed to me that I could do, or leave undone, almost anything to be blest once more with the sight of my guardian angel. I went to Philadelphia and put myself under the care of the good German. I shall never forget my first interview with the Doctor. He was a very tall man, with a prodigious forehead, a deep, piercing eye, and I could not decide whether the expression of benevolence or firmness predominated in his countenance. I arrived early in the morning, and he came to meet me in the parlor, with the queerest sort of gray frock coat wrapped about him, all dashed with water. He said, in very imperfect English, that I must excuse his dress, very kindly fixed an hour to examine my case, and abruptly left me to attend to some poor fellow, who was probably suffering the *douche*, or plunge, for the first time.

"At the hour appointed I called on the Doctor, having been refreshed, inspirited and encouraged, in the mean time, by a short visit to Miss Thornton. I hardly knew the Doctor. He was in a smart suit of black, and really looked noble. He met me now more like an old friend than a new acquaintance. I stated my case frankly. I kept nothing back. 'I see,' said he, 'you are a born drunkard;' and he scowled and looked very horribly at me. 'I have not pity for drunkards,' said he; 'I give them the full force of the treatment.' I soon learned that the Doctor intended to say, that he had no pity for the disease called drunkenness, and that it was against the disease that he would direct the force of the treatment. He talked long and kindly to me, but excused himself for not showing me his house. 'I have only my own house,' said he. 'I have no water-cure house like we have in Germany. I have one only patient, a poor stiffened creature, who saws wood. I took him from the street for one example to this great city. There are not believers, only the good Miss Thornton. She is one angel, what loves and believes."

At an early hour I retired to rest. At about four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the Doctor. I rose, and he enveloped me in a wet sheet, and a great many blankets, packing me like a mummy, till it seemed to me that I would give the Universe to burst my bonds; but I was very soon quiet, and slept. In about two hours I awoke, bathed in perspiration. Rivers seemed to be running from every pore. At this moment the Doctor appeared—with great celerity my cumbersome bonds were removed, and wrapped in an immense blanket, I followed the Doctor to the cellar, where was a plunge bath full of water. 'You must wet your head in the water, and then go quickly in,' said the Doctor. 'I will never do that,' said I, for I was frightened to the most desperate resistance. Reeking with perspiration, to plunge in that dark hole filled with water, was too terrible. The Doctor said quickly, but firmly, 'Go in this moment.' I answered as firmly, 'I will not;' and in an instant the Doctor had lifted me like a babe, and laid me at my length in the water. Strange as it may seem, the only sensation was that of intense delight—a feeling of relief such as I had never in my life experienced. I quite wished to stay in the water, and the Doctor had to hurry my movements. But the severest discipline was to come. As soon as I rose from the plunge the Doctor commenced the most active friction over the whole surface of my body. I thought that he would break all my bones, and burst all my blood-vessels. I resolved that if I escaped alive, no German should ever again lay violent hands on me. But groans and prayers were alike unavailing. The Doctor only said, 'You will be still some time, like I wish you to be.' I assured him he would never outrage me again in this manner. But when I had walked two miles, and drank six tumblers of water, I was glad to see breakfast and the Doctor. I had quite forgotten my rage, and I ate bread and milk with real pleasure, and listened to the Doctor's accounts of wonderful cures with the deepest interest. During the forenoon I walked and drank water. At twelve o'clock the Doctor asked me to go into a little board-room in the yard. Here was another trial. A *douche*, or stream of water fifteen or twenty feet in height, and an inch or two in diameter, rushed down upon me for several minutes. The water seemed to cut into my

flesh like something sharp. The Doctor put me through the kneading process once more, and I determined that I would never find myself in his hands again. I took a brisk walk after the *douche*, and then came my dinner, which I ate with increased appetite. Some more supportable baths came in the afternoon, less walking and drinking, though I walked a good deal during the last part of the day. I retired to rest more thoroughly fatigued than I had ever been in my life, quite determined to forgive the Doctor, and continue under his care.

"The next morning I was more manageable at the bath, and during the forenoon I called on Miss Thornton. A note was put in my hand from her, in which she expressed her regret that the illness of her mother called her some fifty miles from the city. She entreated me to be courageous, and promised to write me often. My heart almost failed me, but I remembered that I had several miles to walk, and several glasses of water to drink before the *douche*, or my dinner. My dinner had become already an event to be anticipated. For two months I went the round which the Doctor prescribed, and daily found my health grow better, my heart lighter, and my friendship for the Doctor more cordial. At the end of two months Miss Thornton returned; I met her a new being, with the light of youth in my eye, its glow upon my cheek, and its elasticity in my step. Oh! it was beautiful, heavenly, to stand up in her presence a man. Her emotion was deep and heartfelt.

"I gazed upon her till she seemed transfigured before me, so great was my love and gratitude toward her. Whenever I came into her presence, the sphere of her angelic spirit enveloped me, and I was 'overcome as by a summer cloud.' Day and night, whether I saw her or not, she made my heaven. She was always a living presence to me. With the buoyancy of youth I began to look again upon the world. I no longer bore about the heart of a crushed and darkened wretch, who dares not look up at the bright eye of his fellow; I felt strong to be and to do. Everything was changed. All things glowed with a genial light. The green earth seemed living, and full of peace, to me. I could almost talk with the flowers; I loved to roam in the woods and be alone with God. I did not fear him now. Often I wandered many miles, thinking of my love, my gratitude, and striving to

devise a way to express all I felt for her to whom I owed all things. But my gratitude shamed me from the expression of my love.

"My health was now so firmly established, that I began to think of some active employment. A garden and nursery a few miles from the city was very attractive to me. I soon found that I could obtain pleasant and moderately profitable work there. With a full recognition of the true dignity of labor, I commenced work. I was with nature. The breath of morning and of evening was laden with sweetness and health. I had plenty of pure water, pure food, and a lovely industry. When I was settled at my work I wrote to my friends, and told them of the great change which a few months had wrought. A brother, who had been in very successful business as a merchant for several years, came to see me. He was somewhat shocked, not at my appearance, for my neat working-dress was far from having an unpleasant effect; but he was shocked that I, who had been a popular clergyman, should now be hired by the month, to draw flowers and fruits from the bosom of our mother earth. He even wished me to leave my green and fragrant home, for the close, crowded and dusty streets of New-York, where I could engage for the long day in the manly employment of selling tape and lace. I looked at him in pity, and asked him if he would condemn me to such a life, when I had just escaped from a living death? He was moved by my words, but more by my manner, and a few days after he left, he sent me money to make myself a share-holder in my delightful home. This was a most welcome gift. I now rented a beautiful cottage in the neighborhood and took my boys to my home. A kind German woman, recommended to me by my doctor, was my housekeeper.

"I had been a week settled in what really seemed to me an earthly paradise, when one afternoon, after I had finished the labor of the day, I was surprised by the appearance of Dr. — and Miss Thornton. It was a glowing evening,

and the apple blossoms were in the fullness of their beauty and fragrance. The air was rife with the perfume. I had already many choice flowers blooming in my yard, and it was ecstasy to me to see her eye rest on them, and drink in their beauty. I led Miss T. and the Doctor over my cottage and the grounds adjoining, with a more intense pleasure, I think, than I ever before experienced. My boys were in love with the pretty, sweet lady directly. The oldest came boldly forward and took her hand, but little Charley looked up to her as to a star, and presently we missed him. I had prepared the boys to love her by telling them of her beauty and goodness, and her kindness to me. After a time Charley came to us with a great many flowers; he had roses, and pinks, and lilies of the valley, and mignonette and all the beautiful flowers he could find. The bright-haired boy came forward joyously, with his golden curls blown back by the soft breeze, and his ruddy face vying with the glow of the sun, and his flowers in his hand, and Miss Thornton gave him a glance that made my heart beat tumultuously. 'He is a beautiful boy,' said she, just as the little fellow pulled my sleeve, and made a motion for me to bend down my ear. 'Please, papa, give the lady my pretty flowers,' said he; 'and a kiss,' said the Doctor mischievously, having overheard Charley's whisper. A deep blush mantled the fair cheek of my friend as I gave her the flowers. The Doctor led away the boys upon some pretext, and I picked a great many choice roses to pieces in saying some words to Miss Thornton; and my words must have interested her, for she did not notice the beautiful destruction I am sure. I believe I will not tell even you, my dear Doctor, what I said—but when the Doctor and the boys returned I was calm enough to gather flowers, instead of picking them to pieces, and happy enough to do without them. 'Happiness was born a twin.' Miss Thornton is now my wife, and my boys are blest with a mother's love, a father's care, and plenty of healthful activity.

## RAIN.

In the valley, I remember,  
 Where my life's bright morn was glowing,  
 Sweet May morning!—no December,  
 Wintry gales of sorrow blowing;  
     Wilton dale!  
 All was bliss in that sweet vale!

There were gently sloping meadows,  
 Where sweet streams went softly gliding,  
 Sunny glades and forest shadows,  
 All in beauty there abiding:  
     Simple swain,  
 Most of all, I loved—the RAIN!

Summer!—lies the fragrant clover  
 Where the harvestmen were reaping,  
 But the morning task is over,  
 And the laborers are sleeping:—  
     It is Noon,  
 In the sultry time of June.

'Mid the brook that murmurs yonder,  
 Deep the weary ox is wading  
 To the cool retreat, far under  
 Where the arching boughs o'ershading,  
     Shun the fly,  
 Tiresome yoke, and burning sky.

Happy valley!—so serenely  
 Morning's toilsome season closing;  
 E'en the scythe, that mowed so keenly,  
 Rake, and haystack seem reposing;  
     Vale and hill,  
 Rural noontide—warm and still.

Long the thirsty fields have waited,  
 Of refreshing nectar dreaming;  
 But the tokens have abated,  
 Every hope fallacious seeming;  
     Drooping low,  
 All the harvests mourn the wo.

Voice beyond the mountains!—hearken!  
 Nature's awful bass is pealing;  
 Clouds the far horizon darken,  
 Over all the valley stealing—  
     Up!—prepare!—  
 There's a deluge in the air!



Now the distant woods awaken,  
 Where the gusty wind is calling;  
 Now the nearer trees are shaken,  
 And the great round drops are falling;  
     Take the lane!—  
 There will be a drenching rain!

Homestead!—ours was very lowly,  
 Rafters on the lattice pressing;  
 Yet, though humble, it seemed holy—  
     For, when God sent down his blessing  
         From the cloud,  
 The old roof would sing aloud!

With the Past as memory mingles,  
 Often yet mine ear is listening  
 For that anthem of the shingles—  
     Hopeful—till mine eye is glistening  
         With this truth—  
 Gone the music of my youth!

Now descends the brimming fountain!  
 Window, door and eaves are dripping;  
 O'er the pasture, up the mountain,  
     Scampering cattle soon outstripping—  
         Onward yet—  
 All the landscape drowning wet!

Leisure now for jest and story,  
 Village news, or song, or reading,  
 Ballad tales of love and glory;  
     All the clattering storm unheeding,  
         Let it pour,—  
 Cannot reach the old oak floor!

Peace within that household ever;  
 Love's sweet rule each breast controlling;  
 Truth's high precepts broken never;—  
     What though clouds around are rolling—  
         Let them roll—  
 Theirs the sunshine of the soul!

Matchless painter—leaf and flower  
 All their faded hues reviving;  
 How the garden drinks the shower,  
     Life and loveliness deriving;  
         Grove and glade  
 All in sprightly pearls arrayed.

E'en less mournful yon lone willow,  
 By the churchyard ever weeping;  
 And the daisies o'er each pillow  
     Where the blessed dead are sleeping,  
         Seem to say—  
 We revive—and so will they!

Yonder, at the Inn, together  
 Fast a wayside group collecting;  
 Much discourse of rainy weather—  
     Idle almanacs rejecting,  
         Boy and man  
 Each predicting all he can.

Hark the ring of happy voices ;  
 Wagon from the school appearing ;  
 How each drowning imp rejoices,  
 As the puzzled team go veering  
     Gee, and haw,  
 With the noisy load they draw.

Slowly eventide advances ;  
 Fanny, the repast preparing,  
 Slyly from the casement glances ;—  
 Who the youth the storm uncaring,  
     At the gate ?—  
 Blushes Fanny—whispers Kate.

Is he stranger worn with travel,  
 Refuge from the torrent seeking ?—  
 Timid looks the doubt unravel,  
 Looks all eloquently speaking !—  
     Happy guest,  
 With a welcome so confest !

Earnest he apologizes,  
 From the mill in haste returning,  
 (Ah, forgive young love's disguises,  
 Though it rains, his heart is burning ;)  
     He will stay  
 Just a moment on his way.

Round the ready board all seated,  
 Now the fragrant tea is pouring,  
 And the grateful grace repeated,  
 Him, all-bountiful, adoring,  
     From whose hand  
 Showering plenty cheers the land.

Now the motley barnyard nation,  
 Cackling, lowing, neighing, squealing,  
 Crowd at their accustomed station,  
 For the evening fare appealing ;  
     Hastens Ned  
 And the poor wet things are fed.

Forth for home the dairy maiden  
 Bears away her milky treasure,  
 Ah, too ponderously laden,  
 Ned "will take the pail with pleasure  
     Through the rain,"—  
 Loving Edward—gentle Jane.

Slowly spread the shades of even ;  
 Night, on raven wing descended,  
 Shuts the mighty doors of heaven ;  
 And, the landscape's glory ended,  
     Ends the Lay,  
 Happy, rural Rainy Day.

## BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.\*

"POETRY," says Shirley in his introduction to the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, printed in 1647, "poetry is the child of nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all compositions; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who must have more than the instruction of libraries, (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge,) there being required in him a *soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind*, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition—nay, the counsels and characters of the greatest princes." All these he then insists are "demonstrative and met" in his beloved authors, "whom but to mention is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity." The vast admiration thus expressed by a brother dramatist of these celebrated intellectual kinsmen, has been repeatedly echoed. In their own age they enjoyed a wide reputation, and during the reign of Charles II. were twice as popular as Shakspeare himself. Time, however, has been slowly and silently dimming their fame. As their dramas gradually dropped from the list of acting plays, they did not readily pass from the stage into the library, though they have ever occupied a prominent place among the elder dramatists, and are part and parcel of English literature. The highest praise of the dramatic poet, that of being endowed with souls "*miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind*," of this they were deservedly shorn; it is, indeed, relatively true only of Shakspeare; but to the great body of English readers, especially in this country, their merits as poets of fancy and sentiment are but imperfectly known. In the present article we propose attempting an analysis of their powers, to set forth their characteristic faults and excellences, and

to feed the fancies of our readers with some delicious quotations from their works.

Beaumont and Fletcher belong to that band of the elder English dramatists who received their inspiration from Shakspeare, the true creator of the English drama. Their plays were produced wholly in the reign of James I., from 1607 to 1625. Their first drama was written about four years before Shakspeare's last. But little of their private history is known, except that they were both gentlemen by birth and education, belonged to families unusually prolific in poets, were highly esteemed by their contemporaries, and through life were remarkably constant friends. Beaumont was born in 1586, entered college at the age of ten, and, like a large number of English poets and dramatists, went through the form of studying law. His powers of composition were early developed. When only sixteen he published a translation in rhyme of Ovid's fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. At the age of nineteen he had acquired among such men as Jonson, the reputation of sound judgment and poetic power, and was an esteemed member of the club of wits and poets who met at the Mermaid. In 1606 or 1607 his literary confederacy with Fletcher appears to have commenced. He died in 1615, at the age of twenty-nine. Fletcher was born in the year 1576, the son of one of Queen Elizabeth's bishops. There is no positive evidence of his appearance as an author before he had arrived at the age of thirty. It is probable that up to that period his private fortune supplied his wants. At this time his intimacy with Beaumont commenced. It is singular that to this co-partnership Fletcher, the elder of the two by ten years, brought the mercurial spirit and creative fancy, Beaumont the regulating judgment and solid understanding. Their friendship was unbroken. Before Beaumont's marriage, "they lived together," says Aubrey, "on the Bankside, not far from the playhouse, both bachelors; had one . . . in their house, which they did so admire, the same clothes, cloak, &c., between them."

\* The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. With an Introduction by George Darley. London: Moxon. 2 vols. 8vo.

Fletcher survived Beaumont ten years. He died of the plague in August, 1626, in his forty-ninth year. It has been conjectured that during the last ten years of his life, he wrote three plays annually, a sign that his powers of production were stimulated and overtaxed by his necessities.

The number of plays printed in the collection of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, is fifty-two. There is little evidence that Beaumont had a share in more than nine of them, though some critics have increased the number to seventeen. There cannot be much doubt that Fletcher not only wrote the remaining thirty-five, but that he had altogether the largest share in the joint plays. Beaumont is spoken of by a contemporary, as "the sober sponge" of the firm, retrenching and rubbing out the exuberances of Fletcher's volatile fancy. The three most celebrated, if not the three best, dramas in the whole collection, "The Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," "and King and No King," are, to be sure, among the plays in which Beaumont is known to have been concerned, and doubtless his co-operation was of importance; but still Fletcher's own dramas, allowing for their greater rapidity and carelessness of execution, have essentially the same characteristics of mind and manner. Fletcher undoubtedly supplied the capital of the firm, and Beaumont probably the directing judgment. Their portraits bear out the common tradition respecting their characters. The countenance of Fletcher is that of some "hot amonist," eager, sanguine, fanciful and sensual, but in the faded splendor of the eyes, giving evidence of energies overwrought and passions unchecked. That of Beaumont, though intelligent, is somewhat heavy and prim, sure signs, we suppose, of his judgment. We have no means of judging of his powers singly, except from a few miscellaneous poems. These indicate no marked poetic capacity. The celebrated address to Melancholy, which usually passes under his name, is sung by the passionate lord in one of Fletcher's worst plays, "The Nice Valor"—produced, it is supposed, at least three years after Beaumont's death. Even if we take the conjecture of Seward that this play was Beaumont's, though for this there is no evidence, its immense inferiority to the joint plays, and to almost all of those written by Fletcher alone, would only make the superior genius of the latter more apparent. In

our remarks, therefore, though we may use their names together, our readers will please to consider that "Beaumont and Fletcher" means little more than Fletcher. Most critics now drop Beaumont—considering the plays, to use a line of poor Sir Astor Cockayne's doggerel, to be, in the main,

"Sweet issues of sweet Fletcher's brain!"

Mr. Darley, however, whose introduction to Moxon's edition is of much merit, lays considerable stress on Beaumont's aid to Fletcher, and gives him credit for a deeper and graver enthusiasm than his lively and prolific partner possessed; and intimates his opinion that three of the plays known to be by the firm, are worth all the rest in the collection put together.

The faults and impurities of Beaumont and Fletcher are the first qualities which strike the reader of their works. Many of these are doubtless to be attributed to the circumstances under which they wrote. Their dramatic career was commensurate with the reign of James I., the meanest, weakest, most effeminate, most ridiculous, the most despised and the most despicable of English sovereigns. Their object was to become the fashionable dramatists of the day; and this object they pursued at any sacrifice of morals, dignity and decorum. They are the most indecent in expression, and the most licentious in principle, of all the elder dramatists; and seem to stand half way between the age of Elizabeth and that of Charles II. In their comedies they already indicate the approach of the school of Wycherly and Congreve. They have, however, much of the raciness and sweetness of the old dramatic spirit, and were essentially poets as well as wits. The prominent defect of their genius and personal character was levity. As their aim was popularity, their plays were constructed more with regard to theatrical effectiveness than dramatic propriety; and they consulted their audiences rather than their consciences, in the contrivance of incident and delineation of character. They were careless of moral principle, indifferent to the natural relations of things, and threw off their dramas with a singular absence of seriousness and depth of purpose. They wrote with the stage, the actors and the audiences constantly in their view, and if they fulfilled the external conditions of their art, they seemed reckless of its higher laws and more worthy ambitions. They, of course, drank in the inspiring air of their time—

the time of Shakspeare, Jonson, Massinger, Decker, Webster and Ford—and their writings are not without sentiments and characters of an ideal and heroic cast, but they more resolutely pandered than the others to the depravity of the age. There was a marked degeneracy of manners, especially among the higher classes, in the reign of James I., as compared with the reign of Elizabeth. The impurities of our authors' muse are a good index of the extent of this corruption. "It is quite a mistake," says Mr. Darley, "to imagine Sybaritism did not commence in England till the reign of Charles the Second, when it was rather at its climax: he simply rebuilt its temple, on a basis indeed almost as broad as the whole land, brought together again the scattered flock of Thammuz, and with them for ministers, himself well-sailed for High Priest, made proselytes of almost the whole people, prone enough to conversion. But even under James the First and his pious son, it was more than a poetical fiction that Comus kept an itinerant court in this isle, had full as many secret partisans of his principles as John Calvin, and found but few Lady Alices and Lord Bracklys among the May-bushes and myrtle-groves to discountenance him either by their precepts or examples.

'Nothing but wandering frailties,  
Wild as the wind, and blind as death and  
ignorance,  
Inhabit there.'"

Indeed the peculiar sauciness with which Beaumont and Fletcher invade sanctuaries, sacred to silence, and the marvelous nonchalance with which they pour out the language of libertinism and vulgarity, indicate a most remarkable absence of decency in their auditors. No one should condemn the Puritans for their pious hatred of stage plays until he reads the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher, and conceives of them as being performed before a miscellaneous audience in London. That they were not considered especially indecent in their own day is evidenced by the lines in which Lovelace commends their example to other playwrights, even less observant of the proprieties of language:

"View here a loose thought said with such  
a grace,  
Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face;  
So well disguised, that 'twas conceived by  
none  
But Cupid had Diana's linen on."

In fact, it was not their object to outrage the delicacy of their age, but simply to be on a line with its corruption. Shakspeare and Jonson, who commenced their career in Elizabeth's severer time, are comparatively pure in expression as well as principle. Though they represented libertinism, they did not delineate it with the evident glee with which our authors went to the task. They possessed moral sense, the sense by which the poet accommodates the creations of his imagination to the natural relations of things, and of this sense Beaumont and Fletcher knew but little, and that little they did not hesitate to disregard when it stood in the way of a bright jest or a diverting incident.

The romantic or Shakspearean drama, as an artistical representation of human life, reached relative perfection only in Shakspeare. Its success depends on the skill with which its seemingly discordant materials are harmonized, and it required the consummate judgment and plastic imagination of its great master to fulfill its conditions. Beaumont and Fletcher, who followed in Shakspeare's luminous track, who repeatedly imitated, and often copied, his style, characters and sentiments, had not sufficient depth, solidity and strength of mind, or force and refinement of imagination, to succeed in the same difficult path. It is evident that it demands a rare combination of the greatest and most various powers to be completely successful in the romantic drama. Its form, while it seems to afford opportunities for boundless license, in admitting at once the highest and meanest sentiments and characters, in reality requires in the dramatist the utmost tolerance and harmony of nature, and the nicest balance of faculties. It especially requires imagination, in the highest sense of the word—an imagination which both shapes and fuses, which not only can create the individual parts of a drama, both serious and comic, but so interfuse them, and produce such a harmony in the general effect, that the parts shall constitute in their combination a perfect whole, or rather seem to be natural growths from one central principle of vitality. Now Beaumont and Fletcher by no means fulfill these conditions. They often create admirable parts, but they fail in exhibiting them in their relation to each other. Their plays teem with the most flagitious excesses against nature and decorum, and are all characterized by incompleteness

and irregularity, the form being heterogeneous not homogeneous. Although in their numerous dramas there are great diversities of merit as regards their artistic form, in none is the form organic; all are mechanical contrivances, sometimes dovetailed with considerable skill, sometimes loosely thrown together, without even displaying much mechanical ingenuity. They built rather than created, and the bulk of their product increased by accumulation and accretion, not by growth. They had not sufficient force of imagination to fuse their materials into one harmonious whole. They were not men of comprehensive souls, and neither over the heart nor the brain was their sway of much potency. Though, perhaps, as poets they may rank next to Shakespeare in occasional romantic sweetness of fancy and sentiment, they do not approach him so nearly as many others of the old dramatists, in grandeur of imagination, in sustained delineation of character, and in what has been called the very essence of the drama—impassioned action. They have not the rapidity nor fiery strength of Marlowe; the depth and strangeness of Webster; the vital humanity and clear singing sweetness of Decker; the solid, determined purpose, the artistic propriety, and quick-footed fancy of Jonson; nor those deep glimpses into the inmost recesses of the moral nature, and that terrible directness of expression, which awe and thrill us amidst the buffoonery and bombast of many inferior dramatists of the time. They were rather men *with* genius than men *of* genius; and in spite of the fullness and richness with which some of their faculties were developed, the splendor and force of many of their individual scenes, and the felicity with which they depicted some forms of life and a few types of character, they not only lack that wide range of characterization, that power of combination within the limits of the possible and real, and that capacity to grasp a subject as a whole, which mark great poets, but their absence of seriousness and depth places them in fact beneath those who, without being great poets, have occasionally done great things in poetry.

The unconquerable levity of Beaumont and Fletcher, their mercurial spirit, and their ambition of mere effect, sent them lightly skimming over the surfaces of character and passion, without producing any great delineations of either. They

have all the faults and imperfections of men, whose waste fertility of intellect is disproportioned to their weight of thought and sanity of feeling. There was a certain lightness and weakness in the very foundation of their minds. They have little specific gravity, little concentrativeness, little hold upon their materials. The consequence is, that they often seek to make rhetoric perform the office of inspiration and insight, and give us fine writing for natural sentiment, bombast and extravagance for tragic passion. They toil and sweat in expression, when they strive to handle some great subject, and heap words and images upon it, instead of sending it forth from their hearts in one direct gush of fire-tipped language. A comparison of their style with Shakespeare's, whose language is ever penetrated and condensed by imagination, will show its relative weakness and diffuseness. Though their plays are full of variety, bustle, motion, they are deficient in progressive action. The wheels of their chariot rapidly revolve, but the chariot itself moves forward but slowly. They sometimes bring their plot to the fifth act without having really developed it, and end abruptly, sacrificing the keeping of character and the truth of sentiment merely to close the matter. In many of their most furious scenes of passion, they are not so much divinely mad as giddy and light-headed. In tragedy their aim seems to have been to startle and amaze, by representing the monstrous aspects of human guilt and suffering—to make their representation melo-dramatic rather than dramatic. Occasionally they raise spirits whose portentous freaks they are unable to control, and are whirled away with them to "blast and ruin." They overdo almost everything they attempt. Their comic vein is almost without humor, and either falls into the extravagant merriment of farce and caricature, or trusts for effect, not so much in humorous situation and character, as in involving the *dramatis personæ* in a labyrinth of drolleries. Neither in comedy nor tragedy did they strike deep enough in the beginning to produce great delineations. Continually mistaking the secondary for the primitive aspects of character, and satisfied with the appearances on the surface, they rarely wrote from, or pierced to, the heart of things. And, especially, they never give the impression of possessing power in reserve. They strain to the

utmost what they possess. Nothing strikes the reader of Shakspeare more forcibly than his inexhaustibleness. Great as his plays are, we do not conceive them as being complete expressions of the full might and extent of his mind.

We have referred to the faults and radical defects of Beaumont and Fletcher, with no intention of depreciating their merits, but simply to state the limitations of their genius, and file a general bill of exceptions against their claim to be considered great dramatists. We can give our readers, perhaps, a better notion of their powers and processes, by a consideration of a few of their best dramas, than by the most systematic enumeration of qualities and statement of qualifications. We propose referring to some of the most striking characteristics of our authors, viz.: their female creations, their romantic sweetness, tenderness and pathos, their conception and embodiment of the heroic element in character, and their comic spirit. In regard to their delineation of character it may be said generally, that they reverse the process of genius, generalizing particular nature instead of individualizing general nature. The general moulds thus obtained serve them through the fifty-two plays in their collection. Their range is exceedingly circumscribed, a few types reappearing in almost every successive play, slightly varied to accommodate them to varying circumstances, and not individualized with sufficient force to bear always the stamp of consistency and keeping. It is to these types of character, as indicating the spirit and extent of their genius, rather than to the characters themselves, that we shall direct our attention.

The most celebrated plays of Beaumont and Fletcher are "The Maid's Tragedy," "King and no King," and "Philaster;" the best of those written by Fletcher alone, are "Thierry and Theodoret," "The False One," "The Double Marriage," "The Elder Brother," "The Faithful Shepherdess," "Valentinian," "The Mad Lover," "The Loyal Subject," "The Custom of the Country," "The Spanish Curate," "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," "The Chances," and "Monsieur Thomas." "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" is probably one of the joint plays. In "The Two Noble Kinsmen" Fletcher is supposed to have been assisted by Shakspeare, and in "The Bloody Brother" by some of his contemporaries unknown. We do not find in the plays

written by Fletcher after Beaumont's death, any new characters or any essential change of sentiment and purpose. There is more art, more polish, more elaboration, in those in which Beaumont participated, but not more vigor and richness. In all there is a vast amount of what Mr. Emerson calls "slag and refuse"—without poetry, decency, or even import. The corruption of the text of their plays by bad printers printing from bad stage copies, doubtless makes them responsible for much nonsense and indecency not their own. The peculiarity of their versification, on which Mr. Darley expends much just and forcible criticism, consists in the frequent use of double, triple, quadruple, and even quintuple endings to the lines, and of making the supernumerary syllable or syllables, long and emphatic; and, in the modulation of their verse, of throwing the pauses upon uneven syllables instead of even. This often gives to their verse "a certain openness, and abandon, and ever-varying elasticity," and in passages of declamation, the supernumerary emphatic syllable frequently makes more vividly obvious the heat and vehemence of the speaker, as in the farewell of Archas to war:

"Noble arma,

You ribs for mighty minds, you iron houses  
Made to defy the thunder-claps of fortune,  
Rust and consuming time must now dwell  
with ye."

but it often produces discord and feebleness in the metre, and tempts to carelessness of composition by the opportunities it affords to that fatal facility of language which is the grave of true expression. Mr. Darley remarks, with regard to Fletcher's diction, that "he seems often to throw his words at thoughts in the hope of hitting them off by hazard, but he misses them altogether. His light-headed shafts fall short of their mark. When they do touch, however, it is with the irradiating effect, if not the force, of thunderbolts; this has an inexpressible charm."

We shall only have space in this number to allude to Beaumont and Fletcher's female delineations, and quote a few of the lyrical compositions scattered over their plays. In our next we shall take up their more ambitious style of poetry, in the representation of heroic character, and also refer to their peculiarities as comic dramatists.

Beaumont and Fletcher are generally conceded to have delineated women better than men. Mr. Darley notices that almost every one of their fifty-two dramas is founded on love, and contrasts them with Shakspeare in this respect, only one-third of whose dramas can be called decided love-plays. "Love," he adds, "with these writers, too often degenerates, as it always will when the sole pleasure and employ, into sensuality. Our two dramatists, and love-mongers by profession, do anything rather than exalt woman by their obsequiousness. When the 'tender passion' becomes hacknied, it loses its real tenderness; when made too common a subject it declines into somewhat worse than common place, maudlin namby-pamby. Woman is pawed rather than caressed by Etheridge, Wycherley and Vanbrugh; set up rather as a butt for compliments by Congreve, Dryden, &c., than a shrine for deep-murmured vows, prayers and praises. If love-making prevail as an indispensable rule, it soon degenerates into an artificial accomplishment—all that is not factitious about it is sensuality. Woman throughout Fletcher's comedies is treated too much as a fair animal, or little more. . . . Love is represented as a nobler passion, and by consequence a deeper one, in the tragedies, especially of Beaumont's co-fatherhood. Our authors have not developed it with as much native purity and wholesome intensity as Shakspeare has done; but they bestowed a grace upon it, a soft forlornness, or martyr-like or Magdalene air of pathos." This last sentence applies particularly to one class of Beaumont and Fletcher's women—the only one in which they can claim much pure and bright imagination—the class to which Bellario in "Philaster," and Viola in "The Coxcomb," belong. This type, suggested perhaps by Shakspeare's Viola, but not copied from it, appears in its greatest purity in the joint plays. Perhaps its excellence is conceived more vividly by the reader, from its contrast with the surrounding grossness. Bellario and Viola have, what might be called, the ideality of fancy. Euphrasia, in "Philaster," falls in love with the prince, and follows him as a page. Her affection has in it nothing sensual—it is pure, artless, self-denying and reverential, the natural piety of the feelings. She wishes simply to be near him; and the peculiar sentiment she experiences, in all its

gallelessness and all its devotion, is admirably preserved through the play. Indeed, so pure is her love, that on the discovery of her sex, Arethusa, the betrothed of Philaster, says with romantic frankness:

"I, Philaster,  
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady  
Dressed like a page to serve you; nor  
will I  
Suspect her living here.—Come live with  
me;  
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,  
Curst be the wife that hates her!"

Philaster's description, in the first act, of his meeting with Bellario, is a beautiful specimen of our author's best style, both as regards sentiment, expression, and versification:

PHI. I have a boy,  
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,  
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the  
buck,  
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,  
Of which he borrowed some to quench his  
thirst,  
And paid the nymph again as much in  
tears.  
A garland lay him by, made by himself,  
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,  
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rare-  
ness  
Delighted me: But ever when he turned  
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,  
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.  
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.  
He told me, that his parents gentle died,  
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal  
springs,  
Which did not stop their courses; and the  
sun,  
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him  
his light.  
Then took he up his garland, and did show  
What every flower, as country people hold,  
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,  
Express'd his grief: And, to my thoughts,  
did read  
The prettiest lecture of his country art,  
That could be wished; so that, methought  
I could  
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,  
Who was [as] glad to follow; and have got  
The truest, loving'est and the gentlest  
boy,  
That ever master kept. Him will I send  
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

But the gem of the play is Bellario's own description of her love for Philaster, in the last scene. Though it has been



frequently quoted, it would be unjust to omit it here:

BEL. My father oft would speak  
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow  
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst  
To see the man so praised; but yet all this  
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost  
As soon as found; till sitting in my win-  
dow,

Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,  
I thought, (but it was you,) enter our gates.  
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,  
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in  
Like breath: Then was I called away in  
haste

To entertain you. Never was a man,  
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre,  
raised

So high in thoughts as I: You left a kiss  
Upon these lips then, which I mean to  
keep

From you forever. I did hear you talk,  
Far above singing! After you were gone,  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and  
search'd

What stirr'd it so: Alas! I found it  
love;

Yet far from lust; for could I but have  
lived

In presence of you, I had had my end.  
For this I did delude my noble father  
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd my-  
self

In habit of a boy; and, for I knew  
My birth no match for you, I was past  
hope

Of having you; and understanding well,  
That when I made discovery of my sex,  
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,  
By all the most religious things a maid  
Could call together, never to be known  
Whilst there was hope to hide me from  
men's eyes,

For other than I seem'd that I might ever  
Abide with you: Then sat I by the fount,  
Where first you took me up.

The ingrained impurity of Beaumont and Fletcher is strikingly manifested in this play. The foul Megra appears here, as Cloe does in "The Faithful Shepherdess," to debase it. In every one of their productions there is generally introduced some woman, without virtue and without shame, who contrives by her grossness of act and speech to convey the worst libels on her sex. Many of their female representations, even of the better class, are illustrations of one of their own maxims—"will, and that great god of woman, appetite." Like the magician in the "The Humorous Lieutenant," they seem continually to address the foul spirits of passion:

"Rise from the shades below  
All you that prove  
The helps of looser love."

Evadne, Megra, Hippolyta, Lelia, Martia, Zanthia, and especially Bacha and Brunkalt, are results of this inspiration. The worshipful company of ladies' maids, have great reason to be shocked with Beaumont and Fletcher's treatment of them. Every virtuous lady in their plays is generally attended by some servant, whose lungs are an inexhaustible mine of vulgarities. Mr. Darley thinks that they have seized upon one deep truth of nature, in making their women much better or much worse than their men. The passion of love, however, as it appears in their male characters, is generally detestable, and we hope for the honor of human nature, as untrue as it is detestable. To use a phrase of old Dr. South's, it is but a little more cleanly name for lust. Arbaces, in "King and No King," is an instance. We waive the consideration that he believes Panthea to be his sister. Their heroines have little variety. Celia in the "Humorous Lieutenant," is brilliant, arch and virtuous; Olympia in "The Loyal Subject," and Lucina in "Valentinian," are savagely virtuous, but not very modest in its expression; Oriana and Lucinda in "The Knight of Malta," Aminta in "The Faithful Shepherdess," Ordella in "Thierry and Theodoret," and Dorigen in "The Triumph of Honor" are, perhaps, after Bellario and Viola, their best representations of pure and virtuous passion. In none, as it seems to us, do they approach Shakspeare's female creations. Cleopatra, in "The False One," is drawn with much freedom and brilliancy, though, compared with Shakspeare's, she must be deemed a failure. The nearest approach made to the great master of character, is in her vexation at Caesar's transient neglect of her, at a moment when the devil avarice had supplanted the devil lust:

"I will go study mischief,  
And put a look on armed with all my cunning,  
Shall meet him like a basilisk and strike him!  
Love, put destroying flames into my eyes,  
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,  
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him."

Aspatia, in the "The Maid's Tragedy," is a sweet and pathetic though somewhat

morbid delineation in another vein. The following scene from the second act has acquired much celebrity, and is replete with pictorial beauty :

*ASP.* Away, you are not sad ; force it no further.

Good gods, how well you look ! Such a full color

Young bashful brides put on. Sure, you are new married !

*ANT.* Yes, madam, to your grief.

*ASP.* Alas, poor wenches !

Go learn to love first ; learn to lose yourselves ;

Learn to be flatter'd ; and believe, and bless

The double tongue that did it. Make a faith

Out of the miracles of ancient lovers, Such as speak truth, and died in't ; and like me,

Believe all faithful, and be miserable. Did you ne'er love yet, wenches ? Speak

Olympias ;

Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.

*OLYM.* Never.

*ASP.* Nor you, Antiphila ?

*ANT.* Nor I.

*ASP.* Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise :

At least be more than I was ; and be sure You credit anything the light gives light to,

Before a man. Rather believe the sea Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars ;

Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,

When the strong cordage cracks ; rather the sun

Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,

When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,

(Forced by ill fate) take to your maiden bosoms

Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers :

They cannot flatter, nor forswear ; one kiss

Makes a long peace for all. But man, Oh, that beast man ! Come, let's be sad, my girls !

That down-cast eye of thine, Olympias, Shows a fine sorrow. Mark Antiphila,

Just such another was the nymph CEnone, When Paris brought home Helen. Now,

a tear ;

And then thou art a piece expressing fully The Carthage queen, when, from a cold

sea-rock,

Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes

To the fair Trojan ships ; and, having lost them,

Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear.

Antiphila,

What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia ?

Here she would stand, till some more pitying god

Turn'd her to marble ! 'Tis enough, my wench !

Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.

*ANT.* Of Ariadne, madam ?

*ASP.* Yes, that piece.—

This should be Theseus ; he has a cozening face :

You meant him for a man ?

*ANT.* He was so, madam.

*ASP.* Why, then, 'tis well enough. Never look back :

You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus !

Does not the story say, his keel was split, Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other

Met with his vessel ?

*ANT.* Not as I remember.

*ASP.* It should have been so. Could the gods know this,

And not, of all their number, raise a storm ?

But they are all as ill ! This false smile Was well express'd ; just such another

caught me !

You shall not go [on] so, Antiphila :

In this place work a quicksand, And over it a shallow smiling water,

And his ship ploughing it ; and then a Fear ;

Do that fear to the life, wench.

*ANT.* 'Twill wrong the story.

*ASP.* 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets, Live long, and be believed. But where's the lady ?

*ANT.* There, madam.

*ASP.* Fie ! you have mis'd it here, Antiphila ;

You are much mistaken, wench :

These colors are not dull and pale enough To shew a soul so full of misery

As this sad lady's was. Do it by me ;

Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia, And you shall find all true but the wild

island.

Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now, Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with

the wind,

Wild as that desert ; and let all about me Be teachers of my story. Do my face

(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)

Thus, thus, Antiphila : Strive to make me

look

Like Sorrow's monument ! And the trees about me,

Let them be dry and leafless ; let the rocks

Groan with continual surges ; and, behind me,

Make all a desolation. Look, look, wench-  
es!

A miserable life of this poor picture!

OLYM. Dear madam!

ASP. I have done. Sit down; and let  
us

Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point  
there.

Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden  
sadness

Give us new souls.

In the death of Aspatia there is one  
fine and deep touch not common in our  
authors:

ASPA. I shall surely live, Amintor; I am  
well:

A kind of healthful joy wanders within  
me.

AMIN. The world wants lives to excuse  
thy loss!

Come let me bear thee to some place of  
help.

ASPA. Amintor, thou must stay; I must  
rest here;

My strength begins to disobey my will.

How dost thou, my best soul? I would  
fain live

Now, if I could; Would'st thou have loved  
me then?

AMIN. Alas!

All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

ASPA. *Give me thy hand; my hands  
grape up and down,*

*And cannot find thee: I am wondrous  
sick;*

*Have I thy hand, Amintor?*

AMIN. *Thou greatest blessing of the  
world, thou hast.*

ASPA. *I do believe thee better than my  
sense.*

*Oh! I must go. Farewell!* [Dies.

Ordella, in "Thierry and Theodoret,"  
is rated extravagantly high by Charles  
Lamb. According to his judgment she  
"is the most perfect idea of the female  
heroic character, next to Calantha in  
'The Broken Heart' of Ford, that has  
been embodied in fiction." He also thinks  
the first scene of the fourth act, where  
she offers herself joyously as a sacrifice,  
the finest in Fletcher. It is quoted in  
Lamb's "Specimens." The death scene  
in the last act has much rapturous feel-  
ing. Thierry is dying of poison admin-  
istered by his mother, Brunhalt. Just as  
the latter is carried off to execution, Or-  
della, whom both considered dead, enters  
and says to Brunhalt:

"I do forgive you;

And though you sought my blood, yet I'll  
pray for you."

Thierry exclaims:

THI. What's that appears so sweetly?  
There's that face——

MART. Be moderate, lady!

THI. That's angel's face——

MART. Go nearer.

THI. Martell, I cannot last long! See  
the soul

(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,

The heavenly figure of her sweetness,  
there!

Forgive me, gods! it comes! Divinest  
substance!

Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one! Saint of  
thy sex,

If it be for my cruelty thou comest——

Do ye see her, ho?

MART. Yes, sir; and you shall know  
her.

THI. Down, down again!—To be re-  
venged for blood!

Sweet spirit, I am ready. She smiles on  
me!

Oh, blessed sign of peace!

MART. Go nearer, lady.

ORD. I come to make you happy.

THI. Hear you that, sirs?

She comes to crown my soul: Away, get  
sacrifice!

Whilst I with holy honors——

MART. She is alive, sir.

THI. In everlasting life; I know it,  
friend:

Oh, happy, happy soul!

ORD. Alas, I live, sir,

A mortal woman still.

THI. Can spirits weep too?

MART. She is no spirit, sir; pray kiss  
her.

Lady, be very gentle to him!

THI. Stay!—she is warm;

And by my life, the same lips! Tell me  
brightness,

Are you the same Ordella still?

MART. The same, sir,

Whom Heavens and my good angel stayed  
from ruin.

THI. Kiss me again!

ORD. The same still, still your servant.

THI. 'Tis she! I know her now, Mar-  
tell. Sit down, sweet!

Oh, bless'd and happiest woman!—A dead  
slumber

Begins to creep upon me: Oh, my jewel!

ORD. Oh, sleep, my lord!

THI. My joys are too much for me!

*Enter Messenger and MURKBERG.*

Mess. Brunhalt, impatient of her con-  
straint to see

Portaldye tortured, has choked herself.

MART. No more!

Her sins go with her.

THI. Love, I must die; I faint:

Close up my glasses!

1 Doct. The queen faints too, and  
deadly.

THI. One dying kiss.

ORD. My last, sir, and my dearest!

• And now, close my eyes too!

THI. Thou perfect woman!—

Martell, the kingdom's yours: Take Mem-  
berge to you,

And keep my line alive!—Nay weep not,  
lady!

Take me!—I go.

[Dies.

ORD. Take me too! Farewell, Honor.

[Dies.

2 DOCT. They are gone forever.

MART. The peace of happy souls go  
after them!

Bear them unto their last beds, whilst I  
study

A tomb to speak their loves whilst old  
Time lasteth.

I am your king in sorrows.

Edith, in "The Bloody Brother," a tragedy which well bears out in criminal incident the idea which the title would suggest, is a character of some force of delineation in parts, but not consistently sustained. The second scene of the third act, however, where she pleads passionately for her father's life, has great merit. Duke Rollo, a man steeped in crime to the lips, orders the execution of Baldwin, Edith's father. She steps forward and kneels, exclaiming,

Oh, stay there Duke;

[Coming forward and kneeling.

And, in the midst of all thy blood and  
fury,

Hear a poor maid's petitions, hear a daugh-  
ter,

The only daughter of a wretched father!  
Oh, stay your haste, as you shall need this  
mercy!

ROLLO. Away with this fond woman!

EDITH. You must hear me,

If there be any spark of pity in you,  
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you!  
I do confess you are a prince, your anger  
As great as you, your execution greater—

ROLLO. Away with him!

EDITH. Oh, captain, by thy manhood,  
By her soft soul that bare thee—I do con-  
fess, sir,

Your doom of justice on your foes most  
righteous—

Good noble prince, look on me!

ROLLO. Take her from me!

EDITH. A curse upon his life that hin-  
ders me!

May father's blessing never fall upon him,  
May Heaven ne'er hear his prayers! I be-  
seech you,

Oh, sir, these tears beseech you, these  
chaste hands woo you,

That never yet were heaved but to things  
holy,

Things like yourself! You are a god  
above us;

Be as a god then, full of saving mercy!

Mercy, oh, mercy, sir, for his sake mercy;  
That, when your stout heart weeps, shall  
give you pity!

Here I must grow.

ROLLO. By heaven, I'll strike thee, wo-  
man!

EDITH. Most willingly; let all thy an-  
ger seize me,

All the most studied torments, so this good  
man,

This old man, and this innocent, escape  
thee!

ROLLO. Carry him away, I say!

EDITH. Now, blessing on thee! Oh,  
sweet pity,

I see it in thy eyes.—I charge you, soldiers,  
Even by the prince's power, release my  
father!

The prince is merciful; why do you hold  
him?

The prince forgets his fury; why do you  
tug him?

He is old: why do you hurt him? Speak,  
oh, speak, sir!

Speak, as you are a man! a man's life  
hangs, sir,

A friend's life, and a foster life, upon  
you,

'Tis but a word, but *mercy* quickly spoke,  
sir.

Oh, speak, prince, speak!

ROLLO. Will no man here obey me?

Have I no rule yet? As I live, he dies  
That does not execute my will, and sud-  
denly!

BALD. All that thou canst do takes but  
one short hour from me.

ROLLO. Hew off her hands!

HAM. Lady, hold off!

EDITH. No, hew 'em:

Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands  
you!

They'll hang the faster on for death's con-  
vulsion.

[Exit BALDWIN with the guard.

Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee  
then?

Are all my tears lost, all my righteous  
prayers

Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand  
up thus, then;

Thus boldly, bloody tyrant;

And to thy face, in Heaven's high name,  
defy thee;

And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs  
for it;

When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh  
trembles,

When neither strength, nor youth, nor  
friends, nor gold,

Can stay one hour; when thy most wretch-  
ed conscience,

Waked from her dream of death, like fire  
shall melt thee;

When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's  
wounds,

Thy people's fears and curses, and my loss,  
My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee—

ROLLO. Save him, I say; run, save him, save her father;

Fly and redeem his head! [Exit LAT.

EDITH. May then that pity,  
That comfort thou expect'st from Heaven,  
that mercy,

Be lock'd up from thee, fly thee! howlings find thee,

Despair, (oh, my sweet father!) storms of terrors,

Blood till thou burst again!

ROLLO. Oh, fair sweet anger!

Enter LATOCH and HAMOND with BALDWIN'S head.

LAT. I came too late, sir, 'twas dispatch'd before;  
His head is here.

ROLLO. And my heart there! Go, bury him;

Give him fair rites of funeral, decent honors.

EDITH. Wilt thou not take me, monster? Highest Heaven,  
Give him a punishment fit for his mischiefs!

[Falls down.

There is one striking peculiarity in Beaumont and Fletcher's delineation of love. They generally make it an all absorbing passion, "wild as the wind and blind as death and ignorance," which no sense of honor or religion can control, which goes madly to its object, sacrificing every other principle and motive, and breaking in a moment, all the obligations and duties of father, mother, brother and friend. It is all impulse—sometimes an impulse of appetite, sometimes of passion, sometimes of sentiment, but ever as resistless as the impulses of insanity. Most of their lovers are in fact "Mad Lovers."

The lyrics in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays have long been famous for their force and sweetness of sentiment, and ethereal lightness of expression. They are scattered with a bountiful spirit over many of their dramas. Most of them, we have reason to believe, were by Fletcher. The lyrical portions of the "Faithful Shepherdess" Milton condescended to imitate in "Comus." One of the most celebrated of his songs is in "The Bloody Brother." Edith, the daughter of Baldwin, whom Rollo had murdered, invites the latter to a banquet with the intention of revenging her fa-

ther's death. Rollo, madly infatuated with her beauty, accepts the appointment. In the opening of the scene she pours out her hatred in twenty truculent blank verses. "Give me," she says,

Give me flattery.

Flattery the food of fools, that I may rock him,

And lull him in the down of his desires;  
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,

His Heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him!

My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize him!

The following song is then sung, as Rollo enters—a most strange commencement for a bloody conclusion:

Take, oh, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, like break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears;  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

In "The Nice Valor," the passionate lord sings the following lyric, the original, it is supposed, of Milton's "Il Penseroso," and one of the finest proofs of Fletcher's genius:

Hence all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly!  
There's nought in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy;  
Oh, sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fastened to the ground,  
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves!  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!  
A midnight bell, a parting groan!  
These are the sounds we feed upon;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

Aspatia, in "The Maid's Tragedy," she, who sings "the mournfullest things that ever ear hath heard," has one song of exquisite simplicity and pathos:

Lay a garland on my hearse,  
Of the dismal yew;  
Maidens, willow branches bear;  
Say I died true;  
My love was false, but I was firm  
From my hour of birth.  
Upon my buried body lie  
Lightly, gentle earth!

"The Faithful Shepherdess" would afford many beautiful lyrics, worthy of quotation. The hymn to Pan, in the last scene, is one of the finest. It is sung by the shepherds and shepherdesses, as they strew the ground with flowers.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,  
All ye virtues and ye powers  
That inhabit in the lakes,  
In the pleasant springs or brakes,  
Move your feet  
To our sound,  
Whilst we greet  
All this ground,  
With his honor and his name  
That defends our flock from blame

He is great, and he is just,  
He is ever good, and must  
Thus be honor'd. Daffadillies,  
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,  
Let us sing  
Whilst we sing,  
Ever holy,  
Ever holy,  
Ever honor'd, ever young!  
Thus great Pan is ever sung!

The chant of the Satyr to Amoret, the Faithful Shepherdess, has a Miltonic purity as well as Fletcher-like softness and lightness.

SAT. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,  
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,  
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,  
Eyes of star, and golden tressed  
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,  
What new service now is meetest  
For the Satyr? Shall I stray  
In the middle air, and stay  
The sailing rack, or nimbly take  
Hold by the moon, and gently make  
Suit to the pale queen of night  
For a beam to give thee light?  
Shall I dive into the sea,  
And bring thee coral, making way  
Through the rising waves that fall  
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall  
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies  
Whose woven wings the summer dyes  
Of many colours? get thee fruit,  
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute?  
All these I'll venture for, and more,  
To do her service all these woods adore.

In "The Mad Lover," there are two sweet and serious hymns to Venus, which we extract:

Oh, fair sweet goddess, queen of loves,  
Soft and gentle as thy doves,  
Humble-eyed, and ever ruing  
Those poor hearts, their loves pursuing!  
Oh, thou mother of delights,  
Crown'd of all happy nights,  
Star of dear content and pleasure,  
Of mutual loves the endless treasure!  
Accept this sacrifice we bring,  
Thou continual youth and spring,  
Grant this lady her desires,  
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.

Oh, divinest star of Heaven,  
Thou, in power above the seven:  
Thou sweet kindler of desires,  
Till they grow to mutual fires:  
Thou, oh, gentle queen, that art  
Curer of each wounded heart:  
Thou, the fuel and the flame:  
Thou, in heaven, here the same:  
Thou, the wooer and the woo'd:  
Thou, the hunger and the food:  
Thou, the prayer and the pray'd;  
Thou, what is, or shall be said:  
Thou, still young and golden tressed,  
Make me by thy answer blessed!

From the same play we quote a war song which has all the bustle, discord and dust of a real combat. The very words seem to shout and charge:

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all  
come in.  
Keep your ranks close, and now your hon-  
ors win.  
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;  
Bows, bills, gloves, arrows, shields and  
spears;  
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest  
pouring;  
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadow  
scouring.  
The van-guard marches bravely. Hark,  
the drums,  
dub, dub.

They meet, they meet, and now the battle  
comes.

See how the arrows fly,  
That darken all the sky;  
Hark how the trumpets sound,  
Hark how the hills rebound!

Tara, tara.  
Hark how the horse charge! in boys, boys  
in!  
The battle totters; now the wounds begin;  
Oh, how they cry,  
Oh, how they die!  
Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with  
thunder!

See how he breaks the ranks asunder.  
 They fly, they fly! Eumenes has the  
     chase,  
 And brave Polybius makes good his place.  
     To the plains, to the woods,  
     To the rocks, to the floods,  
 They fly for succor. Follow, follow,  
     follow,  
 Hark how the soldiers hollow! Hey, hey!  
     Brave Diocles is dead,  
     And all his soldiers fled,  
     The battle's won and lost,  
     That many a life has cost.

In the following, which we cut from  
 "A Wife for a Month," there is a strik-  
 ing personification of abstract qualities:

Come, ye servants of proud Love,  
     Come away:  
 Fairly, nobly, gently move!  
 Too long, too long you make us stay.  
 Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,  
 Distrust, and Jealousy, be you too here;  
 Consuming Care, and raging Ire,  
 And Poverty in poor attire,  
 March fairly in, and last Despair.  
 Now full music strike the air.

Lelia in "The Captain," is an enchan-  
 tress delineated with more than Fletcher's  
 usual art. She entices men with their  
 eyes open to all her faults. Julio, know-  
 ing her wickedness, still offers her mar-  
 riage. Angelo, a "merry gentleman,"  
 says despairingly:

"I have read Epictetus  
 Twice over against the desire of these out-  
     ward things  
 And still her face runs in my mind."

The following song has a true Cir-  
 cean richness and strength:

Come hither, you that love, and hear me  
     sing

Of joys still growing,  
 Green, fresh, and lusty, as the pride of  
     spring,  
     And ever blowing.  
 Come hither, youths that blush, and dare  
     not know  
     What is desire,  
 And old men, worse than you, that cannot  
     blow  
     One spark of fire.  
 And with the power of my enchanting  
     song,  
 Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

*Enter ANGELO on the Gallery.*

Come hither, you that hope, and you that  
     cry;  
     Leave off complaining;  
 Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never  
     die,  
     Are here remaining.  
 Come hither, fool, and blush you stay so  
     long  
     From being blest,  
 And madmen worse than you, that suffer  
     wrong,  
     Yet seek no rest.  
 And in an hour, with my enchanting song,  
 You shall be ever pleased, and young maids  
     long.

The song of Apollodorus to Cleopatra,  
 in "The False One," the last we can  
 quote, has a most searching sweetness  
 and melody:

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air:  
 Even in shadows you are fair.  
 Shut-up beauty is like fire,  
 That breaks out clearer still, and higher.  
 Though your body be confined,  
 And soft love a prisoner bound,  
 Yet the beauty of your mind  
 Neither check nor chain hath found.  
 Look out nobly then, and dare  
 Even the fetters that you wear.

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

THERE is no possession which a free people should guard with greater vigilance than the reputation of such a statesman as Mr. Webster. At a time when party and personal malice has assailed him with even unwonted virulence, (but happily meeting a most signal defeat,) we shall discharge only a plain public duty by a brief sketch, to remind the country of what indeed it knows, but cannot too often ponder and celebrate.

Mr. Webster was born in Salisbury, a small farming town in New Hampshire, in 1782. His father, who was a farmer, had served both in the old French War and in the War of the Revolution. No other advantages of education were within the reach of the son than the common schools, for which New England has long been famous; and at one of these primitive institutions Mr. Webster was fitted for Dartmouth College, where he was entered at the age of fifteen, and where he was graduated in 1801. The circumstances of his family compelled him to exert himself for his own support, and in these exertions his professional studies were often interrupted. Some of the labors and personal sacrifices to which he then voluntarily submitted, for the sake of his own and a brother's education, are among the most remarkable achievements of even his remarkable life. While engaged in these arduous efforts, and at what may be called a tender age, he went to reside in Boston, and entered the office of the late Gov. Gore, a lawyer of great eminence, a statesman and a gentleman of the loftiest elevation, dignity and purity of character. When Mr. Gore presented his young pupil for admission to the bar, in 1805, he predicted his future eminence in a few words addressed to the court, which have since been more than fulfilled. Mr. Webster began the practice of his profession in Boacawen, in his native State, near the residence of his father, then living—but, in 1807, after the death of his father, he removed to Portsmouth. There his mind received its remarkable direction and attained its characteristic strength, in the legal training into which he was at once brought, by immediate and daily conflict with one of the greatest

lawyers this country has produced, the Hon. Jeremiah Mason. In 1812, when scarcely thirty, and soon after the declaration of war, he was elected a Representative in Congress from the State of New Hampshire. The first important measure in which he took a prominent part was the Bill for "encouraging volunteers." Although he represented a people strongly opposed to the war, he felt it to be his duty to promote measures essential to the dignity, honor and safety of the country; and, in his speech on this occasion, he called upon the Government to build and equip a navy, as the first and highest of duties. "In time," said he, you may be enabled to redress injuries in the place where they may be offered; and, if need be, to *accompany your own flag throughout the world with the protection of your own cannon.*"

Later, in the same Congress, he contended strenuously and successfully against the establishment of a mere paper currency; and it is to his exertions and his early views, maintained with singular zeal and foresight, that we owe the establishment of a sound currency and the overthrow of the paper-bank system. In 1816, he introduced and carried a Resolution, still part of the law of the United States, the effect of which was to require the revenue to be received only in the legal currency of the United States, or in bills equal to that currency in value.

Mr. Webster at this time retired from Congress, and went to Boston to reside, to practice his profession. For six or eight years he devoted himself exclusively to the law; and the Massachusetts Reports, and the Reports in the Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States, show the great professional income which must then have begun to flow in upon him, and what opportunities for the acquisition of fortune he soon sacrificed at the call of public duty. The people of Boston demanded, however, that such talents and acquirements should again be in the service of the country. He had already declined an offer of a seat in the Senate, but, in 1822, he accepted a seat as their Representative in Congress. But before he came again into the national councils, his mind had received that peculiar bias, if we may so



call it, to Constitutional law, which has made him the great Constitutional statesman of the country. He had, in the interim, taken his place at the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the discussion of those great questions of public and Constitutional law, to which such a system of government as ours gives rise; and henceforth he was destined to be the champion of that public liberty which has its seat and citadel in the Constitution of a free country.

We must wholly pass over his labors in the years 1823-4, and his great work of digesting and causing to be adopted the Crimes Act in 1825. In 1826, a vacancy in the Senate having occurred, he was chosen to fill it by a very large majority of both houses in the Legislature of Massachusetts.

Few intelligent persons in this country are so young or so ill-informed, as not to know the events of his career from this period down to the time when he was appointed Secretary of State, and thence to the present hour. To give in detail the public services of such a life as Mr. Webster has devoted to the services of his country, in the pages of a magazine, would be impossible. We must devote our brief space to two great transactions, in which he is to be regarded as a public benefactor for what he has prevented, as well as for what he has accomplished.

Of course, every reader will recur at once to the overthrow of the doctrines of Nullification, and to the treaty of Washington. With respect to these transactions, we affirm no less a proposition than this—that Mr. Webster is at this moment a living statesman, who has saved his country from a civil war, at one period of his life, and from a war with England, with honor, at another period. Separate Mr. Webster from all other doings, erase the record of all his other public acts, overlook all his history in its many bearings upon the peace and prosperity of his country, and seek acquaintance with no facts in the formation of his character and opinions, except such as are necessary to understand his adaptation for these great tasks; and contemplate him solely as the statesman successfully concerned in these two acts, and we know not where to look for a greater debt of gratitude due from the people of the United States to any living individual, than is due to him.

It happened, by a singular good for-

tune, that when the doctrines of nullification were first boldly and confidently asserted in the Senate of the United States, by a person of great respectability, talent and ingenuity, the whole past history of Mr. Webster had singularly qualified him for the duty of defending the Constitution. This Government of the United States—this Union is now in existence, with its paramount powers unimpaired, because Mr. Webster's intellectual and moral relation to the Constitution, at that critical moment, enabled him to encounter and defeat the peril of that hour. It was in debate, that the Constitution was to be saved. It was a great argument on the floor of the Senate, that was demanded by the exigency of the discussion, to convince the country that a law of Congress *could not* and therefore *would not* be nullified by a law of a State. Mr. Webster had for years been trained in the school of the Constitution. He required no especial preparation, for his whole life had been a course of preparation for such an argument. The Constitution, in its true, broad and genuine spirit—the instrument that constitutes a government and not a collection of States, which embraces the whole people under one National Union, and is subject to no defeat or dismemberment by local power or sectional jealousy—this and nothing less than this had been the object of his legal and political studies for years. He had read it by no other light than good sense and the truth of history, faithful to its genuine text. He had imbued himself with the opinions of its great founders. With the doctrines of Washington and Jay and Hamilton and Madison, in the past; with those of Marshall and Story, in the present; with all former and all modern means of genuine exposition, with the study of its powers, with the contemplation of its vast benefits and blessings; with its grand and transcendently important history, out of which our political destiny must be forever shaped, his mind was as familiar as with the most ordinary knowledge. Some of the brightest laurels he had ever won, had been gained in the forum, in causes involving the questions that spring from the Constitution of the United States and touch the sources of State power and State Legislation. When therefore he was suddenly called upon to enter into a debate upon nullification, he was beyond all other men the most fit person to defend the Constitution. It was also just

such a defence as he made, that was to save and did save the country from a civil war.

It was on the 21st and 22d of January, 1830, that General Hayne formally developed in the Senate the doctrines of nullification. His speech was grave, argumentative and plausible. It required an answer. Every one who heard it, or heard of it, or read it, felt that a crisis for the Constitution had arrived. If the speech had remained unanswered; above all, if the answer had not been a triumphant refutation, the Administration, with all the force of General Jackson's personal character, could not afterwards have encountered the menaced resistance, without a civil war. South Carolina afterwards actually stood with arms in the hands of her citizens, ready to resist the collection of revenue by the General Government, within her borders. But the battle of the Constitution had been fought in the Senate; and the moral victory having been won there, the Government could proceed with its demonstrations of force without the otherwise inevitable result of bloodshed. When a faction is proceeding to rebellion upon professed grounds of doctrine and principle, it is more than half disarmed, in a country of intelligence and a free press, as soon as its doctrines are morally overthrown, though the outward attitude of resistance may even grow more belligerent.

Mr. Webster answered General Hayne. The world knows the history of that answer by heart. It was a demonstration of the principle that a State cannot, and therefore the country felt that South Carolina would not, nullify a Law of Congress. A remarkable eagerness seized on the public mind to read this speech. It was spread over the country, from Maine to Missouri; vastly more copies of it having been printed than of any other speech in the history of the Government. What followed was a necessary attitude of preparation and compulsion taken by the Government, when occasion called for it—an attitude which it owed the power to take to Mr. Webster's great and successful argumentation.

It was said, soon after, in a periodical of high standing, published at Philadelphia, that Mr. Webster might regard this achievement as the chief honor of his life. But who shall set limits to the power of a great statesman to do good, as long as Providence continues him in

the world. Years passed on—years of constant, faithful public service, of great toil and sacrifice, of perpetual good accomplished—and found him in a high office, with the foreign relations of the country entrusted to his care. Those relations were entangled with a Power, from whose people our blood, language, laws, letters and civilization are derived; who must be the most formidable enemy on earth to us, as she ought to be the dearest friend. Diplomacy had exhausted its resources and done its mischiefs. Dark and angry clouds lowered in the horizon, and the point of honor, that delicate and irritable spot in the passions of nations, had been almost reached and wounded. Intricate controversies, crossing each other in a singular confusion, conflicting rights and interests, principles of public law and objects of national policy had for more than twenty years been woven into a "mesh," that might have appalled the clearest vision and the steadiest hand. But there was a frank and sincere disposition on the part of the brave people with whom we were in this web of difficulties, to use conciliation; and, above all, a profound respect and confidence towards the person and character of the American Secretary. Let us pause here, for a moment, to consider the consequences, if the Secretary had demeaned himself otherwise than as he did.

We will not for an instant make the smallest concession to that spirit, which regards a war with England as anything less than a crime and a calamity for these United States if wantonly and carelessly produced. That hoarse and vulgar patriotism, which cannot find in honorable peace the highest honor of one's country, and does not regard war as the last dread evil for nations, will never learn "to hate the cowardice of doing wrong." But in the judgment of the vast majority of mankind, in their cool and reflecting moments, he who saves his country from a war, by skillful, able and upright negotiation; who gains for her by the pen more than all that she could have gained by the sword; who averts, without loss of dignity, and with a vast accession of honor, the crimes, and misery, and ruin, that follow in the train of hostile armies, achieves a distinction and a praise, higher than all other earthly honors. His reputation will be dear to his country, beyond all price, for it is bound up with the sources of her prosperity and happi-

ness—it is established on the broad and imperishable foundations of the public good.

Let any American sit down and follow out the consequences of a different line of conduct from that pursued by Mr. Webster. Let him suppose that a war had been suffered to grow out of the Caroline and McLeod affair. No man at this day can be found to assert that upon the question of international law, respecting McLeod, we were not clearly and wholly in the wrong. Let then a war have grown out of his individual fate, by the refusal of the United States to admit the true principle applicable to his case. For the sake of an obstinate adherence to wrong, let the commerce of this vast country have been exposed to the British Navy, let towns have been burned, let lives and treasure have been squandered, let Anglo-Saxon Christians have met for each other's blood on land and sea, let the fierce struggle of kindred nations have commenced, to end God knows when and how. Wheresoever victory might have perched, is there anything within the range of the human imagination more bitter, than the curses of millions, that would have followed the name of that statesman, who should have been too weak and too cowardly to meet his duty on a question so paltry in its details, but fraught with such consequences from the principles involved? Or take the North-eastern Boundary as a cause for war between England and America. Title to a wild and unsettled country—mere title, capable of fair adjustment by compromise and agreement—as a cause for war, presents an idea that no honest mind can contemplate without a shudder. National honor, if it become involved in a question of title, so that it cannot be extricated without an appeal to arms, is one thing. But it is the business of statesmen, for which they may be said to be furnished with power, to prevent national honor from becoming so entangled. The assailants of Mr. Webster on the Treaty are, therefore, driven to answer this question: What would have been the judgment of mankind, if he had refused to make a boundary by agreement, and standing at all points on the extreme verge of our claim, had presented the alternative of war, and thereby made it inevitable? This is the true issue. It is a moral question; for that we did not get the most ample equivalent for every concession that we

made, is an assertion on which none but the foolhardy will now venture, and which none can maintain. Every inquiry, therefore, as to the propriety and greatness of Mr. Webster's course in that negotiation must come back to this: Shall a statesman, who can with perfect honor save his country from a war by negotiation, exercise his whole power to that end, or shall he assume that war is a result of no importance compared with the gratification of a false patriotism and an exaggerated sense of the value of what is immediately in dispute? The world, the Christian world, has but one answer to give to such a question. It has given this answer to Mr. Webster—an answer which he cannot mistake, and which the malice of envy and detraction can never take away.

Whatever the future may have in store for us, whoever may be entrusted with power, the people of these United States have witnessed one great example of peace honorably preserved from the hazards created by previous mismanagement. Few men, probably, are aware how great those hazards were. But they passed away. Uninterrupted commerce rolled its treasures of sea and land through the wonted channels of public and private enterprise. The ship sailed on, the loom remained active on every stream, the plough on every hill-side and in every valley stood not still. The harvest was gathered; the pulsations that beat along every artery in the life of trade, through a great land of production and consumption, were undisturbed. The quivering fibres of domestic life and love, throughout millions of homes, were torn by no anguish of "war's alarms," no news of the slain and wounded on deck or field. Peace, with its countless blessings and its anthems of thanksgiving, remained upon the earth. How came it to be so?

Then and there, in the City of Washington, *Anno Domini* 1842, in the heats of a Southern Summer, an earnest man, of deep wisdom and vast capacity for labor, held the peace of his country in his hand. It could not but be known to him, that a failure in the undertaking would be followed by a war begun ingloriously, if it should end with what may be called success. It could not but be known to him that his country looked to him for an issue out of a perplexing and hazardous business, that should save both its interests and its honor. He

could not but feel that the civilized world looked with interest on his position, and would hold America and him to a solemn account for the opportunities before him. What anxious nights, what laborious days were his; he who runs may read in the results that have since come forth. Never found unequal to any part in human affairs, the Secretary was equal to himself; and he who seeks to detract from the merit of that great deed, seeks his country's dishonor, and will be sure to accomplish his own infamy.

While the American negotiator aimed at the preservation of peace, he preserved the country in an attitude of the utmost dignity. Nothing is more striking throughout the whole correspondence, than the *American* tone, temper and feeling, that pervade Mr. Webster's discussions. By no diplomatist, at home or abroad, have American rights been upheld with a firmer hand, and by none have they been farther advanced. Would that it were in our power, through the length and breadth of this broad land, to go into every honest man's dwelling, where such documents seldom penetrate, and there sit down to show how safe the national honor was, in the hands of Daniel Webster. Those who have heard him reviled for making a Treaty about boundary, are they aware that against the greatest maritime power in the world, he has maintained our rights, with a spirit and a force which will cause them to be respected as they have never been before?

The Law of Nations has made great progress within the last fifty years; but in the Treaty of Washington and in the Correspondence connected therewith, it advanced farther than it had during the whole of the fifty years that preceded. We can make this apparent by a very few remarks.

It is not to be denied that the true scope and tendency of the Law of Nations consist in promoting and securing the national independence of every separate people on the globe. It is also not to be denied, that while the policy and measures of England have, in some cases of intervention and the like, proceeded upon and enforced this great leading object of the Christian States, her policy and measures have in other instances trenchanted upon the independence of other powers, and tended to its exclusion, as a principle, from the system of public law. Some of the most remarkable cases in

which this has occurred, have been those which spring from the great propensity of England to give the utmost force and extension to her own municipal law. A citizen of the world, looking calmly upon English Diplomacy and English Jurisprudence, in some features, would be likely to infer that the Law of England, by some peculiar power, is able to operate *proprio rigore* farther than the municipal codes of other countries; and that it can even override, by its own eminent virtue, in case of conflict, any other system of law, in any place where the conflict may occur. But it would be manifest to such an observer, that however delicately such a pretension may be exercised, however magnanimous and high-principled the power that puts it forth, the doctrine is utterly inconsistent with the equality and independence of nations—that great millennial state, to which the public law ought to be made to tend. Two instances of this pretension on the part of England have been quite remarkable. The one is, the English doctrine of Impressment, founded on the idea that a British subject owes perpetual allegiance to the British Crown, which may claim his services in war wherever he may be found, and *therefore*, it was said, a British officer may enter an American ship, carrying with him this principle of British law, to search for and remove British subjects. All this implies the notion that the municipal law of England can *operate* in the territory of another nation. The other instance is the English doctrine, more recently promulgated, that slaves, the property of an American citizen of a slaveholding State, on board a vessel driven by stress of weather into a British port, there become free, because the municipal law of England does not tolerate slavery. This again involves the notion that the municipal law of England, in a British port, enters such a vessel and governs the relations of those on board, to the exclusion of the municipal law of their own country, a part of which, by the law of nations, such vessel actually is.

Now, it is in no boastful or triumphant spirit, but with that satisfaction which springs from the belief that mankind are to be benefited by the result, that we say, that Mr. Webster met and abolished these pretensions. He has abolished them, so far as America is concerned, inasmuch as they cannot hereafter be advanced and acted upon, without giving cause for war,

which the civilized world will henceforth hold to be just. Mr. Webster displayed the true grounds of national equality and independence, pointed out the just limitations to the force of municipal law, and made declarations, which cast the responsibility of war arising from any of these causes of offence upon those who shall give the offence. The probability of such wars is therefore vastly lessened, and the principle of national equality and independence is advanced to a stage which it had not reached before. When the Secretary threw out the broad banner of that Declaration, which is to float hereafter over every American vessel that shall be found upon the sea, he made it certain to England, that her extreme doctrines about the force of English law cannot hereafter be practiced, in international relations, without the peril and the responsibility of wars, in which the sympathies and the judgments of mankind will be against her.\*

With the same bold and acute discrimination, Mr. Webster seized the prominent facts in the case of the *Caroline*, and at once extracted the real cause for complaint which we had against England. He made it manifest that a violation of our soil and territory had been committed, which could not be justified by any inquiry into the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the employment in which the *Caroline* had been engaged. This view of the case he had the satisfaction of seeing admitted, upon his reasoning, by the British Envoy, who made for the act all the apology which the case required. In this admission, that most important principle, the sanctity of soil and territory, was fully established; and it was established too in a case in which our own citizens had given very high

provocation for the act that was complained of.

We have not space to pursue the reflection, how important to the peace of the world is the establishment of the doctrine of equality and independence between nations. Nothing can be a more fruitful source of wars and conquest and universal dominion, as all history shows than the absence of that doctrine from the practice of nations in their relations with each other; and in nothing can mankind be greater gainers, than in the negotiations, between powerful states, in which that doctrine is made the leading idea on which the merits of all complaints and controversies are made to turn. It is quite true, that this doctrine may not have been likely to be denied in terms, for a long time; but there have been practices and objects of national policy which have been virtually a denial of it, and it concerns the great purposes of the law of nations that they should be stayed. To this end, our illustrious countryman has been a great contributor, in a manner which will carry his name and fame to the remotest ages, in which that sublime code shall continue to govern the interests of mankind.

We have thus only sought, at this time, to seize upon a few bold points of Mr. Webster's public career. We have not attempted to enter into the great nature of his oratory, his masterly legal acquirements and forensic eloquence, his high statesmanship and peculiar qualifications for diplomatic station, or any of the chief qualities of his mind and character. These will make the subject of a future paper, when a greater remove from late causes of irritation, will allow a greater freedom and dignity of discussion.

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## NAPOLÉON AND HIS MARSHALS.†

WE have read this second volume of Mr. Headley's martial sketches with an interest quite equal to that with which we perused the first. This is saying a great deal for the sustained vigor and effectiveness of the work as a whole. Being all actors with like objects, moving in similar, often in the same, scenes

of the same great drama, it was hardly possible that successive representations of the qualities and actions of Napoleon's Marshals should not tire somewhat with repetition of like effects. Such a result was likely to be enhanced by the pictures presented being mainly of blood and carnage—the terrible and loathsome mise-

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\* "IN EVERY REGULARLY DOCUMENTED AMERICAN MERCHANT VESSEL, THE CREW WHO NAVIGATE IT WILL FIND THEIR PROTECTION IN THE FLAG WHICH IS OVER THEM."—*Mr. Webster to Lord Ashburton, Aug. 8, 1842.*

† *Napoleon and his Marshals.* By J. T. Headley. Vol. II. Baker & Scribner.

ries of war. The same gory fields are constantly spread before us, covered with the ruins of battle—dead men and horses piled in heaps of flesh among shattered cannon—and drenched with a sea of blood. The chief variations were to be found in the storming of some city, where famine, rapine, lust and indiscriminate massacre, almost make the sanguinary triumphs of the open field seem stainless. That such difficulties did not destroy the interest of the separate sketches, when read together or in a volume, is partly owing, no doubt, to that love of conflict in human nature, which carries the mind thrillingly through even the horrors of human carnage. It is due still more, however, to the vigor and freshness of Mr. Headley's style, and the skillful manner in which he has presented each character as the agent or exponent of some one of the great scenes that made up the career of Napoleon. The faults, indeed, as in the first volume, are manifest enough. There are too many carefully constructed sentences for the work of a habitual writer—too plentiful a use at times of strong epithets—and numerous repetitions—unnecessary and which a quick-sighted vision should have done away with—of words and forms of expression, the appearance of which might just as well have been avoided. A little more labor would have imparted to the work an element of the classical, which now it certainly has not. We doubt, indeed, if it is in Mr. Headley's nature to produce true classical writings. We should judge him, in the first place, to be a man of impatient nerves. His mind "canters" too much. True, we would not have him, like—whom shall we say?—Mr. Cooper or J. K. Paulding, getting off from his lymphatic "cob" every few miles, and taking a nap by the road; but neither is it wiser, when his beast is naturally a keen pacer, to be always rising in his stirrups that he may see to the end of his journey. Aside from temperament, however, Mr. Headley loves too much the flush and life of splendid general effects to be chiseling statues, or the nice proportions of architecture. He has too great earnestness of imagination—he cannot think in marble. As for the sketches before us, they would undoubtedly not bear much elaboration—such as most writers who think "to live" bestow upon their efforts—without losing something of their strength and vividness of coloring; still a more easy and subdued tone in parts, a less constant array of

astounding scenes—for nearly the whole work is made up of such—would have made the volumes more permanently pleasing; and Mr. Headley's general style, by a little more *under-current*, would be decidedly improved. But with all this, and some other things, which other readers will have noted with ourselves, we cannot but again express our opinion that no second writer among us could have flung off these sketches with nearly as much spirit and power.

It seems to be felt by some of the "new age," whose souls are as easily alarmed as a sitting-hen, that these pictures of war are calculated to foster a war spirit in the bosom of our "beloved country." Now we do not hesitate to say that we consider war in any shape as a great evil; that the chief nations of Christendom could forever prevent any general contest taking place again in the world, and that the efforts of all should be sedulously directed to create and diffuse such an impression—since the impression, once universal, would be sure to be followed by such a result. So much the more reason for not blessing, if we do not curse, our present Administration, which, creating difficulties with a wretched and half-savage nation, makes this Republic the first Christian people to break a peace of thirty years, strews the hot plains of the South-West in summer with festering corpses, takes the lives of hundreds of our countrymen, and puts back, twenty years, the dominion of the spirit of peace, if it do not end in making us a military people, delighting in war, and looking on bloodshed as the noblest means of distinction. If such, also, were to be the effect of Mr. Headley's book, we would condemn it at once and without reserve. But the impression on our own minds has been precisely the reverse. We have never been so shocked with a view of the horrors of war, and we believe the same feelings must be produced upon the minds of others. It must, indeed, be a very oblique or diluted intellect, which could gather anything different on reading the whole work; and we should just as soon think of precluding people from reading all history, because one-half of it is made up of the sanguinary records of war. This feeble puling is not the way to change the opinions of men on this subject. Let them have a plain view of everything; let them be able to condemn all evil on grounds of knowledge. Such a condemnation, when it comes, will stand. We

believe in having the history of everything written.

Mr. Headley himself, though excited with the movements of such mighty armies, and all the splendid scenery of Napoleon's victories, is still plainly impressed throughout with the terrors of human warfare. He has taken many occasions to comment upon them. What, for example, could be more appalling than the following picture of the battle-field of Eylau, where Murat's terrific charge was made, through a whirling snow-storm, with 14,000 cavalry.

"Let the enthusiast go over the scene on the morning after the battle, if he would find a cure for his love of glory. *Fifty-two thousand men* lay piled across each other in the short space of six miles, while the snow, giving back the stain of blood, made the field look like one great slaughter-house. The frosts of a wintry morning were all unheeded in the burning fever of ghastly wounds, and the air was loaded with cries for help, and groans, and blasphemies, and cursings. Six thousand horses lay amid the slain, some stiff and cold in death, others rendering the scene still more fearful by their shrill cries of pain. The cold heavens looked down on this fallen multitude, while the pale faces of the thousands that were already stiff in death, appeared still more appalling in their vast winding-sheet of snow. Foemen had fallen across each other as they fought, and lay like brothers clasped in the last embrace; while dismembered limbs and disemboweled corpses were scattered thick as autumn leaves over the field. Every form of wound, and every modification of wo were here visible. No modern war had hitherto exhibited such carnage, and where Murat's cavalry had charged, there the slain lay thickest. *Two days* after the battle *five thousand* wounded Russians lay on the frozen field, where they had dragged out the weary nights and days in pain. The dead were still unburied, and lay amid wrecks of cannons, and munition wagons, and bullets, and howitzers;—whole lines had sunk where they stood, while epaulettes, and neglected sabres, and muskets without owners, were strewn on every side, and thrown into still more terrible relief by the white ground of snow, over which they lay. Said Napoleon, in his bulletin home, after describing the dreadful appearance the field presented,—'The spectacle is sufficient to inspire princes with the love of peace and horror of war.'"

More terribly impressive to the same point is the account, in the sketch of Marshal Ney, of that most terrible paragraph in all modern history—The Re-

treach from Moscow. The entire sketch of this Marshal is perhaps the most powerful in the two volumes. It will bear, what indeed all the sketches will not, to be read over three or four times—the hardest test to which a book can be put. It is as thrillingly and strangely terrific as that of Macdonald, formerly published in our pages—as full of painful interest as that of Massena, in which occurs the awful siege of Genoa—and as replete with a high chivalry as the brilliant account of Murat—while in the representation of a stern dignity and grandeur of nature almost solemn in its aspect, and a bravery utterly immovable and natural as the silence of a rock, it surpasses them all together. Ney was an astonishing character—and Mr. Headley's sketch is worthy of the man. We would quote the whole description of the Retreat from Moscow, but for its extreme length. A powerful extract to the same effect would be some paragraphs from the terrible "Passage of the Beresina." This event took place as a part of that disastrous retreat, but the account of it is given in the sketch of Victor.

So also of the awful sieges of Genoa, Saragossa and Talavera, so vividly described—how strong are the pictures they present of the horrors of *Christian* warfare! It is honorable to Mr. Headley, that though captivated too much, perhaps, by the splendors of such great military movements, he constantly shows his sense, that nothing can compensate for the evils that follow after them.

Mr. Headley's descriptions of battles though by no means the most comprehensive and satisfactory, are quite the most graphic and powerful we have ever seen. He does not attempt minute history; but a few glowing dashes of the brush sets all the most striking parts of the scene most wonderfully before us. We make room for two passages—The Battle of Dresden and the conflict of Hohenlinden. They are no more striking than many others, but are sufficient to show with what kind of a pen Mr. Headley writes:

#### BATTLE OF DRESDEN.

"On the evening of their approach, St. Cyr wrote to Napoleon the following letter: '*Dresden*, 23d Aug. 1813; *ten at night*. At five this afternoon the enemy approached Dresden, after having driven in our cavalry. We expected an attack this evening; but probably it will take place to-morrow. Your Majesty knows better than I do, what

time it requires for heavy artillery to beat down enclosure walls and palisades.' The next night, at midnight, he dispatched another letter to him, announcing an immediate attack, and closing up with 'We are determined to do all in our power; but I can answer for nothing more with such young soldiers.' Immediately on the reception of the first letter, Napoleon surrendered his command to Macdonald, and turned his face towards Dresden. Murat was dispatched in hot haste, to announce his arrival and re-assure the besieged. In the middle of his guards, which had marched nearly thirty miles a day since the commencement of the war, he took the road to the city.

"To revive his sinking troops, he ordered twenty thousand bottles of wine to be distributed among them, but not three thousand could be procured. He, however, marched all next day, having dispatched a messenger to the besieged to ascertain the exact amount of danger. Said Napoleon, to the messenger Gourgaud, '*Set out immediately for Dresden, ride as hard as you can, and be there this evening—see St. Cyr, the King of Naples, and the King of Saxony—encourage every one. Tell them I can be in Dresden to-morrow with forty thousand men, and the day following with my whole army. At day-break visit the outposts and redoubts—consult the commander of engineers as to whether they can hold out. Hurry back to me to-morrow at Stolpen, and bring a full report of St. Cyr's and Murat's opinion as to the real state of things.*' Away dashed Gourgaud in hot speed, while the Emperor hurried on his exhausted army. Gourgaud did not wait till day-break before he returned. He found everything on the verge of ruin—the allied army was slowly enveloping the devoted city, and when, at dark, he issued forth from the gates, the whole summer heavens were glowing with the light of their bivouac fires, while a burning village near by, threw a still more baleful light over the scene. Spurring his panting steed through the gloom, he at midnight burst in a fierce gallop into the squares of the Old Guard, and was immediately ushered into the presence of the anxious Emperor. The report confirmed his worst fears. At daylight the weary soldiers were roused from their repose, and though they had marched a hundred and twenty miles in four days, pressed cheerfully forward; for already the distant sound of heavy cannonading was borne by on the morning breeze. At eight in the morning, Napoleon and the advanced guard, reached an elevation that overlooked the whole plain in which the city lay embosomed; and lo! what a sublime yet terrific sight met their gaze. The whole valley was

filled with marching columns, preparing for an assault; while the beams of the morning sun were sent back from countless helmets and bayonets that moved and shook in their light. Here and there volumes of smoke told where the batteries were firing, while the heavy cannonading rolled like thunder over the hills. There, too, was the French army, twenty thousand strong, packed behind the redoubts, yet appearing like a single regiment in the midst of the host that enveloped them. Courier after courier, riding as for life, kept dashing into the presence of the Emperor, bidding him make haste if he would save the city. A few hours would settle its fate. Napoleon, leaving his guards to follow on, drove away in a furious gallop, while a cloud of dust along the road, alone told where his carriage was whirling onward. As he approached the gates, the Russian batteries swept the road with such a deadly fire, that he was compelled to leave his carriage and crawl along on his hands and knees over the ground, while the cannon balls whistled in an incessant shower above him.

"Suddenly and unannounced, as if he had fallen from the clouds, he appeared at the Royal Palace, where the King of Saxony was deliberating on the terms of capitulation. Waiting for no rest, he took a single page so as not to attract the enemy's fire, and went forth to visit the outer works. So near had the enemy approached, that the youth by his side was struck down by a spent musket ball. Having finished his inspection, and settled his plans, he returned to the Palace, and hurried off couriers to the different portions of the army that were advancing by forced marches towards the city. First, the indomitable guards and the brave cuirassiers, eager for the onset, came pouring in furious haste over the bridge. The overjoyed inhabitants stood by the streets, and offered them food and drink; but though weary, hungry and thirsty, the brave fellows refused to take either, and hurried onward towards the storm that was ready to burst on their companions. At ten o'clock the troops commenced entering the city—infantry, cavalry and artillery pouring forward with impetuous speed—till there appeared to be no end to the rushing thousands. Thus, without cessation, did the steady columns arrive all day long, and were still hurrying in, when at four o'clock the attack commenced. The batteries that covered the heights around the city, opened their terrible fire, and in a moment Dresden became the target of three hundred cannon all trained upon her devoted buildings. Then commenced one of war's wildest scenes. St. Cyr replied with his artillery, and thunder answered thunder, as if the hot August afternoon was ending in a real storm of



heaven. Balls fell in an incessant shower in the city, while the blazing bombs traversing the sky, hung for a moment like messengers of death over the streets, and then dropped with an explosion, that shook the ground, among the frightened inhabitants. Amid the shrieks of the wounded, and the stern language of command, was heard the heavy rumbling of the artillery and ammunition wagons through the streets; and in the intervals, the steady tramp of the marching columns, still hastening to the work of death—while over all, as if to drown all; like successive thunder-claps where the lightning falls nearest, spoke the fierce batteries that were exploding on each other. But the confusion and death and terror that reigned through the city, as the burning buildings shot their flames heavenward, were not yet complete. The inhabitants had fled to their cellars, to escape the balls and shells that came rushing every moment through their dwellings; and amid the hurry and bustle of the arriving armies, and their hasty tread along the streets, and the roll of drums, and rattling of armor, and clangor of trumpets, and thunder of artillery, the signal was given for the assault—*three cannon shots from the heights of Raecnitz*. The next moment, six massive columns, with fifty cannon at their head, began to move down the slopes—pressing straight for the city. The muffled sound of their heavy, measured tread was heard within the walls, as in dead silence and awful majesty they moved steadily forward upon the batteries.

"It was a sight to strike terror into the heart of the boldest, but St. Cyr marked their advance with the calmness of a fearless soul and firmly awaited the onset that even Napoleon trembled to behold. No sooner did they come within the range of artillery than the ominous silence was broken by its deafening roar. In a moment the heights about the city were in a blaze; the fifty cannon at the head of these columns belched forth fire and smoke; and amid the charging infantry, the bursting of shells, the rolling fire of musketry, and the explosion of hundreds of cannon, St. Cyr received the shock. For two hours did the battle rage with sanguinary ferocity. The plain was covered with dead—the suburbs were overwhelmed with assailants, and ready to yield every moment—the enemy's batteries were playing within fifteen rods of the ramparts—the axes of the pioneers were heard on the gates; and shouts, and yells, and execrations rose over the walls of the city. The last of St. Cyr's reserve were in the battle, and had been for half an hour, and Napoleon began to tremble for his army. But at half past six, in the hottest of the fight,

the Young Guard arrived, shouting as they came, and were received in return with shouts by the army, that for a moment drowned the roar of battle. Then Napoleon's brow cleared up, and St. Cyr, for the first time, drew a sigh of relief.

"The gates were thrown open, and the impetuous Ney, with the invincible Guard, poured through one like a resistless torrent on the foe, followed soon after by Murat, with his headlong cavalry. Mortier sallied forth from another; and the Young Guard, though weary and travel-worn, burst with loud cheers on the chief redoubt—which, after flowing in blood, had been wrested from the French—and swept it like a tornado.

"Those six massive columns, thinned and riddled through, recoiled before this fierce onset, like the waves when they meet a rock; and slowly surged back from the walls. In the mean time, dark and heavy clouds began to roll up the scorching heavens, and the distant roll of thunder mingled with the roar of artillery. Men had turned this hot August afternoon into a battle-storm, and now the elements were to end it with a fight of their own. In the midst of the deepening gloom, the allies, now for the first time aware that the Emperor was in the city, drew off their troops for the night. The rain came down as if the clouds were falling, drenching the living and the dead armies; yet Napoleon, heedless of the storm, and knowing what great results rested upon the next day's action, was seen hurrying on foot through the streets to the bridge, over which he expected the corps of Marmont and Victor to arrive. With anxious heart he stood and listened, till the heavy tread of their advancing columns through the darkness, relieved his suspense; and then, as they began to pour over the bridge, he hastened back, and traversing the city, passed out at the other side, and visited the entire lines that were now formed without the walls. The bivouac fires shed a lurid light over the field, and he came at every step upon heaps of corpses, while groans and lamentations issued from the gloom in every direction; for thousands of wounded, uncovered and unburied, lay exposed to the storm; dragging out the weary night in pain. Early in the morning, Napoleon was on horseback, and rode out to the army. Taking his place beside a huge fire that was blazing and crackling in the centre of the squares of the Old Guard, he issued his orders for the day. Victor was on the right; the resistless Ney on the left, over the Young Guard, while St. Cyr and Marmont were in the centre, which Napoleon commanded in person.

"The rain still fell in torrents, and the thick mist shrouded the field as if a shut

out the ghastly spectacle its bosom exhibited. The cannonading soon commenced, but with little effect, as the mist concealed the armies from each other. A hundred and sixty thousand of the allies, stretched in a huge semicircle along the heights, while Napoleon, with a hundred and thirty thousand in the plain below, was waiting the favorable moment in which to commence the attack. At length the battle opened on the right, where a fierce firing was heard as Victor pressed firmly against an Austrian battery. Suddenly, Napoleon heard a shock like a falling mountain. While Victor was engaging the enemy in front, Murat, unperceived in the thick mist, had stolen around to the rear, and without a note of warning, burst with twelve thousand cavalry on the enemy. He rode straight through their broken lines, trampling under foot the dead and dying. Ney was equally successful on the left, and as the mist lifted, it showed the allied wings both driven back. The day wore away in blood—carts, loaded with the wounded, moved in a constant stream into the city; but the French were victorious at all points; and when night again closed over the scene, the allied armies had decided to retreat."

#### BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

"The Iser and the Inn as they flow from the Alps towards the Danube, move nearly in parallel lines, and nearly forty miles apart. As they approach the river, the space between them becomes one elevated plain, covered chiefly with a sombre, dark pine forest—crossed by two roads only—while the mere country paths that wind through it here and there give no space to marching columns. Moreau had advanced across this forest to the Inn, where, on the 1st of December, he was attacked and forced to retrace his steps, and take up his position on the farther side, at the village of Hohenlinden. Here, where one of the great roads debouched from the woods, he placed Ney and Grouchy.

"The Austrians, in four massive columns, plunged into this gloomy wilderness, designing to meet in the open plain of Hohenlinden—the central column marching along the high road, while those on either side, made their way through, amid the trees as they best could.

"It was a stormy December morning when these seventy thousand men were swallowed from sight in the dark defiles of Hohenlinden. The day before it had rained heavily, and the roads were almost impassable; but now a furious snow-storm darkened the heavens, and covered the ground with one white unbroken surface. The by-paths were blotted out, and the sighing pines overhead drooped with their snowy

burdens above the ranks, or shook them down on the heads of the soldiers, as the artillery-wheels smote against their trunks. It was a strange spectacle, those long dark columns, out of sight of each other, stretching through the dreary forest by themselves; while the falling snow, sifting over the ranks, made the unmarked way still more solitary. The soft and yielding mass broke the tread of the advancing hosts, while the rumbling of the artillery, and ammunition and baggage-wagons, gave forth a muffled sound, that seemed prophetic of some mournful catastrophe. The centre column alone had a hundred cannon in its train, while behind these were five hundred wagons—the whole closed up by the slowly moving cavalry. Thus marching, it came, about nine o'clock, upon Hohenlinden, and attempted to debouch into the plain, when Grouchy fell upon it with such fury that it was forced back into the woods. In a moment the old forest was alive with echoes, and its gloomy recesses illumined with the blaze of artillery. Grouchy, Grandjean, and Ney, put forth incredible efforts to keep this immense force from deploying into the open field. The two former struggled with the energy of desperation to hold their ground, and although the soldiers could not see the enemy's lines, the storm was so thick, yet they took aim at the flashes that issued from the wood, and thus the two armies fought. The pine trees were cut in two like reeds by the artillery, and fell with a crash on the Austrian columns, while the fresh fallen snow turned red with the flowing blood. In the mean time Richenspanse, who had been sent by a circuitous route with a single division to attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished his mission. Though his division had been cut in two, and irretrievably separated by the Austrian left wing, the brave general continued to advance, and with only three thousand men fell boldly on forty thousand Austrians. As soon as Moreau heard the sound of his cannon through the forest, and saw the alarm it spread amid the enemy's ranks, he ordered Ney and Grouchy to charge full on the Austrian centre. Checked, then overthrown, that broken column was rolled back in disorder, and utterly routed. Campbell, the poet, stood in a tower, and gazed on this terrible scene, and in the midst of the fight composed, in part, that stirring ode which is known as far as the English language is spoken.

"The depths of the dark forest swallowed the struggling hosts from sight; but still there issued forth from its bosom shouts and yells, mingled with the thunder of cannon, and all the confused noise of battle. The Austrians were utterly routed, and the frightened cavalry went plunging through the crowds of fugitives into the

woods—the artillerymen cut their traces, and leaving their guns behind, mounted their horses and galloped away—and that magnificent column, as sent by some violent explosion, was hurled in shattered fragments on every side. For miles the white ground was sprinkled with dead bodies, and when the battle left the forest, and the pine trees again stood calm and silent in the wintry night, piercing cries and groans issued out of the gloom in every direction—sufferer answering sufferer as he lay and writhed on the cold snow. Twenty thousand men were scattered there amid the trees, while broken carriages and wagons, and deserted guns, spread a perfect wreck around.”

Much has been said of Napoleon's coldness of spirit, his absorbing and unchangeable in-sphering of self. Now, it is undoubtedly true, that he was not of a very kindly nature. He was mainly embodied *mind*. His companions, of whom he had not many, were mostly companions of his intellect rather than of his heart. He was *created* ambitious, moreover; and continuous ambition can hardly be dis severed from selfishness. Then, too, he was so keen-eyed. He could “look quite through the deeds of men,” and was *able* always to bend them to the furtherance of his schemes; and such a power can belong to no one without, almost unconsciously, leading him to turn all things into the strong current of his own purposes. Indeed, circumstances will of themselves fall into the plans of such a man. This, of course, historians and the world will call selfishness. And so it is; for a still higher union of elements would lead a man to cover the sweeping whirlpool of his own designs with an equal breadth of human interest in the affairs of others. That Napoleon did, or could, have done this, no one will imagine. But it ought to be remembered, on the other hand, that all great men are in a manner isolated by their very greatness—can have but few companions, and with most of those hold but unfrequent communion. It is still farther true, that they seem more isolated, self-sphered—therefore, to the common eye, *selfish*—than they really are. Thus, many pre-eminent minds, who are not selfish, appear so from their solitary position among men; and others who really are, appear for the same reason twice as much so as their true character would warrant. This latter was in some measure the case with Napoleon. From his superior isolated intellect he could not be familiar with

many; and he often doubtless put on the appearance of intimacy when he really had no such feeling. But there were a few whom it is evident Napoleon deeply loved. No greatness, in this world at least, can feel at ease, perhaps even endure existence—*utterly alone*. Napoleon's dearest friend was probably Duroc. Mr. Headley's picture of his grief at Duroc's death is very fine; one who reads it cannot help seeing how fine a subject it would be for a historical painting.

#### DEATH OF DUROC.

“But his greatest misfortune, that which wounded him deepest, was the death of his friend Duroc. As he made a last effort to break the enemy's ranks, and rode again to the advanced posts to direct the movements of his army, one of his escort was struck dead by his side. Turning to Duroc, he said, ‘Duroc, fate is determined to have one of us to-day.’ Soon after, as he was riding with his suite in a rapid trot along the road, a cannon ball smote a tree beside him, and glancing, struck General Kirgenier dead, and tore out the entrails of Duroc. Napoleon was ahead at the time, and his suite, four abreast, behind him. The cloud of dust their rapid movements raised around them, prevented him from knowing at first who was struck. But when it was told him that Kirgenier was killed and Duroc wounded, he dismounted, and gazed long and sternly on the battery from which the shot had been fired; then turned towards the cottage into which the wounded marshal had been carried.

“Duroc was grand marshal of the palace, and a bosom friend of the Emperor. Of a noble and generous character, of unshaken integrity and patriotism, and firm as steel in the hour of danger, he was beloved by all who knew him. There was a gentleness about him and a purity of feeling the life of a camp could never destroy. Napoleon loved him—for through all the changes of his tumultuous life he had ever found his affection and truth the same—and it was with anxious heart and sad countenance he entered the lowly cottage where he lay. His eyes were filled with tears, as he asked if there was hope. When told there was none, he advanced to the bedside without saying a word. The dying marshal seized him by the hand and said, ‘My whole life has been consecrated to your service, and now my only regret is, that I can no longer be useful to you.’ ‘*Duroc!*’ replied Napoleon with a voice choked with grief, ‘*there is another life—there you will await me, and we shall meet again.*’ ‘Yes, sire,’ replied the fainting sufferer, ‘but thirty years shall first pass away, when you will have triumphed over your

enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have endeavored to be an honest man; I have nothing with which to reproach myself.' He then added, with faltering voice, '*I have a daughter;—your majesty will be a father to her.*' Napoleon grasped his right hand, and sitting down by the bedside, and leaning his head on his left hand, remained with closed eyes a quarter of an hour in profound silence. Duroc first spoke. Seeing how deeply Bonaparte was moved, he exclaimed, '*Ah! sire, leave me; this spectacle pains you!*' The stricken Emperor rose, and leaning on the arms of his equerry and Marshal Soult, left the apartment, saying, in heart-breaking tones, as he went, '*Farewell, then, my friend!*'

"The hot pursuit he had directed a moment before was forgotten—victory, trophies, prisoners and all, sunk into utter worthlessness, and, as at the battle of Aspern, when Lannes was brought to him mortally wounded, he forgot even his army, and the great interests at stake. He ordered his tent to be pitched near the cottage in which his friend was dying, and, entering it, passed the night all alone in insupportable grief. The Imperial Guard formed their protecting squares, as usual, around him, and the fierce tumult of battle gave way to one of the most touching scenes in history. Twilight was deepening over the field, and the heavy tread of the ranks going to their bivouacs, the low rumbling of artillery wagons in the distance; and all the subdued yet confused sounds of a mighty host about sinking to repose, rose on the evening air, imparting still greater solemnity to the hour. Napoleon, with his grey great-coat wrapped about him, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead resting on his hands, sat apart from all, buried in the profoundest melancholy. His most intimate friends dare not approach him, and his favorite officers stood in groups at a distance, gazing anxiously and sadly on that silent tent. But immense consequences were hanging on the movements of the next morning—a powerful enemy was near, with their array yet unbroken—and they at length ventured to approach and ask for orders. But the broken-hearted chieftain only shook his head, exclaiming, '*Everything to-morrow!*' and still kept his mournful attitude. Oh, how overwhelming was the grief that could so master that stern heart! The magnificent spectacle of the day that had passed, the glorious victory he had won, were remembered no more, and he saw only his dying friend before him. No sobs escaped him, but silent and motionless he sat, his pallid face buried in his hands, and his noble heart wrung with agony. Darkness drew her curtain over the scene, and the stars came out one after another upon the sky, and, at length, the

moon rose above the hills, bathing in her soft beams the teated host, while the flames from burning villages in the distance shed a lurid light through the gloom—and all was sad, mournful, yet sublime. There was the dark cottage, with the sentinels at the door, in which Duroc lay dying, and there, too, was the solitary tent of Napoleon, and within, the bowed form of the Emperor. Around it, at a distance, stood the squares of the Old Guard, and nearer by, a silent group of chieftains, and over all lay the moonlight. Those brave soldiers, filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down with such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length, to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the bands struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior—but still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes, till the heavens rung with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon as he returned flushed with victory, till his eye kindled in exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections—his friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life was throbbing its last pulsations.

"What a theme for a painter, and what a eulogy on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart which the enmity of the world could not shake—nor the terrors of a battle-field move from its calm repose—nor even the hatred and insults of his, at last, victorious enemies humble—here sunk in the moment of victory before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory, and what soldiers ever loved a leader so?"

We have nothing further to add about Napoleon. We simply feel, that while in military genius, in diplomatic foresight, in far-reaching comprehensiveness of State interests, in sublimity of self-counsel, in grandeur of sustained purpose, he was superior to all the other leaders, monarchs and statesmen of Europe, he was not their inferior in magnanimity, justice or faith. They were all, at times, deficient enough in these last great qualities; but why assail one, and say nothing of the rest? France was Napoleon's country, and he fought for France; if he fought also for himself, he was not therefore the worst among men.

Nothing is more striking, as we read these sketches, than Bonaparte's wonderful superiority, on the whole, to all his Marshals put together. Yet some of them were remarkable men, and possessed among them some remarkable qualities. Mr. Headley has not always dwelt as long on their individual characters as he might, but whenever he has chosen to extend his portraits, he is very felicitous. We will give, as an instance, his fine characterization of Soult, and with it will take leave of these volumes, with the remark, that every one who has a library should add them to his shelves.

" Marshal Soult had less genius but more intellect than most of the distinguished French Marshals. He had none of that high chivalric feeling which so frequently bore them triumphantly over the battle-field, but he had in its place, a clear, sound judgment, and a fearless heart. It required no thunder of cannon to clear his ideas—his thoughts were always clear, and his hand ever ready to strike. He depended on the conclusions of reason rather than on the inspiration of genius for victory. He calculated the chances beforehand, and when his purpose was taken, it was no ordinary obstacle or danger that could shake it. Such men as Murat, and Lannes, and Augereau, relied very much on the enthusiasm of their soldiers, and the power which intense excitement always imparts. Soult, on the contrary, on the discipline of his troops, and the firmness and steadiness it gives, either in assault or retreat; and hence, when left alone, could be depended on as an able and efficient general. Though impetuous as a storm in the early part of his life, it was the impetuosity of youth, rather than of character; and one familiar with his career, ever thinks of him as the stern and steady Soult. He was more of an Englishman than Frenchman in his natural character, and succeeded better than most of the other French generals when opposed to English troops. But though methodical and practical in all his plans, he knew the value of a headlong charge, and could make it. Still, he does not seem to rise with the danger that surrounds him,

but rather meets it with the firmness of one who has settled beforehand that it shall not overcome him.

"He did not possess that versatility of genius which enabled Bonaparte so frequently to turn his very defeats into victory—he depended rather on the strength and terror of the blow he had planned—and if that failed, it became him to pause before he gave another. Like the lion, he measured his leap before he took it, and if he fell short, measured it over again. But with all this coolness and forethought, his blow was sometimes sudden and deadly as a falling thunderbolt. A more prompt and decisive man in action was not to be found in the army. As cool amid the falling ranks and fire of three hundred cannon as on a parade, his onset was nevertheless a most terrible thing to meet. He carried such an iron will with him into the battle, and disputed every inch of ground with such tenacity of purpose, that the courage of the boldest gave way before him. Though he performed perhaps fewer *personal* heroic deeds than many others, he also committed fewer faults. After seeing him a few times in battle, one unconsciously gets such an opinion of his invincibility, that he never sees his columns moving to the assault, without expecting sudden victory, or one of the most terrific struggles to which brave men are ever exposed. We do not expect the pomp and splendor of one of Murat's charges of cavalry, nor the majesty of Ney's mighty columns, as he hurls them on the foe; but the firm step, and stern purpose, and resistless onset of one who lets his naked deeds report his power. Soult's eye measured a battle-field with the correctness of Napoleon's, and his judgment was as good upon a drawn battle as upon a victory. Not having those fluctuations of feeling to which more excitable temperaments are subject, a defeat produced no discouragement, and hence a victory gave the enemy no moral power over him. It was singular to see in what a matter-of-fact way he took a beating, and how little his confidence in himself was destroyed by the greatest disasters. A man that is not humbled or rendered fearful by defeat, can never be conquered till he is slain."

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE great and propitious event to be communicated this month, propitious to all interests, and especially to those of Finance and Commerce, is the conclusion, and ratification by the Senate of the United States, of a convention with England for the settlement of the long pending Oregon controversy. There remains only for its entire completion and obligation, that it should receive the ratification of the British Government; but as the Convention is in the very words of the project presented by that Government, its ratification is looked upon as a matter of course, and all agree to consider this perilous question as amicably and definitively resolved; and there is rejoicing among all but the blind votaries of the party, which proclaimed our title to the whole of Oregon to be unquestionable, and anathematized all who should suggest the surrender, in the way of compromise, of an inch of that territory.

The satisfactory consummation, though it has been accomplished somewhat earlier than we anticipated, was nevertheless confidently looked for, and in the last number, the war between the United States and Mexico was referred to by us, as likely to dispose Great Britain more speedily to adjust her controversy with us. The result has proved the accuracy of this forecast.

By the last mail steamer, with London dates to the 5th June, the news was received of the success of Sir Robert Peel's measure, for repealing the Corn Laws; the Bill having been read a second time in the House of Lords, in a full vote by 48 majority. This decides the question. As yet, little or no influence is exercised upon our markets by this new feeling of Great Britain; and in the face of the coming harvest—one of very large promise—the prices of all bread stuffs are declining. The fall in price of flour and wheat has occasioned very large losses, and two or three old and well-established houses engaged in that trade in the city, have been borne down thereby.

In money matters, the market is still far from easy or settled, although there is less pressure for money than some weeks ago. Foreign Exchange remains

nearly at the quotations of last month, without any very active demand. Bills on London range from 7½ to 8¼ per cent., on Paris about 1.5-35, rates quite satisfactory to the Banks as rather inviting the import than the export of specie. The prices of the public stocks have rather improved; the U. S. six per cents. having been sold at 106—dividend off—which is an improvement of about 1 per cent. in the last week or two.

Pennsylvania *Fives* are also growing in favor, arising mainly from the increasing confidence, that the August dividend, about which there has been great uncertainty—will be paid. The Treasurer of Pennsylvania, *W. Snowden*, who has not erred heretofore by too sanguine calculations, is said to have expressed his confident belief, that he will have sufficient funds for this dividend.

The wants and the ways and means of the General Government, for the prosecution of the war, were developed in the reply of the President, on the 16th inst. to a call made by the Senate on the 6th inst. for information on these points.

The sum required, over and above all the ordinary expenditures of the Government, for prosecuting the war, until the close of the fiscal year 30th June, 1847, is estimated at a small fraction less than *twenty-four million dollars*; and the ways and means of providing this large sum are thus set forth by the Secretary of the Treasury:

## TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

June 15th, 1846.

Sir: I have duly considered the resolution of the Senate, of the 3d of June, 1846, together with the estimates of the Secretary of the Navy, of the 9th instant, and of the Secretary of War of the 13th instant, submitted by you to this department, and respectfully report to you as follows:

It appears that the aggregate estimated expenditures of the War and Navy Departments for the fiscal years terminating on the 30th of June, 1846, and the 30th of June, 1847, amount to \$23,952,904, over and above the estimates made by these departments in December last, and then submitted in my annual report to Congress. In that report it was supposed by this depart-

ment, that upon the expenditures then estimated for a state of peace, there would remain on the 1st of July, 1847, a balance in the treasury of \$4,332,441 07. Deducting this balance from the excess of expenditures above estimated by the War and Navy Departments, there would result a deficiency of \$19,620,463.

It is believed, however, that this deficiency will, from augmented receipts accrued and accruing for the fiscal years 1846 and 1847, be diminished four millions of dollars, which would reduce the deficit on the 1st of July, 1847, to \$15,620,463.

It is ascertained by experience, that for the certain, prompt, and convenient payment of the public creditors, at all times and places throughout our extended territory, and the supply of the mint and branch mints for coinage, a sum of four millions of dollars, especially during a state of war, must remain on hand in the treasury, which would again raise the sum to be provided for before the 30th of June, 1847, to \$19,620,463.

It is believed, however, that a sum equal to \$5,534,057 of additional revenue may be produced by the modification of the tariff herein proposed—namely, to adopt, as a basis, the bill reducing the tariff reported by the Committee of Ways and Means to the House of Representatives on the 14th of April last, together with the augmented and additional duties now proposed and enumerated in schedule A. This change of the bill reported by the committee, omitting the fourth section, would make an addition to the revenue to be produced by that bill, of \$5,034,056.

After a very careful examination of the additional *data* which it has been in my power to obtain since the month of February last, it is my conviction that the bill of the committee will produce a net revenue of at least twenty-six millions of dollars. If to this be added the additional duties proposed to be levied in schedule A, the bill of the committee, with the modifications embraced in that schedule, would produce a net revenue of \$30,034,057. This would make an addition of \$5,534,057 to the revenue that would be produced under the act of the 30th of August, 1842. If, then, we deduct this \$5,534,057 from the deficit above estimated, it would still leave a deficit of \$14,086,406.

If, in addition to the modifications of the tariff above suggested, the warehousing system were adopted, as recommended in my annual report of December last, it would make an addition to the annual revenue from customs of one million of dollars, which, deducted from the above deficit, would leave a deficiency still remaining of \$13,086,406.

It is true that the introduction of the warehousing system might diminish the

revenue during a portion of the first year succeeding its adoption; but that it would add one million of dollars per annum to the permanent annual revenue from customs is not doubted.

It is believed also that the reduction and graduation of the prices of the public lands in favor of settlers and cultivators, as recommended in your message of December last, would make an annual addition of half a million of dollars to the revenue derivable from the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, by bringing into market many millions of acres of the public domain which are wholly unsaleable at the present *minimum* price established by law. Deducting this sum of half a million of dollars from the deficit last above mentioned, would leave still unprovided for, the sum of \$12,586,496, which must be met by loans, treasury notes, direct taxation, or excises.

In addition to the strong objections which have been urged against direct taxes and excises, it would be difficult to put in operation such a system in all the States and Territories, so as to realize the required amount in cash, before the 30th of June, 1847. A system of direct taxes and excises, it is believed, would not meet the sanction of the people, unless in the emergency of a war with some great maritime nation, exposing our commerce to great hazard, and greatly reducing the revenue from duties on imports.

The only remaining means for supplying this deficit within the required period, is by loans or treasury notes; and I would accordingly recommend, with a view to the most vigorous prosecution of the existing war with Mexico, so as to bring it to a speedy and honorable termination, that a contingent authority should be vested in this department, with your sanction, to issue treasury notes, or effect a loan of a sum in the aggregate not exceeding the last above-mentioned deficit of \$12,586,406.

I think it would be most advantageous to the Government, that a portion of this money should be raised by treasury notes, and the remainder by loans, limiting the interest in both cases to a rate not exceeding six per cent. per annum, and forbidding the negotiation in either case below the par value. If the authority were limited so as to cover this deficit, and the power given to resort to loans or treasury notes, or both, as the emergency might require, the money might be raised at a much lower rate of interest than if the department were confined either to loans alone, or to treasury notes. The experience of the Government has demonstrated that there are periods when loans are most available, and that there are occasions when treasury notes are much better adapted to meet the emergen-

cy: and the power to select both, or either, from time to time, would render the negotiation more certain, and probably save a very large amount of interest to the Government. If the war should be speedily terminated, it is possible that a resort to loans or treasury notes might not be required, or if so, for an inconsiderable amount. The same power as now given by law to redeem the loan, even before its maturity, whenever the funds of the Government will permit, so as to liquidate any public debt as soon as possible, should be continued, as also the authority for the re-issue of the treasury notes as heretofore provided by law, as well as for their receipt in revenue payments.

The additional duties designated in schedule A, are recommended as a war measure, and to terminate with the restoration of peace, or as soon thereafter as the state of the public finances will permit their discontinuance.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. J. WALKER,

Secretary of the Treasury.

To the PRESIDENT.

What disposition Congress may make of these recommendations cannot, as yet, be conjectured with any accuracy. The opinion, however, seems to prevail, that the proposed duties on tea and coffee and on some other articles now free, will *not* be agreed to. But as the larger portion of the sum anticipated from the proposed change in the Tariff, would arise from these duties on articles now free, recourse, if they be refused, must be had to some other supplies—unless, indeed, which is certainly to be hoped and desired, a speedy peace with Mexico should cut short the prodigal war expenditures. But if war is to continue, and additional duties be not levied, and excise and direct taxation be rejected, it will be impossible, except at ruinous and discreditable rates to negotiate loans, or to keep in circulation any considerable amount of treasury notes. Indeed, in regard to the authority to issue these latter at all, Congress is said to hesitate a good deal, from an apprehension, not altogether visionary or unfounded, of the danger of such paper money. It is, indeed, very easy, and therefore very tempting, to a popular Government, when pushed for funds, rather to prefer the issue of paper promises to pay, than to hazard their popularity by levying taxes on the people—but all expense—our own during the Revolution in the shape of continental money,

and that of France, during its agony of revolution, in the shape of *assignats*—proves that such irredeemable issues of Government paper money are so liable to abuse, that in extreme cases only, and under severe restrictions, and to a limited amount, should they ever be authorized. At present, however, it would seem that treasury notes bearing interest, redeemable at a specific term, and receivable for public dues, might be issued to the amount of a few millions without danger of abuse, and to the great relief of the currency.

A few weeks must develop the intentions of Congress in this regard, and indeed in all the cognate questions of Tariff, the Public Lands, the Warehousing Bill, and the Sub-Treasury.

The session has lasted already nearly seven months, yet not one of the great measures, said to be fundamental with the party in power, has been matured; and we are disposed now to doubt whether any single one of them will be.

The Sub-Treasury, however it may work in times of peace, cannot answer in war, and it therefore is likely, if passed at all, to be passed in a shape so modified, as hardly to be cognizable under the name.

To the Warehousing Bill great objections are made—as being too general and indiscriminate in its provisions—and therefore as tending to empty into our warehouses the refuse unsaleable surplus stock of all Europe, to lie here free from duty for three years, liable only to a comparatively small charge for storage—and yet ever ready to be thrown into our market at such moment as may offer the most chance of competition ruinous to American fabrics of like general character, but of really superior value. Yet such a bill will be warmly pressed—and such a bill, carefully prepared and guarded, would seem a necessary and proper complement of a system such as prevails, of cash duties, since it would give to the importer the opportunity of placing his goods in the public warehouse, and only taking them out and paying the duty on them as they are sold for consumption, and not, as now, be obliged to pay the duty on the whole invoice, months often, before he has an opportunity of selling the goods.

The reduction of the tariff in time of war, when, productive as it has been found, it cannot yet suffice for our expenditures, is a hazardous experiment;



which some, who might otherwise consent on general principles to a diminution of duties, may feel doubtful about making. The letter of the Secretary of the Treasury in the preceding page calculates, indeed, upon increasing the revenue by the reduction he recommends of duties—but seeing that the existing rates produce far more than it was estimated they would by those who insist that high duties necessarily diminish revenue, there will not be as much faith reposed in this Treasury estimate of increased revenue from diminished duties, as if the previous estimates about the opposite result had turned out correctly. We look upon it, therefore, as quite problematical whether there will be any material change in the existing tariff.

Concerning the public lands, the chief effort seems to be to reduce the price of those, which have for a long term of years been offered for sale, without finding purchasers at the present price of \$1 25 per acre. Whether this succeed or not, the policy of the general management of the public lands would be little affected thereby; though its success would be one step forward in the

scheme virtually to give away this noble inheritance of the whole American people.

While, therefore, uncertainty continues respecting the measures of the general Government calculated to affect all business pursuits, and war still prevails, there can be none of the settled feeling and security of ordinary peaceful times. Still commerce has not yet suffered any interruption from Mexican hostilities, or hostilities under the Mexican flag on the seas—no privateers have been heard of—and although through apprehension of possible evil considerable derangement of business occurred at New Orleans by the withdrawal of credits, the suspension of shipments and the accumulation of produce, business is now measurably returning to its accustomed channels; and if, as is hoped, Mexico may soon consent to treat for peace under the pledge reiterated by the President in the message of the 16th inst., in which he communicated to the Senate the war estimates—of his earnest desire to return to a state of peace—the prospects of the future would look more hopeful.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY:

THE foreign intelligence of the month presents no feature of transcendent interest. The war with Mexico has made no advance since our remarks of last month, except that the American army, under General TAYLOR, has taken undisputed possession of Matamoras, and the neighboring region of Mexican territory, and is gradually advancing towards the heart of the country. With England our relations are believed to have been materially improved, by the conclusion of a treaty partitioning the Oregon territory between the rival claimants. The President, from whatever motive, conforming to the practice of WASHINGTON, solicited the advice of the Senate in regard to the terms of composition. That advice was promptly given: a treaty was framed by the Executive in accordance with it; it was at once ratified by the Senate, by the decisive vote of 41 to 14, and is now on its way to England for final approval by the English Government, which it will doubtless receive, and thus become the sovereign and irrevocable law of the land. The terms of the treaty do not differ essentially from those which have been laid down in this Review as just, desirable

and honorable to both the contending parties. The 49th parallel to the Straits of Fuca is adopted as the boundary, England retaining the whole of Vancouver's Island, and the right of joint navigation of the Columbia during the continuance of the present charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, a period of about seventeen years. These facts, it should be added, rest as yet upon nothing better than well authenticated rumor, as the proceedings have all been had in secret session, and have not yet been officially divulged. Of their substantial accuracy, however, we have little doubt, and venture accordingly to congratulate the country upon this satisfactory adjustment of a long-pending and threatening dispute. Granting that the partition is disadvantageous to either party, which need not be conceded, it certainly is honorable to both: and not only they, but the whole world, have reason to rejoice at the pacific and auspicious result.

IN ENGLAND little has occurred of marked interest. The success of Sir Robert Peel's new Corn Bill has been reduced to certainty, by its passage in the House of Lords to a second reading by a large major-

ity; and the next steamer will probably bring intelligence of its final enactment into a law. The apprehensions of famine in Ireland are gradually subsiding, and much of the alarm felt upon the subject, though natural and creditable, seems to have been needless. It has had great influence, however, in effecting the adoption of Sir Robert Peel's new and startling changes in the commercial policy of the kingdom,—changes of which the importance has as yet been but dimly seen, and which must in the end work an entire revolution in the domestic concerns of Great Britain. No stronger or more striking evidence could have been given of the immense increase of the popular, over the aristocratic, element in the government of the country, than is afforded by the triumphant adoption of these important departures from its old, established, and apparently necessary policy.

In FRANCE public attention seems to have been absorbed by several events of considerable interest, though slight importance. Lecompte, who aspired to become the assassin of Louis Philippe, has been "questioned" very closely, and seems to have acted entirely from personal animosity. No connection with political conspirators was made even probable. Prince Louis Napoleon, after a captivity of six years, has made his escape from the fortress of Ham, and had arrived in London, whence he was soon to depart for Florence, to visit his aged father, Lucien Bonaparte. He escaped disguised as a carpenter. His release has relieved the Government from unpleasant embarrassment. An interesting debate upon the Foreign Policy of the present Ministry has been had in the Chamber of Deputies, in which M. THIERS made a very able and elaborate attack upon the whole course of the Government in regard to other nations, which was answered with equal ability, and, as is generally conceded, with complete success, by M. GUIZOT. The Minister was assailed with special force respecting the treaty he had concluded with Morocco, and was bitterly reproached for not having insisted on the surrender of that formidable enemy of France, Abd-el-Kader, who has crowned the war in which he has been so long engaged by one of the most atrocious deeds recorded in history. It is announced, on authority which unhappily precludes doubt, that about the last of April he gave orders to his brother-in-law, Mustapha-Ben-Tami, who commanded in the Deira, and had charge of the French prisoners taken in the last campaign, to rid himself of them, in order to facilitate his retreat, and prevent their rescue by certain tribes of Arabs and of Moors, through the midst of whom Mustapha was about to pass in his flight before the advancing columns of the French. The order was obeyed, and above

three hundred French prisoners, officers and men, unarmed, were butchered in cold blood! This horrible massacre must greatly prolong and deepen the horrors of the war in Algeria. The victories of the French, though some of them have been decisive, seem to have in the end but little effect upon the general contest, and the Arabs have resources for prolonging it indefinitely. The Minister of War has recently published a *tableau* view of the establishments in Algeria, from which it appears that the native population in the parts examined by the Arab Bureau amounts, in the province of Constantini, to 1,046,716 souls; in that of Algiers to 490,168, and in that of Oran to 477,034, giving a total of 1,983,918. The whole population in Algeria, Tell, and Sahara, is estimated at 3,000,000 at least. Demands were made, in 1845, to the Minister of the Interior, for concessions of land, to the number of 1,696, by French subjects, and of 183 by foreigners; the demands made to the Minister of War were more important. The French families demanding to emigrate are 464 in number, and their resources reach the sum of 15,091,359 fr.; the foreign families are 572 in number, and their property amounts to 786,195 fr. The civil population which, in December 31, 1844, consisted of 75,420 individuals, had increased in December 31, 1845, to 96,119; the agricultural population in the establishments founded by the Government amounts to 42,812. Not less than 21,009 orders for gratuitous passages were issued in 1845 by the Minister of War.

The French are about to send a vessel to South America, to institute a new hydrographical survey of the Gulf of Panama, from Point Mala to the bay of Choco. The first soundings of the Pacific side were taken in 1843, by the Danae, and it is now proposed to complete the important work which was then commenced.

The German *Zollverein*, or Customs' Union, is about to hold its Congress at Berlin, when the accession of Hanover to the League is confidently expected. The commercial treaty between the United States and the *Zollverein*, negotiated recently by Mr. WHEATON, as will be remembered, failed to receive the sanction of the Senate. It is not unlikely that a renewed attempt will be made, in the *Zollverein* Conference to accomplish the objects aimed at by this rejected treaty. The importance of the Association, and the number of people comprised within its regulations, render desirable on our part some established commercial relations. The League, it will be recollected, has its origin in a series of treaties made generally for terms of six years, in some instances for four only. Upon the expiration of each term, a Congress or Conference of the *Zollverein* determines whether the association shall be

continued, and what henceforth shall be the tariff of duties to be imposed. At each Congress, the treaties which may have been concluded since the last meeting are presented for ratification. The Zollverein is a confederation of States for commercial purposes. The States at present composing it, are: The Kingdom of Prussia, excepting the Principality of Neufchatel; the Kingdom of Saxony; the Association of the States of Thuringia, of which Weimar is the capital; the Duchy of Brunswick, including the Hanoverian possessions within its limits; the Kingdom of Bavaria; the Kingdom of Wurtemberg; the Grand Duchy of Baden; the Grand Duchy of Hesse; the Electorate of Hesse; the Duchy of Nassau; the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg; the City of Frankfurt; the States Anhalt, Reuss, Hohenzollern, Lippe, and Waldeck. These States comprise, altogether, a population of 29,000,000 souls, of which Prussia alone counts upwards of 16,000,000. Thus the relative power of Prussia in the Confederation is more than half. Prussia owns also the ports on the North Sea. In treaties, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, Russia, France and England, the Zollverein is represented by the Prussian Cabinet, which negotiates and settles the terms. The concerns of the Zollverein with Switzerland, are managed by Austria; and with the Italian States and Turkey, by the Bavarian Cabinet. The Zollverein has commercial treaties with Holland, Belgium, France, England, Portugal, Sardinia, Austria, Russia, Turkey and Denmark. The receipts of the customs of the Zollverein amount to \$8,750,000 for Prussia, and about \$17,500,000 in all. These statistics exhibit sufficiently the commercial importance of the Association, and demonstrate the policy of establishing with it advantageous commercial relations. But great and just doubts are entertained of the propriety of fixing on tariffs by *treaty*, and thus placing beyond the reach of Congress the power expressly committed to it by the Constitution, of laying duties upon imported goods. We do not think any such arrangement should or could receive the sanction of the proper authorities in the United States.

Influences are at work, and events are in progress, in ITALY, which are attracting general attention in Europe, and which cannot fail, at no distant day, to produce important results. The weakness and utter incapacity of most of the Governments of the Papal States, have not only tended to cramp the resources and sacrifice the welfare of the people to a policy long since obsolete; but have aided to perpetuate the domination secured by Austria over the Peninsula, by the arrangements made at the Congress of Vienna. Nothing is wanted but able, efficient and enlightened statesmen, to bring the Italian States out of the

channels of political intrigue in which they have so long been compelled to move, and to place them upon the broad highway of public improvement, on which nearly all the other civilized nations of the world are making so rapid progress. Some of the Italian States are beginning to perceive and to act upon these principles; and they are thus gradually establishing an independent policy. In Sardinia, especially, the enlightened and patriotic king, Charles Albert, has taken steps which cannot fail to work out for his country results of the most important and beneficial character. For some years past, intelligent observers in Europe have remarked the progress which his government has made in the path of political reform. His police regulations have gradually become less and less offensively stringent; his supervision has become more tolerant of opinion and of speech; the ultimate control of the public instruction has been committed to men the most distinguished in the country, who, though devoted to the government, are most inimical to the priests upon whom has hitherto devolved the whole system of education: and the restrictions upon trade, which, having no protective purpose to serve, have simply checked and destroyed the commerce of the kingdom, have been greatly relaxed and are rapidly disappearing altogether. The king, as the *Paris Debats* well remarks, fully understands that the day of political violence and embittered contention has passed, and has wisely raised the standard of reform, being certain, that he who most promptly and fully meets the exigencies of the country as they arise, will render most remote the probability of violent disturbances and bloody revolutions.

The distinguished men of Piedmont, in assembling at the General Congress, have zealously seized the opportunity of rendering themselves useful to their country. The Abbé GIOBERTI, a philosopher and theologian of great merit, has given the signal for the movement by the publication of a work, at once political and moral, upon Italy. This eloquent writer, paying less regard than some of his countrymen to the Utopias of speculative radicals, has proved in a most impressive manner, that to render certain the progress and regeneration of Italy, it is necessary to withdraw the princes from those bloody revolutions which have so widely separated them from their people, and to engage them heartily and zealously in the national cause. He has not failed to remark, with the highest satisfaction and the most deserved eulogium, the noble manner in which the king of Sardinia has already entered upon this noble career. Soon after the appearance of this work of Gioberti, one of the most eminent literary men of Turin, Count CESARE BALBO, published an essay upon the *Hopes*

of Italy, which he dedicated to his illustrious predecessor in the same walk. In this work he insists, in terms at once clear and impressive, upon the entire independence of Italy. At any other epoch than the present, a writer who should have so boldly put forth these sentiments would have, at least, subjected himself to perpetual exile. But Balbo lives quietly at Turin, and is received with the highest consideration at the royal court. The same is true of Count Pettite and M. Massimo d'Azeglio—both of whom have recently published some important works, the former upon *Railroads* in Italy, and the latter upon the present condition of Rome.

There is nothing in all this which should awaken the jealousy or hostility of any European power. But, as might readily have been foreseen, the attention of the Austrian Government has been awakened, and its fears excited, by these evidences of a progress and reviving feeling of nationality which can scarcely fail, in the end, to detach the Italian States from all dependence upon Austria.

Diplomatic remonstrances have not been wanting; but the King, Charles Albert, has maintained with firmness his rights as the free sovereign of an independent State. The resentment of Austria has been manifested in a recent decree, published in the Milan official Gazette of April 20, subjecting the wines of Piedmont to a most exorbitant increase of export duty; but the king has promptly met this blow by another, which relieves from duty many articles of French production, which before were almost excluded from his dominions. Thus, while Austria cuts off trade with the Italian States, they invite trade with France; and the inevitable result of the movement must be, to perfect their independence of Austria, and to open a profitable and liberalizing commerce with their western neighbors. It is, of course, received with lively satisfaction by the people of France; and the *Debats* pays the king a just and lofty tribute for the enlightened policy which he has adopted: "The King, Charles Albert," says that journal, "knows better than any monarch of the time, that public opinion is mistress of the world, and that nothing can escape the severe impartiality of her decisions: he is therefore determined, now and hereafter, to merit her approval. This approbation he will not lack, neither in Italy nor in France nor in the rest of Europe, if he will continue to show himself friendly to safe and useful reforms, to guide the high faculties of his people towards profitable works of labor and of peace, and to attain thus the glorious future reward for the House of Savoy." The position which Austria occupies in regard to this movement, and the general prospects of that old bulwark of European

despotism, are very forcibly set forth in this brief paragraph from the London Times:

"If we were to scrutinize with a searching and a prophetic eye the present condition and the future destinies of that great Empire, which extends from Semlin to Milan, we should be filled with unwonted and melancholy forebodings as to the trials it may have at no distant period to undergo. A childish Emperor, a decaying minister, a bigoted family council, an aristocracy ill acquainted with its duties and its rights, a peasantry which is in some provinces imbued with the most anti-social doctrines, an unformed middle class, an embarrassed treasury, and a dissected territory, are things which surround with sinister presages the House of Austria. Her foreign rivals, to the east, to the north, and to the south are incited to press on in their respective lines of policy by the evident embarrassment and alarm of the Cabinet of Vienna. Russia has her designs, more than commenced, upon the Slavonian populations; Prussia has affected to take the lead in the affairs of Germany; and in northern Italy the national competitor for power is to be found in the House of Savoy. With each of these States Austria has formed close alliances, for the purpose of crushing popular movements, and checking the advancement of the time; but each of them will prove her formidable rival and opponent whenever it is discovered that the true basis of their power is the free national development of their respective dominions."

Of miscellaneous, and especially literary intelligence, we have but little this month. The publications of the four weeks that have elapsed since our last review, seem to have been of but slight importance. The London *Athenaeum* has a long critical notice of the little volume of Poems entitled "Man in the Republic," by Mr. MATTHEWS, of which a second edition was recently issued: it closes with this paragraph, which, in its praise and censure, seems to us alike discriminating:

"Our readers will see there is something of originality in this design and its treatment; and the execution is, in parts, good. An expressive carelessness of performance, at times—a looseness of metres beyond all reasonable allowance,—and an occasional turgidity of tone—a lifting, as it were, of the author's self up on stilts quite out of the sight of small men—disfigure a thoughtful and characteristic work. How, in a new edition, which this is, these faults have not been corrected, we are at a loss to understand. The little duodecimo is worth the pains; and we welcome heartily a minstrel from the great continent who treats us to American music."

Letters from Italy all notice the plans for various reforms which are on foot in that country. While the Pope has forbidden the construction of railroads in his dominions, in Tuscany they are undertaken in

every direction. From Leghorn to Pisa one has been for a long time in operation, and it has been recently opened to Porte d'Erra, whence, in October, it will be carried to Empoli; and in 1847 the connection between Leghorn and Florence will be complete. A railway from Florence to Pistoria is to be constructed within two years: from Pisa to Lucca in October; and from Empoli to Sienna in six months. Great preparations are in progress for the Scientific Reunion at Genoa, to commence on the 15th and terminate on the 29th of September. The Marquis de Brignoli, Sardinian Ambassador at Paris, is to preside, and the city has voted 100,000 francs towards defraying the expenses of the meeting. An immense statue of the Emperor Francis I. has just been issued from the Foundry of Viscardi, and at the latest date was on its way to Vienna. Its gigantic proportions, as well as its successful execution, entitle it to attention. It is nine braccia high, and weighs 37,000 Milanese pounds. The monarch is enveloped in a large and rich toga, and his brow is surrounded by laurel. His right hand is in a raised position, as if in the act of addressing the people; and in his left he holds a sceptre, which is supported upon his arm. It was modeled by Marchesi, and a letter in the Athenæum says that the precision of design, the energy of expression united to sovereign beauty of form, the exactness in all the *ritorni* and in all the folds, give this statue the appearance of life and motion, and make it a splendid triumph of Art.

It is stated by a German journal that the basis of a Treaty has been agreed upon between France and Austria for the recipro-

cal protection of Literature and the Arts against piracy.

The Temperance cause is making such rapid progress in the northern kingdoms of Europe, as to render the statistics of its results worthy of record. There are now in Sweden 323 societies, placed under a central direction, composed of the Count de Hartmannsdorf, the Baron de Berzelius, and Professor Retzius. The members are 88,687 in number—being a twenty-eighth of the whole population. Of the Stockholm Society, the King and the Prince Royal are members; and it had obtained the King's authority to convoke in the capital, for the 15th of June, a Congress of all the Temperance Associations throughout Sweden—to which those of foreign countries were invited to send deputations. It is stated that upwards of five hundred distilleries have been shut up in Sweden in the course of the last two years. In Norway, the first society of the kind was established so lately as the end of 1844; and there are already ninety-two, counting 11,000 members.

Last year an address was presented by the Storthing of Norway to the King, in which they requested that a commission of juriconsults might be sent to England, France and Belgium, to examine into the practical working of the *Jury* institution, and its results moral and material. His Swedish Majesty has complied with the wish of that body, and appointed M. Ole Munch Roeder, Professor of Law at the University of Christiana, and M. Emilie Aubert, Advocate to the Appeal Court of the Province of Bergen, to carry it into effect.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

### *Graydon's Memoirs of his own Times:* Littell.

In our days of universal authorship, especially when the startling enunciation of a great name is not iterated—a name got without deserving, and lost perhaps with shame—it is necessary to give some account of a writer who was popular in his day, and is now revived again for our especial wonder. In the Editor's introduction, we find the following allusion to the Author, which we copy, as much for our own future enlightenment as that of the Public. "Mr. Graydon," he says, "was one of the few survivors of that old school of accomplished gentlemen who flourished before our Revolution;—at a period when the courtesy of society was not disturbed by insubordination in systems, nor violated by laxity of sentiment." To this "Senti-

ment" we interpose an objection; there was *one* instance of insubordination in the *system* of writing, which is practically illustrated in this book. The author seems to have been a man of attainments and taste, but we look in vain for one sparkling thought, one ingenious term of expression or one original idea. Notwithstanding these defects, it has merits the most essential and useful. As a work of historical reference and Biographical reminiscence, wherein personal recollections of Washington, Hancock, Lee, Wayne, Warren, Green and others is given, it is valuable and interesting, inasmuch as it includes anecdotes, which convey an insight into the character of each, as well as acquaints the reader with characteristic incidents relating to the war and those who periled their lives and fortunes, to give it

a successful termination. One irredeemable fault is the excessively minute detail upon the most trivial subjects, and upon men, too, with whom the reader can have no interest or sympathy. In one passage we are informed that "Mr. Pike was a poor fencer,"—again, "We were not displeased with Paine for calling King George a royal Brute," and in similar passages throughout the work, an evident garrulousness mars insufferably the interest of the reader.

The notes by the Editor form the most amusing episode in perusing the volume.

The subject which Mr. Graydon handles, leaves a place still vacant for the exercise of a vigorous and descriptive pen, to bring into historical relief the deeds of miraculous bravery and daring which won the band of revolutionary heroes an imperishable heritage. What was deficient in striking, dramatic splendor, such as was portrayed in Napoleon's career, would be supplied by instances of endurance and almost insurmountable difficulties and calamities with which the times were so imminently rife. The field for such narration is a good one. Mr. Graydon's book is mainly valuable for affording some historical points of view.

*Voyages in the Arctic Regions.* Harper & Brothers.

In perusing this volume we are struck with the peril and endurance with which the pursuit of extending and improving science is attended, and the splendid results accruing to those who survived the trial. Arctic discovery has been prosecuted by Great Britain almost exclusively, and the benefit of her discoveries has been practically demonstrated in the advancement of every kind of science. The voyage of Captain Ross was chiefly for the purpose of making a series of observations on terrestrial magnetism, a subject which is now changing the whole face of the globe. This book contains an account of all the voyages made since 1818, including two attempts to reach the north pole; but it strikes us, that the author has too much epitomized the narrative except in the instance of Parry, whose discoveries were little less important than those of Captain Ross. Dr. Johnson said that the man who had seen the wall of China, might be said to confer a lustre on his grandchildren. Since the opium victories there, Lord Macartney's grandchildren, according to this theory, have been covered all over with "lustre," to the prejudice, perhaps, of their relative's achievements. What would the learned lexicographer say to a man who had stood on the point whereon this globe of ours forever turns, and contemplated the manifold enlargements of physical science such hardy enterprise was sure to beget? Not the least interesting of these narratives is

Franklin and Richardson's Journey, which was made, not for the discovery of a north-west passage, but for facilitating one, and for extension of geographical knowledge in that part of the Polar Sea. To those fond of stirring adventure, and a knowledge of these remote regions, this volume will be an auxiliary; but, as we previously remarked, the account is in too abbreviated a form.

*Views and Reviews in American History, Literature and Fiction.* By W. GILMORE SIMMS. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam.

This is the best volume of Mr. Simms' miscellaneous writings that we have seen. The style, as usual, is graceful and clear; and with most of the opinions expressed we most heartily accord. We especially accept the earnestness with which he urges the variety and fitness of the materials to be found in this country for the purposes of creation in Literature and Art. He has illustrated this subject with much force and illustration, through a hundred pages of the present volume, under the title of "History for the Purposes of Art." He afterwards partially reoccupies the same field in an interesting essay on "Indian Literature and Art." We do not always agree with his deductions—but they deserve attention for many reasons. The breadth and compass of our resources for the moulding of thought into new forms—in marble, on the canvas, or the written page—is not appreciated. In this volume of Mr. Simms, there is more light thrown upon the subject than any other writer has furnished. The remainder of the volume is taken up with a sketch of Daniel Boone, a long essay on Cortez and the Conquest of Mexico, and a review of the writings of Cooper.

*History of the Bastille.* By R. A. DEAN-ENFORD. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This is one of the most interesting books we have met with for a long period. An epitome of the history of France, interspersed with captivating anecdotes and individual sketches, for four centuries back, may be gleaned from its pages. There is more information in it relating to France, her court, and chief characters at different times, than we have ever before seen about any nation in the same compass. The famous Prison was the *genius loci*, where the various political factions which distracted France for three centuries, darkly consummated their many schemes. Those who would know with what fidelity their commissions were executed, must consult this author. In point of historical accuracy and research the book is truly remarkable, from the fascinating form in which both are embodied, and the light they shed upon the most obscure epochs.

"The Bastile" flourished through many reigns of tyranny and oppression, and was the exigent of each; but it subsequently fell before the advancements that crumbled into dust the feudal hereditaments of France.

We have no space to give its merits a more elaborate survey, but in looking over the volume, we have been impressed with the sad truth it teaches. From the earliest history of France the same great scheme of iniquity has been enacted, and Kings, Queens, Bishops and Plebeians, played alternately the parts of victors and victims. Such is all history, and such is humanity! One fact may not be uninteresting to the American reader. After the demolition of the Bastile, its key was presented, by General Lafayette, to General Washington, by whom it was placed in the hall of Mount Vernon, where, we believe, it yet remains, enclosed in a glass case, fastened to the wall, for the inspection of the curious.

*Achievements of the Knights of Malta.*

By ALEX. SUTHERLAND, Esq. Carey & Hart's Library for the People, No. II.

\* This is a singularly pleasant book. It tells the story of a wonderful era in our world's history with a charming simplicity and naïveté. It stirs our blood, it makes the heart leap with a generous and kindred enthusiasm, to read of the deeds of those Hospitalliers. It is, indeed, glorious to relieve human suffering, though there is something far more glorious, which is, to prevent it. The world will reach this latter glory only through the first, however, and we hail it as a sign of promise and of progress, when, actuated "by a desire of attaining greater perfection," men and women formally or informally dedicate themselves at the altar of God, as the servants of the Poor and of Christ. Well might the Hospitalliers find constant employment in mitigating the evil

that surrounded a people, plunged in misery by terrible wars of religious fanaticism. The same want of wisdom, though differently manifested—the same spirit of war in these last times—may make ere long the necessity for a people compassionate enough to form a new order of Hospitalliers. Whether the demand will create the article, as readily as the necessity has been created, is somewhat questionable. But the Hospitalliers fell from their first estate. They ceased to heal the wounded and the wretched, and went forth a warlike order, rivaling the Knights Templar in creating the evils that they at first sought to cure. For many centuries these two great rivals contested for the palm of chivalric honor, both pretending to be based upon the sternest principles of monkish asceticism, both equally ambitious, and both falling as far short of their profession in their practice, as is usual in this world of pretension. They stood shoulder to shoulder confronting the Infidel on the sands of Palestine, but as soon as success or a truce had caused a cessation of arms, the rancorous hate which their rivalry had fomented, burst forth in mutual recrimination and bloody feuds. The Order of the Knights Templar was finally destroyed by the ferocious hate of Philip of France, backed by the treachery of the Pope. They were massacred in all the Christian countries on the globe, miserably perishing by fire, sword, and tortures, while even the dead were horribly outraged. The quarrel of the wretches who preyed upon them, was only appeased by their *religiously* ceding the plunder to the Hospitalliers. This Order then became the most powerful in the world, conquered Rhodes, and after a long series of vicissitudes, was finally established in Malta, from which they were driven by Revolutionary France.

We may take up this book again. It offers material for a charming article.



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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

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"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

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NO. XX.

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AUGUST, 1846.

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THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW.

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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW:

A WHIG JOURNAL

OF

## POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

VOL. IV.

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AUGUST, 1846.  
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No. II.

### THE OREGON TREATY.

It is among the most encouraging circumstances of the age, that the news of the peaceful settlement of the Oregon question has been received by the three leading nations of Christendom with undisguised gratification. There is no need here of inquiring whether the claims in dispute were in themselves of sufficient value to have bred the danger of such a conflict. It is enough when an accomplished and proud nation, and powerful enough to defend its pride, sincerely believes that any affair in question touches a vital point of its honor. Its interest may be foregone; a point, even, of national security may be yielded; but its dignity and self-respect will be jealously defended. These are a nation's best inheritance; wealth and power without them are but poor possessions;—but no people can long maintain themselves in their own regard, or in that of others, who do not defend their rights. That England was sincere in asserting that she had rights to be maintained in the Oregon region—that she believed a large portion of the territory was justly hers—cannot admit of a doubt in the minds of those who have noted her language and conduct. It must be equally beyond doubt among candid men everywhere, that the counter-claim, so far as urged by the more intelligent and sober-minded of the American people, was in like manner sincerely alleged, and with a full belief in its validity. Thus, however small

may have been the value of the territory in dispute—and to England, at least, it was comparatively of little consequence—there was, within certain limits on each side, a line of honor not to be transgressed by the opposing power, giving to the question a grave character in the eyes of other nations. Unfortunately, according to the feelings of large portions of the respective communities, these lines crossed each other in many points, thus allowing room for many positions to be looked upon by one side as aggressions, when to the other they were but the natural and necessary occupation of grounds of right. It was, therefore, no causeless or insignificant cloud of war through which the star of peace so heavily struggled, and it required distinct concessions on each side, even from those in the State holding to the most moderate of the claims put forth, before the heavens that cover the ocean between us could be made clear again. These concessions were made. The affairs of the English Government, by a good Providence, were in the hands of an administration given to moderate counsels; and the great bulwark of our national interests, the Senate, exercised its ancient prerogative of educating wise results from popular tumult, factious cabals, and that most fatal of all things in a government, an executive at once imbecile and ambitious. But, happily, this was not all. It might, indeed, have been sufficient for present

tranquillity, that the controlling power in the State was on each side so wisely actuated; but, fortunately for the encouragement of those who hope for the coming of an age which shall know how to regulate the world without war, the great body of the people in both countries were plainly impatient of any disturbance of the peace of Christendom. This is evident from the congratulations so widely exchanged in both countries—congratulations arising not altogether from calculations of interest, but as well from a feeling every day more generally diffused, that a war which should have been avoided is crime. And this satisfaction is not entirely confined to the two nations more immediately concerned in the controversy. France also, volatile, ambitious, fond of glory and excitement—qualities of temper which render her the most dangerous of all the communities of Europe—has given unequivocal proofs of her gratification that the civilized world is not again to be convulsed with general hostilities. A few Parisian journals, which from opposition to a ministry disposed to maintain friendly relations toward the English Government, are accustomed to denounce all the movements of Great Britain, feel it of course their duty to be dissatisfied; but the French people, it is evident, are mainly in favor of peace among civilized nations. This community of sentiment is an important fact;—evidently, by a single reflection. There are four great nations, that virtually rule the affairs, not only of Christendom, but of the world. They are England, France, the United States and Russia. Unquestionably, any one of these great powers—of itself, unaided by any other—would dare to break up the present peace of nations, and would be able to carry on the war for a period, in the face of any combination. But it is nearly as certain that no other State, without the countenance of one of these, would dare to enter into a struggle of any moment. Austria would not: she has no vessels, nor even sea-board, to enable her to acquire power upon the ocean, and her position midway between France and Russia would “give her pause” before she would undertake a war without the assistance, or at least the guaranteed forbearance, of either. Prussia would not: having no ships, she is but the worse at present for her sea-coast; and, though a military state by education, she stands too much in awe of her powerful

neighbors from without, and, from within, of the more dangerous free opinions so rapidly growing up in the minds of the people. Sweden and Norway have neither fleets nor armies, nor a treasury by which they could be created; Italy and Spain, impoverished, oppressed, dispirited, are only able to lament and bleed; Turkey, broken in her pride and without resources, will hereafter see the crescent of Islam gleam only on the minarets of her mosques, no longer over the front of battle; Mexico and the South American States, are plainly unequal to any prolonged efforts of hostilities on a grand scale; and the nations of Asia, inert and inefficient, as they have been for 2,000 years, can never greatly disturb, with demonstrations of war, the affairs of more civilized powers. Thus the vast interests of general peace lie practically in the keeping of only four governments. Hostilities may be carried on by half barbarous nations among themselves; or some one of the great powers spoken of may wage a desultory war on the outskirts of civilized life; but, as power is now divided, no great struggle, breaking the repose of Christendom, and checking the progress of civilization, can be entered into, if France, Russia, England and America, should stand against it. We may go farther; for if the other three, especially France and England, should manifest strong and united opposition, Russia, without such an accession to her naval and military skill as cannot be looked for, will hardly feel disposed to disturb the peace of Europe. That those two governments, therefore, which can, together, practically hold the balance of power in the eastern hemisphere, should share with this republic, growing every day more powerful and important, so manifest a gratification that a warlike question has been peacefully settled, is a thing worthy of consideration among the signs of the times.

It is true, that this expression is not to be relied on as implying any determination, in the minds of these governments, to have no more to do with *Christian* warfare. They have by no means reached such a point. They are as yet content with desiring it, in a manner, without coming at all to any clear purpose, or even to any definite perception of what is attainable. They have hardly begun fairly to lay aside old animosities, and the remembrances of ancient battles; much less have they brought themselves

to contemplate the possibility of three or four leading powers actually resolving that there shall be no more great wars in Christendom, and keeping their resolution.

It is, indeed, wonderful, how rapidly an enlightened people, in this age even, come to accustom themselves to the idea of war. "Possible," "probable," "inevitable," is the development of appellatives in their minds. First, they indulge themselves in talking largely, and with no great clearness, of certain injuries received from a foreign nation, insulted claims, or some offensive position assumed by them: it is declared not unlikely, if things go on so, that hostilities may grow out of it. Next, the speech-making leaders opportunely delegated to be *rulers*, patriotic men in power, and the unpurchasable press, take pains to show the country aggrieved, talk strongly as a government, and contrive by a bold front and skillful diplomacy to convert a previous measurably good understanding into uneasiness and rancor. Their warlike tone being naturally echoed, the sober part of the community begin then to denounce the blundering government which has brought things to such a pass:—they acknowledge the nation partly in the wrong, but *what of right there is in the case* must be defended! Diplomatic issues, oblique as usual, shoot past each other—negotiation confuses itself—friendly argument is thrust aside as not sufficiently independent—military preparations begin to be made—and both nations, settling down into the feeling that there is "no help for it," philosophically "prepare their hearts for war." At length, after a long suspense, and a general checking of all prosperous business, the dominant parties in the respective States discover that no political capital can be manufactured by a war fever; a few mutual concessions are then made, a treaty summarily follows, and both countries congratulate themselves, each other and the world, that they did not invoke the aid of arms, when they ought only to be ashamed that war was ever dreamed of between them. This, it will not be denied, has been too much the history of the public mind in this country; and in England, the body of the people were gradually and coolly adopting the opinion that as the Americans "would have war," war it must be:—it seems never to have entered their minds that their own government might not have offered altogether so liberal, or just,

a concession as could have been conceived of. It offered to arbitrate—which was fair; but in the way of negotiation it had always been unreasonable.

Such was the matter-of-fact acquiescence of Christian communities in the alternative of blood! It shows their congratulations of peace to be based, as yet, somewhat less on principle than could be wished. A *feeling*, however, is evidently present, on which a received principle may finally be established as a line of conduct for Christendom. And in this point of view, the fact that another controversy between nations has been settled by honorable concession, is of large importance. For its inherent nature, the moral effect of such an occurrence is great, and tends to produce in the minds of men that state of sentiment which shall be the perennial well-spring of the peace of humanity. With nations, moreover, as with individuals, custom, habit, rules, everything;—each new example of a question so settled, will render it more easy and natural for another to follow, by one step more, towards that condition of the world when "the loudness of the trumpet and the shock of armies" shall be forgotten. And in this conviction we cannot but advert to the tone in which the first men of both countries have expressed themselves on this occasion. The language used by Mr. Webster, Mr. Mangum, Mr. Crittenden, and other eminent members of the American Senate, was unequivocal and exalted:—It deprecated—and for higher reasons than the burning of cities and the ruin of commerce—that useless intervention of arms, which, at the end of a long struggle, would but leave both nations impoverished and demoralized, and the question still to be settled—*by treaty!* Similar terms had been uttered by the leaders of the British Parliament. Especially noble is the language used by Sir Robert Peel—a man of generous and enlarged views, whom the world is very justly coming to consider one of the most enlightened statesmen of the age. In that noble and elevated speech, in which he has just taken leave of official power, he bestows a lofty encomium upon Lord Aberdeen for "the exertions which he had made in the maintenance of peace." "He has dared to avow," says the British Minister, "that he thinks in a *Christian country* there is a *moral obligation upon a Christian minister to exhaust every effort before incurring the risk of war.*" And afterwards, having



announced, amid the cheers of the House of Commons, that the last proposals of the English Government for the division of Oregon had been accepted by America, Sir Robert Peel added a few impressive words, which are worth remembering.

"Thus, sir, these two great nations, impelled, I believe, by the public opinion, which ought to guide and influence statesmen, have by moderation—by the spirit of mutual compromise—avoided the dreadful calamity of a war between two nations of kindred race and common language, the breaking out of which would have involved the civilized world in calamities to an extent which it is difficult to foresee."

We have thus spoken of the event itself. It is worthy of all the congratulations that the country can bestow upon it. Against its provisions very little can be said. But in the manner of its accomplishment we have not been so fortunate. As a party, indeed—if anything about the matter ever ought, as we have before mentioned, to have been looked at in a partisan light—the more sober portion of the community have nothing to regret in the transaction. The Whigs, with here and there a moderate mind from the opposite ranks, were always in favor of just the partition which has taken place. But what have the Democratic party to felicitate themselves upon in the whole affair, from first to last? The history of their entire conduct on the question throughout is sufficiently sickening, and the country has heard enough of it. It is necessary, however, to open up a page or two here, that our own position may be placed on record. But we will promise to be brief.

That a clear view of the whole case may be had, we present a short statement of the proposals made, at different times, by our government, and those offered by England, in return, together with the provisions of the present treaty. It will then be seen, what we have gained or lost by this treaty over our own former proposition, and which party in the Republic stands on the most favorable ground in relation to this great national question.

It will be remembered, that the first convention entered into between any two nations respecting the north-west coast, having any influence on our final claims, was that of Nootka Sound, in 1790. Spain, by early discoveries from the year 1513, by occupation of the coasts as high as the Californias, by farther explorations in 1774-5, as high up as latitude 58°, and

by two centuries and a half of "*prescription*" along the whole Pacific shore, considered herself as having exclusive right to that entire region. England, having made, after 1768, several explorations, in the high latitudes below the 58th°, more accurate than the Spanish—landing, moreover, and trading with the natives—conceived that she also had claims on that coast. Difficulties arose, and were rapidly ripening into war, when the Treaty of the Escorial, called the Nootka Convention, was entered into, by which, saying nothing of the original claims asserted by either party, the north-west coast and seas were to be open to the subjects both of England and Spain, in a kind of common occupancy. So much was wrested, as we showed more fully in the February article, from Spanish weakness. Still, once obtained, it was, undoubtedly, in some sort, an English acquisition.

The first transaction entered into by our government affecting the Oregon question, was the purchase of Louisiana from the French, in 1803. This vast region, as originally held by Spain, and afterwards by France, seems never to have had any conceivable limits. Lying west of the Mississippi, and stretching north and north-west to an undefined extent, it gave us, *as against England*, some indefinite claims on the Pacific. The discovery of the Columbia river, and subsequent explorations of the branches, gave us, *as against her*, a still farther title to that region. Great Britain, meantime, following up the advantage she had won from Spain, had begun to occupy, with trading posts, and—what is the strongest point in her final claim—had discovered and explored the second great river and valley of Oregon, Frazer's river, running from above the 54th degree south nearly to the 49th parallel.

The first distinct proposition made by us to the English government, bearing upon this question, was that in a prospective treaty, drawn up with their Commissioners, soon after our acquisition of Louisiana, for the purpose of settling the northern boundary of that territory. It had been commonly believed—and the point is not yet wholly cleared up—that Commissioners, appointed according to the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, had already adopted the 49th parallel as the dividing line between the then French possession of Louisiana and Canada and the British Hudson's Bay territories; and in the treaty now proposed, it

was agreed, that the boundary between the United States and British possessions on the north should run from the Lake of the Woods to the 49th degree, and follow that parallel westward "as far as their said respective territories extend in that quarter: provided that nothing in the present article shall be construed to extend to the north-west coast of America, or to territories belonging to, or claimed by, either party, on the Continent of America, to the westward of the Stony (Rocky) Mountains."\* This article in the intended treaty was approved of by both governments. But President Jefferson wished the proviso respecting the north-west coast should be omitted, as it "could have little other effect than as an offensive intimation to Spain, that the claims of the United States extend to the Pacific ocean. *However reasonable,*" continues Mr. Jefferson, "*such claims may be compared with those of others, it is impolitic, especially at the present moment, to strengthen Spanish jealousies of the United States, which it is probably an object with Great Britain to excite, by the clause in question.*"† We do not suppose that Jefferson's idea of England's wishing to "excite Spanish jealousies" of us, had any foundation whatever, or was excusable, except from the disturbed state of feelings, at that time, between the United States and Great Britain; but the passage shows how completely that statesman, sagacious in many things, was possessed of the true idea of the nature and condition of our claims on the Pacific coast—that, by our discoveries there, and by the indefinite extent of the Louisiana territories, our title was tenable, not wholly as against Spain, who had a prior title, but as against England. This was the proposed treaty of 1807-8; but the disturbed relations of the two countries, from other causes, prevented its ratification.

After the war, negotiation on the subject of north-west boundaries was renewed. The American Plenipotentiaries, Messrs. Rush and Gallatin, in 1818 proposed, in effect, the same dividing line as before—that it should run from the north-west extremity of the Lake of the Woods to latitude 49°, and thence with that parallel westward; but with this addition, that it should be continued to the Pacific ocean. The discussion was protracted—the British Commissioners,

Goulburn and Robinson, being anxious to secure to English subjects the free navigation of the Mississippi. This was steadily refused on our part, the more firmly that we had been denied access to the St. Lawrence, to which we had a far greater right. The proposed line was finally acceded to as far west as the Rocky Mountains. They then discussed, by itself, the subject of respective claims to territories on the Pacific. The several grounds of title, with which the public are now familiar, were set forth on each side. No distinct proposition for a boundary was made by the British Commissioners, but it was intimated that the river was the most proper, and that no articles would be agreed to that did not give them the harbor at the mouth in common with the United States. This was decided enough, and of course precluded further argument. The alternative agreed upon was the convention of joint-occupancy, which stipulated, in substance, that "all the territories and their waters, claimed by either power, should be free and open to the vessels, citizens and subjects of both, for ten years; provided, however, that no claim of either, or of any other nation to any part of these territories should be prejudiced by the arrangement."

So far, the American Commissioners had conducted the negotiation without reference at all to the Spanish title. This has been made by the English press and diplomatists the ground of the accusation, that we had no real belief in the validity of that title. Nothing could well be more unfounded. The relation of Spain and the United States to each other and to England, was at that time precisely analogous to that of England and the United States to each other and to Russia, in the negotiation that took place five years afterwards with that power. Russia had arrogated extensive rights on the north-west coast farther south than either England or the United States, who had then acquired the Spanish title, was disposed to allow. Our government was desirous of settling the matter by a triple convention, which should confine each power within certain latitudes. Both England and Russia, however, taking offence at President Monroe's declaration against European intervention or colonization on this continent, refused the pro-

\* Greenhow's Oregon and California.

† President Jefferson's Message to Congress, March 22, 1806.

posal. But instead, Russia treated with each power separately—agreeing with each that as to her own claims, they should be conceded to her as far south as 54° 40', leaving any conflicting claims which England and the United States might assert below that latitude, to be settled between themselves. But if it was competent to England to negotiate for certain claims, as against Russia, knowing the necessity of afterwards settling with us about the same claims, manifestly it was equally competent for the United States to negotiate with England about similar claims held by us, as against her, though aware that the same must subsequently be treated about with Spain, as holding a title prior to that of both. And there are, besides, two other considerations bearing upon this case. It had long been evident to American Statesmen, that the ancient vast dominion of Spain on this continent was rapidly breaking up. A few years longer of indolent efforts and misguided counsels would see it in fragments. It was but the part of common foresight so to interpose contingent grounds of title, that such parts of her immense territories as were greatly more valuable to us than to any foreign power should not fail of falling to our share. A second important fact is that, while our negotiations with England were pending, in 1818, we had already been treating with Spain two or three years for all her rights in the Oregon region. That treaty was all the while expected to be first consummated, but it was not till four months later; and this we think matter of regret; for had we, negotiating with Great Britain, definitely possessed the Spanish title, we might at that time have attained some settlement of the question, and saved all further altercation.

Having strengthened our claim by the acquisition of the rights of Spain, we opened the negotiation again in 1824. Mr. Rush, on our part, proposed that any part of the territory claimed by either power, should be open to both nations for ten years: *Provided*, that in that time the British were to make no settlements north of the 55th or south of the 51st parallel. For the 51st°, Mr. Rush afterwards substituted the 49th°. The British Commissioners, Huskisson and Canning, proposed, on the other hand, that the boundary-line should pass

from the Rocky Mountains along the 49th parallel, till it struck the great northern branch of the Columbia, thence down the middle of the river to the ocean—both nations being at liberty, for ten years, to pass by land or water through the territories on both sides of the boundary. This proposal was, of course, rejected. Great Britain, it was declared, would make no other, and the negotiation was stopped.

The original period of joint occupation, however, was drawing to a close, and our government again, in 1826, pressed for a settlement of the question. During this period, the "joint occupancy" had been all on one side. We had neglected the country. Scarcely an American was seen in the whole region, while through the vast extent of wilderness, from Labrador to the Pacific, the Hudson's Bay Company had established trading-posts, and extended the laws, usages and interests of Great Britain. This strengthened for England that kind of secondary claim recognized in law as created by *occupation, use*—but it did not at all affect the original title. The American right, by the Spanish title and by our own discoveries, was still, on the whole, paramount. In this negotiation, the British Commissioners made, in effect, the same proposal as before. Mr. Gallatin, in return, repeated the offer made in 1818—viz.: the 49th parallel, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, but with this important addition, that "*if the said line should cross any of the branches of the Columbia at points from which they are navigable to the main stream, the navigation of said branches of the main stream should be perpetually free to the citizens of both nations.*" England refused to give up the territory on the north bank of the Columbia;—she offered, however, to give up "*a detached territory, extending on the Pacific and the Straits of Fuca, from Bulfinch's Harbor to Hood's Canal,*" and that "no works should be erected by either power at the mouth or on the banks of the Columbia, calculated to impede free navigation." But the United States very justly resolved to yield no part of the country south of the 49th parallel. They had offered, uniformly and consistently, a line of compromise quite below the claims of their abstract title, and they were resolved to abide by it. The provisions for joint occupancy, there-

fore, were, in 1827, indefinitely extended—each power being now at liberty, however, to abrogate the agreement, on giving a year's notice of such intention.

Notwithstanding this friendly arrangement, some public gentlemen of more zeal than wisdom, the very next year, brought up, in the House of Representatives, the military occupation of the Columbia. After a series of excited debates, the more fiercely patriotic and radical portion of the House succeeded in getting a bill reported, authorizing the exploration of Oregon, and the establishment of forts and garrisons from the 42d parallel to that of 54° 40', and to extend over those territories the U. S. jurisdiction. The entire bill was in plain violation of the provisions for joint occupancy. As such, it was strongly opposed by the most eminent members of the House; it was also perceived that the bill, covering the whole territory in dispute, was taking for granted that Great Britain, notwithstanding her long usage of that region, and the successive negotiations on our part for making an equitable division, had in fact no right whatever on the Pacific coast. The bill was accordingly rejected.

In 1842, public attention having been again attracted to the Oregon question, a bill was brought into the Senate, providing, among other things, for the granting of specified tracts of land for permanent settlements, for the construction of forts from the Arkansas and Missouri rivers to the pass of the mountains, and at the mouth of the Columbia; and also for extending U. S. jurisdiction over that portion of Oregon lying *between the 42d and the 49th parallels*, saying nothing of territory farther north.

This bill, then, covered only that portion of Oregon which all our offers of compromise, so far, had claimed. It was, however, in spirit and in fact, an infringement of that same Convention of 1827, which neither power had yet abrogated; and it is quite a matter of wonder how it should ever have passed the Senate of the United States. It did pass, but happily it was never carried through the House. Had it passed both Houses, the President would undoubtedly have vetoed it. Otherwise, if carried into effect, England would, we think, have had a just cause of war.

Such, then, had been the various discussions, negotiations and proposals, on the subject of Oregon. It will be seen

at once, that no proposition from Government, no Presidential Message, not even a vote of either House of Congress, had ever intimated, that in the final settlement of the question, we were to have any territory above the 49th parallel. What sudden light, then, we ask, has fallen upon the minds of the "leaders of the people," that the miscellaneous caucus at Baltimore, wiser than three generations of diplomatists, senators and statesmen, should so stringently declare, that the "Model Republic" was unquestionably owner of the entire region, and that the claim must be enforced to the last degree and minute? What equal illumination was reflected from them upon the mind of the President they made? What vast sense of duty to the nation lay at once on his "instructed" shoulders, that Mr. Polk, manifestly without studying the question, should declare in his inaugural address and first message, that our right to the whole of a territory which had been for 40 years the subject of dispute and compromise, was unquestionable and must be maintained? What wisdom-dropping cloud had suddenly passed over the capitol, that belligerent senators should see grounds of action which their predecessors never dreamed of? What shadow of the spirit of Jefferson, that the patriotic "peace-maker," the "Organ," should burst itself daily with denunciation of England? And what did all this loud and martial front, kept up for months together—the violent tone of the radical press—apparent (though strangely tardy!) preparations for war—the depression of public confidence—the stagnation of business—the general uncertainty brooding over the minds of men—what did all this practically mean? That the Administration were sincere? That they really thought a war with Great Britain was necessary to save the honor and rights of the nation? That on the whole a war must come? Nothing of the kind. The whole country long since saw through the entire movement. It is now clearer than ever. It was, from first to last, a soulless bubble, blown up for political effect. Could war, indeed, have been even transiently popular with the body of the nation—could it have preserved to the authors of it their ill-gotten, ill-starred power for a single year—we should no doubt have had a conflict bloody and exhausting enough to have satisfied the "hearts of the people." Had the country, indeed, been thoroughly pre-

pared, the resources of the nation abundant for a long and deadly struggle, we believe the President would not have hesitated to plunge us into it, in mere hopes that success would make it popular.

But the President and his advisers were very soon able to see—what every one else saw—that the country was unprepared, and the nation opposed to it—that the community, in general, had no other feeling than that the question could be honorably settled by some kind of compromise. Having suffered himself, however, to consider his Executive conduct as marked out for him beforehand by an utterly irresponsible assembly, (the Baltimore Convention,) whose ill-advised hasty dicta, were based on little reasoning and less knowledge; Mr. Polk, to preserve a popularity of so mean origin, kept out the declaration of extreme claims, such as no previous Administration had thought of insisting upon, and held up to the country the constant assurance of a triumph over Great Britain in negotiation or in war! The Administration knew that England would not yield to such extreme claims; they knew, as well, their own intention of not entering into hostilities; but if by a firm front, fiery press, violent debates, and fruitless negotiation, the question could be kept open and the public excited, what better means of maintaining themselves in power? Unfortunately, it was soon seen, that the English Government would not be trifled with; that the question must speedily be settled by reasonable concessions, or there would be a war in earnest. Besides, from the late changes of public policy in England, there was some chance that free trade might at length become captivating to the people of the United States—a measure for popularity quite inconsistent with war, and much safer. The question then was, how to get the most credit by settling the Oregon controversy on those moderate grounds on which all preceding Administrations had agreed in placing it. The first thing necessary was to let themselves down gracefully from the high position so long assumed. This was not easy to be done, except by a great man. However, the ideas of the Executive were kept in the dark; some Senators were employed to break ground against the too patriotic and belligerent; arbitration was rejected, as taking the credit of settling the question quite away from the Administration, but a notice of abro-

gating joint occupancy was prepared, in spirit about half-way between war and peace; and the British Government is given to understand, that the prospects for British manufacturers in this country are about to brighten greatly, and that the Oregon dispute, it is thought, can now be settled on very reasonable grounds.

The British proposal accordingly is gladly transmitted. But how to accept at once, under his own hand, an offer so far short of what he had constantly claimed, and *less than any previous Administration had ever proposed!* How unfortunate it is, sometimes, to have too much authority! If he could but shift the responsibility! If the affair could seem to have been taken quite out of his hands! He will refer the matter to the Senate; he will make it appear highly “proper”—indeed, “necessary”—so to do; he will then have it understood, that he “wished to reject” the British proposal, but that the Senate would have it, and “courtesy towards that excellent body” forced him to conform. The proposition is accordingly sent to the Senate, and in the Message (*confidential* accompanying it, he uses a deal of discriminate reasoning, which eventually made *public* would show the entire propriety of a step he had never before dreamed of adopting.

“General Washington,” he says, “repeatedly consulted the Senate and asked their previous advice, to which he always conformed his action. The Senate are a branch of the treaty-making power, and by consulting them in advance to his own action, the President secures harmony of action between that body and himself. The Senate are, moreover, a branch of the war-making power, and it may be eminently proper for the Executive to take the opinion and advice of that body in advance upon any great question which may involve in its decision the issue of peace or war.” Moreover—“*recent debates and proceedings in Congress* render it, in my judgment, not only *respectful, but necessary and proper.*”

All this is undoubtedly true—but how late was it entering the Executive mind! Would it not have been equally “respectful” and “proper”—was it not equally “necessary”—to consult the treaty-making, war-making Senate before—to take its advice, for instance, before the offer to arbitrate was so summarily rejected? Was it well to be ignorant of what “General Washington repeatedly did,”

and let the country suffer months of ruinous uncertainty and depression before discovering that the counsels of that body might help along the wisdom of the President?

Having demonstrated the courtesy of the step, and the extreme desirableness of "harmonious action" between himself and them, he takes occasion to declare that *he* is still for 54° 40', and if they will have him accept such a proposition, why, of course, the responsibility must rest upon them.

"My opinions and my action on the Oregon question were fully made known to Congress in my annual Message of the 2d of December last, and the opinions therein expressed *remain unchanged.*"

"Should the Senate," he adds, "by the Constitutional majority required for the ratification of Treaties, advise the acceptance of this proposition, or advise it with such modifications as they may upon full deliberation deem proper, *I shall conform my action to their advice.*"

With what sagacity does that beautiful race-horse of a bird, the ostrich, stick its head, when hard pushed, under a bush and imagine that *all* its featherless posteriors, from the eyes backwards, are entirely concealed!

Such was the Message;—and "The Organ," with other Democratic presses, were then commissioned to say, that the President wished the Senate to advise him *not* to accept the British offer. No pretence could be more evidently false. He knew perfectly well, that the body of the Senate had never favored the extreme claims which he had assumed; and he knew that they were anxious to settle the question. This he knew when he referred the proposition to them. But fearing that not only his own party in the Senate, but the Whigs, might be disposed to hold him to the responsibility which he had so long arrogated, and refer the question back to himself, he added a concise clause:—"Should the Senate, however, decline to *give such advice*, or to *express any opinion on the subject*, I shall consider it my duty to *reject the offer.*" Here was the alternative: take this responsibility upon yourselves—save me from eating my own words—or keep the question unsettled and the country indefinitely disturbed and anxious. Mean and miserable subterfuge! As if it were necessary for a man to cherish his "consistency," who, by a public letter, written with deliberate purpose to

deceive, had risen to power and betrayed the nation! But we consider it a fortunate thing that our government is so constructed, that a place can be provided by which an Executive of such qualities can creep from under a burden of duties and of trusts. Had not Mr. Polk found, or *thought* he had found, such a "hole of escape," should we have obtained the Oregon Treaty? We think not. He had been forced to know what was right in settling the question. But it is necessary to be consistent! He would have negotiated, wavered, refused, till the powerful government in treaty with us, justly irritated, would have decided upon war, as the easiest method of ending so fruitless a controversy.

Happily, a majority of the Senate, are wise and calm-minded men. The treaty, as it came to them, was plainly defective, and disadvantageous in two or three respects. It does not specify with sufficient distinctness to avoid, we fear, future troublesome controversies, the guaranties of the possessory rights and lands of British subjects on both sides of the Columbia river. Especially, it conceded, not only the lower end of Vancouver's Island—which was entirely right—but the *perpetual* navigation of the Columbia, a point quite worthy of hesitation on our part, and about which the President and his whole party had uttered the most particular denunciations. It was also evident, from Mr. McLane's letter to the Secretary of State, that this treaty was not England's *ultimatum*; but intended to re-open the negotiation, with the prospect of a demand on our part, that the free navigation of that river should be confined to a term of years; and this demand would probably have been yielded to. But the Senate dared not, by any modification, trust it back again to the uncertain action of the Executive, or in any form to the hands of a bungling negotiation. They, therefore, ratified it, as it stood; and the President, with a saving of consistency which must gratify all his friends, signed it. The terms of the Treaty are as follows:

"ARTICLE 1.—From the point on the 49th parallel of north latitude, where the boundary, laid down in existing treaties and conventions between Great Britain and the United States, terminates, the line of boundary between the territories of Her Britannic Majesty and those of the United States shall be continued westward along the 49th parallel of north latitude to the middle of

the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel, and of Fuca Straits, to the Pacific Ocean; provided, however, that the navigation of the said channel and straits, south of the 49th parallel of north latitude, remain free and open to both parties."

"ARTICLE 2.—From the point at which the 49th parallel of north latitude shall be found to intersect the great northern branch of the Columbia river, the navigation of the said branch shall be free and open to the Hudson's Bay Company, and to all British subjects trading with the same, to the point where the said branch meets the main stream of the Columbia, and thence down the said main stream to the ocean, with free access into and through the said river or rivers, it being understood that all the usual portages along the line thus described, shall in like manner be free and open. In navigating the said river or rivers, British subjects, with their goods and produce, shall be treated on the same footing as citizens of the United States; it being, however, always understood that nothing in this article shall be construed as preventing, or intended to prevent, the Government of the United States from making any regulations respecting the navigation of the said river or rivers, not inconsistent with the present treaty."

"ARTICLE 3.—In the future appropriations of the territory south of the 49th parallel of north latitude, as provided in the first article of this treaty, the possessory rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of all British subjects who may be already in the occupation of land or other property lawfully acquired within the said territory shall be respected.

"ARTICLE 4.—The farms, lands, and other property of every description, belonging to the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company, on the north side of the Columbia river, shall be confirmed to the said Company. In case, however, the situation of those farms, and lands should be considered by the United States to be of public and political importance, and the United States Government should signify a desire to obtain possession of the whole or of any part thereof, the property so required shall be transferred to the said Government at a proper valuation to be agreed upon between the parties.

"ARTICLE 5.—The present Treaty shall be ratified by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof, and by Her Britannic Majesty; and the ratifications shall be exchanged at London at the expiration of six months from the date thereof, or sooner if possible."

Such is the difference between what *was to be* and what *is*. To whom now are these articles honorable, to whom dishonorable? They are honorable enough to the people of this country; for, in point of territory, they have obtained all that the real body of them were willing to compromise upon, but were united in demanding, together with some of the finest harbors, those lying in Fuca's Straits, that are to be found in the world. And as to the Columbia, though Great Britain had undoubtedly no right whatever for demanding the free passage of that river *in perpetuity*; yet it will not discredit the Senate of the United States, that they were willing, for the sake of a compromise, to make a concession of what is the most difficult to concede, a *point of honor*. It is, in reality, but a point of honor, since in times of peace, the navigation, on any great scale, of a river running seven hundred miles through the territory of another nation, and broken by numerous rapids and waterfalls, will be to British subjects practically impossible; and in time of war the river could be effectually shut away from them.

To the Whig party, and a few high-principled men from the opposing ranks, this treaty is altogether honorable. It is mainly that which they have always desired. They said, "We want nothing above the 49th parallel; we can concede nothing below it;" and it cannot fail to be always considered that the credit of so settling the question was due, and due alone, to this portion of the community, and the Houses of Congress.

But to the Loco-Foco party, to its stump orators and caucus officers, to its vituperative press and declamatory Congressmen, to its wavering and double-minded Executive, to all, (except two or three senators and Mr. Buchanan, for his able exposition of the original Spanish title,) what are the terms of this treaty but a historical disgrace? The history we have just given is a sufficient answer. We have nothing further to add—but this nation will surely ask themselves, whether a party and an administration, who have conducted one great question in so unscrupulous and dangerous a manner, are any longer to be trusted with the management of others equally important.

## THOUGHTS, FEELINGS AND FANCIES.

## FLOWERS.

A BEAUTIFUL custom—one which I should like to see introduced into this country—prevails in some parts of Europe, of scattering periodical offerings of fresh flowers upon the graves of departed friends. Flowers are esteemed by us, not so much on account of their extrinsic beauty—their glowing hues and genial fragrance—as because they have long been regarded as emblems of mortality—because they are associated in our minds with the idea of mutation and decay. Are they not, then, the most appropriate tributes we can place over the decaying forms of those whom we once loved, and now in sadness lament?

## ETIQUETTE.

The rules of etiquette were established by women, for the benefit of women, and are suited only to the nature of women; and a too punctilious observance of them by a man goes to show that over refinement has nearly unsexed him. It is not meet that the strong, free limbs of manhood should be fettered by the silken threads of ceremony—threads wove by triflers in the loom of idleness—nor that the graces should be cultivated at the expense of that frank, open, and flowing courtesy which is in truth the highest mark of the true gentleman.

## CHARACTER.

It is exceedingly difficult to pronounce upon the character of some men's minds, for the sufficient reason that they seem to have no minds at all.

Great warriors, like great earthquakes, are principally remembered for the mischief they have done.

## MANNERS OF THE LEARNED.

The learned man seldom makes other than a poor figure in society. It is as if his wisdom was not his own, but all begged, borrowed, or stolen from books. However sensible he may be when busied at his desk, or in his library, he rarely unites to his character of an accomplished scholar, the manners, ease and dignity, of a man of the world. Half his time out of the drawing-room, if he goes at all

into society, is spent in lamenting the mistakes and blunders of etiquette committed in it. Learned women are still worse, and it is their inattention to the duties of their situation that makes the phrase blue-stocking one of such stinging reproach. I never hear a female lauded for her attainments but there comes into my fancy a picture of a woman with stockings down at the heel, hair uncombed, dress disordered, hands unwashed, and her whole appearance denoting disregard for the usual elegancies, of female deportment. Such persons bring contempt upon the profession of literature, of which they are unworthy members. Of what use is it that a woman can prate about Bacon, if she cannot cook a slice of it; and how inconsistent it is for her to be versed in matters of taste, when she outrages good taste in her general appearance?

Certain young ladies, when in the presence of their lovers, maintain a prudent reserve and silence—wisely concluding they will imagine in them all the excellence they seek to find.

There are a good many people in the world who spend half their time in thinking what they *would* do if they were rich, and the other half in conjecturing what the devil they *shall* do as they are not.

## THE WORLD.

What a bugbear is the world, and in what awe does it hold us? What will it say? is a question at which even the boldest must give pause. It exercises the severest espionage over us, and calls us rigidly to account for all our actions; it requires us to stand cap in hand to it, to bow and cringe before it, to obey its behests and to fear its censure. And yet this puissant world is, after all, but a very foolish, and often a very evil-minded world. Some whom it has pronounced great must needs themselves have been surprised at such a decision: tenacious of error, and slow to receive new truths, it has made martyrs of the good, and persecuted the wise: selfish and tyrannical, it fawns on the strong and oppresses the weak: corrupt, its opinions can be bought by show: capricious, it has its favorites whom it intoxicates with its praises—



but they are not long such—caressed to-day, they are discarded to-morrow. Such is the world; in striving to please which we displease the gods, and to which we cannot be true without being false to ourselves.

There are some natures that are acted upon by circumstance as the *Æolian* harp is acted upon by the winds—the music of their tempers being constantly varied as they are affected by the rude weather of stormy fortune, or the softer, balmier, and less disturbed atmosphere of joy and gladness.

It is because we are dissatisfied with ourselves that we are so anxious to have others think well of us, and were we conscious of meriting their good, we would care less for their ill, opinions.

The highest excellence is seldom attained in more than one vocation. The roads leading to distinction in separate pursuits diverge, and the nearer we approach the one, the farther we recede from the other.

#### DECISION.

I once heard a gentleman, remarkable for promptly disposing of any business on his hands, observe that he knew of no better rule for cooking a beefsteak than that furnished by Shakespeare:—

“If it were done,” &c.

This was putting the question of decision in a humorous and at the same time forcible shape. When the mind is made up to do a thing, delay breeds delay, and one pernicious example is the occasion of many, until our purpose becomes halting, and we limp, when we ought to run towards our object. When a man complains of being ill-treated by fortune, it is enough to excite a suspicion that he is making fortune the scape-goat of his indolence. He has missed his mark, it will be said of him, from loitering on the road which leads to it. The day of all days, then, is to-day; the hour of all hours—the present.

There is one form of decision which originates in the will, and gets no farther than that. It prevails among those between whose resolves and whose executions there exists a long tract of untraveled country. They take up purposes with enthusiasm, and lay them down with indifference; their strong resolves end in

weak performances. To decide upon too many things, as with them, is to decide upon nothing.

Perhaps the most illustrious example of decision of character—of the ability to do instantly and with energy whatever it is expedient to do—was that of Milton. He who would write heroic poems, said this great man, his whole life must be a heroic poem. He acted up to “the height of his great argument.” Blind, in poverty and in disgrace, with no eye to beam encouragement upon him, and no heart to cheer him in his lonely labors, he yet had the decision to commence, and the resolution to complete, what the world has acknowledged to be one of its greatest master-pieces of art.

There are none so low but they have their triumphs. Small successes suffice for small souls.

It is a sore evil for a female to be without personal attractions, as with men the eye is the arbiter of all qualities in the sex. Her beauty is her capital—her worth in the market matrimonial depends upon it. With her the Virtues are revered only when they are accompanied by the Graces. The sex understand this very well, and hence they seek mainly to make captive the eye, knowing the mind and heart will follow as a matter of course. Madame De Stael, in the height of her career, and when her reputation was at its zenith, is said to have remarked that she would cheerfully exchange all that her genius had won for her, for a share of that beauty which she so much envied in others of her sex.

A bachelor is one whose stock of love, sympathy and affection is so small that he cannot afford to share it with another, but must e'en keep it all for himself.

There are eras in our spirit's existence, as there are eras in our fortunes: eras, when the fate of the character hangs suspended upon some act of volition, some determination of the will.

An ambition to excel in petty things obstructs the progress to nobler aims. The aspiring spirit, like the winged eagle, should keep its gaze steadily fixed on the sun toward which it soars.

The highest moral and religious truths are as yet only recognized in theory, in

the closet, in our moments of grief, solitude, or reflection. We leave them behind us when we engage in the active duties of life, and allow ourselves to be governed by the more practical, and perhaps practicable, maxims of interest or expediency.

LOPE DE VEGA.

Lope de Vega boasted of writing a comedy before breakfast. Perhaps the breakfast was as bad as the comedy—if so the delay is accounted for.

The generality of wooers seem to have an impression that the roads to a woman's heart are four—through her eye, her ear, her vanity, and down her throat; for which reason they dress at her, talk at her, say sweet things to her, and treat her to sweet things.

It is difficult to say which is the greatest evil—to have too violent passions, or to be entirely devoid of them. When controlled with firmness, directed by the moral judgment, and hallowed by the imagination, they are the vivifiers and quickeners of our being, and without them there can be no energy of character.

There is but one greater absurdity than that of a man aiming to know himself, which is, for him to think he knows himself.

The character of men may, in some instances and to some extent, be conjectured by observing the style of female beauty they admire. Says one, an ardent admirer of the sex: "There must be something intellectual in the face that fascinates me—the heart must speak in it. Mere pretty pieces of rose-colored flesh, prettily put together, I am not fond of, for the same reason that I dislike a certain poet's verses—because they contain no meaning.

True poetry is the disclosure of the real but half-hidden import, the subtler sense and spirit of things, and not, as the matter-of-fact, to whom poetry must ever be "a sealed book," are apt to imagine, the artificial expression of artificial thoughts and feelings.

In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.

## EMILY.

### SOME MEMORIES IN THE GLASS OF TENNYSON.

Lorrr little Emily,  
 Dimpled, dazzling Emily,  
 Throned within my inmost heart,  
 There thou shalt be, as thou art,  
 My soul-exalting, pure ideal.  
 Ever present to my thought,  
 Mine eyes shall wake and close  
 On thy image, though unsought.  
 Unfading, changeless, still it glows,—  
 Still it sparkles, dimples, dances,  
 In my waking, sleeping fancies,  
 As if, no phantom, it were real.  
 I cannot clasp nor follow it;  
 For, like thyself, 'twill ever flit  
 With a far off goddess-grace,  
 With chaping, yet forbidding, eye;  
 I bless, I ban, that little face,  
 Floating ever in airy space;  
 I frown and mutter—then smile and sigh;

I cannot love thee,  
Yet must adore thee,  
Majestic little Emily.

Four years I saw thee budding  
From a tiny, romping girl,  
With saucy eye and careless curl,  
Darting off with sudden whirl,  
Half in glee, and half surprise,  
When I praised thy jetty eyes ;  
I saw four summers flooding  
Thine eyes with love and light,  
Until they seemed,  
So full they beamed,  
Like drops of dreamy darkness cut  
From the very heart of night,—  
Each tipt and burning with a bright  
And glorious star. I saw thy form  
Round into rosy loveliness ;  
Each wavy outline, full and warm,  
Of thine ivory neck and arm  
Filling as fills the maiden moon,  
What time she pants in loving June ;  
Each long and sunny chesnut tress,  
Neath which thy girlish glances shot,  
Now gathered in a Grecian knot  
Demure and simple. Yet no look  
Of nun-like meekness didst thou wear ;  
For still the dimples of thy cheek  
Danced in and out with roguish leer,  
As if a playing hide and seek ;  
And while they danced thou wouldst not brook  
The liberty their beckoning gave ;  
For thou recoiledst proudly grave,  
Burying thy softly-moulded chin  
In thy cushioned, haughty throat,  
Which, curving lightly downward, did begin  
To bud into a second baby-chin.  
Each wavy outline, full and warm,  
Revealed thy little, full orb'd form,—  
Yet not voluptuous and gross,  
But mistily it seemed to float,  
As soft and pearly cloudlets glide,  
Trembling to zephyrs' lightest toss,  
In the far-off, summer skies :  
And ever from thy sun-lit eyes,  
Soul-sparkles overflowed and fell,  
As from a bubbling, crystal well ;  
And ever from thy rose-lips musical,  
A silver eloquence would slide.  
O thou so beautiful and wise !—  
A very sage in fairy-guise,  
So full of gentleness and pride—  
The holy pride of loveliness ;  
'T would seem that wayward Nature tried  
How much of beauty she might press,  
How much of intellect and grace,  
In how little, charming space :  
Blest be the air thou dost displace,—  
Or movest not ; for not of earth,

But all of heaven and all divine,  
 Thou canst not turn from dust to dust,  
 But, cloud dissolved to cloud, thou must  
 Exhale to skies that gave thee birth.  
 I would not, could I, call thee mine,—  
 Not wed thee,—nay I would not trust  
 To see thee with these tranced eyes  
 Steeped deep in golden memories,  
 Lest it should break the dreamy charm  
 That lingers in thy flitting form,—  
 Lest the living, breathing Real  
 Shatter the statue-like Ideal,  
 That, shrined within my early heart,  
 Has gathered to itself a part,  
 Of every ripening fancy, till  
 A shadowy glory, flushed and still,  
 Doth all my silent spirit fill;  
 Oh, I cannot—would not love thee,  
 Yet would ever worship thee,  
 Dear, divinest Emily.

H. W. P.

## JULIETTA; OR, THE BEAUTIFUL HEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LYSER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE house of the banker C\*\*\* in L—, is the rendezvous of all the most distinguished strangers, who are in the habit of visiting the fairs held in that town. Each one is there certain of the most friendly reception, as well as of the most agreeable entertainment, at his weekly soirées, where intelligent men, beautiful women and maidens, together with excellent wines, are to be found in abundance.

A young merchant, who had just returned from Paris, brought with him many letters of recommendation to the banker, and received an invitation to his house the same evening.

When, at the appointed hour, he entered the gaily decorated and brilliantly lighted saloon, he found the greater part of the guests already assembled. The lady of the house received him with the grace which was peculiar to her; she presented him to the rest of the company, and, without farther ceremony, he was soon drawn into the conversation, which, fettered by no restraint, touched upon

the most remarkable occurrences and personages of the day.

Of the latter, the most interesting, without doubt, was the great dramatic vocalist Wilhelmine Schroder-Devrient, who the evening before had finished her engagement at L— in the character of Desdemona.

Fortune had been favorable to the young merchant. He had seen this actress in Paris, and was able, therefore, to speak of the impression which her excellent representations had produced in a sphere worthy of her abilities.

The fair mistress of the house smiled, and said, "that in L—, in truth, no Malibran and Pasta, no Rubini and Lablache, had served as a foil to this admirable artist.

When the discourse had once turned upon Paris, they were not satisfied with leaving it, after discussing the Italian Opera merely. They inquired of the young merchant concerning things that he knew, and concerning things that he did not know; concerning the Boule-

vards—the Bourse—the Café des nouveautés—Père la Chaise—Chamber of Deputies, &c., &c. But above all things they asked after the authors of the new romantic school: Victor Hugo, Monsieur de Balzac, Alexander Dumas and Eugene Sue. In particular, many young dames wished to know how Victor Hugo looked.

"And his wife?" cried a pretty maiden. "He is married, I hear, and on his wedding day wrote his dreadful 'Last Days of a Condemned Criminal.'"

All laughed; and the master of the house maintained that a taste for the gloomy and fearful (which distinguished the romantic school in so high a degree) was at least as prevalent among the beauties of L—— as among the fair Parisians; and that Victor Hugo could not do them a greater favor, than to work up in his manner, the history of those two actors who had been lately executed at Lyons.

"An ordinary Othello story," said a young man who had entered unobserved. "I know a better, a more terrible plot for that author."

The whole company was in commotion—the men arose, the women whispered together.

The master of the house and his wife gave the new comer a friendly reception, and introduced him to the young merchant as the celebrated physician and brilliant writer, Adelbert.

A pretty maiden with a fair, bright complexion, had approached him. "If that is the case," she said in a flattering tone, "you must relate the story to us. And besides, you have been idle long enough; I no longer find anything of yours in the magazines, let me watch as I will. "Relate it then."

All joined in expressing the same wish, and the Doctor, with a low bow, replied: "I willingly accede to your request. I confess, indeed, that I am doing a service to myself in imparting the secret to others. The last representation of our admirable countrywoman upon the boards moved me with strange power, and awaked in my bosom remembrances that have long slumbered; remembrances that I thought dead within me. To own the truth, the dreadful event which I am about to relate has an immediate reference to myself."

The company took their seats in a half circle around the physician, waiting in anxious suspense, and he began:

From my earliest youth I displayed great partiality for the study of anatomy. There was not an anatomical theatre within my reach that I did not visit, and I was considered an able and dexterous dissector, even by anatomists themselves.

It must be about ten years since I pursued my studies in ——. The dissector to the anatomical theatre of that place, was one of the most able men in his department. Devoted, body and soul, to his art, the medical world is indebted to him for many important discoveries; and his recent decease at an advanced age was universally deplored, both at home and abroad.

As he was passionately interested in everything which concerned science, I, not less enthusiastic and inquisitive than himself, was just his man, (as he called me,) although at that time I was but eighteen years of age. He employed me as his assistant in his most important labors, and with unwearied patience gave me all the information I desired concerning his curious preparations, most of which were the work of his own hands.

The study of Psychology and Physiognomy, interesting to every great anatomist, was of the highest importance in his eyes; and no subject in the least degree remarkable was dissected, before a drawing of the features had been prepared by him with the utmost care. For this purpose he employed, at his own expense, a young artist whom we now admire as one of our most spirited delineators of character.

But more than this! regardless of cost or labor, he had for more than forty years been busied in framing a collection, unique in its way, of the heads of executed criminals, and of those who had committed suicide. Thanks to his rare skill, he was enabled to preserve them in spirits in such a manner, that, even after thirty years and more, not the least change was visible in the features, so that it seemed as if the person had but just breathed his last.

It was no easy matter, however, to obtain a sight of this collection, as the anatomist was a strange fellow at times, and would then behave in a surly and gloomy manner to those who visited him; nay, oftentimes treated them with excessive rudeness, especially when he observed that their object was mere ordinary curiosity.

I was thus obliged to wait long before

I was allowed entrance to this *sanctuarium*. At last, however, he held me worthy of this favor; for as on one occasion I spoke of a barber who had been executed ten years before, and whose head was preserved in his collection, and asked him whether an expression of pain or any distortion of the features were visible in the face, he replied, "You can see for yourself," and beckoned to me to follow him.

We walked through the hall where his ordinary preparations were arranged, at the end of which he unlocked a door, which led into a small, but lofty vaulted chamber. Lead chests stood around against the walls, furnished with glass covers—in these the heads were preserved. The Anatomist first took out the head of the barber, and placed it in my hands; it was a stout, heavy head, well shaped, and apparently that of a man of thirty years. The color was brownish, the features calm and destitute of every expression of pain, or of even the least distortion.

We then went from chest to chest, from head to head; and among those who had died by suicide we found some hideous visages.

We had reached the last chest; it was not furnished with a glass cover like the rest, but with one of lead, securely fastened with a curious padlock.

"And here?" I asked. The Anatomist glanced now upon me, now upon the chest, and seemed irresolute whether to open it or not. He at last drew a small key from his bosom, and unlocked it. I stepped nearer.

"Gently!" he cried, as I laid my hand upon the cover. "You must first promise me, never, so long as I live, to disclose to mortal man a word concerning this chest, or concerning what it contains. The devil! it might cost me dear! When I am dead, in God's name, then, yes, then you may speak; and to this end I will give you a full history of this head, which you may dress out to your heart's content; although, as I think, this is scarcely necessary, since the said history is singular enough in itself. Well! will you promise to be silent?"

Of course I promised.

The Anatomist now quickly opened the chest, thrust in his hand, and drew forth by its long fair locks a head—a head, at the sight of which my senses nearly deserted me.

The narrator paused, almost as if he regretted having begun the story, and dreaded to proceed.

"Well!" cried the beautiful hostess, after a pause; "well, doctor! continue! was the head so terribly frightful, then?"

Passing the palm of his hand across his brow, the Doctor, with a singular smile, replied: "Frightful? Oh, Madame! it was the head of a surpassingly beautiful maiden of scarcely twenty years of age."

"Oh, heavens!" echoed from the lips of all the women, and even the men glanced in astonishment upon the speaker. The latter continued:

In vain do I strive after words wherewith to describe to you the charm which beamed upon me from every feature! The form of the face was the loveliest oval, and although its lines were marked with great clearness and distinctness, yet they were blended together in infinite softness and fullness of youth. The finely arched brow was of dazzling whiteness, which was rendered the more striking by the color of the eyebrows, which were strangely dark, in comparison with the long fair locks which fell clustering from the head. The eyes were gently closed, and shaded by long, dark lashes. But hideous death itself had not been able to erase a soft, rosy hue from the voluptuously formed half-opened lips—a spectator, in short, might have imagined that he was gazing upon a maiden wrapped in a sweet sleep, except for the torn, loose edges of skin, which, about a hand's breath lower upon the beautifully-shaped neck, proclaimed but too clearly—"This head fell upon the scaffold!"

I know not how the head came in my hands; how long I held it, and with unspeakable pleasure and unspeakable terror gazed upon its fair features. When I was first conscious of myself again, and beheld the Anatomist standing near me, I started, for in the eyes of this man, who was by no means remarkable for his sensibility, there glimmered a tear.

Without uttering a word, he took the beautiful head gently from my hands, enveloped it in its fair locks, and locked it carefully in the chest. He then led me out of the chamber, pressed my hand in his, and told me to wait for him in his study. I tottered thither half senseless. In a few moments he followed me, and related the promised history of

the beautiful Julietta. Every word he uttered was stamped deeply upon my memory, and you will hear it exactly as he told it to me.

#### THE HISTORY OF JULIETTA.

You know, (began the Anatomist)—you know, as well as myself and every true anatomist, that although we do not fear to commune with death, and daily and hourly make close acquaintance with its victims, yet we look upon it as a fearfully serious subject, and are by no means so careless of its terrors as many people seem to believe.

Grave are the enigmas of Life, yet we often succeed in solving them. But who can solve those of the realm of Death?

The ordinary observer beholds the lifeless tenement in the coffin—upon the marble table—perhaps, also, upon the wheel and the gallows; and if he happen to be what is called an *esprit fort*, or a rude student who has cut and carved through a winter's term, he opens a wide mouth, and speaks: "That is the end of the song! all is vanity."

In my opinion, however, as little as we know where is the beginning, so little do we know where is the end. The latter commences with the presence of visible death, as little as life commences with the first motions of the embryo. Silently and imperceptibly labor the powers of nature; for creation and dissolution border so closely upon each other, that, with our blunted senses, we are incapable of distinguishing them. With all our toil, with years of untiring industry, we arrive at nothing which approaches to certainty. When after a long and anxious search, aided by the knife and the microscope, we have made a discovery, and prepare to give it a fitting place in our system—a new discovery appears, and throws all our old systems into confusion.

This relation of Life to Death, of the Spirit to the Body, almost turns the brain when we ponder too long upon it. But enough of this!

I spoke of Julietta's tragic fate as singular. Listen, and then judge whether I was right.

It was in the year 1780—I was then just commencing my studies—when it happened that all . . . . (the city where I then lived) was busied about a certain Count Alfred. He was the subject of daily conversation in all the circles of

the fashionable world—courtiers, artists, scholars—all had something to say of him; whether truth or falsehood it was indifferent, so that they had something to relate of him to each other.

Count Alfred was in truth a remarkable character! I do not refer to the peculiarities of habit that distinguished him from other young men of the day; that, in defiance of fashion, he wore his own chesnut hair, falling in natural locks about his head and upon his shoulders; that, railing at the uncomely mode of apparel which then prevailed, he dressed, although expensively, yet simply and naturally; and other things of the kind which attracted the gaze and excited the wonder of the public. But it seemed as if he were destined by Providence to play, at some future time, a distinguished part. Prodiggally endowed by nature, both in mind and body, the youngest son of a noble Austrian family, he had been designed for the church. He escaped from home with a trifling sum, went to Italy, and lived for a long time under an assumed name in Rome, where his spirited designs and sketches, as well as his masterly performance upon the violin, excited unusual attention among artists.

Various noble deeds of magnanimity and generosity were related of him, yet still there was something in his manner which repulsed all men from intimate intercourse with him. Each one who endeavored to approach him upon familiar terms, very soon avoided him again; and he avoided all men.

But do not imagine, on this account, that he played the part of a cynic or oddfellow, or demeaned himself like one of our much-admired "victims," who, hunted by fate, and resigning all the joys of life, walk around, clothed in black, with a pale face, exhibiting the traits of mighty scorn and contempt of mankind, without having seen more of the world than Berlin and Kieritz, with perhaps an acid spring and a mineral bath. On the contrary, though he may have felt something like contempt for the petty swarm by which he was surrounded, yet he avoided them no farther than was necessary, in excluding them from his close and intimate friendship. In other respects he led a life of pleasure, such as a man of the world alone is capable of leading, and loved society, wine, women and music beyond measure.

His family had long sought for him in vain. His elder brothers died one after the other; and now the only prop of his house, he discovered his place of retreat to his relatives, became reconciled to them, and his father dying soon after, he was left the master of a large estate.

He now left Rome, traveled around in Germany, and came at last to \*\*\*\*, where he found many of his Italian acquaintances, and among them the Prince himself, who kindly invited him to spend some time at his court.

His fame, which had preceded him from Rome, was soon confirmed in \*\*\*\*, both in good as well as in evil, and it was not long before he had as many enemies as acquaintances, especially among husbands, lovers and careful fathers. And perhaps not without cause indeed! for, a second Don Juan, he understood the art of casting his fetters about the hearts of women, so that they were unable to get free, and, maddened by passionate love, of their own choice, completed their own destruction.

He drew many quarrels upon himself on this account; but as he invariably confronted his enemies with imperturbable calmness, and manifested such a contempt of death, as excited the suspicion that he was weary of his life, and wished, perhaps, to get rid of it quickly and easily in a duel, they were careful not to push matters to this extremity, especially as he was considered a favorite of the Prince, and as no law existed in Germany, by which a seducer could be punished, if the victims of his wiles were disposed to favor the culprit. On a sudden, however, Alfred appeared entirely changed. He broke off all his connections which were of a frivolous character; he put an end to his wild revels, and became more mild and confiding toward his nearest acquaintances.

This transformation remained for a long while a mystery to the public, until one of his most intimate companions—whom he himself in his good hours called his friend—a young physician, (he is now old and relates this to you,) gave an explanation of it.

Alfred loved!

A young, innocent maiden had won his heart. She was an actress at the Prince's theatre, endowed with remarkable beauty, and of a gentle, amiable nature. Alfred loved her with all the warmth and purity of a first love—and with reason; for he had previously en-

deavored to ensnare the heart of Emilia, (thus she was called,) and to lure her from the path of virtue. His purpose long remained a secret to the maiden, and in child-like confidence she resigned herself to the full glow of her emotions; but when he unfolded his designs, accompanying his entreaties by the most splendid offers, she fell weeping into his arms, and exclaimed in despair: "Ah! have you not the least love for me?"

The words darted like a flash of lightning through the night of his soul! She loved him, and he had wished to destroy her. Deeply moved, he clasped her in his arms, and cried in an imploring tone: "Forgive me! I love thee! forgive, and be my wife! I will become worthy of thee."

He kept his word! After the lapse of a few weeks, he made known his betrothal with Emilia, and henceforth lived only for her; watched to fulfill her every wish, and tarried impatiently for the day which should unite her to him for ever.

But it was otherwise ordered! Emilia's health began to fail, and on her sixteenth birth-day—it was to have been the day of their union!—she died in Alfred's arms; his name was the last word upon her lips.

Alfred's condition was most fearful. He cursed himself—his fate—his earlier life! He uttered imprecations against Heaven also, whose vengeance, as he thought, had so terribly overtaken him, and in its fury had brought destruction upon an innocent being.

All the consolations of his acquaintances were in vain. He repulsed them, and renewed attempts excited him to fury. The physician alone, to whom he first confided the secret of his love, who abstained from torturing him with empty words of comfort, still maintained some influence over him.

It is true the first storm of his emotions at last abated, but a deep melancholy remained, which seemed permanent and incurable. He passed his nights in the church-yard where "his bride" reposed. Her grave became a garden of flowers; her image was found in every sketch of his pencil, and he composed verses upon her love and her death, with all the inspiration, all the woe of a lover, from whom his dearest treasure has been torn for ever.

When autumn came, and its storms beat down the flowers upon Emilia's grave, his own end appeared to be draw-



ing nigh. He was attacked by a violent fever, and was somewhat prematurely given up for lost by his physicians, especially as he obstinately refused to follow their prescriptions.

One alone—the same friend—remained always near him; watched day and night over his couch, and enjoyed the pleasure at last, when the crisis of his disease arrived, of guiding it to a favorable issue. The beginning of winter found him restored to bodily health.

But did health return to his soul?—who can penetrate the secret? Is it not often the case, that thou art unable to say to thyself with certainty whether thy intentions are honest or hypocritical? Alfred appeared as in the last period of his illness. He remained sunk in deep melancholy, but now and then a spark of waking pleasure flashed through the gloom, such as is often observed in those who have just recovered from severe sickness, so that he no longer obstinately avoided the society of his fellow-men, although it had no power to cheer and enliven him.

This mild frame of mind gained him the sympathy of many who had heretofore avoided him, and this sympathy seemed to benefit him.

Toward the fairer sex alone, he appeared to have grown perfectly indifferent, and he avoided them whenever he was able. So much the more, however, (such is the nature of woman,) did they strive to attract his attention. They approached him with the tenderest sympathy; and he who knows how well they understand the art of administering consolation, (do not blush, young friend, it is no harm if you know it already,) may wonder at Alfred's strength, for he withstood all their endeavors.

He had not visited the theatre since Emilia's death; neither would he now visit it, although his friends daily urged him to go, if but for once, when the celebrated vocalist, Julietta, appeared upon the boards again.

Julietta was born in Italy, of German parents, and in her singing united the Italian warmth and facility of execution, with German expression and German soul. Although but eighteen years of age, yet her acting was almost as perfect as her singing. In addition to this, she possessed extraordinary beauty, so that you may imagine the enthusiasm she excited with old as well as with young without distinction of sex, especially as

she appeared only in the Italian opera, (a circumstance of some importance at that time, since German performers had then many prejudices to contend with in Germany.)

Among the men, the number of her worshipers was Legion; and some maintained that his highness, the reigning prince, headed the list in his own person, while, like all his rivals and successors, he had been obliged to retire in disgrace, for Signora Julietta was as proud as beautiful, and as virtuous as proud.

All this was repeated to Alfred in order to excite his curiosity, but he gave no heed to it, and the winter had almost passed without his having seen, much less heard, the beautiful opera singer.

One day, a placard of the theatre might be read at the corner of every street: "*Don Giovanni, ossia: il dissoluto punito. Drama giocoso in due atti, posta in musica da W. A. Mozart. Donna Anna—Signora Julietta.*"

Where lives the man who has once heard the immortal work of the great Mozart, who does not listen to it again with renewed pleasure, so often as he has an opportunity. This opera embraces all which has power to move the human heart—pain and pleasure, mockery and faith, hatred and love—complaint—scorn—despair—fury—happiness—damnation! How all these whirl in a circle with each other, and hurry us forcibly, irresistibly along.

Upon Alfred, also, this music had always exerted its rightful sway, and for this once he did not need the admonitions of his friends to visit the theatre; but he entered it with strange emotions, as if he forboded the consequences.

On this evening, Julietta exerted all her powers to represent the work of this great master in a worthy manner, and her success was unexampled. The rapture of the audience knew no bounds, and after the performance was ended, the cry, "*Donna Anna! Julietta!*" echoed from every mouth.

But Alfred, without heeding his companions, rushed from the box toward the entrance to the stage, and as she passed by, his burning glance fell upon her eye—her heart.

Why should I make use of many words to relate to you in what way Julietta and Alfred met each other after this evening? Enough—they met; and soon Alfred was seen in the public walks with

the beautiful Julietta upon his arm—proud as a conqueror.

The heart of man is an inconstant thing; this is a truth which every wise man and every fool may prove by his own. A few months before, who could have believed that Alfred would ever love a woman again? and still he loved Julietta, and more warmly than he had before loved Emilia. Not with greater purity, in truth, for he had essayed the virtue of his old watchword "victory!" upon Julietta, and his consciousness of this was the weak spot which Satan used for his destruction, and for the destruction of the sweet, unhappy maiden who yielded to his suit.

He had broken his faith to the deceased Emilia! This thought startled him from his sweetest dreams in Julietta's arms. He tried to banish it by gaiety, by jest and laughter, but he was unsuccessful. The greater his efforts to tear the poisoned arrow from his heart, so much the deeper did it enter.

He then asked himself the question: "whether Emilia, if he had died the first, would have remained forever true to him?" In this question, to which all answer was impossible, he found, as he imagined, some excuse for his faithless-

ness. Aye, he found excuse, but with came suspicion of Julietta and jealousy. If you will confess the truth, you must admit that jealousy is always accompanied by a mixture of the ridiculous, and that this is displayed in a more striking light, in proportion as the jealous person has been known heretofore as possessing more or less good sense. I was unable on one occasion to control my laughter, as I witnessed a masterly representation of that scene in Schiller's *Cabal and Love*, in which Major Von Walther breaks out in rage against the court marshal, Von Kalb, and the "man of sorrow" endeavors in vain to convince the excellent youth of his innocence, in which every one else would have believed him without an oath. I was obliged to laugh, I say, at the handsome Major, for thinking it possible that this fantastic Kalb could be his favored rival; but terror seized me in the self-same moment, and I could not avoid uttering the prayer of King Lear: "Oh, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Heaven!"

Alfred was in a condition almost more unhappy than the Major Von Walther, for he knew not who was his rival. All

his toil and search was to discover him; and both were of course fruitless, for Julietta was faithful and devoted to his happiness. He concealed his inward struggles from her with the greatest care, for he was unwilling to distress her even for a moment, without being certain that his doubts were well founded—a delicacy which was as great a proof of his love for Julietta as of the diseased state of his own mind. To a healthy mind such a situation would have been insupportable.

A condition so unhappy, however, could not be of long endurance in a man like Alfred, and the crisis soon arrived. It must have been a fearful one, so little was it displayed externally; its consequences were soon visible to all.

Alfred became gay—gayer than he had ever been before. An observer could tell from the first glance that this gaiety was the offspring of many losses, or of some one loss of great magnitude. He himself also appeared to be conscious of it. He raised his voice aloud in scoffing merriment against heaven and hell—and against his own early dreams of happiness.

His wild revels began anew—his amours multiplied from day to day—and still he did not neglect Julietta; on the contrary, his love for her appeared to grow more passionate—he followed anxiously her every glance—he hung upon every word that passed her lips: It seemed, indeed, as if he had become unfaithful to her only for the sake of preserving her fidelity.

You may smile at this remark, but it is based upon a deep knowledge of the human heart. It is neglect alone on the part of the man, which so far restores a woman who loves to herself, that out of revenge she can dispense her favor to another. The infidelity of her lover is but a spur which incites her to regain him, and the more passionate her hatred of her rival, so much the more passionate is her affection for the faithless object of her love. This was the case also with Julietta! as Alfred grew more and more fickle and volatile, in the same proportion her love for him grew in strength and ardor.

Notwithstanding this, however, he had miscalculated, for her passion put on an air of anxiety and gloom; and if it was scarcely questionable that a diseased excitability of the mind had generated the condition in which Alfred found him-

self, it was certain that with Julietta but a single step was wanting to lead her to madness. Thus this strange pair passed the winter, esteemed happy and envied by all less gifted than themselves, but by the more shrewd and intelligent, accounted most wretched.

The spring came—the spring with all its wonders and delights, rehearsed and sung by innumerable poets, both good and bad. New life and new pleasure stirred in every bosom. Alfred and Julietta preserved their old joy and their old torment.

But with the thousand buds that opened, and the thousand flowers that breathed abroad their odor, new tortures were developed in their breasts, and a new crisis seemed near at hand. Thus does fate and our own hearts hunt us, poor worms of the earth, from crisis to crisis, till we may say, indeed, that life is but one long malady. Is not a speedy, though it may be a violent end, often desirable?

It was a beautiful morning—not a cloud stained the pure azure of the heavens; the sun beamed mildly and warm, and the earth gave forth sweet odor and stirred, it seemed, as if the beating of her heart could be heard, as with creative power it toiled in love unceasing and ever young.

The cheerful sunlight fell once more upon the hearts of Alfred and Julietta, as talking and laughing with familiar gaiety, they walked out arm in arm beneath the clear bright sky. Without being aware of it, they directed their steps toward the gate of the church-yard, entered, and wandered onward among the graves.

Was it accident? was it the will of fate? Who can tell? Till one rises from the dead and reveals to us what is accident and what is fate, we shall never know; yet I must remark, that on this day, exactly a year had passed away since the death of Emilia; that in the self-same hour that she departed, Alfred and Julietta entered the church-yard together.

"How sweet!" cried Julietta, suddenly, as she bent down over a grave carpeted with perfumed flowers. "How sweet!" she said again, and bent still lower to read the inscription upon the marble slab, which was entirely hidden by their luxuriant growth. "Who is it that reposes here?" But she started back quickly, for a fragment of mouldered

paper glanced from amid the leaves, upon which she plainly recognized, written in Alfred's hand, the words—

"Thine, even in death!"

"Thy hand-writing!" she cried, read the words once more, and then asked, passionately, "Who rests here?"

Alfred had turned pale as death, but recovering himself quickly, he laughed wildly, and replied, "A dead mistress of mine!" and striking the paper deep into the earth with his sword-cane, added, "Look, thus wither the fairest flowers—thus perish the most sacred vows of love! Who can say how soon we—"

"Hold!" interrupted Julietta, with faltering voice, and fixed a cold, death-like glance upon him.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, and clasped her passionately in his arms, while boundless love shone in all his features—"No, no, my Julietta, never! But away, away from here!" As if overcome with terror, he hurried her quickly from the church-yard.

As, on the following morning, the Prince returned from his accustomed ride, he observed a great crowd before the dwelling of the opera-singer, Julietta. Officers and guards hurried back and forth, and now the Director of the Police stepped from the house.

"What is the matter here?" cried the Prince.

"A dreadful crime has been committed!" replied the Commissary. "Count Alfred was this morning found dead in the dwelling of the opera-singer, Julietta. She has poisoned him!"

The Prince shuddered, turned pale, and with strange agitation ordered his coachman to drive on in haste.

Julietta's chambermaid had testified as follows: Alfred and her mistress had returned to the house the evening before after a long walk. The Count was very cheerful, Julietta, on the contrary, evidently depressed and gloomy, but she took great pains to appear pleasant and gay. About nine o'clock they sat down, as usual, to supper, when the chambermaid left them. On the following morning, as Julietta had not rung for her by ten o'clock, she was seized with alarm, and foreboded some mishap. She ventured first to enter the ante-chamber, then the boudoir—here lay Count Alfred, dead and cold, half upon the sofa, half upon the floor; beside him, holding the lifeless

body in a convulsive embrace, the senseless Julietta.

After many unsuccessful attempts, she was able at last to recall her to consciousness. Julietta glared around her for a moment like one frantic, but as her glance fell upon the body, with the piercing scream, "I am thy murderess!" she threw herself upon it again, embraced it, and once more sank into insensibility.

Julietta was brought to trial, and *she at once confessed the crime*. "The motive had been jealousy." She related with great calmness and particularly how the purpose ripened in her bosom, how she had long meditated upon it, and at last resolved to carry it into execution. She had loved Count Alfred once—hence her momentary weakness after the act was done; but she did not regret it, on the contrary, if it were possible for Alfred to be returned to life again, she would (as she spoke these words she shuddered)—she would do the deed again—for he was a monster!

I leave it to you to decide concerning the weight of such a confession. The sage judges of ——— received it as an acknowledgment of guilt, *in all form of law*; and the physician to whom Julietta's advocate appealed, declared that she was in perfect possession of her senses—nay, that she did not seem to exhibit the least disturbance of intellect, and was, accordingly, justly accountable to the laws. Do not distort your mouth, my friend! such men are found in the profession at the present day, who cannot see beyond the reach of their own noses.

The laws of that time and of that land were interpreted and enforced with all the barbarity of the middle ages. The letter of the law said death, and the sentence was laid before the Prince for his signature.

The Prince, it is said, moved by the youth and beauty of the opera-singer, offered her pardon; be this as it may, it pleased his highness to sign the sentence, and three days after, at an early hour in the morning, Julietta's head fell upon the scaffold.

Her body was given to the anatomical theatre. The dissector caused it to be buried in private—the head he preserved. Soon afterward he resigned his post, and left ———. No one knew the place of his retreat.

On a stormy February evening of the year 1792, a band of furious sans-culottes hurried up the rue St. Honoré, dragging

in their midst a stranger of noble and stately appearance.

They stopped before a gloomy, antiquated building, and knocking violently at the door, cried out: "Come out, citizen Le Petit! Open the door. We bring you a new customer."

A window in the first story was now opened, and a singular figure, with a lamp in its hand, made its appearance. It was a man, apparently verging toward his sixtieth year, with a brownish, yellow face; a large black patch covered his left eye, and a loose dressing-gown, variegated with large flowers, hung like a talar about his meagre limbs. Upon his head he wore a fox-colored peruke, and over this a tall, white night-cap, ornamented with an enormous tri-colored cockade. It was Doctor Le Petit.

"A customer?" he cried, with a croaking voice—"A customer? Is he already shortened by the head?"

"Not yet!" answered a young fellow, with a laugh. "Thou must let him take up his night's quarters here. The guillotine has too much work on hand to-day, and our man must wait, and take his turn in the morning, if he does not in the mean while depart by extra post—for he is almost dead with fright already. For this reason we have brought him to thee, that thou mayest revive him a little. In return we will bring thee the morsel warm from the knife in the morning."

"Come in, then, my brave fellows!" croaked Le Petit, and disappeared from the window. A moment after he opened the street door, and some of the sans-culottes brought in the prisoner, and led him, more dead than alive, through the gloomy hall, and up the stairs. "Oh God!" he sighed, as he passed on.

"The d——!" cried Le Petit, and stopped; "that is a German!"

"Yes, indeed!" replied a young sans-culotte, "and a nobleman beside! We caught the bird in a nest of the aristocrats, while they were contriving how to betray the republic to the stranger."

"A pestilence upon the blockhead!" grumbled the Doctor, as he unlocked the door of his chamber. "Well, in then, all together."

The young fellow said, however: "Not so, citizen. We know thee, and will leave the prisoner in thy care. Thy head is a pledge for his. We have a great deal of work on hand this evening. We will call for him early in the morning, if thou dost not torture him to death in the mean while

with thy quackery. Come, comrades!" He shook the Doctor by the hand, beckoned to his comrades, and all departed with great uproar, as they had come.

"The d——!" muttered the Doctor to himself; "I would you were all under the guillotine!" Then turning to the stranger, he continued, in German: "Courage, poor wretch! Perhaps I can save thee. You are not the first whom my craft has rescued from the hands of these bloodhounds. They have not the least suspicion of it indeed, or it were all over with my head. Let us hope for the best."

"You are a German?" said the stranger joyfully.

"No longer! Things go badly enough in Paris, that is true; but, at all events, they go speedily, when it comes to the worst. Alas, in Germany they murder slowly as well as more dreadfully."

While he spoke these words, he lighted a lamp, and turned it toward the stranger; but as if stricken by lightning, he tottered backward, as he gazed upon his features.

"For heaven's sake! what is the matter?" said the stranger.

Le Petit still gazed upon him with a stare, but at last, with great exertion, uttered the words—"Prince M——!"

"In the name of heavenly mercy! do not betray me," implored the stranger. It was the Prince of . . . .

The Doctor's face wore a singular smile, as he replied: "Oh, no, there is no necessity for it. But does not your highness remember me?"

The Prince gazed upon him attentively, and replied at last, with evident embarrassment and anxiety: "In truth, I cannot call your features to mind."

"I believe it," answered Le Petit, hastily; "great lords soon forget trifles, but the *canaille* has oftentimes a true, a d——d true memory! *Exempla sunt odiosa*."

"What mean you?" inquired the Prince, with increasing uneasiness.

"Oh, nothing!" said Le Petit, with a laugh, then rang for a servant, who brought in wine and food, and invited his guest to fall to with a good appetite. The Prince was frightfully disturbed.

"How do you expect to rescue me?"

"I am at this moment thinking of it."

"Let me fly. The darkness of the night will favor my escape."

"No, in truth, it will not. Spies lurk around my house—my own servants are watching me. It would bring destruction upon us both. But eat."

"Oh, God! I cannot."

"Bah! drink then!" He filled two glasses, reached one to the Prince, and held the other ready to touch it in compliment. With chattering teeth the Prince touched glasses, and poured the wine down his throat. Le Petit filled them anew.

"Rescue! rescue!" cried the Prince, with a heavy sigh.

"Your highness," said the Doctor, drily—"your highness seems to fear death greatly. Wherefore did you not remain in your own land?"

"My God! who could foresee this catastrophe?"

"Who? Who is there that could not? But, yes, ye princes could not, and your courtiers could not! *Who could foresee this catastrophe?* Ah! so will your children ask, and your children's children, when the occasion comes—for you learn nothing, and forget nothing. You do not drink, Prince! Do you wish to sleep?"

The Prince shuddered, and shook his head. He now related the particulars of his arrest, in a house in which many Frenchmen and foreigners of rank had taken refuge, and then begged his strange host once more to tell him how he expected to save him.

Le Petit seemed to contend with himself. He said at last, "I know but one way."

The Prince listened in breathless silence. Le Petit continued: "I am an anatomist. From the words of the *sans-culottes*, you may have remarked that out of love and friendship (for I pass with them for a good citizen,) they often bring the bodies fresh from the guillotine to my house. Do not shudder! I have rescued many a condemned one by this means; for as they seldom exercise any control over my labors, (when they do, it is done even more carelessly than they guillotine,) every one who, like you, is brought to me alive—that is, if he is not a knave, and has not spilt innocent blood—I save, by dedicating him a victim on the altar of science. As, alas! I never want for fresh subjects, it has always been easy for me, thus far, to deceive these bloodhounds. All Paris curses me; and if a better party than that of a Marat should gain the upper hand, the guillotine were the mildest punishment for the monster. At present, however, I am in considerable embarrassment. I have indeed one male subject in my house; but, alas! it is impossible to pass him off for your

highness, as he has a hump-back, and very crooked legs; and then there are a number of students of medicine among the sans-culottes who left you in my hands. I must show them your dead body to-morrow morning! The only means, then, were to give you a potion which should hurl you into a death-like stupor, that would last until to-morrow evening. When my good friends come in the morning, why I can bring them to the marble table on which your highness will lie stretched out like a corpse."

The Prince shuddered, and muttered half to himself, "Who will be warrant for me?"

"Your highness does not trust me," said the anatomist with a smile. "If you knew me, you would trust me still less. But by the great God, whose name so many knaves blaspheme, when they subscribe themselves *by God's grace*, I pity you and am truly desirous of saving you, as I have already saved many an innocent person."

"If you rescue me," replied the stranger, "my gratitude shall know no bounds; your reward shall be princely."

Le Petit drew his face awry. "I said that I was desirous of saving your highness. Form your resolution."

"When must I take the potion?"

"Now—at once."

"And where am I to pass the night?"

"Immediately upon swallowing it, you will fall into a stupor, which by degrees will pass into death-like insensibility. As soon as this takes place, I shall call my servants, and tell them that you have had a stroke of apoplexy. You will then be carried into the dissecting hall, and placed upon the marble table."

"Where the guillotined lie?" cried the Prince in affright.

Le Petit shrugged his shoulders and replied, "It is necessary."

"Oh, why do you tell me of it?"

"You wished to hear the *truth*. Yet you need not be alarmed; you will be sensible of nothing, so soon as you have taken the draught."

"No, no! First let me view the place of horror."

Le Petit started. He then spoke slowly and earnestly. "Do not desire that, Prince. Only as a seeming corpse, and unconscious of the external world would I be willing that you should be admitted among my preparations. Hark! what was that?"

"What?"

The clock struck. "One! Two! See the gleam of morning. Resolve at once! But an hour at most is ours!"

"I will!" exclaimed the Prince in death-like agony. "I will; but I implore you, let me first view the place!"

Le Petit glanced wildly around, and then said, "Well, come, but the consequences be upon your own head! I have given you warning."

He took the lamp, beckoned the Prince, and unlocked an adjoining cabinet, at the farther end of which a door led into the dissecting hall. They entered.

Upon a marble table in the middle of the hall lay a naked, misshapen body, near it the bloody head. Along the walls were skeletons, bottles with preparations in spirits of wine, and several chests of moderate size, furnished with covers. The Prince trembled in every limb.

"This is my private dissecting room," said Le Petit; "therefore things are arranged on rather a small scale. You see my whole anatomical establishment, except the kitchen for macerating and boiling." He placed the lamp upon the table, pushed the body a little aside, and pointing to the empty place near it, remarked, "You will lie here, if it please your highness."

"Be it so!" replied the Prince, in stupid indifference; "give me the potion."

"Well, let us return to my chamber."

He took the lamp from the table again, and walked toward the door. The Prince turned to follow him; but excitement and alarm had deprived him of his strength; he tottered and stumbled. In order to hold himself upright, he grasped at one of the chests which stood against the wall; he overturned it, and it fell with him upon the floor.

With a piercing cry the anatomist sprang forward, casting the rays of the lamp full upon him, and then cried in fearful tones, "The consequences be upon your own head!"

"Pardon me!" muttered the Prince faintly, as he arose with difficulty. "Pardon me! Come—away from here—away! Give me—give me the potion!"

A wild laugh broke from the lips of Le Petit, the glasses around the walls gave a shrill echo to the sound, and he cried with fearful irony: "Gently, my good sir! not so fast! I told you beforehand that it were not well for you to enter my work-shop alive. Your highness, do you know what it is that lies upon the

ground near you? Look here! here!" With these words he thrust his hand into the chest, drew forth a head, and held it close before the Prince's face.

"Julietta!" exclaimed the latter, starting backward with horror.

"Julietta!" echoed the Anatomist with fearful earnestness. "Julietta! the poor, unhappy one, whom, though innocent, thou didst suffer to be executed. Murderer! Poisoner! Or dost think I do not know that it was thou who poisoned Count Alfred? Look! Dost thou not remember me?" With these words, he tore off his night-cap and peruke, removed the patch from his eye, and Alfred's friend, the dissector of —, stood before the almost lifeless Prince.

"Pardon! Mercy!" he groaned, and crouched, writhing, at the Doctor's feet. A violent knocking was now heard at the street door, and furious voices bellowed, "Open, Citizen Le Petit! we are here!" Le Petit readjusted his disguise in haste, and walked toward the door.

"Have compassion!" howled the Prince, clasping his knees in a convulsive embrace.

"It is too late!" replied Le Petit. "The avenging gods demand their victim. Repentance only is left thee here. Hope for mercy yonder!" With a strong hand he seized the trembling wretch, dragged him into his chamber, and opened the door.

The sans-culottes poured in. "Where is the prisoner?" they cried.

Le Petit pointed to the sofa, upon which the Prince lay, half senseless. "There, my brave fellows! he has had a bad night, but he is alive yet—well, handle him daintily, and make short work of it."

"Do not be uneasy, citizen. And thou shalt have him again as soon as he is dispatched."

"I do not want him."

"The d—l!" cried a young fellow, "the d—l, doctor! are you crazy? To refuse such a noble subject as this?"

"Take him thyself, popinjay, since he pleases thee so much. I will have nothing to do with him."

"Very well," laughed the sans-culotte, as he grasped the Prince by the collar and raised him upon his feet. "Come, Monsieur!"

"Whither?"

"To the guillotine!" With these words he pushed him toward his companions. "Good morning, Citizen Le Petit!"

Le Petit waved his hand in silence, turned his back upon them, and the sans-culottes left the house with their prisoner.

The Principality of — was, in the year 1807, incorporated with a neighboring kingdom, and in 1814 was divided into thirty-eight distinct parts.

Soon after the events here related the Anatomist disappeared from Paris and from France. He has never parted with the head of the unfortunate Julietta. When he dies his last prayer will be: "*Consign the beautiful head to repose.*"

"Such was the narrative of the Anatomist," said the young physician, as he concluded his story. "I myself fulfilled that last prayer. With my own hands I buried Julietta's head in his garden, and it has long since turned to dust."

The women, although pale as death, were well pleased with the narration; but the men declared that it was as revolting as it was diabolical and frightful.

## BEAUMONT AND 'FLETCHER.\*

In considering the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, especially those of the latter, we cannot miss noticing the heroic and martial spirit they breathe. This sometimes finds expression in one or two prominent personages, but frequently is diffused through the whole drama; and though its higher manifestation is confined to the tragedies, it not unfrequently occurs in the comedies, among characters otherwise depraved. This heroism consists mainly in a deification of the sentiment of honor, real or conventional—in a fierce joy and pride in personal prowess—and, especially, in a brave disdain of death, sometimes vehemently expressed, sometimes sportively, and active both in mail-clad warriors and volatile libertines. A large portion of Fletcher's characters are soldiers; in the camp and the field of battle he appears at home. His ideas and ideals belong to the feudal age. He takes the two aspects of the knight of olden time,—his chivalrous spirit and his licentious appetites; and lifts him to the former, or sinks him to the latter, as the necessities of the play require. In his noblest expression of chivalry there is little sustained might of nature. Most of his heroes talk too loud, and their feeling of personal superiority often runs into bragging. Like Memnon, each carries a "drum in his mouth." We will give some of the best specimens of this heroic vein.

In "Bonduca," "The Double Marriage," "The Loyal Subject," "The False One," Thierry and Theodoret," "Valentinian," we see this heroic type of character in its serious and lofty embodiment—in such men as Aëcius, Caratach, Penius, Cæsar, Memnon, Archas. Archas, who gives the name to "The Loyal Subject," is a brave, honest, generous, irascible warrior, faithful to a tyrannical and voluptuous king through all trials of his constancy, and illustrating at once Fletcher's favorite character of an indomitable soldier, and likewise his slavish notions of passive obedience to the will of kings, so fashionable at the court of James. All that Archas says is pitched on a high, screaming key of de-

clamation. The fire of the old man's courage never dies out a moment. The spirit of battle burns in his words. In the fifth scene of the fourth act, a trap is laid for him by Boroskie, the knavish counsellor of the king. He is accused of treason: The impatient old veteran begins railing at once, and draws from Boroskie the exclamation, "these words are death." "No," screams out the hot soldier,

"No, those deeds that want rewards, sirrah, Those battles I have fought, those horrid dangers,

(Leaner than death and wilder than destruction,)

I have marched upon, these honored wounds, Time's story,

The blood I have lost, the youth, the sorrows suffered,

These are my death, these that can ne'er be recompensed;"

and he proceeds to taunt his enemy with cowardice in war as well as perfidy in peace. He asks him—alluding to his shamefully shamming sickness when danger came—

"Where was your soldiership? Why went not you out,

And all your right-honorable valor with you?

Why met you not the Tartar, and defied him?

Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor?

And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder Rend the stiff-hearted oaks, and toss their roots up,

Why did not you so charge him?"

The faithfulness of the old soldier is carried to caricature in the last act, where, having been unjustly tortured and whipped, he quells by his commands the insurrection of his friends, raised to save or revenge him, and desires to condemn his own son to death for heading the revolt.

Memnon, the "Mad Lover," is another of Fletcher's heroes. There is considerable substance in his very inflation, and his words strike fire. Eumenes, one of his captains, tells of the ten set battles his general had won, forcing his enemy at last to "wall himself up."

\* Continued from our last number.



"There not safe,  
Shook him with warlike engines like an  
earthquake,  
Till, like a snail, he left his shell, and  
crawled  
By night and hideous darkness to destruc-  
tion,  
Disarmed for ever rising more;"

and Memnon, speaking for himself to his  
prince, and excusing his roughness of be-  
havior, says:

"I know no court but martial,  
No oily language, but the shock of arms,  
No dalliance but with death; no lofty mea-  
sures,  
But weary and sad marches, cold and hun-  
ger,  
Larums at midnight Valor's self would  
shake at;  
Yet I ne'er shrunk: Balls of consuming  
wildfire  
That lick'd men up like lightning, have I  
laughed at.  
And tossed 'em back again like children's  
trifles.  
Upon the edges of my enemies' swords  
I have marched like whirlwinds; Fury at  
this hand waiting,  
Death at my right, Fortune my forlorn  
hope:  
When I have grappled with destruction,  
And tugg'd with pale-faced Ruin, night and  
mischief,  
Frighted to see a new day break in blood."

"The Mad Lover," is one of Fletcher's  
most characteristic plays, full of nobility  
and meanness, of romantic heroism and  
reckless passion, of angels and beasts.  
It has much exhilarating animation; and  
the comic scenes, though gross, are  
mirth-provoking. The fifth scene of the  
fourth act is especially diverting.

"Valentinian," is one of the most cele-  
brated of Fletcher's tragedies. Aëcius,  
the brave and faithful soldier, is a repro-  
duction of Archas. Like him, he carries  
the principles of obedience to folly.  
When Maximus sternly denounces the  
baseness of the Emperor, Aëcius replies:

"We are but subjects, Maximus, obedi-  
ence  
To what is done, and grief for what is ill  
done  
Is all we can call ours."

Yet he has the same disdain of death  
and danger, the same joy in battle, the  
same readiness to throw away his life at  
the slightest call of honor, which distin-  
guish Fletcher's heroes in general. The  
scene in which Lucina, the noble-hearted  
and chaste wife of Maximus, meets her

husband and Aëcius, after having been  
subjected to the brutality of the emperor  
is the most effective in the play. It is  
thought by Hallam to be, perhaps, the  
only scene in Fletcher calculated to draw  
tears.

*Enter MAXIMUS and AECIUS.*

AECIUS. [*Entering.*] Let Titus  
Command the company that Pontius lost,  
And see the fosses deeper.

MAX. How now, sweetheart?  
What make you here, and thus?

AECIUS. Lucina weeping!  
This must be much offence.

MAX. Look up, and tell me,  
Why are you thus?—My ring! oh, friend,  
I have found it!—

You are at court, sweet!

LUCINA. Yes; this brought me hither.

MAX. Rise, and go home.—I have my  
fears, Aëcius:

Oh, my best friend, I am ruined!—Go, Lu-  
cina;

Already in thy tears I have read thy  
wrongs,

Already found a Cæsar. Go, thou lily,  
Thou sweetly-drooping flower! Go, silver  
swan,

And sing thine own sad requiem! Go,  
Lucina,

And, if thou dearest, out-live this wrong!

LUCINA. I dare not.

AECIUS. Is that the ring you lost?

MAX. That, that, Aëcius,

That cursed ring, myself, and all my for-  
tunes.

"T has pleased the emperor, my noble  
master,

For all my services, and dangers for him,  
To make me mine own pander. Was this  
justice,

Oh, my Aëcius? have I lived to bear this?

LUCINA. Farewell for ever, sir!

MAX. That's a sad saying;

But such a one becomes you well, Lucina  
And yet, methinks, we should not part so  
lightly;

Our loves have been of longer growth,  
more rooted,

Than the sharp word of one farewell can  
scatter.

Kiss me. I find no Cæsar here; these lips  
Taste not of ravisher, in my opinion.

Was it not so?

LUCINA. Oh, yes!

MAX. I dare believe thee;

For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweet-  
ness.

Indeed she was, Aëcius.

AECIUS. So she is still.

MAX. Once more!—Oh, my Lucina, oh,  
my comfort,  
The blessing of my youth, the life of my  
life!

**ÆCIUS.** I have seen enough to stagger  
my obedience ;

Hold me, ye equal gods ! this is too sinful.

**MAX.** Why wert thou chosen out to  
make a whore of ?

To me thou wert too chaste. Fall, crystal  
fountains,

And ever feed your streams, you rising  
sorrows,

Till you have dropt your mistress into  
marble.

Now, go forever from me.

**LUCINA.** Long farewell, sir !

And as I have been loyal, gods, think on  
me !

**MAX.** Stay ; let me once more bid fare-  
well, Lucina.

Farewell, thou excellent example of us !  
Thou starry virtue, fare thee well ! seek

Heaven,  
And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory !

We are too base and dirty to preserve thes.

**ÆCIUS.** Nay, I must kiss too. Such a  
kiss again,

And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,  
Æcius must not take. Farewell, thou

phœnix,  
If thou wilt die, Lucina ! which, well

weighed,  
If you can cease a while from these strange

thoughts,  
I wish were rather altered.

**LUCINA.** No.

**ÆCIUS.** Mistake not.  
I would not stain your honor for the empire,

Nor any way decline you to discredit :

'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's.

I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,

And am the same Æcius, still as honest,

The same life I have still for Maximus,

The same sword wear for you, where jus-  
tice wills me,

And 'tis no dull one : therefore, miscon-  
ceive not ;

Only I would have you live a little longer,  
But a short year.

**MAX.** She must not.

**LUCINA.** Why so long, sir ?

Am I not gray enough with grief already ?

**ÆCIUS.** To draw from that wild man a  
sweet repentance,

And goodness in his days to come.

**MAX.** They are so,

And will be ever coming, my Æcius.

**ÆCIUS.** For who knows, but the sight  
of you, presenting

His swol'n sins at the full, and your fair  
virtues,

May, like a fearful vision, fright his follies,  
And once more bend him right again ?

which blessing  
(If your dark wrongs would give you leave  
to read)

Is more than death, and the reward more  
glorious :

Death only eases you ; this, the whole em-  
pire.

Besides, compelled and forced with vio-  
lence

To what you have done, the deed is none  
of yours,

No, nor the justice neither. You may live,  
And still a worthier woman, still more

honored ;

For, are those trees the worse we tear the  
fruits from ?

Or, should th' eternal gods desire to perish  
Because we daily violate their truths,

Which is the chastity of Heaven. No,  
lady !

If you dare live, you may : And as our sins  
Make them more full of equity and justice,

So this compulsive wrong makes you more  
perfect,

The empire too will bless you.

**MAX.** Noble sir,  
If she were anything to me but honor,

And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,  
Not to be worn away without my being ;

Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,  
Or both our wrongs, not tied to after issues,

Not born anew in all our names and kin-  
dreds,

I would desire her live ; nay more, compel  
her :

But, since it was not youth, but malice did  
it,

And not her own, nor mine, but both our  
losses ;

Nor stays it there, but that our names must  
find it,

Even those to come, and when they read  
she lived,

Must they not ask how often she was rav-  
ished,

And make a doubt she loved that more than  
wedlock ?

Therefore she must not live.

**ÆCIUS.** Therefore she must live,  
To teach the world such deaths are super-  
stitious.

**LUCINA.** The tongues of angels cannot  
alter me ;

For, could the world again restore my  
credit,

As fair and absolute as first I bred it,  
That world I should not trust again. The

empire,  
By my life, can get nothing but my story,

Which, whilst I breathe, must be but his  
abuses.

And where you counsel me to live, that  
Cæsar

May see his errors, and repent, I'll tell  
you,

His penitence is but increase of pleasures,  
His prayers never said but to deceive us ;

And when he weeps, as you think, for his  
vices,

'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-  
trees,

That rot their honest neighbor. If he can  
grieve,

\* As one that yet desires his free conversion,

And almost glories in his penitence,  
I'll leave him robes to mourn in, my sad  
ashes.

**ÆCIUS.** The farewells then of happy  
souls be with thee,

And to thy memory be ever sung  
The praises of a just and constant lady!  
This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tears  
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,  
Full of thy noble self, with tears untold  
yet,

Many a worthy wife to weep thy ruin!

**MAX.** All that is chaste upon thy tomb  
shall flourish,

All living epitaphs be thine: Time, story,  
And what is left behind to piece our lives,  
Shall be no more abused with tales and  
trifles,

But, full of thee, stand to eternity!

**ÆCIUS.** Once more, farewell! Go, find  
Elysium,

There where the happy souls are crowned  
with blessings,

There, where 'tis ever spring, and ever  
summer!

**MAX.** There, where no bed-rid justice  
comes! Truth, Honor,  
Are keepers of that blessed place: Go  
thither;

For here thou livest chaste fire in rotten  
timber.

**ÆCIUS.** And so, our last farewells!

**MAX.** Gods give thee justice!

[*Exit LUCINA.*]

- The scene between Valentinian and Æcius in the first act, in which the latter bluntly tells the emperor what is talked and thought about him in the army and among the people, has much force and feeling. The most indulgent critics of Fletcher concur in condemning the miserable shift by which, to preserve his principle of passive obedience, he makes Maximus turn out an ambitious villain, who kills the emperor more from a desire to obtain his seat, than to revenge the outrage upon his wife. It is useless, however, to particularize instances of Fletcher's caprice, carelessness and slavishness. Propriety and consistency, in the development of plot or character, must not be expected from him.

"Bonduca" is conceived in even a more heroic spirit. Caratach, Suetonius, Penius, all speak the language of high hearts and unshaken minds. Caratach, the British Chief, is perhaps Fletcher's finest character in the heroic vein. His modesty, his heartiness, his respect for valor wherever found, and his good sense, make him respected even by the Romans. Suetonius says of him:

"He's a soldier  
So forged out, and so tempered for great  
fortunes,

So much man thrust into him, so old in  
dangers,

So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere  
name

Fights in a thousand men, himself in mil-  
lions,

To make him Roman."

When Bonduca gasconades on their  
victories, Caratach modestly says:

"'Tis a truth

That Rome has fled before us twice, and  
routed;

A truth we ought to crown the gods for,  
lady,

And not our tongues."

And when taunted with doting on the  
Romans, he says:

**CAR.** Witness these wounds, I do; they  
were fairly given:

I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;  
And he that in the head on's troop defies  
me.

Bending my manly body with his sword,  
I make my mistress. Yellow-tressed Hy-  
men

Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,  
Than I am married to that man that wounds  
me:

And are not all these Roman? Ten struck  
battles

I suck'd these honor'd scars from, and all  
Roman;

Ten years of bitter nights and heavy  
marches,

(When many a frozen storm sung through  
my cuirass,

And made it doubtful whether that or I  
Were the more stubborn metal) have I  
wrought through,

And all to try these Romans. Ten times  
a-night

I have swam the rivers, when the stars of  
Rome

Shot at me as I floated, and the billows  
Tumbled their watery ruins on my should-  
ers,

Charging my batter'd sides with troops of  
agues;

And still to try these Romans, whom I  
found

(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth  
backward,

And be you witness, gods, and all my dan-  
gers)

As ready, and as full of that I brought,  
(Which was not fear, nor flight,) as valiant,

As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,  
Ever advanced as forward as the Britons,

Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high  
as ours,

Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonor,

And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bon-  
duca,  
And grow to no belief, to taint these Ro-  
mans.

Have I not seen the Britons —

BOND What?

CAR. Dishearten'd,  
Run, run, Bonduca! not the quick rack  
swifter;

The virgin from the hated ravisher  
Not half so fearful; not a flight drawn  
home,

A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,  
E'er made that haste that they have. By  
the gods,

I have seen these Britons, that you mag-  
nify,

Run as they would have out-run time, and  
roaring,

Basely for mercy roaring; the light sha-  
dows

That in a thought scur o'er the fields of  
corn,

Halted on crutches to 'em.

His bearing in battle and in defeat has  
equal nobleness. In the last act his  
wanderings with his little ward, Hengo,  
and the description of the latter's death,  
have much pathos and sweetness.

The address of Suetonius to his troops,  
in the second scene of the third act, is a  
good specimen of Fletcher's hot and lof-  
tily vehement declamation. The image  
of Fame, "pitched on the topless Appe-  
nine," is grand:

SUET. And, gentlemen, to you now!  
To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans,  
The name will fight itself: To tell ye who  
You go to fight against, his power, and na-  
ture,

But loss of time; ye know it, know it poor,  
And oft have made it so: To tell ye fur-  
ther,

His body shows more dreadful than it has  
done,

To him that fears less possible to deal  
with,

Is but to stick more honor on your ac-  
tions,

Load ye with virtuous names, and to your  
memories

Tie never-dying Time and Fortune con-  
stant.

Go on in full assurance! draw your swords  
As daring and as confident as justice;  
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud fame  
calls ye,

Pitch'd on the topless Appenine, and  
blows

To all the under-world, all nations,  
The seas and unfrequented deserts, where  
the snow dwells;

Wakens the ruin'd monuments; and there,  
Where nothing but eternal death and  
sleep is,

Inform again the dead bones with your  
virtues.

Go on, I say: Valiant and wise rule Hea-  
ven,

And all the great aspects attend 'em; Do  
but blow

Upon this enemy, who, but that we want  
foes,

Cannot deserve that name; and like a mist,  
A lazy fog, before your burning valors

You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,  
We have swords, and are the sons of an-  
cient Romans,

Heirs to their endless valors; fight and  
conquer.

"Bonduca," as Mr. Darley says, "has  
much flutter and rant, and we may  
add, more indecency and slang, but it is  
still replete with sentiments after "the  
high Roman fashion," and particularly  
breathes that contempt of fear and death  
which is the characteristic of Fletcher's  
heroism.

The opening scene of "The Humor-  
ous Lieutenant," in which the three Am-  
bassadors appear to old King Antigonus,  
has some fine images, as that in which  
the union of the kings is urged:

"Think of that strength  
When you are all one body, all one mind;  
When all your swords struck one way;  
*when your angers,*  
*Like so many brother billows, rose toge-*  
*ther,*

*And, curling up your foaming crests,*  
*defied*

*Even mighty kings, and in their falls*  
*entombed 'em."*

The third ambassador thus speaks of  
the soldiers of the three kings, against  
which Antigonus proposed to wage war:

"Hunger they dare condemn as well as  
yours,

And where they find no meat, feed on their  
angers;

March on the edge of danger; rest and  
sleep,

(The souls of soft and tender bodies,) they  
Shake off as well as yours; and when tired  
nature

Locks up their spirits, yet, like storms far  
off,

*Even in their rest they raise a warlike*  
*murmur."*

The lightness of foot with which  
Fletcher springs from his heroic stilts, is  
well illustrated in this play. Antigonus,  
who speaks to the ambassador like a man  
to whom glory and honor are deities he  
constantly worships, descends in the rest  
of the drama to the level of Brissac, in

"The Elder Brother," and expends the whole of his mighty energies to corrupt Celia, the mistress of his son. To conquer mere appetite is the top and crown of Fletcher's heroism, and he evidently deems the triumph a kind of miracle. Cæsar does not perform this difficult feat though he slays legions. Indeed Fletcher seems to conceive of it as a thing not necessary to complete his hero, and when he throws it in, it is with a fear that it will be denounced as unnatural; and he makes up for exhibiting one person immodestly chaste, by presenting a host of others to whom decency is a thing as impossible of apprehension as a sixth sense.

In "The False One," Fletcher takes Cæsar and Cleopatra for his subjects, and in the delineation of the latter follows, as closely as he can, the creature "all fire and air," whom Shakspeare has drawn with such miraculous touches in "Anthony and Cleopatra." This play is most laboriously written, in Fletcher's heaping style of composition, and contains more than his usual vigor and variety of power. Cæsar's grief, when the head of Pompey is brought before him by the Egyptian sycophants, is nobly expressed, especially the high-sounding, magnificent lines in which he celebrates the renown of the Roman warrior:

"Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,  
Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,  
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,  
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,  
Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven,  
No pyramids set off his memories,  
But the eternal substance of his greatness."

Throughout this play, wherever danger and destruction threaten, Cæsar leads his legions "like a thunderbolt." In his language there is ever implied a confidence in his own mind and valor, which it seems impossible that any obstacles should shake or overthrow. His Roman pride does not condescend to policy or courtesy towards the Egyptians. His words seem to sweep them from his path:

"You have found me merciful in arguing with ye,  
Swords, hangmen, fires, destruction of all natures,

Demolishment of kingdoms, and whole ruins,  
Are wont to be my orators!"

When Septimius, the treacherous murderer of Pompey, and a villain of most unfathomable baseness, offers to betray his own party, and show Cæsar a way to escape easily from the clutches of his enemies, he exclaims:

"Cæsar scorns  
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs  
So base a way; or owe the means of life  
To such a leprovous traitor! I have towered  
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,  
Not digged for't like a mole. Our swords  
and cause  
Make way for us: and that it may appear  
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,  
Some soldiers that would merit Cæsar's favor,  
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow  
The lane this sword makes for you."

The description of Cæsar, hewing his way through the Egyptian ranks, is magnificent:

"Inspired by him, his following friends,  
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey  
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,  
Brake through our troops, and scatter'd 'em. He went on,  
But still pursued by us: When on a sudden  
He turned his head, and from his eyes  
flew terror,  
Which struck in us no less fear and amazement  
Than if we had encountered with the lightning  
Hurled from Jove's cloudy bow."

One of the best of Fletcher's plays, though marred by his many faults, is "The Double Marriage." Violeto, a noble Neapolitan gentleman, enters into a conspiracy to overthrow Ferrand, the libidinous and cruel tyrant of Naples, and confides the secret of it to his heroic wife, Juliana. The plot is betrayed by a treacherous member of the confederacy, and Violeto, at whose life the tyrant particularly aims, is concealed by Juliana in a secret part of the house, known only to her. She is arrested, and stretched on the rack, to force from her intelligence of her husband's place of concealment. The scene of her torture we extract:

*Enter ROWVERE, Guard and Executioners, with a rack; bringing in CAMILLO, BEISSONET, PANDULPHO and JULIANA, fettered.*

CAM. Whate'er we suffer,  
The weight that loads a traitor's heart, sit  
ever  
Heavy on thine!

BRIS. As we are caught by thee,  
Fall thou by others!

RONV. Pish! poor fools, your curses  
Will never reach me.

JUL. Now, by my Violet's life,  
Father, this is a glorious stage of murder!  
Here are fine properties too, and such  
spectators

As will expect good action! To the life  
Let us perform our parts; and we shall live  
When these are rotten. 'Would we might  
begin once—

Are you the master of the company?  
'Troth, you are tedious now.

FERRAND. She does deride me.

JUL. Thee and thy power! If one poor  
syllable

Could win me an assurance of thy favor,  
I would not speak it; I desire to be  
The great example of thy cruelty,  
To whet which on, know, Ferrand, I alone  
Can make discovery where my Violet is,  
Whose life I know thou aim'st at: But if  
tortures

Compel me to't, may hope of Heaven for-  
sake me!

I dare thy worst.

FER. Are we condemn'd?

JUL. Thou art,  
Thou and thy ministers! My life is thine;  
But in the death the victory shall be mine.

PAND. We have such a mistress here to  
teach us courage,  
That cowards might learn from her.

FER. You are slow:

*[She is put on the rack.]*

Begin the scene.—Thou miserable fool,  
For so I'll make thee—

JUL. 'Tis not in thy reach;  
I am happy in my sufferings, thou most  
wretched.

FER. So brave? I'll tame you yet—  
Pluck harder, villains!

Is she insensible? no sigh nor groan;  
Or is she dead?

JUL. No, tyrant! though I suffer  
More than a woman, beyond flesh and  
blood,

'Tis in a cause so honorable, that I scorn,  
With any sign, that may express a sorrow,  
To show I do repent.

FER. Confess yet, and  
Thou shalt be safe.

JUL. 'Tis rapt up in my soul,  
From whence thou canst not force it.

FER. I will be  
Ten days in killing thee.

JUL. Be twenty thousand;  
My glory lives the longer.

RONV. 'Tis a miracle!

She tires the executioners, and me.

FER. Unloose her; I am conquered.—I  
must take

Some other way.—Reach her my chair, in  
honor

Of her invincible fortitude.

Ferrand, then, for purposes of his own,  
promises Juliana a free pardon to Vio-  
let, provided that he can be induced to  
head an expedition against the Duke of  
Sesse, a desperate fellow, who had re-  
belled against Ferrand, turned pirate,  
and held his nephew Ascanio as prisoner.  
Violet undertakes the enterprise, as As-  
canio is an old friend; and after a des-  
perate naval engagement with Sesse is  
defeated and taken prisoner. When  
brought before the Duke he is recog-  
nized, and a very spirited scene follows,  
in which Violet bears himself with the  
most heroic nonchalance, and receives his  
sentence of death with the brave banter-  
ing spirit common to Fletcher's heroes.  
But the Duke has a daughter, Martia, a  
warlike maid, who takes an active part  
in all her father's battles, and whose fierce  
soul is caught and inflamed by Violet's  
noble bearing. She visits him and As-  
canio, in the bilboes, and first dallies  
with her purpose, to try his strength of  
mind, but finding him still courageous,  
and ready to meet death smiling, she  
avows her love:

MARTIA. By Heaven, I love thee!  
And by the soul of love, am one piece with  
thee!

Thy mind, thy mind, thy brave, thy manly  
mind,

(That like a rock stands all the storms of  
fortune,  
And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot  
reach thee,)

That lovely mind I dote on, not the body:  
That mind has robbed me of my liberty;  
That mind has darkened all my bravery  
And into poor despised things turned my  
angers.

She promises to save the lives of both.  
Violet tells her that he cannot recom-  
pense her love with marriage. "Alas,  
I have a wife!" Martia exclaims,

"Dearer than I am?  
That will adventure so much for your safe-  
ty?

Forget her father's wrongs, quit her own  
honor,

Pull on her for a stranger's sake all curses?"

Violet at last consents, on condition  
that his friend Ascanio be a partner in  
the flight, to return her love, to marry  
her and be divorced from Juliana. Mar-

tia bribes six of the sailors, and elopes in the long-boat with the two prisoners—her father, informed of it too late to prevent it, pours forth a volley of energetic indecencies, and vows revenge.

“Come, cut cables,  
I will away; and where she sets her foot,  
Although it be in Ferrand’s court, I’ll follow her;  
And such a father’s vengeance shall she suffer—

For I shall never sleep, nor know what peace is,  
Till I have plucked her heart out.”

Violet, Ascanio, and Martia arrive safely at Naples. The agony and remorse of the former then begins. Ronvere, the base minister of the tyrant, who lusts for Juliana, Violet is compelled to bribe, in order through his agency to procure a divorce. The scene with his wife and father on his return is quite pathetic. Juliana, still suffering from the cruel tortures she has endured for his sake, does not reproach him, but says simply :

“Be what you please, this happiness yet stays with me.  
You have been mine. Oh! my unhappy fortune.”

When Pandulpho, the father of Violet, rages against him for his inconstancy, and vividly details the sufferings Juliana has endured, (to which she never alludes), Martia rapidly states the indebtedness of Violet to her, and Juliana humbly acknowledges her superiority :

“Like Obedience, thus I leave you,  
My long farewell!—I do not grudge; I grieve, sir;  
And if that be offensive I can die;  
And then you are fairly free.—Good lady, love him:  
You have a noble and an honest gentleman;  
I ever found him so, the world has spoke him,  
And let it be your part still to deserve him!  
Love him no less than I have done, and serve him,  
And Heaven shall bless you: You shall bless my ashes.  
I give you up the house, the name of Wife, Honour, and all respect I borrowed from him,  
And to my grave I turn.”

Violet, who loves Juliana, and who is pierced to the soul by her patience, refuses to consummate his marriage with Martia,—merely giving her the name of

wife, merely fulfilling his promise to the latter. The proud, fierce woman then determines on vengeance, and hies to Juliana as the most appropriate instrument. The latter receives her as an honorable visitor, saying :

“Your pleasure, lady,  
If in your breast there be a worthy pity,  
That brings you for my comfort, you do nobly;  
But if you come to triumph in your conquest,  
Or tread on my calamities, ’twill wrong  
Your other excellencies. Let it suffice  
That you alone enjoy the best of men,  
And that I am forsaken.”

Martia inveighs bitterly against Violet as a malicious and ungrateful wretch, whom she hates with her whole soul, and invites Juliana to join her in a plan of revenge, which shall atone for the injuries of both :

“From you he deserves  
A death most horrid; from me to die for ever  
And know no end to torments.”

But the result shows that this bad woman, from her entire ignorance, that great energy in action can be joined with the meekest spirit in suffering, miscalculates Juliana entirely. Her “infinite obedience hates all name and nature of revenge.” She receives the communication with a noble indignation :

“Plot what thou canst, my piety shall guard him—  
Against thy malice. Leave my house and quickly!  
Thou wilt infect these innocent walls. By Virtue,  
I will inform him of thy bloody purpose.  
And turn it on thine own accursed head;  
Believe’t I will!

She tells Violet, accordingly, the whole plot. Martia then obtains Ronvere as her instrument. He promises to procure Violet’s death, and Juliana is therefore on her guard against his machinations. Meanwhile the Duke of Sesse has arrived in the city, raises an insurrection against Ferrand, and drives the court into the tower of the castle, besieging them there. The following scene in Violet’s house tells its own story, and with all its effectiveness, must be considered an unworthy expedient to kill off the principal characters. It is a most provoking play at cross-purposes—a kind of tragic epigram.

*Enter VIOLET, habited like RONVERE.*  
*JULIANA stands apart.*

VIR. The state in combustion,  
 Part of the citadel forced, the treasure  
 seized on;  
 The guards, corrupted, arm themselves  
 against  
 Their late protected master; Ferrand fled  
 too,  
 And with small strength, into the castle's  
 tower,  
 The only Aventine that now is left him?  
 And yet the undertakers, nay, performers,  
 Of such a brave and glorious enterprise,  
 Are yet unknown: They did proceed like  
 men,

I like a child; and had I never trusted  
 So deep a practice unto shallow fools,  
 Besides my soul's peace in my Juliana,  
 The honor of this action had been mine,  
 In which, accursed, I now can claim no  
 share.

JUL. Ronvere; 'tis he; a thing, next to  
 the devil,  
 I most detest, and like him terrible;  
 Martia's right hand; the instrument, I  
 fear too,  
 That is to put her bloody will into act.  
 Have I not will enough, and cause too  
 mighty?

Weak women's fear, fly from me.

VIR. Sure this habit,  
 This likeness to Ronvere, which I have  
 studied,  
 Either admits me safe to my design,  
 Which I too cowardly have halted after,  
 And suffer'd to be ravished from my glory,  
 Or sinks me and my miseries together;  
 Either concludes me happy.

JUL. He stands musing;  
 Some mischief is now hatching:  
 In the full meditation of his wickedness,  
 I'll sink his cursed soul. Guide my hand,  
 Heaven,

And to my tender arm give strength and  
 fortune,

That I may do a pious deed, all ages  
 Shall bless my name for, all remembrance  
 crown me!

VIR. It shall be so.

JUL. It shall not! Take that token,  
*[Stabs him.]*

And bear it to the lustful arms of Martia!  
 Tell her, for Violet's dear sake, I sent it.

VIR. Oh, I am happy! let me see thee,  
 that I

May bless the hand that gave me liberty!  
 Oh, courteous hand! Nay, thou hast done  
 most nobly,  
 And Heaven has guided thee; 'twas their  
 great justice.

Oh, blessed wound, that I could come to  
 kiss thee!

How beautiful and sweet thou show'st!

JUL. Oh!

VIR. Sigh not,

Nor weep not, dear! shed not those sove-  
 reign balsams

Into my blood, which must recover me;  
 Then I shall live, again to do a mischief  
 Against the mightiness of love and virtue.  
 Some base unhallowed hand shall rob thy  
 right of—

Help me; I faint. So.

JUL. Oh, unhappy wench!

How has my zeal abused me! You that  
 guard virtue,

Were ye asleep? or do ye laugh at inno-  
 cence,

You suffer'd this mistake? Oh, my dear  
 Violet,

An everlasting curse follow that form  
 I struck thee in! his name be ever blasted!  
 For his accursed shadow has betray'd  
 The sweetness of all youth, the nobleness,  
 The honor, and the valor; wither'd for-  
 ever

The beauty, and the bravery of all man-  
 kind!

Oh! my dull devil's eyes!

VIR. I do forgive you. *[Kisses her.]*

By this, and this, I do. I know you were  
 cozen'd;

The shadow of Ronvere I know you aim'd  
 at,

And not at me; but 'twas most necessary  
 I should be struck; some hand above di-  
 rected you;

For Juliana could not show her justice,  
 Without depriving high Heaven of his  
 glory,

On any subject fit for her, but Violet.  
 Forgive me too, and take my last breath,  
 sweet one!

This the new marriage of our souls toge-  
 ther.

Think of me, Juliana; but not often,  
 For fear my faults should burthen your af-  
 fections.

Pray for me, for I faint.

JUL. Oh, stay a little,

A little, little, sir!

*[Offers to kill herself.]*

VIR. Fy, Juliana!

JUL. Shall I out-live the virtue I have  
 murder'd?

VIR. Hold, or thou hat'st my peace!  
 Give me the dagger;

On your obedience, and your love, deliver  
 it!

If you do thus, we shall not meet in Hea-  
 ven, sweet;

No guilty blood comes there: Kill your in-  
 tentions,

And then you conquer. There, where I  
 am going,

Would you not meet me, dear?

JUL. Yes.

VIR. And still love me?

JUL. And still behold you.

VIR. Live then, till Heaven calls you:



Then, ripe and full of sweetness, you rise  
sainted;

Then I, that went before you to prepare,  
Shall meet and welcome you, and daily  
court you,

With hymns of holy love. God! I go out!  
Give me your hand. Farewell! in peace,  
farewell!

Remember me! farewell! [*Dies.*]

JUL. Sleep you, sweet glasses!  
An everlasting slumber crown those crys-  
tals!

All my delight, adieu! farewell, dear  
Violet,

Dear, dear, most dear! Oh, I can weep no  
more;

My body now is fire, and all-consuming.  
Here will I sit, forget the world and all  
things,

And only wait what Heaven shall turn me  
to;

For now methinks I should not live.  
[*She sits down.*]

*Enter PANDULPHO with a book.*

PAND. Oh, my sweet daughter,  
The work is finish'd now I promised thee:  
Here are thy virtues show'd, here re-  
gister'd,  
And here shall live forever.

JUL. Blot it, burn it!  
I have no virtue; hateful I am as hell is!

PAND. Is not this Violet?

JUL. Ask no more questions!  
Mistaking him, I kill'd him.

PAND. Oh, my son!  
Nature turns to my heart again. My dear  
son!

Son of my age! wouldst thou go out so  
quickly?

So poorly take thy leave, and never see  
me?

Was this a kind stroke, daughter? Could  
you love him,

Honor his father, and so deadly strike  
him?

Oh, wither'd timeless youth! are all thy  
promises,

Thy goodly growth of honors, come to  
this?

Do I halt still i' th' world, and trouble Na-  
ture,

When her main pieces founder, and fail  
daily?

:

*Enter LUCIO and three Servants.*

LUCIO. He does weep certain. What  
body's that lies by him?  
How do you, sir?

PAND. Oh, look there, Lucio,  
Thy master, thy best master!

LUCIO. Wo is me!  
They have kill'd him, and slain him base-  
ly! Oh, my master!

PAND. Well, daughter, well! what heart  
you had to do this!

I know he did you wrong; but 'twas his  
fortune,

And not his fault: For my sake, that have  
loved you—

But I see now you scorn me too.

LUCIO. Oh, mistress!  
Can you sit there, and his cold body breath-  
less?

Basely upon the earth?

PAND. Let her alone, boy:  
She glories in his end.

LUCIO. You shall not sit here,  
And suffer him you loved—Ha! good sir,  
come hither,

Come hither quickly! heave her up! Oh,  
Heaven, sir!

Oh, God, my heart! she's cold, cold, cold,  
and stiff too.

Stiff as a stake; she's dead!

PAND. She's gone; ne'er bend her:  
I know her heart, she could not want his  
company.

Blessings go with thy soul! sweet angels  
shadow it!

Oh, that I were the third now! what a  
happiness!

But I must live to see you laid in earth  
both;

Then build a chapel to your memories,  
Where all my wealth shall fashion out your  
stories;

Then dig a little grave besides, and all's  
done.

How sweet she looks! her eyes are open  
smiling:

I thought she had been alive. You are my  
charge, sir;

And amongst you I'll see his goods dis-  
tributed.

[*To the Servants.*]

Take up the bodies; mourn in heart, my  
friends;

You have lost two noble succors. Follow  
me;

And thou sad country, weep this misery!  
[*Exeunt.*]

The last scene of the play is loud and  
bloody. The Duke of Sesse who has  
roused all the citizens against Ferrand,  
prepares to attack the citadel, whither  
the king and Martia have flown. There  
is considerable sharp verbal fighting be-  
fore the assault commences. Martia,  
who has become the mistress of Ferrand,  
spying her father, exclaims to the tyrant,

"There are a thousand furies in his looks;  
And in his deadly silence more loud hor-  
ror,

Than when in hell the tortured and tor-  
mentors

Contend whose shrieks are greater.  
Wretched me!

It is my father."

The citadel is carried, Ferrand killed, and

Martia taken prisoner. A subaltern of the Duke slays her, just as her father raises his hand to do it. Ascanio is then proclaimed king, and the story closes.

In the character of Juliana, Fletcher seems to have started with the idea of delineating a perfectly faithful and obedient wife, and he devises the most ingenious trials of her constancy. Campbell calls her "a fine idol of imagination, rather than as a probable type of nature;" and Fletcher himself makes old Pandulpho exclaim :

"Thou art not made  
Of that same stuff as other women are :  
Thy injuries would teach patience to blaspheme,  
Yet still thou art a dove."

The sentimentalism in Fletcher's sentiment, is evident the moment we compare Juliana with Imogen. Though the latter has not her constancy tried by such a series of shocks, she is essentially in nature and action the nobler woman of the two, even leaving out of view Shakspeare's superior mode of development.

"The Two Noble Kinsmen" bears traces of Shakspeare's hand, in the versification. It is not impossible that Fletcher's pliant fancy caught occasionally Shakspeare's manner in writing this play. He certainly exceeded himself in some passages of it. These have been repeatedly pointed out. The most notable are those quoted by Mr. Darley, in his Introduction to Beaumont and Fletcher. He says truly that Arcite's supplication to the statue of Mars, has not only Shakspeare's "enormous" style of conception, but his enormous style of handling :

"Thou mighty one, that with thy power  
hast turn'd  
Green Neptune into purple; [whose approach]  
Comets prewarn; whose havock in vast  
fields  
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath  
blows down  
The teeming Ceres' foyzon; who dost pluck  
With hand armipotent from forth blue  
clouds  
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and  
break'st  
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,  
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct  
this day  
With military skill, that to thy laud  
I may advance my streamer, and by thee  
Be styled the lord o' th' day! Give me,  
great Mars,  
Some token of thy pleasure!

[Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armor, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.

Oh, great corrector of enormous times,  
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand de-  
cider

Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with  
blood

The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the  
world

O' th' plurality of people; I do take  
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name  
To my design march boldly. Let us go!  
[Exeunt."

The great part of this play, however, is far from being Shakspearian. The Jailor's Daughter is an attempt at an imitation of Ophelia, and what appears so touchingly beautiful in the original, here shocks and disgusts. Fletcher's impurity peeps out in the whole delineation: "The Two Noble Kinsmen," however, is one of the most striking productions of the author, as regards its fertility of incident, its giddiness of spirit, and its wealth of fancy. The scene in the second act between Palamon and Arcite, is delightful.

"The Triumph of Honor," by Beaumont and Fletcher, has much of the heroic spirit. Mr. Emerson, in one of his essays, quotes a passage from one of its scenes with high praise. Love, in this play, has the all-conquering force it has in others. Martius, the Roman General, who is bred up in nobleness, whose deeds are dedicate to "loud Fame," becomes the slave to a dishonorable passion for Dorigen, and is saved at last by a virtue not his own. Dorigen says to him :

"Wouldst thou in one minute,  
Blast all thy laurels, which so many years  
Thou hast been purchasing with blood and  
sweat?"

This line of argument, however, has no weight with an enamored hero. "Alcides," he says with despairing cogency,

"Alcides,  
That mastered monsters was by beauty  
tamed;

Omphale smiled his club out of his hand,  
And made him spin her smocks."

The first scene is the greatest in the play, and should be given entire. We have already quoted at great length, and must refer the reader to the volume: the passage would be spoiled by excision. It is undoubtedly one of the finest old Roman scenes to be met with out of Shakspeare.

It is curious to see how the heroic spirit appears in Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedies, among their immoral characters. A most bewitching carelessness of life and property, a disposition to hazard everything for the gratification of a momentary whim or passion, a buoyancy and giddiness of spirit which nothing can fix or damp, give their comedy a certain poetical lightness and airiness, in spite of its audacious coarseness of expression and looseness of principle. It is this poetical element which distinguishes the *roués* of Fletcher from those of Dryden, Wycherley, and Congreve, whose brilliant libertines are selfish, base, and prosaic; and that it did not consist in mere volatility is proved by the comparative ill success of Farquhar, the most volatile of dramatists, in the same line of character. Sir Harry Wildair, in the latter's "Trip to the Jubilee," is, however, the nearest approach to Fletcher's "gentleman," among all the delineations of the comic writers of the Restoration. The intention of Fletcher in writing comedy, seems to have been simply diversion. Morality was utterly ignored. But his free-living and free-speaking gentlemen, in the midst of all their heedless debaucheries and jocular indifference to every law of morals and religion, have often an instinctive sense of honor and generosity, which prevents their dissoluteness from appearing cold and cruel, and at the same time heightens the comic effect of their adventures. They act without principle, not in defiance of principle. They have, properly speaking, no character at all, but are whirled into wickedness by inherent levity of constitution. They are intoxicated with animal spirits, and we hardly hold them responsible as moral agents. They have no depth to their libertinism, no feeling that it is wrong; and seem, at this day, mere creations of a fancy that loved to dally with conceptions extravagantly un-moral, simply for the merriment their extravagance provoked. Airy, bustling, brilliant, quick-witted, and feather-hearted,—their delineations of animal appetite and mercurial fantasies, whose words and deeds are bubbles that break at the first touch of principle,—their good-natured good-for-nothingness can hardly stir moral reprobation or excite immoral sympathy. They are the best representations, perhaps, in English literature, of the comic side of crime. Fletcher generally drew this character with a lighter touch in his

own days than in those in which Beaumont participated. The latter deepened the vanishing lines, gave it more fullness and defined traits, and thus made it more palpably profligate and reflectively immoral. In neither, however, does it have the substantial life which distinguishes the comic characters of other Elizabethan dramatists, who possessed humor as well as wit and fancy. Hardly one of these merry gentlemen lives in the mind, as an individual existence, like Volpone, or Sir Epicure Mammon, or Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, but each fades away into the general idea which covers all. Rutilio in "The Custom of the Country," and Young Loveless in "The Scornful Lady," Angelo, Petilius, Chitax, are among the merriest of these merry gentlemen. Not much care is taken to make them act consistently. All the author intends is to make them say good things and do strange ones. Their wit cannot be quoted, and indeed lies much more in incident than words. It has the unexpectedness of wit, from its singular recklessness. It is blasphemy and ribaldry made comic, from the fact that those who utter it hardly know that blasphemy and ribaldry do not constitute human language. Give them reflection and moral sense, and the comedy would turn at once into tragedy. Fletcher, in describing the debaucheries of these comic heroes, makes them invulnerable to disease, as sentimental novelists make their heroes invulnerable to death. The man of sentiment, whom Mrs. Roche or the Misses Porter adopt as their ideal man, is never killed, though he may be run through the body a hundred times, and receive wounds which a quack doctor would despair of healing. Debauchery cannot kill Fletcher's rake, any more than sword-cuts and pistol-shots can kill Miss Porter's flat.

But, as we have before intimated, nearly all of Fletcher's wild-witted acions of sin, possess a certain sense of honor, which sometimes rises to sportive heroism; and all disregard of danger when it stands in the way of desire or caprice. In "The Sea Voyage," Tibalt and the Master of the Ship, both merry and reckless, who have "housed on the wild sea with wild usages," never lose their merry courage. Julietta, provoked at their taunts, exclaims:

"Why, slaves, 't is in our power to hang ye!"

To which the Master rejoins,

"Very likely;  
'T is in our powers then to be hanged, and  
scorn ye."

In "The Captain," Julio, infatuated with the wanton Lelia, expresses his intention to offer her marriage. Angelo, his friend, who is under a like fascination, says that he, too, would give all he had in the world to possess her, "even to his naked soul," but he adds:

"Yet methinks still we should not dote  
away  
That, that is something more than ours,  
our honors.  
I would not have thee marry her, by no  
means."

In "The Chances," a comedy in which every character and almost every incident would make the hair of a moralist stand on end, there is the same sort of honor and heroism running through all intrigues of the play. The Duke, who has become involved in an amorous adventure, is told by one of his attendants that certain death will result from his going forth to meet one of its consequences. This is the last motive to dissuade one of Fletcher's men from the prosecution of anything. The Duke says:

"Were I surer  
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and  
with death  
More than those fears are too—  
I would not crack my vow, start from my  
honor,  
Because I may find danger; wound my soul  
To keep my body safe!  
What is danger,  
More than a weakness of our apprehen-  
sions?"

Is there any  
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pampered,  
Would choose luxuriously to lie a-bed,  
And purge away his spirit, send his soul  
out  
In sugar-sops and syrups? Give me dying,  
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,  
Parting with mankind by a man that's  
manly.  
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along  
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on!"

Of the tragi-comedies and comedies, in which this type of character occurs, and of the general comic spirit of Beaumont and Fletcher we can say but little more. "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife" still keeps the stage. Michael Perez, the Copper Captain,—Cacafofo, the proud, vulgar, overbearing lump of gold, gluttony

and folly—the knavish Estifania—are brilliantly delineated. "The Wild-Goose Chase" is a sparkling and animated play, on which Farquhar founded his "Inconstant." "Monsieur Thomas" is one of the most laughable and farcical in the collection. Hylas bears the palm from all the brisk fops of gallantry. "The Little French Lawyer" is full of fun and mischief. "Wit at Several Weapons," "The Coxcomb," "Wit Without Money," and "The Scornful Lady" are among the joint comedies, and excel those we have just mentioned in substantial character and artistical elaborateness. "The Spanish Curate" is probably the best of Fletcher's tragi-comedies. It has some scenes of exquisitely comical and almost humorous effect. The nearest approach, however, to the solid humor of Jonson, is in the mock play, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," written by Fletcher and Beaumont. Bessus, in "Philaster," is a good caricature of Captain Bobadil, and his insensibility to shame sometimes touches the humorous. The same may be remarked of the impudence of Penurio, in "Women Pleased." Perhaps the most poetical in diction and sentiment of the comedies, is "The Elder Brother." Charles, in this play, has a sweetness, gentleness and nobility of feeling, not common to Fletcher's lovers. Miramont is a clever delineation of an honest, irascible, "merry" old gentleman. His ignorant admiration of learning is at times exceedingly diverting:

"Though I can speak no Greek, I love the  
sound on 't,  
It goes so thundering as it conjured devils."

Brissac, his brother, and the father of Charles, is one of those old gentlemen with young desires that Fletcher delighted to ridicule with little mercy or decency. "The Faithful Shepherdess," a pastoral drama, is probably the most completely poetical of all Fletcher's works. His luxuriant fancy is here displayed in all its sweetness, and also in much of its rankness. The plot is clumsy and improbable. The characters are not forcibly conceived. There is a certain affectation of country simplicity which declares the man about town amidst all the rural imagery. The sentiment does not always escape falling either into sentimentality or brutality. It is only sufficient to read "As You Like it," to decide that it has not the true freshness and natural sweetness of pastoral life. But still, it con-

tains such a throng of delicious fancies,—a fertility of allusion and description, that revels in its own richness—that none can read it without delight. It did not succeed in representation, much to the mortification of the author, and the metrical rage of his brother poets. To use one of his own phrases, it was probably “hissed to ashes.” We wish we could account for its failure by the supposition that the audience were disgusted by what has disgusted posterity—the indecency that defiles the beauty of so many of its scenes.

As we cannot hope to notice at any length Beaumont and Fletcher's numerous plays, with their five or six hundred names of characters, and as such a course would not make them any the more intelligible to our readers, we have concluded in despair to cull some of their choicest thoughts and fancies, and give them here as an appropriate close to our specimens of their powers. The slight extracts that follow are gems, which we have picked up among heaps of rubbish. Sometimes a whole play has afforded us but one striking thought or sentiment, which would be available for quotation.

“All shall be right again, and, as a pine,  
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,  
Jointed again, and made a mast, defies  
Those angry winds that split him; so will I,  
Pieced to my never-failing strength and  
fortune,  
Steer through these swelling dangers,  
plough their prides up,  
And bear like thunder through their loud-  
est tempests.”

“Hark, how they shout to battle! how the  
air  
Totters and reels, and rends a-pieces, Dru-  
sius,  
With huge-vollied clamors!”

“Walls of brass resist not  
A noble undertaking; nor can vice  
Raise any bulwark, to make good the place  
Where virtue seeks to enter.”

“Thou borest the face once of a noble gen-  
tleman,  
Ranked in the first file of the virtuous.”

“And then he fell, under my sword he fell,  
Forever sunk; his poor life, like the air,  
Blown in an empty bubble, burst, and left  
him,  
No noble wind of memory to raise him.”

“Forward! ’Tis well; it shall be welcome  
to me.

I have lived too long, numbered too many  
days,  
Yet never found the benefit of living;  
Now when I come to reap it with my ser-  
vice,  
And hunt for that my youth and honor aim  
at,  
The sun sets on my fortune, red and bloody,  
And everlasting night begins to close me:  
’Tis time to die.”

“I feel I weep apace; but where’s the flood,  
The torrent of my tears to drown my fault  
in?  
I would I could now, like a loaden cloud,  
Begotten in the moist south, drop to no-  
thing!”

“For in the silent grave, no conversation,  
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lov-  
ers,  
No careful father’s counsel, nothing’s heard,  
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,  
Dust and an endless darkness.”

“Thou canst not be but sprung of gentlest  
blood;  
Thy mind shines through thee, like the ra-  
diant sun,  
Although thy body be a beauteous cloud.  
Come! seriously this is no flattery,  
And well thou know’st it, though thy mo-  
dest blood  
Rise like the morning in thy cheek to  
hear ’t.”

“When I was a boy,  
I thrust myself into my country’s cause,  
And did a deed that plucked five years from  
time,  
And styled me man then.”

“Yet she is not fair,  
Nor beautiful; those words express her not,  
*They say her looks have something excel-  
lent,*  
*That wants a name yet.”*

“Nature did her wrong,  
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,  
And make no man worthy for her to take  
But me, that am too near her.”

“When thou hear’st it, thou wilt blush for  
me,  
And hang thy head down, like a violet  
Full of the morning dew.”

“Berries, and chesnuts, plantains, *on whose  
cheeks  
The sun sits smiling.”*

“Whilst she was here,  
Methought the beams of light that did ap-  
pear

Were shot from her ; methought the moon  
gave none  
But what it had from her."

" Were I set  
To catch the nimble wind, or get  
*Shadows gliding on the green.*"

" And give thee many kisses, soft and warm,  
As those the sun prints on the smiling  
cheek  
Of plums or mellow peaches."

" She died  
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,  
*As clear as her own eyes*; and blessedness  
Eternal waits upon her where she is."

" That fellow I have seen her gaze upon,  
And turn and gaze again, and make such  
offers  
As if she would shoot her eyes like meteors  
at him."

" You know he is a banished man, an out-  
law,  
And how he lives ; his nature rough and  
bloody  
By customary rapines : Now, her sweet  
humor,  
That is as easy as a calm, and peaceful,  
All her affections, like the dew on roses,  
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet  
and gentle ;  
How would you have these meet ?"

" That thing i' the buttoned cap looks ter-  
ribly :  
She has guns in her eyes ; the devil's en-  
gineer !"

" She is outwardly  
All that bewitches sense, all that entices ;  
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it,  
And when she speaks, oh, Angelo, then  
music  
(Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul  
To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts  
Lay by their rages ; and tall trees that knew  
No sound but tempests, to bow down their  
branches  
And hear and wonder ; and the sea, *whose  
surges  
Shook their white heads in heaven*, to be  
as midnight  
Still and attentive) steals into our souls  
So suddenly and strangely, that we are  
From that time no more ours, but what she  
pleases."

" Pray pardon me,  
For I am like a boy that had found money,  
Afraid I dream still."

" The stars are not more distant from the  
earth  
Than profit is from honest

" Vices for him  
Make as free a way as virtues do for others."

" You are cruel  
If you deny him swearing, you take from  
him  
Three full parts of his language."

" Bold ambition  
To dare and power to do, gave the first dif-  
ference  
Between the king and subject."

" In a noble lady  
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature  
That moves like summer wind, cool, and  
blows sweetness,  
Shows blessed like herself."

" What bright star, taking beauty's form  
upon her,  
In all the happy lustre of Heaven's glory,  
Has dropped down from the sky to comfort  
me ?"

" Am I afraid of death ? of dying nobly ?  
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly ?  
Have I met death in all his forms and fears,  
Now on the points of swords, now pitched  
on lances,  
In fires, in storms of arrows, battles,  
breaches,  
And shall I now shrink from him, when he  
courts me  
Smiling and full of sanctity."

" She is a book  
To be with care perused ; and 'tis my won-  
der,  
If such misshapen guests as Lust and Mur-  
der,  
At any price, should ever find a lodging  
In such a beauteous inn !"

" I am no courtier, of a light condition,  
Apt to take fire at every beauteous face  
That only serves his will and wantonness ;  
And lets the serious part of life run by  
As thin neglected sand."

" A woman's mirth or anger, like a meteor,  
*Glides and is gone.*"

" Off my dejected looks, and welcome im-  
pudence,  
My daring shall be deity to save me."

" Dost thou dwell in Segovia, fool ?  
Fool. No, no, I dwell in Heaven ;  
And I have a fine little house, made of  
marmalade,  
And I am a lone woman, and I spin for  
Saint Peter ;  
I have an hundred little children, and they  
sing psalms with me."

"Dost thou see that star there ?  
That, just above the sun ?  
Prythee, go thither, and light me this tobacco ;  
And stop it with the horns of the moon.  
ROB. The thing's mad,  
Abominably mad, her brains are buttered.  
Go sleep, fool, sleep."

"What more speaks  
Greatness of man, than valiant patience,  
That sinks not under his fate's strongest  
strokes ?  
These Roman deaths, as falling on a sword,  
Opening of veins, with poison quenching  
thirst,  
Which we erroneously do style the deeds  
Of the heroic and magnanimous man,  
Were dead-eyed Cowardice, and white  
cheek'd Fear ;  
Who doubting Tyranny, and fainting under  
Fortune's false lottery, desperately run  
To Death, for dread of Death ; that soul's  
most stout,  
That bearing all mischance, dares last it  
out."

"Would the gods had set me  
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand  
One of their loudest bolts !"

With these brilliant bits of fancy and feeling, we close our specimens of Beaumont and Fletcher. The impression obtained of these dramatists by a careful

reader of their works, it is difficult to state, on account of the mingled feelings of admiration and dislike which they excite. Through the long line of English poets, we know of few, whose vices of head and heart deserve a sterner condemnation than theirs. After the strictest justice has been done to their excellencies, a heavy balance stands against them on the score of vulgarity, licentiousness and slavishness. They wrote with a supreme indifference to the moral consequences of their writings. Their works bear continual evidence of uncommon powers of mind given over to gild the most depraved excesses of passion and the most senseless pretensions of power. That they possessed hearts fitted to perceive what is noble in man and pure in woman, and minds to set forth that nobleness and purity in shapes of ideal beauty, only deepens their profligacy and the meanness of their servility. They stand forth from all the elder dramatists, the weakest in nerve and principle, the lowest in the scale of honor ; and present the spectacle of English scholars and gentlemen, descending to play the part of panders, and eager to sell their souls for distinction or bread. No genius can shed lustre on such intrinsic baseness as this, and their fame as writers makes more painfully prominent their infamy as men. P.

## ARMY ATTACK AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.

No peculiarity of our institutions appears to have so confounded the wise Mustapha of Salmagundi memory, as the existence and tolerance among us of a class of men, whom his highness denominates slang-whangers. Our friendship for Mustapha, and the observations of a few years past, half incline us to his opinion : we are quite disposed to believe that the country would not be much the loser should some miraculous intervention suddenly extinguish their intellectual and political phosphorescence.

The genuine slang-whanger is a lean, tall man, with large, jaundiced eyes, and a head apparently constructed on acoustic principles, to serve as a sounding-board to his tongue, and whose *tout ensemble* seems a mechanical arrangement for the rapid manufacture and diffusion

of sound. Had the business of town-crier been hereditary in one family, since the first herald opened his mouth, the latest specimen would be, we think, the ideal of a slang-whanger. As for his mind, let that pass : as little might be said of his heart. His fiddle-built body, if it encase one at all, contains it as a child's rattle holds its contents. He has neither sensitiveness nor sense. To him the word sacred bears no meaning, and no seal of decency can teach him to respect the sanctities of public or private character. In fact, we do not love slang-whangers : and if we do not declare war with them, it is that we do not fancy tilting with crocodiles. Knowing that argument or expostulation, or even satire, may as well be addressed to a windmill as to these iron-throated gentlemen, we propose, simply, to take the abused pub-

lic by the arm, and once for all advise it against giving audience to these modern Eumenides.

There are slang-whangers everywhere; but perhaps a portion of our Democratic Congress, with certain stump-orators—who are Congressmen in training—bear off the palm in this country, probably in the world. On many subjects these orators provided by law are restless, raving and ridiculous enough to excite about equal degrees of compassion and contempt; but it is particularly in assailing our little army and navy, and their nurseries the U. S. Military Academy and Naval School, that they have “shown the quality of their souls.” If any one argues against all military organizations, as prolonging the spirit and dominion of war in the world, it is a very different thing. We can even go a part of the way with them, and are only brought up at the rock of necessity, or at least of national caution. But when persons, who are forever noisy about fighting for national honor, feed daily on martial epithets and belligerent denunciations, wax sanguinary in the face against great nations desirous of being at peace with us, and have finally succeeded in plunging us into a war of sheer aggression, in which all the little military science we possess is in vital demand—when such persons froth at the mouth with abuse of the system and single institution, from which alone that necessary science is derived, it becomes a matter despicable beyond endurance. If they would but conduct their operations in the spirit, or even under the semblance, of fair controversy, we would by no means quarrel with them. But they have, of their own accord, stepped without the pale of common courtesy. For several years a mean and libelous system of attack has been indulged in by Members of Congress, stump-orators and editors of the slang-whanger school, characterized by an entire want of candor, and a total disregard of the public and private character of the class so foolishly assailed. Whatever objections any person may entertain against the Army and Military Academy, as institutions of the country, he has no right publicly to deal in wholesale denunciations of officers and cadets; as if, in giving their official services to the country, they had also thrown in their private characters for the public amusement. No one need be informed that such gen-

eralized anathemas offend alike against the laws of veracity and gentility. When Members of Congress deliberately characterize cadets as “wasp-waisted vampyres,” and officers of the army as “epauletted loafers,” it would appear hopeless to argue points of propriety in that quarter. There are but few who so entirely violate decorum; and, in most cases, even those are evidently and confessedly offering sacrifice to the newly installed deity of Buncombe. The devotees of Juggernaut can plead superstition in extenuation of their practices; these worshippers of Buncombe add hypocrisy to their other pleasant qualities. We do not propose a formal vindication of the character of the Army and Academy: the species of attack against which we protest is too mean-spirited to deserve refutation. With those who know it, the private character of officers and cadets will sufficiently plead their own cause; and their official character has been vindicated by a voice from the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, to which a nation has listened, and which we hope will long silence the clamor of detraction.

Fair and able expositions of the condition and importance of the Army and Academy have so often come from official sources, as to require no reiteration from us. But it is a fair ground of complaint, that some of those to whom these reports are addressed should allow their preconceived opinions, formed without either opportunity or desire for candid examination, entirely to close their eyes to official testimony, given with a full knowledge of facts. There are some Members of Congress who, with the most wretchedly crude notions of our military organization, indulge themselves in periodical outpourings of bile on our establishment and all connected with it, doling out stale denunciations and gross misstatements, already often refuted. When Members thus volunteer to inform the world, it surely is but fair to hold them responsible for the veracity of *their facts*, when these are open for investigation. Yet some have doggedly persevered, for years, in stating *as such*, what a glance at statistics have shown to be misconceptions. What does this mean? This simply:—these patriots, amid their statistical oratory, are casting sweet side-glances at their dear constituency. They are laboring to demonstrate their pure democracy.

There is another species of *army attack*



which, coming from a different and higher source, threatens consequences of a more formidable character both to the army and the country. The President, in the exercise of his appointing power, has chosen to do violence to the cherished feelings of all military men, and to crush the just hopes of those whose distinguished services should have recommended them to his favorable notice. Little as the officers in our service had to hope in the way of promotion, he has made that little less by showing them that no services, however brilliant, can secure to them this, the only real and appropriate reward in his gift.

We have seen the country plunged into a war of Executive origin; our little army we have seen brought into a situation which made even the most sanguine tremble for its safety; by the most conspicuous gallantry and good conduct on the part of all concerned, we have seen it, not only saving itself, but signally overthrowing its enemies. Suppose the result what it surely must have been with officers unlike what ours showed themselves, brave and accomplished in their profession; suppose that army sacrificed to the Mexican arms through Executive mismanagement: with what a voice of universal indignation would the country have resounded, and what bitter reproaches would have been coupled with the names of those who had brought this deep, abiding stain upon us! If ever an administration was saved from irretrievable disgrace, it was that of James K. Polk by the battles of the 8th and 9th of May. From him, then, we might fairly suppose, a sense of gratitude would call forth every just acknowledgment of those services which saved him.

What has he done? Close upon the heels of the dispatches announcing the triumph of our arms, comes a law authorizing the formation of a new regiment, as if purposely to furnish him the means of rewarding the merit which had won a nation's applause. With a total contempt of both justice and gratitude, he coolly passed by all the gallant spirits of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, to appoint a crowd of hungry aspirants whose courage and ability has only been shown in political campaigning. He prefers those who made him to those who saved him. Amongst these beautiful appointments are several deficient cadets, to whom he has at once given a rank above that of their former classmates who have

graduated and continued in service: a piece of indelicacy and injustice too gross to require comment.

But are we told that the President intends to reward with brevet rank, the distinguished officers of the Rio Grande? He might better reward them with a blue ribbon or a sugar plum, as the more valuable of the two. Brevet rank gives neither pay nor (according to his own decision) command, except in certain unusual circumstances. Besides, this is so cheap a present that it has long since lost the attraction of being a distinction. The President could not now, if he would, bestow a substantial reward. Or perhaps it will be said that he has rewarded them by speaking in the highest terms of their merits in his communications to Congress. The approbation of a Washington or a Jackson might be esteemed a reward worth seeking; but what imbecility, what downright lunacy, what a specimen of reasoning from great to small, to argue thence that any praise from James K. Polk is a sufficient recompense, is glory enough!

There is another view of this affair. The President seems evidently to be shaping his measures to make the army a part of the great Executive machine for political corruption which so powerfully contributed to make him what he is. Let this be done, and we too will join in the belief that a standing army, however small, is dangerous to the political liberty of this country. We cannot too soon disband our little army existing, when time-serving politicians shall discover that officers in it are to be won by stump rather than field services or military attainments. The Executive patronage is already so great as to be more dangerous to a free expression of popular opinion than any other cause: what then might we expect should it be double?

This system of army attack, of which we have had so recent and ungracious a foreshadowing, is directed against its most vital point, its hope of distinction and love of honor. If continued, it will soon break the spirit of its brightest ornaments, or drive them from the service in disgust. Its present high character for military science and efficiency will not long survive the system which created it.

Entering our most decided protest, in the names of gentility, gratitude, and justice, against the slang-whanger and stiletto systems of army attack, we proceed to the more welcome subject of na-

tional defence. We will first briefly give our creed on the subject of war, whence arises the necessity of national defence.

We believe, as our pages have heretofore testified, that war in itself is an immense evil, and that we are morally bound to strive against its occurrence by all means in our power, consistent with the rights and character of a free and Christian nation. We have often felt, moreover, that no sight could be more sublime, than that of a great people, like ourselves, quietly disbanding all armaments and means of war, and calmly resting for security upon the broad level of human gentleness and forbearance. We do not, however, believe that mankind has yet so far progressed in cultivating the principles of gospel kindness, that nations in their dealings with each other will be always controlled by a sense of justice, and never allow interest to lead to violations of right. Most of all, we are too sadly persuaded that we cannot trust the action of our *own Government*:—could this be otherwise, we might come to a different conclusion: We think, therefore, that war or quiet submission to foreign dictation and injustice, may become our sole alternative. When this case arises, we believe war to be not only justifiable but obligatory upon the nation, if there be a chance of success. As all past history and present indications show both the possibility and probability of future resorts to this last argument becoming necessary, we esteem it a first duty of Government to provide for its own security when such an emergency arises. We believe that a state of thorough preparation for such emergencies constitutes one of the strongest possible securities against their occurrence, and thus redoubles the obligation of Government to provide the most efficient means of NATIONAL DEFENCE.

It is not our present purpose to examine in detail the various systems which have been or may be proposed. We, as a nation, have already adopted our system, and it is this which we would now examine. The elements entering into its composition may be classed under four general heads, viz.: the navy, the militia, the army and fortifications. The militia is the grand park of *material* from which the mass of our armies must be drawn. The army is the school of practice in which the treasures of military science are kept. Its office is that of the Roman vestal, nourishing ever a sacred flame

which was thence extended to every hearth at Rome. Fortifications exert a controlling influence over other arms, and are the grand auxiliary of the defensive. The navy represents our power to foreign nations, protects our commerce, acts against their navies, and coöperates in sea-coast defence. In the latter capacity, only, would we now consider it.

The physical circumstances under which we are placed, are such as to expose an immense sea-coast frontier to hostile attempts. But this very weakness of our position affords, to a certain extent, its own cure; since the intervention of the Atlantic creates an obstacle not easily overcome by a force of sufficient strength to effect, by landing on our shores, its proposed object. Here we must call distinctly before the mind the fundamental principle of war, which is, that—in every movement—the object should be to effect a concentration of superior forces on decisive points. Our main sea-port towns containing, as they do, the grand depots of materials useful in war—being almost the sole repositories of our naval stores and supplies, and concentrating in themselves vast amounts of wealth which might be exacted by laying them under contribution—are all, strategically speaking, decisive points, as their occupancy, even though temporary, would seriously affect the issue of a war. Thus the most important positions in our country are, naturally, entirely open to the attacks of our enemy. Now unless means be adopted effectually to prevent his succeeding in attempts on those points, he will soon deprive us of our main resources, and draw from ourselves the means of protracting hostilities. The navy has, by some, been regarded as the most efficient means of preventing or resisting these attempts.

Its entire inadequacy to effect this result becomes evident, if we reflect that it has not the power of omnipresence. Unless we suppose the chivalric courtesy of our enemy to extend so far as that he will favor us with a seat in his council of war, we cannot know beforehand whether he contemplates a blow at any of our towns, or, if he does, whether he will select Boston, New York, or New Orleans for a first effort. But till this be known, what can our navy do to prevent his design? Supposing it (what we may safely take for granted it long will be, in reference to the chief maritime powers of Europe) inferior in available force to

that of our enemy, it would be altogether absurd to expect it to secure our coast from insult, by moving out to sea to engage its antagonist. If it remains in port, it can only assist the defence of that harbor in which it may lie, while all the rest are entirely exposed. Next, suppose it of force equal to that of our enemy. Now, if it be kept together, it may try the result of an engagement, provided it can find an antagonist; but the chance of meeting him, by cruising after him on the broad ocean, is but as our chance of meeting Daniel Webster by taking a turn around the Capitol. But while our fleet is engaged in searching for its enemy, he may be successively laying our towns under contribution. Thus an equal fleet, *united*, would only succeed in defending our coast in the one fortunate case of its meeting and conquering its adversary. If, now, we suppose our equal fleet subdivided, no part would be able to cope with its enemy; as, in naval warfare, the inferior cannot maintain position before the superior. Wherever the descent be made, the enemy will find his prize increased by a fraction of our fleet. Thus our navy, considered as a means of sea-coast defence, has but one chance, out of a great number, of effecting its object, so long as it is no more than equal to that of our antagonist.

A navy alone can only *secure* our defence when we are able to station before every town worth an enemy's attack, a fleet superior to his entire disposable naval force. If, with this idea, we think of the great number of our important sea-coast towns, and of the immense navies of the maritime powers of Europe, we can form some conception of what an enormous marine we must create in order thereby to be secured. The whole nation would hardly furnish it crews. We regard those, then, entirely at fault, who look upon the navy as the principal in our defence against invasion, since we cannot, by it, secure an efficient and certain protection by any efforts within our power. But, as an auxiliary, it is of great value, as there are some important positions, naturally incapacitated for an unaided land defence, when ships of war or other floating batteries—acting under cover of fortifications—may seriously affect the the operations of an enemy, even though greatly inferior in force. Their province here is to act against the weak points of his line and his sources of supply, by improving favorable conjunc-

tures for slipping out from their secure coverts, and not to endeavor to bear the whole brunt of his force. Thus, as an auxiliary, its necessity arises not from its excellence, but from the fact that nothing better can be substituted. The true sphere for the action of the navy is on the ocean—its own grand element—against the commerce and wooden walls of our enemies. Here its utility all must feel and acknowledge, and here our brilliant experience has shown how much we might yet hope from it in the event of another war. It still seems to us quite too small to effect this great object, and for this reason, together with the necessity of our being honorably represented to other nations, we would advocate its increase.

The great peculiarity which characterizes our organization for national defence, is that, with us, the great reliance is placed, not as with other nations, on a standing army, but on the citizens of the country, embodied as militia. Practically dissenting from the conclusion on which the nations of Europe have grounded, and still ground, their organizations, that reliance can only be placed on troops formed by long and rigid discipline; we must be presumed to regard our circumstances as justifying us in excepting ourselves from a principle which is verified by so vast a body of experience. When a rule of national conduct has been universally concurred in, to depart without its pale is a dangerous experiment, requiring cogent reasons for its justification. Such we believe to be the character of those arguments which caused our national secession from the creed of the civilized world on this point. With us there does not exist the necessity for maintaining a large standing army, in order that we may be prepared for hostilities. With an *efficient* militia system, and with a small standing army sufficient to perpetuate the higher branches of military science among us, we can pass to a state of active hostilities with every requisite for success. The great body of troops required in war is composed of infantry, whose duties require but a slight degree of intelligence. These duties militia, under skilful direction, can efficiently perform, if they can be induced to use the abilities of which they are, in fact, possessed. The effect of discipline is not to make a man's skin shot-proof; its virtue lies in this, that it teaches all to act together as parts of a whole, to

trust to joint exertions for security, to associate a sense of danger and disgrace with flight, and by practice to familiarize the operations which may be necessary in the presence of an enemy. Can superior intelligence and a higher *morale* alone effect these ends of discipline? Experience says that they may partially, but never fully. With these, a much smaller amount of instruction suffices to effect the objects of discipline. Superior intelligence is as advantageous to the common soldier as the common laborer, and the influence of enthusiasm is sometimes almost a substitute for discipline. Yet they are both uncertain dependencies when relied on alone. To avail ourselves of them and make them sure, they must be united with such a degree of military instruction as will bring them under control. Now we believe this may be effected with us, by means of a good militia system. Such, however, is far from being the result of the present so-called organization. We have now, virtually, no militia system; and, if we except the few volunteer companies who have a creditable *esprit de corps*, we have no militia worthy of the name. Not only is our nominal system heretical, but our practice is a doubly refined heresy. The whole affair has become the merest farce in the world. But is war so much a piece of stage foolery, so entirely harmless, as to justify this piece of national buffoonery? Our revolutionary fathers thought not so. In our present condition, we are wholly untrue to ourselves. Our actual system is not only inefficient, but odious and irksome. A man of any spirit is justly ashamed to be seen engaged in any of our so-called "*trainings*," so completely silly and ridiculous have they become. To allow this state of things to continue longer, will be indicative of a criminal apathy. Either let us have a system of which we need not be ashamed, or let us do without any. No longer let our military displays be ridiculous. There is no reason why, at least, a respectable fraction of our able-bodied men should not be so taught that even the professional soldier should see no cause for laughter on their gala day, but rather of real satisfaction.

That such a result is attainable, the volunteer companies of two or three Atlantic cities fully attest—nor can we doubt but that an emergency would prove them an invaluable resource. Give us a system, and a state of public feeling that

will render what we here see general, and we shall no longer complain. Suppose an immediate declaration of war: who would then expect the least benefit from our present system? Napoleon declared, that "when a nation is without establishment and a military system, it is very difficult to organize an army." This is exactly our condition, if we regard facts instead of statutes. We expound no system, but in common with all who regard the best interests of our country, we ardently desire that a spirit of reform may originate, soon and in the right quarter, such a system, such a tone of public feeling and opinion, as will restore to efficiency this paralyzed right arm of our national defence.

We fear not for the safety of our institutions, however efficient this, our Marcellus and Fabius united, may be rendered; for what have we to fear from our own best citizens? It is an odious piece of demagoguism to raise the cry of danger to our institutions, whenever any plan is proposed which would give a respectable degree of efficiency to our militia. What can be more irrational than the cries of "a standing army," "overthrow of our liberties," and other popular bugbears, when it is proposed to qualify a portion of our citizens to discharge the duty of defending our liberty, in common, with all else we hold dear from the fatal arm of foreign aggression? It is the unmoored scoundrelly radicalism of this country, calling itself democracy, that is constantly plunging us into war, yet all the while raising these outcries against the only system which can give us adequate contingent defence, yet secure us from the dangers of military ambition. Other nations all concur in the necessity of large standing armies to their independent existence: we, trusting to our position and the patriotic, intelligent character of our citizens, have cast from us the acknowledged means of defence, and have substituted a mode admirably adapted to our situation, were it but made all that it is capable of becoming. A criminal neglect has suffered a wretched system of organization to bring into ridicule this mode of our own free adoption: thus destroying all the efficiency of a body on which we still continue blindly to depend. We have cast from us—not without consideration—the old, tried armor of nations: shall we also suffer that sword, on which alone we now rely to be eaten up by rust, simply because we are told

that in burnishing it, it might cut ourselves?

What could our militia now do, if called into active service? How could they be controlled and directed in their untutored condition? How could they be brought to act in union when in large bodies? How could men, habituated to think and act for themselves, be brought to do the will of another without stopping to call for information as to the reasons for their orders? Military operations admit no democracy. Their first principle is, that *all men are not equal*. Without strict obedience there can be no united effort, and this is the very soul of military power. Thus our political creed is unfavorable to that spirit which alone can secure success in war. The corrective for this unfortunate tendency must be sought in a system which shall teach all that discipline is no unmeaning word.

We can hardly blame privates in the present militia for insubordination, when we reflect on the general character of their officers. Often chosen through some capricious freak, generally without regard to fitness, obedience is regarded rather as a matter of accommodation than of duty. When we reflect on the utter incapacity of a majority of militia officers to discharge their duties, and think that on them war would actually throw the responsibility and direction of operations on which they have never bestowed a thought, for which they have no natural fitness; we cannot but fear that we may have to pay too dearly for the thoughtless playfulness which has decked them with epaulets.

The defects of our present system are so great, and the condition of our militia, regarded as a means of defence, so wretched, that with war, if not before, reform must come; and can any one doubt the wisdom of anticipating that necessity? If so, let him reflect on the danger and difficulty of effecting such a change, as it were in the presence of our foe. Let him remember that time is necessary to bring about a reform, and that while it is going on, we shall suffer all the evils, incident to a state of military disorganization. Our condition is evident not only to ourselves, but to foreign nations: let such measures then be taken as that we shall no longer seem to invite hostilities by voluntarily disabling ourselves to meet them with success.

The objects proposed to be secured by maintaining our small standing army are,

*the preservation among us of military science by creating a profession whose special business shall be its cultivation, to discharge the various military duties arising while we are in a state of general peace, to garrison our forts and to be a sure reliance, as a nucleus, in case of general hostilities.*

War has always been to a certain extent a science. Even among barbarians, superiority of weapons and skill in their use have ever constituted prime elements of success. Conflicts have never been so entirely irregular that the force of positions has not made itself felt: thus originating in the combatants ideas, crude it may be, yet important, on the principles of strategy. With the progress of civilization, the inventive powers of man have been constantly active in devising new implements of warfare, and the highest minds have found ample room for exercise in deducing from the victories and defeats which history has recorded, those general principles which conduct to the former, and those precautions whose neglect induces the latter. Thus what at first was of extreme simplicity, by degrees assumed the nature and form of a science, abstruse in its elements and of all perhaps most difficult in its application. War ceased to be a trial of personal strength, and it was felt that success was "not to the strong alone," but to him whose strength was best directed. The introduction of gunpowder into military operations, may be regarded as having consummated the change from a game of strength to a game of skill. Mind controlling and directing means now performs miracles which the personal prowess of Achilles never reached. Innovations, apparently trifling, have fixed the destiny of nations; and success has again and again been seen to attend movements which to the unpracticed eye bore no apparent meaning. And amid the general advance of civilization, we see defeat ever brooding over a nation which has been slow to adopt military improvements, and there is no more forcible illustration of the truth of Bacon's aphorism, that "knowledge is power," than that which is derived from the history of modern warfare. We may add, what all who have considered the subject know, that the greater destructiveness belonging to modern instruments of war, has really been a great aid in inducing habits of peace. For this effect, however, it is plainly of much consequence that nations should feel themselves equal to each

other in their means of aggression and defence.

Now it is with military as with other professional sciences. Chance may direct the operations of a medical quack to a successful issue, in the same manner that an untaught general may blunder into a series of fortunate movements; yet who advocates the employment of a Sangrado? Ought we to be more tolerant of quackery in the one case than the other? Who talks of intuition alone as the true basis of legal skill, or who would trust the management of his own cases to a lawyer whose only professional recommendation consisted in a happy faculty of guessing our laws? There exists in fact the same necessity for a military profession as any other, a necessity arising from the fact, that without long and patient study, an officer cannot, generally speaking, be adequate to the discharge of his appropriate duties. Its importance can best be estimated by supposing ourselves suddenly involved in war, without a body of accomplished officers to discharge the newly created responsibilities then thrown upon them. Our condition would be that of a man with a broken leg and no surgeon at hand. We do not suppose that the mere study of military science is alone sufficient to make a good officer, for nature must have done her part. Here, as elsewhere, the happy union of native capacity with opportunities for improvement alone can insure excellence.

Thus far like the other established professions; it differs from them in one essential particular, that the necessity for its practice is not of constant occurrence. The fixed depravity of man's motives and acts, constantly stimulate the theologian to the application of his moral sanatives; litigation is ever pursuing its chase after poverty and iniquity, and flesh is the constant heir to too many ills to leave the physician's rest unbroken; but it is the business of the officer to keep alive through long intervals of peace, that knowledge to which war alone can impart value. Without his agency the vast body of past experience would become almost lost to us until too late: and history records, our own painful struggles tell, how dearly *original* experience is bought. The purchase money sinks in an ocean of blood.

What we have laid under this head may be thus summed up. War has become

a science of great extent; a thorough understanding of this science is a prime element of success; to secure this understanding, it is and ought to be made the business of a profession, unless we are to take the position as a nation, that there is of course to be no more war.

A second object proposed to be effected by our army is the discharge of those military duties incident to a state of general peace. We are separated, to a great extent, from the powerful nations of the earth by our position. Our relations to them are not those of contact. Hence we graduate our establishments, not by their scales but by reference to our own immediate situation. In other words we look around on our immediate neighbors and shape our permanent force by their strength. We find ourselves flanked by establishments too weak in themselves to admit of their disturbing the general pacific character of our condition. Our great wars must always be with powers not American. In our territory, and bordering on it, are numerous tribes of Indians, whose character is essentially warlike. We cannot expect a long continuance of pacific relations with them all. Imagined or real grievances are always rankling in their minds, prompting them to that revenge which their education has formed them to love. We are at least bound, for a long time, to provide against the probability of such hostilities. The portion of our country most exposed to their attacks, is also that least able to defend itself against them. Our government must keep in readiness means sufficient to avert, as far as may be, from our exposed pioneers, the dangers resulting from their position. It also has an office of prevention to perform. A proper show of force to our savage neighbors has the effect of enlisting their fears on the side of peace. Seeing the means of punishing their aggressions prepared and on hand, nothing but desperation or infatuation can drive them to hostility. But were they to see no traces of a power ready to crush their first efforts, the apparent facility of their execution would stimulate into fearful activity, all their animosities and longing for plunder. We have here an undeniable necessity for a force adequate and always ready to meet or prevent all threatened hostilities on this quarter. The accession which our territory has recently received, by increasing the number of Indians within and bordering on our domain, has brought

with it the necessity of increasing our precautionary means of pacification.

Among the objects to be secured by a small standing army, one of great importance is the maintaining of garrisons in our forts. Even in peace, this distribution of force is productive of great advantage. It is necessary to the preservation of our permanent defences that they be kept constantly in good condition. The injuries resulting from the action of the weather and other causes, if allowed to accumulate for any considerable length of time, would render necessary repairs of no small extent. It need not be declared that a garrison is necessary for this purpose, but merely that it is one of the acknowledged modes of effecting it.

Another reason for garrisoning our forts in the vicinity of large towns, is to strengthen the arm of the civic authorities. Cases will arise—as they have arisen—of an excited populace engaging in organized opposition to the execution of an obnoxious law. In such circumstances, the administrators of law look in vain for assistance from the local militia; this being either infected with the contagion, or from tender-heartedness refusing to execute its commands; or, if aid be obtained from this source, animosities of the most bitter character are by that act created, which can only die with the actors themselves. It is important that there should be at hand a body of men—there need not be many—actuated by different motives, and under peculiar influences, by whose aid the majesty of law may be vindicated. The great danger to our political institutions which attends the triumph of a factious spirit over law, gives an importance to the prompt suppression of every attempt to ride over municipal or constitutional barriers, far beyond what may attach to the specific subject of contention. We, therefore, think it a matter of no small moment to have near our large towns bodies of United States' troops, sufficiently numerous to suppress any sudden outbreak of popular passion which may occur.

The reasons for maintaining garrisons now given, apply to a state of peace. The one grand reason of their necessity is that in war, especially in its initial stages, they are quite indispensable to our security. We are, as a nation, so devotedly fond of peace, or, at least, so confident in our hopes of its preservation, and so little accustomed to expect general war, that

its declaration will always seem to come suddenly upon us, and will, consequently, generally find us unprepared. The policy of our antagonist would, therefore, undoubtedly be, to make a sudden descent on our most important centres of commerce, with the purpose of crippling our resources, and levying contributions. Our true shield against these predatory incursions will be found in our system of permanent fortifications. But these will only be useful when garrisoned with troops acquainted with the service of their guns, directed by officers acquainted with the military relations and capacities of the works. Their proper defence, when attacked in form, requires a degree of military science beyond what can be expected of any but the professional soldier. No unaided intuition can fully develop their capacities for offence and defence; their great advantages will be lost to us, unless we have within them those whose minds long study has familiarized with military science. Now, this end is secured by the presence of a peace establishment garrison, which also serves as a nucleus in forming the full garrison.

An additional object to be secured by means of a small standing army, with a full corps of educated officers, is to have an organized force, immediately available in case of war. To muster into service, equip and discipline a body of militia, so as to make them perfectly reliable, will require a length of time, which would, of necessity, defeat the measures of offence and defence, most clearly indicated by our position. But with a body of disciplined troops to serve as a nucleus, an army might be formed, and made useful, in much less time. Our main reliance must be placed on troops actually mustered into the service of the general government. Place a man under the rules and articles of war, and he then really feels himself a soldier. To him flight from the field of battle becomes associated with ideas both of danger and disgrace; for he feels that there is a power over him ready to expose and competent to punish the cowardice of fleeing without orders from his post, however great may be its dangers. This feeling of strict obedience, and of disgrace attaching to insubordination—without which there can be no discipline—is the work of time; but once perfected, it is susceptible of being rapidly transfused through newly-added masses of men. Confidence in officers, and in their own ability to execute orders, an *esprit de*

*corps*, often the strongest spring to urge the mass to honorable achievement, the cool determination and fearlessness which pervades the forlorn hope or storming party, all are feelings rapidly transferred from breast to breast, and must all conspire to make the true, efficient soldier. But these are also feelings which neglect can kill, and which, once gone, years of careful culture alone can restore. Let them be cherished among us, not as provocatives of war, but as sure pledges that if it must come, our annals shall not thereby be rendered ignoble.

The last element of our organization for national defence to which we alluded was our system of permanent fortifications. In the further discussion of this subject, we propose to state the general nature and effect of fortifications; to define the military character of the frontier to be secured by our system of permanent works; to state the nature of the attacks to which it is subject; and hence to deduce the character of the works which our situation requires; and, finally, to illustrate by their application to the defence of the city and harbor of New York.

The term fortification comprises all dispositions made to cover a weaker force from the attempts of a stronger, and to enable it to withstand an attack. The art derived its origin from that cautious impulse which so universally drives men to seek immunity to themselves when doing violence to others. The Indian advances stealthily on his enemy, interposing trees, hillocks, or whatever cover he can find, to serve him as a fortification. In like manner may be traced the incipient art of fortification in the shields and other defensive armor of the ancients. The general, by a natural extension of the same impulse, seeks a like cover for his army against hostile attempts, and finds it in entrenched camps, thus giving rise to the art of field fortifications. Governments, again, seek to build up around nations barriers which may arrest and foil the hostilities of other nations, and these are found only in defensive frontiers, duly organized with permanent works.

As the fundamental principle of offensive strategy bids us proceed by concentrating superior forces on decisive points, so may defensive strategy be said to rest on the equally general principle that all decisive points should be so preoccupied as to render ineffectual an enemy's concentration upon them. This principle

clearly points to the office which permanent works are to perform in the defence of States. The testimony of history is positive and decisive on the importance to a nation of precluding active hostilities from the central portions of its territory. If an enemy be allowed freely to overrun the country of its antagonist, he will thence derive his own support, at the same time that he destroys the resources of his opposers. Hence the vast importance of meeting invasion at the threshold, and of checking on the frontier that torrent which, unarrested, would bear destruction in its train. The great talents, untiring study and multiplied experience of the long series of illustrious military engineers whom Europe, and especially France, has produced, have been mainly directed to the strong organization of those international frontiers which were marked by no insurmountable natural obstacles. The method which has been pursued has been to occupy, with works sufficiently strong to require a formal siege for their reduction, those strategic points, which, by their relations to the communications, would so act against the flanks, rear and line of operations of an invading enemy, as to compel it to besiege them before attempting an advance. Fortresses or enclosed towns have often been employed for the same purpose.

Our own extensive frontier may be divided into four principal sections, defined by their military character, as well as geographically; namely—the frontier of our Northern Lakes, our Western Frontier, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Eastern or Maritime Frontier.

The northern frontier, marked by a grand water communication whose lower portion is in the possession of the first naval power on earth, presents peculiar facilities for invasion. England has, in Canada, a force, or rather the organized elements of a force, which, if suddenly precipitated upon us, might do infinite harm to our flourishing Lake towns, and even to our more interior villages. If the naval ascendancy on the Lakes be left in the hands of Great Britain, invasion may be chosen as the means best adapted to avert our expected attacks on Canada, her most vulnerable point. As the invasion of Carthage forced the recall of Hannibal, so would an invasion of these States be presumed upon as the surest means to confine us within our own borders. When fortifications could be so placed as effectually to command any inlet for such an



attack, they would doubtless be appropriately and advantageously applied. We believe, however, that the minds of our people are so firmly impressed with the idea that Canada will ultimately become ours, that a proposition to prepare for any other issue, in case of hostilities, would meet with no favor!

The character of our western frontier is altogether peculiar. Civilized and savage life so blend into each other, that it is impossible exactly to define its position. The presence of numerous tribes of Indians beyond it, renders a frequent show of force necessary, not so much to conduct, as to prevent hostilities. Its distribution into garrisons must be regulated by the rapidly shifting circumstances of the case. Our western works of defence, therefore, must all be of a temporary character. As they can never be subject to a formal siege with artillery, it would be a useless excess of precaution to give them a greater degree of strength than is possessed by the stockade forts and blockhouses now in use.

The general character of our maritime and Gulf frontier is such as to direct to them our principal positive means of permanent defence. Its immense extent, the great importance to our nation of securing the wealthy and flourishing towns springing up at many points along it, the military and naval resources concentrated within them; these are peculiar features, inviting peculiar consideration. These sections, too, constitute the frontier over which must cross any serious invasion of our soil which might be attempted. Along the Gulf frontier, the towns are few, and, with one great exception, comparatively unimportant. Yet they stand in special need of defence, as the country from which they draw their support has not in itself the means of promptly sustaining them in their attempts to repel an attack, and especially as the hope, so confidently and cruelly entertained across the Atlantic, of deriving assistance from servile insurrections, would greatly tend to attract invasion towards this portion of our Union. But it is the commerce of the west, collected into the Mississippi, which gives peculiar importance to Gulf defence. The establishment of secure harbors of refuge, at Key West, Tortugas and Pensacola, will give to this commerce a degree of security which nothing else but a naval supremacy could afford.

The eastern section is that which presents the strongest temptations to an ene-

my. Containing, especially on its northern portion, many excellent harbors, most of which are inlets to important towns, and within which is concentrated the main commerce of the second maritime power on the earth, they furnish to the immense navies of the old world every incentive to organize overwhelming attacks.

Expeditions destined to act against our shores are quite within the range of probabilities. The overwhelming navy of Great Britain could dispatch, almost without perceptible reduction, a fleet superior in force to our entire navy. Were such a squadron allowed to enter our harbors without obstruction, it might successively visit our ports, capturing or destroying our mercantile marine, bombarding our cities or laying them under contribution, destroying our naval materials, shipyards and docks; all this, too, without making a landing or exposing itself to the action of land troops. Historical proofs of the probability of such enterprises might be adduced in abundance, but we shall content ourselves with alluding to the action of the British government in fortifying the coast of England against such attempts. Hitherto its reliance for home defence has been placed mainly on a channel fleet, which it has been enabled to maintain without elsewhere losing the naval supremacy. It has thus always succeeded in transferring hostilities to the country of its enemy. The immense expedition which Napoleon had contemplated for invading England with 150,000 veterans, not having been executed, has generally been considered as a chimerical project, but whatever may have been its character then, the English government is now evidently convinced that steam has brought down the sea-girt isle from her position of fancied security. Their channel fleet cannot by its flutterings frighten away the "dogs of war," which can almost blow their breath over so narrow a line of water, and are able to cross it in a single hour. If, then, England, so long the acknowledged mistress of the seas, with a limited, densely peopled shore, is obliged to confess by her present heavy expenditures that her wooden walls are no longer a sufficient security against invasion, how unlikely is she to doubt her own ability to invade our immense and sparsely-settled coast, if it be left undefended? We have a positive expression of her opinion on this point in the establishment of an extensive coal depot

at the Bermudas. The ability of England, or even of France, to direct an expedition of twenty or thirty thousand men against our coast to execute a *coup-de-main* can only be doubted by blind or prejudiced students of past history; and still less can such a sceptic comprehend the effect of steam navigation in annihilating distance. The question of the success of such enterprises, after reaching our shores, is quite another thing, and its answer will depend on the state of our preparations for their reception. This brings us to the question as to what preparation we must make to frustrate, as far as possible, such an attempt.

First of all, we must, if it can be done, cut off all facilities for a hostile entrance into our harbors to attack our cities from on shipboard. A great point will be gained if we can force an enemy to land at a distance: for we are thus enabled to dispute his landing, which being necessarily made on an open beach, is, at best, a matter of great difficulty and hazard. Then his approach to the city may be contested foot by foot, and the city itself may be vigorously defended, especially as he can hardly put on shore any artillery to accompany his advancing column. Meantime the alarm is spread; volunteers come pouring in from the surrounding country; a retreat becomes necessary, if the field is well contested, even before reaching the town; the fleet, lying off an open coast, may have been driven by rising winds out to sea, or on shore, either of which disasters may render surrender or destruction the sole alternative of the invading army. Besides, we by this means deprive him of the power of using his immense naval batteries against our cities, and render bombardment, the means of attack most of all to be dreaded, quite impossible, except at infinite expense and hazard. By obliging him to put his mortars on shore, and to transport them some distance overland, we so delay his attack that our troops may be concentrated in great force to oppose his onset. Again, inasmuch as a landing on an open beach is only possible under favoring circumstances of the weather, we may, by closing our harbors against him, constrain him to lie off at sea, exposed to storms and the danger of being driven on shore, waiting a favorable occasion for debarkation. His approach being thus made known some time before he can attempt a landing, we are enabled to

organize a vigorous resistance to that difficult operation. From these considerations, it seems evident that if we can seal our harbors against invasion, we make the hazards of attempts on our towns so great as to throw them quite beyond the range of probabilities, and thus procure, as far as may be done, perfect security to our decisive points of defence.

To effect this great object, is the proposed end of the system of permanent defences, which has, for the past thirty or forty years, been in slow process of execution. The problem of closing the harbors on our maritime frontier, has been addressed in all its generality; and careful examinations of our whole extent of coast, have been made by officers of the Corps of Engineers, with special reference to the practical solution of this great question. The result of their deliberations and investigations has been the projection of a system of permanent works, which, when completed, will positively preclude an enemy from entrance to any of our good harbors. The erection of the individual works composing this system, has been undertaken, as far as practicable, in the order of their importance. The constant study, in their construction, has been to effect the proposed object in the most economical manner consistent with a due regard for those military principles, which must regulate the relation of parts, in order to render the works secure from an assault, or *coup-de-main*. The necessity of a strict observance of flanking arrangements, which alone can secure a fort from escalade, requires the preservation of a considerable interior space, and positively forbids that reduction in their capacity which some of the uninitiated have thought practicable. We have but one fort which would be considered in Europe as more than of the third magnitude. The old assertion, that everything degenerates in this hemisphere, is true enough of the *magnitude* of our forts, though decidedly false in regard to their other good qualities.

The system to which we have alluded will require a long time for its completion, yet this event is quite within the range of calculation. The small appropriations annually made for this purpose are gradually effecting it, and Congress may, at pleasure, accelerate within certain limits its rate of progress. When once completed in the manner contem-

lated, the entire system may be kept in repair, by a very small annual expenditure. Its total cost cannot be determined at present with any great accuracy, as many of the works are not yet planned. But the conjectural estimates of the Engineer Department, made with all the care which circumstances would permit, give the aggregate cost of the whole proposed system, exclusive of those parts constructed up to 1836, about thirty-one and a half millions of dollars. This expenditure dwindles into nothingness, when compared with the additional loss which might be inflicted on the nation *without* it, even in *one* war. But its duration will be measured in centuries, if proper attention be paid to its repair, instead of the twelve years cycle, deduced from French naval statistics, as the lifetime of a man-of-war. Hence it is a fair inference that a true economy would dictate the gradual completion of this system, as fast as the means of the general government will permit. It can hardly be doubted, that when this great national work shall be finished, it will constitute a pacific argument fully competent to refute the "*ultima ratio regum*," thereby powerfully tending to subvert the present bloody system of international dialectics. The unity of opinion among those who have made a special study of the subject, should silence the doubts of those who question the ability of forts, to close the entrances of our harbors. Obstructions placed in the channels will detain, under their fire, any vessel attempting to pass, sufficiently long to secure her inevitable destruction, whether propelled by wind or steam. Our sea-coast batteries being all furnished with hot-shot furnaces, can, with the utmost certainty, if properly served, set fire to any wooden ship venturing within their range. If floating defences, specially adapted to harbor operations, be employed as auxiliaries, nothing but our neglect or treachery can enable a fleet to run this gauntlet with safety. Such is the decided opinion of those whom careful examination of this subject has best qualified to decide, and as this is mainly a question of facts, all vague,

careless scepticism should yield to their matured judgments.\*

We have thought that the important functions of fortifications and their relations to sea-coast protection, could not better be illustrated than by a brief exposition of their application in the defence of the city and harbor of New York. The importance of placing beyond question the security of this great commercial emporium, would appear to be self-evident; nor can we suppose that any person would seriously regard this object as too unimportant to justify a great expenditure. Yet, conscious as we are that the city is actually open to the approach of an invading force, which may be put on shore within seven miles of Brooklyn without disturbance from forts or storms, we confess a degree of surprise at the general apathy on this subject which has prevailed among those most concerned, during the recent agitating state of our foreign relations. It hardly seems to have been thought possible that, in the event of hostilities with England, New York should be in danger of insult. Now, we would not be alarmists, nor are we ambitious to create a sensation, but as we have bestowed a careful examination and some reflection on *the facts of the case*, we feel justified in stating our deliberate conviction that, in case of war with any great maritime power, New York is in greater danger of being laid under contribution and otherwise insulted, than any other city on our coast, *unless its fortifications are considerably extended*. This opinion is based on the fact that an enemy's inducements for such an operation against this city is so much greater than it would be for a similar enterprise elsewhere. Could he destroy the Navy-yard, with its three millions of public property, its ships on the stocks, ship materials and dry-docks, this alone would be equivalent to several victories at sea, in its effects on the progress of the war. If he were to add our mercantile marine, collected at the docks, the docks themselves, exactions of heavy contributions, or pillage of private property, he would have done us a greater injury than he could possibly have effected in any other way.

\* The capacity of forts to withstand the battering of fleets, and the inability of fleets to withstand a well-served and sustained fire from forts, have been ably discussed, and fully demonstrated, both by rational considerations and historical facts, in several American papers. See the various official Reports from Col. Totten, our present talented Chief Engineer; also, a Report by Lieutenant Halleck of the Engineers.—*Sen. Doc 86, 23d Congress, 2d. Sess.*; also, an article in the *Democratic Review*, Vol. xiii. No. 66.

This would be Vandalism doubtless, but did the fear of that reproach stay the hand of the spoiler at Washington? Yet, great as his inducement for such a course would unquestionably be, its practicability will doubtless be denied. Prudence forbids a detailed statement of the facts which have confirmed us in the opinion that 40,000 or 50,000 men may suddenly be precipitated on the rear of Brooklyn, almost bearing the tidings of their own approach. To check such an enterprise before the apprehended mischief should be completed, would require the full force of our city troops, who could, it is to be feared, only be brought into the field in time to annoy the enemy's retreat. Certainly, full success could not be promised to such an attempt, but the injury which even its partial success might inflict on us, would be of such magnitude that all chance of such a stroke should absolutely be prevented, by availing ourselves of the facilities which, in the present case, nature has so lavishly bestowed.

There are two great water approaches to New York harbor, which must be closed against the entrance of a hostile squadron. There is an obvious advantage in closing them as far as possible from the city, as by this means we force an army attempting a bold stroke to make a longer land march, thus giving time to oppose his advance and to concentrate in force on his rear. The first position on the East River, in approaching from the Sound, capable of being occupied for this purpose, is Throg's Point, on which Fort Schuyler is now being erected. This is admirably situated on a sandy spur of the mainland, and when completed, (which will probably be in about two years,) will be almost impregnable. This, in connection with a work on Wilkin's Point, situated just opposite, would render any attempt to force this pass foolhardy in the extreme. The entrance through the Narrows is, in every sense, the most important passage on our coast. It consists of an inner and an outer harbor, connected by the Narrows, a channel of about a mile wide. The inner harbor contains Governor's, Bedlow's and Ellis' Islands, on all of which batteries are now constructed. But the strong point is at the Narrows, which is capable of being made absolutely impassable by an enemy. On the Long Island shore the present defences are in good condition and possess no inconsiderable strength. On the Sta-

ten Island shore, though considerable has already been done, much more remains to be accomplished. As this is the key to the defence of New York, delay in completing its efficient occupation with permanent works, is attended with no small danger to our metropolis. The outer harbor is separated from the ocean by Sandy Hook, which is a spur of sand shooting out about five miles from the Jersey shore, across its entrance, and by a bar, with an interior line of shoals and channels, stretching thence to the Long Island shore. It contains a spacious anchorage, by the occupancy of which all ingress or egress of vessels might be prevented and a strict blockade enforced. But by occupying the point of Sandy Hook with a respectable fort, and by the erection of at most three castellated batteries on the intermediate shoals, this harbor may also be closed against an enemy, thus rendering the enforcement of a strict blockade impossible; as a hostile squadron could only maintain a blockading position when favored with calms or western or northern winds. Supposing the water approaches closed as has been indicated, a land descent can only be made by a disembarkation on the Jersey shore, on Long Island or on the northern shore of the Sound. The intersected and marshy nature of the country on the Jersey shore makes an approach to the city from that quarter quite impracticable. To effect a landing on the southern shore of Long Island would, for a similar reason, be impracticable, or at least extremely hazardous, at any point nearer than twenty miles from the city. Disembarkation on the northern shore would also be removed to about the same distance by the action of Fort Schuyler. But the western section of the island is diversified with hills and villages, which might be most efficiently employed to check the advance of an army; while the militia from the eastern portion and from the mainland, crossing at Throg's Point, might concentrate on its rear in such strength as to cut off its retreat, unless it be commenced before reaching Brooklyn. A disembarkation on the northern shore of the Sound might be made at about the same distance from the city, and would present even greater difficulties. Westchester Creek, the Bronx, Harlem river and Harlem heights would constitute a series of obstacles quite too great to be overcome without enormous force. From this examination it would appear to be within the power of fortifi-

cations to place New York beyond all danger from and of attack. The entire expense of such a system as that supposed in this discussion, would doubtless (judging from the best data to be obtained) not differ greatly from six millions of dollars; a sum not more than sufficient for building six ships of the line, and which, when compared with the amount of property to be protected, seems but an insignificant mite.

From the general examination of the subject of national defence now com-

pleted, we may conclude that our present defensive organization is not characterized by that efficiency which alone can render it valuable, and that it is the duty of all who wish the great blessings of peace and who would preserve the escutcheon of our country's fame untarnished, to bestow their earnest, honest and persevering endeavors towards effecting that timely preparation for hostilities which will render us respected in peace, secure and victorious in war.

### A PICTURE FROM MEMORY'S GALLERY.

In a study, full of treasures  
 Mind and Time had there amassed,—  
 Charming baubles of the Present,  
 Ponderous fossils of the Past:  
 Gilded visions of the Poet,  
 Bird-like fancies, caught ere flown;  
 Words and thoughts to be remembered,  
 Words to be forgotten soon;  
 Books of science, books of story;  
 Pictures from old masters named;  
 Globes and charts, and household records  
 Writ in text and neatly framed;  
 Busts and statues of great heroes;  
 Goddesses from mythic page,  
 Worshipped once as potent spirits;  
 Marble idols in our age;—  
 At the hour of evening twilight,  
 In the balmy time of Spring,  
 Leaned a youth upon a window,  
 To his heart's song listening.  
 Clambering o'er his western lattice,  
 Twining honeysuckles grew,  
 Pouring from their ruby goblets  
 Soft libations of the dew,—  
 Mingling them with airy incense  
 Which the yellow jessamine  
 Scattered from its golden censers,  
 Through the lattice peeping in.  
 Just beneath him spread a garden  
 With its fairy groves of flowers,  
 From whose perfumed shades bright insects  
 Glanced at moonlight's festive hours.  
 In the back-ground stretched a forest  
 To the distant mountains base,  
 Which with heaven's serenest azure  
 Proudly blent its own blue haze.

Leaves were whispering gentle vespers,  
Languid blossoms closed their eyes,  
Till Night's spangled curtain darkened  
Sunset's panoramic dyes.

Slumberous was his eye of azure,  
Softly-drawn his breath and low ;  
His white cheeks a smile lit faintly,  
Moonlight on a wreath of snow.  
Gently did his heart-strings tremble,  
As sweet thoughts swept o'er his mind,  
Gently as the green leaves quivered  
To the stealthy evening wind.

Lights and shadows o'er the landscape  
Made th' unreal real seem ;  
Lights and shadows, strangely blending,  
Filled the scenery of his dream.

Dreams *he knew* were weaker frenzies,  
Vain and wild, though never loud ;  
Rainbows, made by Fancy shining  
Through life's passing thunder-cloud.

O'er his *conscious* spirit Beauty  
Her Circean spell had thrown,  
To his lips pressed Lethe's chalice,  
Hushed all music save her own.

Vainly had the ages lavished  
Countless heaps of mental store.  
While his eyes o'erran its pages,  
Clung his heart to love's own lore.

Yonder book of dainty sonnets,  
Yonder tales of wild romance,  
Perfumed wax and amorous billets  
Oftenest woo his wandering glance.

Trolls he first those dainty sonnets,  
Worships heroines of romance,  
Blots and spoils his amorous billets,  
Then relapses to his trance.

See ! a struggle wakes his spirit  
To the solemn voice of life.  
Conscience rends the warp of Fancy,  
Points to Duty's field of strife.

But again a soft-eyed angel  
O'er the crystal sea of thought,  
Floats before his charmed vision,  
Nearer to his arms is brought ;

With her light-fringed robes makes signal ;  
Lingers, asking to be blest ;  
Waves her curls, and, lightly springing,  
Sinks upon his yielding breast.

Such the dream whose vain beguiling  
Courts he all the live-long day !  
Thus the pearls of life's frail casket  
Spendthrift Fancy throws away.

## M. A R A G O .

It rarely happens that a man of science fills so large a space in the public eye as M. Arago; and still more rarely does it occur that the estimate made by the public in general of the merits of a savant is independent of, and in discordance with, the judgment of the world of science. Such is, however, the case with the eminent subject of this notice.

Whence arises the far-extended fame of Monsieur Arago? Whence is it that neither the name of the immortal author of the *Mecanique Celeste*, nor of the founder of modern Chemistry,\* who fell under the revolutionary axe, nor even that of Newton himself, ever filled so many mouths, nor resounded in so many ears of contemporaries, notwithstanding the immeasurable and unquestioned superiority of their labors, and the imperishable renown which has followed their memories? The universal popularity of Arago, with all who are capable of reading throughout Europe, is sufficient to explain the existence of a swarm of envious detractors, who, did they possess the same ability to render their acquirements attractive to the crowd, would not scruple to resort to the same means to accomplish this which they revile in M. Arago. These persons maintain that M. Arago is a scientific charlatan on a gigantic scale, resorting to means of notoriety foreign to true science; that his reputation is spurious, and that he has arrogated a position to which nothing that he has written or discovered has given him a just title; that if it depended on M. Arago alone, physical science would have been stationary for the last half century; that with vast material means at his disposition to conduct great investigations in natural science, he has originated nothing; that, at the head of the greatest Observatory in Europe—Greenwich excepted—he has not furnished to the astronomical world a single important observation; that his closet has been as barren as his Observatory; and that while his contemporaries have been exploring one great natural law after another, augmenting by their profound speculations the great store of physical

knowledge, not a single great phenomenon has been solved, not a single law of nature has been developed, in the study of M. Arago.

On the other hand, the crowd of M. Arago's admirers and partisans, which, truly speaking, includes all well-informed classes in every part of Europe, exclusive of those who by profession are devoted to the prosecution of science, boldly maintain that their idol is the first of living savans, and carrying their admiration to fanaticism, place him on a level with the greatest of names that have been registered in the archives of science.

There is a class, whose suffrage in such a case is infinitely more precious than either of these, and whose favorable verdict would exhale a more grateful perfume to this "philosopher of the people" himself than even the far-sounding applause of that multitude whose favor he has so eminently conciliated. This class is that of the high and undisputed celebrities of science; of those whose researches, discoveries and inventions have "raised them above the atmosphere of envy; whose works have already laid the vast basis of their future fame, and who look on their contemporaries with serenity, and to posterity with the security of being remembered, for the solid contributions which they have made to the general stock of human science; who are admitted to have put their shoulders effectually to the wheel, and to have advanced the human mind in its progress towards the knowledge of those laws by which the Maker of the Universe has inscribed his character on the face of Nature." What do these high and mighty intelligences say,—what do they think of the perpetual Secretary of the Institute?

That their judgment is out of all harmony with the estimate of the admiring multitude is perfectly known to every one who has moved among them, and had an opportunity of being acquainted with their sentiments. That it is in accordance with the open detractors of M. Arago and the cavaliers at his popularity, is far

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\* Lavoisier.

from the truth. It cannot be denied, however, that the peculiar qualities of mind and taste to which, mainly, M. Arago is indebted for his extensive popularity, are little valued by the magnates of science; and that those productions of his pen which have been most widely circulated, and have most contributed to that popularity, go for very little, we might almost say, for less than nothing, in the estimate which these notabilities make of scientific merit. In a word, among these M. Arago stands much lower than the first, or even the second, rank; but still they do not sink him to that depth of obscurity in which his declared opponents place him. Many of these, generously admitting his admirable talents, and the incontestable advantage of combining with scientific acquirements the accomplishments of a man of letters, reproach him, nevertheless, with deserting the more exalted regions of science, with toying idly with curious but unimportant questions, with attaching undue weight to facts which strike common eyes by their singularity, but which lead to no results of importance to science. They take exception to him, in that he assumes the position and authority of an astronomer, without being a mathematician, that he devotes to inferior and comparatively frivolous labors the time which ought to be either consecrated to original researches, or to the production of some systematic work, which might justify the supremacy assigned to him by his present admirers, by securing for him a portion at least of the suffrages of posterity.

Let us take a glance at the past career of this most popular of savans. Arago is now in his sixty-first year, having been born in 1786, in the small town of Estagel, near Perpignan. It has been said, and repeated in more than one published notice, that in his boyhood he evinced a singular slowness of faculty, having been unable to read at the age of fourteen. This is, however, an error. The father of Arago, who held a public employment at Perpignan, took particular care of his education, and his intellectual advancement was at least equal to that of other children. His early instruction was derived from the College of Perpignan, from whence he was transferred to Montpellier, to prepare for admission to an institution which had then just started into being, in the midst of the revolutionary convulsions, and which has since attain-

ed so high a celebrity—the *Polytechnic School*. He was admitted to this establishment in 1804, being then eighteen. After passing through the course of study in this Institution with high distinction, he was appointed to the office of Secretary to the Board of Longitude, from whence he was invited by Napoleon to form part of the Commission (whose labors have since become so memorable) which was sent to Spain to complete the measurement of the Arc of the Meridian, extending from Dunkirk to Barcelona. In this work he was associated with M. Biot.

The precise object of this mission was to continue the measurements which had been made in France by MM. Delambre and Méchain, as far as Barcelona, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and thence to the Balearic Isles. M. Chaix and Rodriguez, two Spanish savans, were united with MM. Biot and Arago by the government of that country. A Spanish national ship was placed at the disposition of the Commission, to which a safe conduct was granted by the English government, then rendered necessary by the war. Philosophers are citizens of the world, placed under the sacred safeguard of all civilized states, no matter how hostile may be their national relations.

One of the first grand operations was the establishment of a triangle connecting the Island of Yvice with the coast of Spain. The base of this triangle measured thirty-five, and one of its sides forty-one leagues. MM. Biot and Arago were posted at its vertex, pitched on the summit of one of the most lofty peaks of Catalonia, whence they communicated by signals with M. Rodriguez, stationed on the summit of Mount Campuey, in the Island of Yvice. In these mountain solitudes the savans passed several months, prosecuting their labors with enthusiasm, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the seasons. The storms so common in these elevated regions often broke over them, and displaced their tents, and deranged their observatories. On such occasions, Arago showed indefatigable activity and perseverance. At length, in the spring of 1807, the principal observations being completed, M. Biot returned to Paris, to direct the laborious arithmetical calculations which were necessary to deduce, from the data supplied by the observations, the final result. Meanwhile M. Arago continued the labors necessary to carry on the Meridional Arc. For this purpose, he sailed with M. Rodriguez for



Majorca, where a signal station was established, on the summit of Mount Galatzo, to communicate with that previously erected on Mount Campuey, in Yvite, so as to measure the arc connecting these two points.

At this moment, however, an untoward event occurred. War broke out between France and Spain, and while the Commissioners were quietly pursuing the observations, a report became current among the Majorcan peasantry that the signal lights which were exhibited at night upon the mountain (by means of which the necessary observations were made) were intended to invite the enemy to the island. The people accordingly rose, and rushed in armed bands to Mount Galatzo, crying, Death to the Frenchman! Arago had just sufficient time to assume the disguise of a peasant, and to collect the notes of his observations, when the mob arrived, among whom he immediately mixed without being recognized, owing to his perfect fluency in the Spanish language, and especially to his familiarity with the dialect of Catalonia. He made his way thus in safety to the coast of the island, where he was received on board the Spanish vessel which brought him there. Being solicitous for the safety of the instruments which were left on the Galatzo, he had intrusted them to the care of the peasants who had been engaged there in his service, and on sending afterwards a detachment of soldiers for them, they were recovered, without injury or loss.

The captain of the Spanish vessel, on board of which Arago was received after his escape from the Galatzo, not daring openly to protect him in the face of the exasperated populace, caused him to be conducted to the fortress of Belver on the Island, where he was detained as a prisoner, and thereby protected for several months, during which the fanatical monks of the neighboring convents constantly endeavored to induce the soldiers guarding the place, as well by bribes as threats, to surrender their prisoner to the fury of the mob. At length, through the earnest and incessant solicitations of his colleague, M. Rodriguez, the government Junta ordered him to be set at liberty; and he hired a fishing-boat in which, manned by a single sailor, he was transported with his astronomical apparatus and other baggage to Algiers.

There he was received by the French Consul, through whose means he was embarked on board an Algerine frigate

bound for Marseilles. This vessel prosecuting her voyage had neared the French coast, which was in full view, when a Spanish privateer which was cruising off these coasts came up with her, seized on her, and Arago became once more a prisoner. He was now conducted with the crew of the captured frigate to Fort de Rosas, and exposed to all the miseries of the rudest captivity. The Dey of Algiers, however, when informed of the insult offered to his flag made such energetic remonstrances with the Spanish authorities that the prisoners were liberated, and allowed to sail for Marseilles without further molestation.

The misfortunes of this eventful voyage were not, however, yet permitted to terminate. Before reaching Marseilles the vessel encountered a terrible north-west storm, by which she was driven close to the shores of Sardinia. Here another peril menaced her. Algiers was then at war with Sardinia. To gain the shore would be to pass again into captivity. To augment the evil the vessel was found to have sprung a leak, and to be taking water rapidly. It was nevertheless decided, as the lesser of the impending evils, to run the vessel on the African coast where, in a disabled state and almost sinking, she landed at Bougie, three days journey from Algiers.

Arago had scarcely set foot on shore when he learned that the Dey, who had before protected and sent him to his country, had been murdered in an insurrection that had lately broken out, and was replaced by another. The Algerines, on boarding the vessel, seized the cases containing the astronomical instruments, under the persuasion that they contained treasure. After many fruitless remonstrances and vain protestations, our philosopher determined to repair immediately to Algiers, and invoke the protection of the new sovereign. Assuming the costume of a Bedouin, and taking a Marabout as a guide, he accordingly set out on foot, and crossing Mount Atlas, reached Algiers. Here having laid his case before the new Dey, his astonishment and discomfiture may be imagined, on finding that the only reply to his remonstrances was an order that his name should be entered on the roll of slaves, and that he should be sent on service in the capacity of interpreter on board the Algerine corsairs.

At length, owing to the earnest interference of the French Consul, the savant

obtained his release, recovered his instruments, and for the third time embarked in a vessel of war for Marseilles. A fatality, however, even still seemed to cling to him. An English frigate was now encountered, which barred the entrance of the French harbor, and coming up with the vessel, bearing the philosopher, peremptorily ordered it to sail to Minorca and surrender itself. Happily, however, the captain, urged by Arago, for whom a fourth captivity may be supposed to have offered but few attractions, made a feint of complying, and making a sudden tack availed himself of a favorable wind, and ran into the port of Marseilles without being overtaken by the enemy.

On arriving in Paris after so much personal suffering, and escaping so many perils, it may well be believed that the young savant was joyfully received by his friends and colleagues. A rule of the Institute, relating to the age at which persons were eligible to be members, was relaxed for the occasion, and now at three and twenty Arago was admitted as a member of that distinguished body. The Emperor named him to a professorship in the Polytechnic School, where he continued to deliver lectures on Geology until the year 1831.

Notwithstanding the courtier-like observance which Napoleon is known to have so vigorously exacted from those around him, and more especially from those who had known him before his elevation, and the southern frankness, amounting almost to bluntness, which is inseparable from Arago, yet the Emperor was always warmly attached to him; and it was even said, that after the disaster of Waterloo, when he contemplated an exile in America, where he professed the intention of devoting the remainder of his life to history and the cultivation of science, he designed to invite Arago to join him there as the companion of his labors and the guide of his researches.

After the Revolution of July, M. Arago was returned to the Chamber of Deputies by the Electoral College of his native place, Perpignan, and in 1831 took his seat on the extreme left. His political opinions went to the limit of radicalism; and few, indeed, doubt that he would have much more gladly sat in the senate of a republic than in the chambers of a constitutional monarchy. At all events he at once assumed a position, and joined a party in the Chamber, which

placed an impassable barrier between himself and the court. This was unfortunate for M. Arago, and not less so for the country. The public usefulness of the Savant has been undoubtedly impaired by the violence and unsuccessful excesses of the politician. Ranked under the banners of extreme radicalism with his friends, Dupont de l'Eure and the late Lafitte, he has signalized himself by an unrelaxing opposition and bitter hostility to every government under the present dynasty, and has uniformly opposed every ministerial measure. He was one of the subscribing deputies to the celebrated *Comte-rendre*, the consequence of which was the utter dissolution of the extreme party to which he was attached.

The same intemperate vehemence of character which transported M. Arago into the ranks of a political section of the Chamber, which moderate men declined to support, has unhappily marked all his memorable speeches and reports with a certain bitterness of spirit which has in a great measure deprived them of their effect, and stripped them of a part of that authority and respect with which everything emanating from so distinguished a savant would be otherwise received. In his most remarkable speeches, observes one of his panegyrists, especially in his celebrated Report on Railways, his speech against classical studies, and some others, there is a certain spirit of sharp, exclusive and aggressive irritation, which seems to hurl defiance at the majority of the Chamber, and has unhappily deprived of their due effect views and opinions, which, presented in a temperate spirit and with the moderation becoming the character and functions of the speaker, would have produced on the house the effect which such profound, lucid and practical arguments ought to have in such an assembly.

If the career of M. Arago, as a politician, has been such as to impair his public efficiency on the one hand, it must be admitted that it affords a proof of his disinterestedness, and of the disregard of his own personal interests compared with what he conceives to have been his public duty, which is the more creditable to him, inasmuch, as it is a rare if not solitary instance of that kind of independence evinced by a man of that class so placed. It is a melancholy but unquestionable truth, that men of science and letters, who are generally sprung from the ranks of the people, are ready,

on acquiring any political position, to prostrate themselves at the feet of power, to become the abject apologists of ministers, and to forget their mission as defenders and advocates of the liberty of the human race. Nor is this peculiar to one state or nation. It cannot be said to be more peculiarly fostered under one form of government than under another. We observe it to prevail equally in Austria, Bavaria, Prussia, Russia, France, Holland, Italy, and the other states of Europe. For, strange to say, it is not among the rich, the powerful and the noble that despotism finds its most ardent partisans, and most devoted defenders, but rather, to their shame be it spoken, among professors, academicians, men of letters, and savants! The direction of the journals, the composition of those diplomatic notes, declarations, and other emanations of the press, which absolute power issues constantly against the growing spirit of freedom, and against the regeneration of mankind, all spring from the same source, and are the work of the same hand. To what are we to ascribe this almost universal political servility, by which the choicest of mankind, those gifted spirits before which the most intelligent people are the most ready to bow down in respect, are debased? It is to be feared that so fatal a tendency must have its origin in that vicious social organization which leaves such men at the mercy of the government. They are peculiarly exposed to the debauchery of patronage under every form of government. The savant and the artist have not been nursed in the lap of wealth nor cradled in gilded chambers. They have no inheritance entailed by noble ancestors. Without royal favor, or much waiting in the antichambers of the minister, they can attain to no professional chairs, no directorships of public schools, no royal astronomer-ships, no inspectorships, no foreign missions, no honorable decorations, no order for statues or pictures, no pensions on the civil list, no easy sinecure for their old age. Here is the true cause of the debasement of men who are the ornaments of our age. The exigencies of a false social organization forces them to walk through the mud of corruption, which impedes the best of our race in their progress to those glorious destinies which the future reserves for them.

From this general defilement his bitterest opponents must admit that Arago

has, with a heroic and rare disinterestedness, emancipated himself. If he has rushed into the contrary extreme, and endeavored to thwart those powers which, under existing circumstances, could alone promote the prosperity of his country, it has been an error produced by the overstretching of a noble principle.

The usefulness of a deputy like M. Arago is rendered apparent in the Chamber when questions arise involving the consideration of the relations of science with the useful arts and industrial resources of the nation. Then it is that the savant unfolds to the house with that felicity which is his peculiar gift, the mysterious links which connect art with nature; he compares the products of manufactures; exhibits the merits of projects which are true and sound, and lays bare the fallacies of those which are false and hollow; he dissipates the illusions of presumption and ignorance; demonstrates what is practicable, what is doubtful and what is impossible. His admirable report on railways affords a striking example of this, which did more to enlighten the legislature and the public on that subject than all the projects and propositions of parliamentary and ministerial commissioners. It was a *chef d'œuvre* of felicitous exposition and luminous analysis.

Notwithstanding the annihilation of the political party to which he was attached, and his consequent unpopularity as a mere politician in the Chamber, yet when Arago mounts the tribune the house is hushed in the most profound and deferential silence. Every eye is directed with an inquiring look to the speaker, every ear is sensitively awake to lose no accent of his tongue. Tall and commanding in stature, his hair curled and flowing, his presence noble, his countenance animated and his gesture expressive and vivacious, he at once obtains an ascendancy over the assembly. In the muscular contraction of his brows there is a force of will, and in his fine forehead and temples indications of habits of meditation, which impress the observer irresistibly with the idea of intellectual superiority. In his speech there is perhaps a predilection for sarcasm a little too pronounced, but it is executed with marvellous power and effect. It is hard to say if his very defects are not in some degree advantageous to him. If he were more temperate and measured in his language he would be more convincing, but his moderation would command less atten-

tion, and the effect on the whole would perhaps be impaired.

Unlike those members who are ready to start on their legs and address the house on every subject which presents itself, and half the time not knowing what they are speaking about, Arago seldom speaks; never, indeed, except on special questions upon which he is known to possess information, and concerning which he is an authority. His speeches thus are eminently attractive, always affording exactly the knowledge which every member desires to acquire, offered to him precisely at the moment it is wanted, and clothed in all the graces of the most attractive eloquence. The speaker addresses himself at once to the understanding, the imagination, the feelings and the interests of his audience, who with a greedy ear devour up his discourse. Behold him, with the selected intelligences of one of the most enlightened nations before him, taking science in his hands, divesting it of its asperities, laying aside its technicalities, and bringing it down to the level of the surprised and charmed ears of his auditory! His very pantomime breathes intelligence, and expression marks every gesture. The light of his demonstrations seems to issue from his eye, his mouth, and even from the very tips of his fingers. Occasional invectives enliven his discourse by their sarcasm, and piquant anecdotes scattered through it connect themselves with his theme, and adorn without overcharging it. When he states facts or lays down principles, clearness and order and the natural graces of simplicity mark his style. But when he unfolds the marvelous works of nature, the sublimity of the subject imparts magnificence to his language, his eye kindles, his voice is elevated and filled with the consciousness of the dignity of his theme, his eloquence acquires all the grandeur of the ideas which fill and warm his imagination.

In the elaboration of the physical sciences, and in bringing them to the hands of those who are to enjoy them, or to use a phrase borrowed from the useful arts, to bring them to the doors of the consumers, three distinct classes of laborers are employed. The first are those who discover originally the secrets and mysteries of nature, who make known her laws, who exhibit her products and show their properties and qualities. These may be compared to the miners who explore the veins in the hidden recesses of

the crust of the earth, and dig out the rude ore which contains the precious metal or the rough unsightly stone which includes the brilliant jewel. The second class comprises those who, after studying the natural laws and phenomena thus brought to light, apply them to the uses of life, and invent processes and machines by which these substances and phenomena and laws are made subservient to the well-being, and instrumental to the pleasure and happiness, of mankind; by which toil may be diminished, necessities supplied, knowledge extended and happiness augmented. This class may be likened to the artisan who extracts the metal from the ore, forges it, draws it into bars, and shapes out of it infinitely various objects of utility and ornament, or to the lapidary who takes the rough stone, and putting it through the processes of his art, converts it into the sparkling diamond. Third and last comes the class who neither *discover* nor *invent*, but who *diffuse*; those who put the discoveries of the first class and the inventions of the second in a clear, orderly and systematic form, giving demonstrations of what is obscure and difficult, and supplying illustrations which render familiar what is abstruse; in a word, enabling all to acquire, by the ordinary exercise of those intellectual faculties with which every sane man is endowed, all that knowledge and all those inventions which have been the fruits of the labor of the former two classes. In a word, this third class are the *pupils* of the others, and the *teachers* of all the rest of the human race. To complete the comparison already commenced, we may liken this third class to the merchants and traders who transport the manufactured articles to all parts of the earth inhabited by those who use them.

From the very terms in which this classification of the workers in the great intellectual hive is expressed, it will be perceived that the third class must be held in lower estimation than either of the former. The former are direct *producers*. They add to the stock of human knowledge. They bring capital into the firm. The result of their labor is tangible, visible, material. It is moreover reproductive. Each new discovery in science, each new invention in art, becomes the fruitful mother of a numerous family of discoveries and inventions, some of which often grow to greater stature than that of the parent.

Sir William Herschel, investigating the properties of light decomposed by the prism, observed that the heating quality of the rays was gradually augmented in approaching the red end of the spectrum, and judged it probable, by analogy, that the heating power did not end there, and ascertained the existence of rays of heat invisible below that point, by the indications of the thermometer. The chemical influence of rays was found to augment in intensity in the other direction, and invisible rays were found above the other extremity, whose existence could only be proved by their chemical effects. Here was a capital discovery. Rays obeying the physical laws of light yet not luminous!

M. Daguerre, being informed of the chemical quality of light, and its varying intensity in lights of different colors and tints and of different degrees of splendor, conceived the idea of causing the light reflected from a landscape or a figure to act upon a substance susceptible of these chemical effects. The invention of the process called *Daguerreotype* was the final result.

Sir John Herschel, possessing, by the nature of his studies and researches, an intimate familiarity with the laws of physics and the great discoveries therein made by his illustrious predecessors and contemporaries, composed his "Introductory Discourse on Physical Science," in which, with a rare and enviable felicity of style and language, he rendered these great discoveries intelligible to all the world.

The labors of Sir William Herschel put him in the first class; the invention of Daguerre, gave him a place in the second class, and the work of Sir John Herschel\* put him at the head of the third class.

Sir Humphrey Davy discovered that flame is gas rendered luminous by being intensely heated, and that on being cooled it becomes non-luminous. He applied this discovery to the most beneficial purpose, by his invention of the Safety Lamp, and finally he rendered his discovery and invention intelligible to all the world by his beautiful treatise on flames. A rare instance of a title gained at once to admission to all the three classes of honor.

To which of these orders of scientific distinction is the subject of this notice to

be assigned? Ask his devoted admirers and partisans, and they will proclaim aloud his title to all the three. Ask his opponents; and they will insist on his absolute exclusion from the first and second class, and will allow him a place in the third only, with much qualification and a grudging spirit. Ask the dispassionate savant, whose own position is fixed, and whose own eminence is unquestioned; and he will tell you that the perpetual Secretary of the Institute is assuredly not excluded from the honors of the class of scientific discoverers, but will lament that so little in that high field of Intellectual labor has been effected by him. He will point to his researches in magnetism, and his discovery of the development of that principle by rotation, for which the highest honor the scientific community of England can bestow, (the Copley medal,) was conferred upon him. These alone would undoubtedly entitle Arago to the honorable rank of a discoverer. But it is at the same time undeniable that it is not to this or any similar labor that Arago owes his unexampled popularity and European reputation.

The scientific, literary and parliamentary labors on which the reputation of M. Arago has been raised may be thus classed:

1. His original scientific researches.
2. His *Eloges* published in the memoirs of the Institute of illustrious members of that body who have been contemporary with him.
3. His scientific notices appended to the "Annuaire du bureau des longitudes."
4. Reports on art and science made at the desire of the Institute or the Chamber.
5. His astronomical lectures delivered at the Observatory.
6. His speeches in the Chamber of Deputies.

1. Under the first head, the chief work which presents itself is the discovery of magnetism by rotation, already alluded to. For this the Copley medal was awarded to him by the Royal Society of London, in 1829. Although no other positive discovery in physics can be assigned to him, there are scattered through his writings several suggestions which must be admitted to have some original merit, such as the test by which he proposed to ascertain whether comets are

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\* We must not be understood here as excluding Sir John Herschel from the higher classes to which other original researches gave him an undoubted title.

self-shining bodies or bodies receiving light from the sun; the test by which he proposed to determine whether the luminous covering of the sun is gaseous; his method of preventing the irradiation from producing errors in observing the planets; and, finally, the share he had in the experimental investigation of the relation between the temperature and pressure of steam, conducted by Gay-Lussac.

It is undoubtedly true, that these are not labors to form the basis of a great scientific reputation, but they are more than sufficient to answer the imputation of the absence of all original research.

2. The productions comprised under the second head, are certainly those for which Arago has gained most credit in the scientific world, although they have, in some instances, exposed him to severe censures, the justice of which his admirers cannot always dispute.

These biographical notices of eminent discoverers in physical science, and men rendered illustrious by inventions and improvements in the application of these sciences to the uses of life, afforded to M. Arago frequent and tempting opportunities for the exercise and display of that power of popularizing what is abstruse; simplifying what is difficult to ordinary comprehension, and expressing in the language of common life, what is buried in the obscurity of technicalities, a power which more than any other quality characterizes his peculiar genius. The happiest parts of these *Eloges* are, accordingly, those in which he describes the inventions and discoveries, and disserts upon and popularizes the researches of the subject of the panegyric. These seem to have been a labor of love. As the chisel of the sculptor touches and retouches, with amorous gentleness and fond delicacy, the charms of the Venus which swells under its edge, so the pen of the perpetual secretary seems to dwell, with peculiar delight, on these favorite topics. Witness the fascinating view of the gradual development of the principle of Voltaic electricity in his *Eloge* of Volta—the luminous demonstration of the progressive invention of the condensing steam-engine in his *Eloge* of Watt—the exquisite analysis of the researches on hieroglyphics in the *Eloge* of Young—besides numerous other instances which might be mentioned in his biographic notices of Carnot, Ampère and others.

3. The scientific notices which have for several years been annexed to the

*annuaire du bureau des longitudes*, partake of all the qualities and characteristics of the *Eloges*, except that they have no especial personal relations to departed savants. To the great popularity of these notices, in every part of Europe, and with almost every class of readers, the *annuaire* has been indebted for its universal popularity and its enormous circulation. These notices have penetrated into every library, into every closet, and, we had almost said, into every drawing-room, in Europe. When we say this, it is no mean praise for their writer, whatever may be their estimate among the rigorously scientific community.

The reports made to the Chambers, on railways and other similar subjects, have been highly prized by the legislature, although not marked by much merit beyond that with which such subjects must be treated by a good writer, to whom their principles and details must be as familiar as the propositions of elementary geometry or the rules of arithmetic.

Arago is one of the best, if not the very first, popular lecturer on scientific subjects now living in any country. His course of lectures on Astronomy, delivered at the Observatory in Paris throughout the season, is attended by an audience of about seven hundred persons, of both sexes. All the felicity of style and illustration, the simplicity and elegance of language which have been noticed in his *Eloges*, are equally conspicuous in his lectures, combined with complete fluency, graceful and forcible delivery, and the advantages of visible illustrations, not capable of being conveniently used in printed essays. Among English professors the lectures of Faraday, on Friday evenings, at the Royal Institution, in Albemarle street, will afford the best notion of Arago's style. The English professor is, however, inferior to the Secretary of the Institute in classical accomplishment, and this produces a striking difference both in their language and illustrations.

Arago delivers his lectures extemporaneously, in the only sense in which lectures ever are so delivered. Of the manner of delivery, the American public may form the best idea from the public lectures given in this country by Dr. Lardner. His selection of topics, his mode of rendering the abstruse reasonings familiar, his freedom from technical language, and the general character of the audiences which he addressed, all conspire to produce a resemblance to the general style

and manner of the course of popular Astronomy given at the Observatory at Paris, and which has greatly added to the popularity if not to the reputation of M. Arago.

These lectures have never been committed to writing by M. Arago, but they have been reported by persons who have attended them, and the reports have been collected and published, just as those of Dr. Lardner were in America. The Astronomer considers himself seriously aggrieved by this proceeding, and complains that the reported lectures are full of errors, and altogether such as he disavows, and in self-defence has announced his intention of writing and publishing his lectures himself.

Taking the *ensemble* of the scientific writings of Arago, it is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance of the character of his mind, as developed in these compositions, to that of Lord Brougham. There is more pretension to science in the productions of Arago, but more eloquence in those of Lord Brougham; more of the savant in the one, and more of the orator in the other. But in both there is the same ardent desire to throw open the portals of the Temple of Science to the world, the same happy power of smoothing down its asperities, shedding light on its obscurities, stripping it of its technical dress, and clothing it in popular language, divesting it, so to speak, of the robes of the University, and sending it forth in the costume of a citizen. Both are objected to by the rigid mathematicians of the schools on the same grounds. Against both it is said that they have added little to the actual stock of knowledge; that in the highest office of the understanding, invention and discovery, they have shown neither aptitude nor zeal; and finally, that a reputation has been attached to labors of which the ultimate object, at best, is the diffusion of scientific knowledge in a superficial degree, among classes to whom its benefits are questionable, which is utterly disproportionate to their intrinsic merit. Lord Brougham can afford to be deaf to these sneers at his scientific fame, because he has other and more undisputed sources of reputation to fall back upon; but deprive Arago of this source of public estimation, and you throw him at once into the lower ranks of the corps of Science.

In fine, with great quickness of apprehension, ready wit, a lively imagination

and great fluency, M. Arago unites much self-esteem, an ardent thirst for fame—not that fame which comes in after ages,—but that ready return which is, as it were, the echo of the voice of him who seeks it. He is more remarkable for energy of character than for intellectual activity. His ardor and impetuosity often hurry him beyond the bounds of prudence, but he is not without address to extricate himself from such embarrassments.

In his estimates of the merits of his own countrymen he not unfrequently allows himself to be biased by his peculiar political sentiments, and the spirit of the senator too often appears in the discourses of the philosopher. In his estimate of the merits of the great men of other countries, he often allows his irrepressible spirit of exclusive nationality to throw an ungenerous and sometimes an unjust shade over his writings. Thus he seriously maintains that the world is indebted to French genius for the first invention of the steam-engine, and that it owes to French science the celebrated Franklinian experiment in which lightning was drawn from the clouds and thunder-storms proved to be produced by atmospheric electricity.

As a politician, the integrity and disinterestedness of M. Arago are much more conspicuous and unequivocal than his prudence and moderation. Holding the scientific position which he occupies, and possessing his immense popularity, he might, as a member of the Chamber, have become the object of all the honors, emoluments and favors which the minister and the crown could bestow. His convictions, however, were not in accordance with his personal interests. At bottom M. Arago is republican in his doctrines and principles. He does not, it is true, imagine that this form of government is at present practicable in France. But in common with his late friends, Lafayette and Lafitte, and with M. Dupont de l'Eure, he thinks that republicanism is the political centre of attraction round which European states are gravitating, and to which they must converge as civilization attains to that exalted point to which the cultivation of science, the diffusion of knowledge, and the elevation of the middle and lower classes are so rapidly impelling it.

It has been complained by his friends that M. Arago has not been rewarded and advanced by the State in proportion to his merits and his reputation. Let it,

however, be remembered that M. Arago is presented to the existing government in the double character of savant and politician; that he has rushed forth from the observatory, the laboratory, and the academy, and throwing off his professorial robes, has mingled in political strife with all the zeal of a partisan; that he has lent the authority of his name, the influence of his popularity and the aid of his talents to that party of all others most hostile to the government, the established constitution and the crown; and that he has consistently persevered in this course of opposition, in spite of the dismemberment of his party, ever since the establishment of the dynasty of the Barricades. How then, it may be fairly asked, could it be expected that such persevering hostility could be returned by honors and promotion? M. Arago has his appropriate reward in his unblemished character for incorruptible public integrity.

In the private relations of life, M. Arago is conspicuous for every good and amiable quality of the heart. His simplicity of manners, his frankness, his devoted affection for his kindred, his noble and generous conduct to the widow and

children of a deceased scientific colleague, the ready services he is always prompt to render to his friends, are well known to all who come within the range of his private society.

Although he has not been the recipient of official patronage, he fills many public offices, most of which he owes to election, and some of which are attended with labor and responsibility, without any or without adequate emolument. He is a Member of the Chamber of Deputies, perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Science, Director of the National Observatory, Member of the Board of Longitudes, Member of the Superior Council of the Polytechnic School, Member of the Council-General of the Seine, Member of the Board of Health, late Colonel in the National Guard. He is also Commander of the Legion of Honor, and has been elected member of various foreign scientific bodies. He is a member of the Corporations of Edinburgh and Glasgow, to which he was elected on the occasion of his attending a meeting and taking part in the debates of the British Association at the former city.

## OUR ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

To every just mind, the war with Mexico is as gross an outrage on our part as was ever committed by one civilized nation on another. When the Annexation of Texas was made a party catch-word, all good Whigs predicted that the measure carried out would involve us in a war with Mexico. This prediction was received with taunts, as a mere bugbear to frighten women. The party with Texas on their banner, by fraud and falsehood succeeded in securing the Government, and Texas was annexed. The distracted state of affairs in Mexico prevented that Government from resenting this affront, as she had threatened to do, and the Whig prophecy promised to be a false one. No serious demonstrations were made on the part of the latter power, and there appeared every prospect of a peaceable settlement of the Texas question. From the moment things took this shape, our Executive seemed disappointed, and acted as if re-

solved to precipitate the war which all good men dreaded. First, our army was ordered to the new frontier to protect it from invasion. This was right; and as long as it lay at Corpus Christi, the act was rather a compliment than otherwise to the Mexican army; for, while it showed that we were resolved to defend our own borders, it also showed that we regarded them a formidable enemy. But this did not answer: our army must break up its encampment and march to the Rio del Norte—cross our own boundaries into the Mexican territory, in order to watch the movements of the enemy. This order from our Government proves one of two things; either that the President had resolved on war at all hazards, or was guilty of a folly that would disgrace the most ignorant and inefficient officer in the army. It was like an order from the British Government to the Canadian army to cross the St. Lawrence into the State of



New York, to see that *our* army, encamped on our own territory, committed no *aggressive* acts. This insulting an army, and a nation, by marching our troops on their soil, and planting our cannon so as to command their towns, and then excuse it by saying we were afraid they *intended* some violence, is either a dishonest or foolish act, that will in the end damn or disgrace the author of it. But even had the territory been ours, to intrench our army within short cannon-shot of the enemy—within hearing of their morning drum, and in sight of their banners and bayonets—was to insure a collision. No two armies ever yet occupied, for any length of time, such a position, and never will occupy it, without coming to blows; and if Mr. Polk expected it, he is unfit to be trusted with the management of our concerns; and if he did not expect it, he is guilty of a violation of the law of nations, which will in the end be severely visited on his head. No wonder our officers were unable to make any reply to the complaint of the Mexican general, that we were invading Mexican territory, and our aggressions were equivalent to a declaration of war, except that they were obeying *orders*. The very manner in which negotiations were carried on between the leaders of the two armies, shows that ours felt they were in the wrong, and had nothing to say in self-defence. It was a humiliating position, and the nation felt it; and when the excitement of the hour had passed by, and the moral character of this question, and its integrity as a political transaction, shall be considered, history will render a tremendous verdict against our present Executive and his coadjutors.

But disgraceful and dishonest as the whole transaction has been, no American can witness the manner in which our little army extricated itself from the perils that environed it without feelings of exultation and pride. Our Government, in its recklessness, not only compromised the integrity of the nation, but, in its folly and aggression, compromised also the army. Not content with provoking hostilities, it did so with a force wholly inadequate to the task assigned it; and had the Mexicans at the outset exhibited half the energy and valor they did soon after, our entire army would have been taken prisoners. The whole action of our Executive, from first to last, has been a tissue of blunders; and nothing

but the bravery of Whig officers and firmness of American soldiers saved us from a humiliation as deep as we most richly deserved. But the army must obey the Government, right or wrong; and it is with feelings of pride, we say, that we contemplate the manner in which it has conducted itself, in carrying on those hostilities for which it was not to blame.

Here was an army of some 2,000 men, in the midst of an enemy's country, at a distance from all reinforcements and instructions—with a small artillery and weak cavalry—left to save its honor and that of our national flag as best it could. In the mean time an army of six or seven thousand men was slowly enveloping it in its folds—cutting off its communications, and threatening to cut off entirely its supply of provisions and stores and ammunition. General Taylor and the little band about him, were ignorant of the breathless interest the nation took in their prospects. Could they have known how every eye was turned on them, and how millions of hearts beat for their safety, and the cry of joy that went up, from one end of the land to the other, at the glorious manner they delivered themselves and saved the honor of our arms, they would never regret their toils, privations and wounds.

That was a gloomy time for our army, when between two and three hundred were left in the fort opposite Matamoras, to defend it against the entire Mexican force, while uncertainty and doubt brooded over the fate of their companions at Point Isabel. On the 1st of May, General Taylor, with the main body of the army, left for Point Isabel, to open his communication with his stores, and bring back ammunition and guns for the fort. His orders were to defend it to the last, and if the enemy surrounded it, to fire signal guns, at certain intervals, to let him know it. On the 3d, the enemy, taking advantage of the absence of the mass of the army, opened all the guns at once on Fort Brown. At daylight, on Sabbath morning, the firing commenced. The holy quiet of that day was broken by the thunder of cannon, and before the sun had risen on the scene that little fort was in a blaze, as gun answered gun; and in twenty minutes' time, one of the Mexican twelve pounders was seen leaping twenty feet into the air, accompanied by arms, legs and mangled bodies. The fire was kept up till noon, without intermission,

when it ceased for awhile, to let the guns cool. From this time, till Saturday, shells and shot were constantly flying over the heads of this devoted band, shut up within their intrenchments, and made a target for the well-directed and hotly-worked batteries of the enemy; while to add to the perils of their position, they found they had but four hundred rounds of ammunition, and hence must cease firing, to reserve it for the death struggle, when the overpowering enemy should sweep over their walls. Nothing is more dispiriting to the soldier than to find his ammunition short, and be compelled to stand and be shot at, day after day, without the power to return the fire. But here our soldiers showed the tenacity and stubbornness of the Anglo-Saxon race; lying down to let the shells explode above them, or the shot whistle over their heads, they were compelled to pass their time in the humiliating employment of dodging the enemy's balls. Five mortars at once were throwing shells into that single fort, while the cannon hurled their storm of balls against its unyielding sides. At length the army closed round them, and that band of heroes waited, with calm hearts, the approach of its thousands to the storm. In the mean time, after three days had passed, a parley was sounded, and General Arista sent a summons to the fort, to surrender "for humanity's sake," declaring if it was not obeyed in one hour, he would put the garrison to the sword; and he seemed able to do it, for what was a handful of two hundred men or more, with a small supply of ammunition, against an army of several thousand. Captain Hawkins, who succeeded Major Brown, after his wound on the 6th, called a council of war to determine what answer should be given to Arista. The question was put to the youngest first, and the stern and short reply that broke from his lips, "*Defend the fort to the death,*" was echoed from lip to lip, and in thirty minutes from the time of receiving the communication, the guns of the enemy were raining balls on the intrenchments, and that brave and fearless garrison coolly prepared for the death grapple with their foe.

Previous to this, however, signal guns had been fired, as directed, and as the heavy reports broke, one after another, in dull and distant echoes over Point Isabel, Taylor stood and listened. What if his brave heart sunk within him, for a moment, as he counted the sounds that

died away on the plain, for he remembered how feeble was the band he had left behind him, and how strong the enemy that encompassed them. He, however, immediately prepared to answer this call for help, and on the 7th, at five o'clock, issued forth from the works, with the words on his lips, "If the enemy oppose me, whatever be his force, I shall fight him," and took up the line of march. The flag was still floating on Fort Brown, waving its graceful folds amid the storm of bullets that swept around it, and beneath it still clustered the heroic band that had sworn to die ere it should be struck. On the 8th, General Taylor again commenced his march, and about 11 o'clock came in sight of the enemy, drawn up in order of battle, stretching a mile and a half across the plain, along the edge of a chapparal; and a little in advance of it, on the left, were their splendid lancers, a thousand strong, while throughout the rest of the line, were masses of infantry and a battery alternately. Our army was immediately formed in column of attack, and, curtained by two squadrons of dragoons in advance, moved steadily forward to within cannon range, when one of the enemy's batteries opened. The column was then deployed into line, except the 8th infantry, which still stood in column, and the battle was set. Colonel Twigg commanded the right, composed of the 3d, 4th and 5th infantry and Ringgold's artillery. Lieut. Churchill commanded the two 18 pounders in the centre, while Lieut. Colonel Belknap was placed over the left wing, composed of Duncan's artillery and 8th infantry—and the BATTLE OF PALO ALTO commenced. The gallant Ringgold opened his battery, on the right, with terrible effect, and our little army, for the first time, found themselves in the midst of battle. There stood six thousand disciplined men, supported by a powerful artillery, and in a position of their own choosing; here were scarce two thousand untried soldiers, marching steadily up to the attack. In a moment the field was in an uproar, and the mid-day sun looked down on as brave a fought battle as ever the stars and stripes floated over.

The deadly precision of Ringgold's guns told with fearful effect on the enemy's cavalry that were waiting a favorable moment to bear down on our infantry. Platoons went down at every discharge, and wherever his practiced eye directed a cannon, a lane opened amid

the riders. At length, unable to stand the rapid fire, they wheeled off, and moved away in a trot, when a ball from one of the 18 pounders in the centre falling into their midst hurried them into a gallop. But making a circular sweep, they suddenly threatened our flank, and the train in the rear. Down came the thundering squadrons, making the plain tremble under their horses' feet, when the 5th infantry was thrown into square, and with fixed bayonets, waited the shock. A sudden fire from one of the angles of the formation sent twenty horses, emptied of their riders, galloping over the plain; but those behind pressed steadily on, when they, seeing the 3d advancing in column to the attack, wheeled and fled.

While Ringgold was thus making fearful havoc, with his light artillery, on the right, Duncan, on the left, poured in his destructive volleys in such fierce and rapid succession on the enemy, that their ranks melted away before them like frost work, and a shout of triumph rolled along our lines that was heard over the roar of battle. Duncan and Ringgold, occupying the two extremes of the lines, sent hope and confidence through the army, as it saw with what superiority and address our artillery was managed. To the fierce music that thus rolled over the field from either wing, the two 18 pounders in the centre kept up a steady accompaniment, shaking the field with their steady fire, as slowly advancing, they sent death through the Mexican ranks. But the enemy's batteries were worked with great vigor, and their shot told on our left severely; yet still the regiments destined to support the artillery stood firm, while the balls tore through their ranks. At one time, they lay for three quarters of an hour in the tall grass, while the shot of the enemy kept tearing up the ground amid them, bounding and leaping by, carrying away, here a head and there an arm, and yet not a soldier quailed, but cool and resolute as old veterans, kept their position, without a murmur or a look of complaint. In the mean time Lieut. Duncan set the prairie on fire with some smoke balls, and the thick smoke rolling along the lines shut out the two armies from each other, and stayed for a while the work of carnage. It was now four o'clock, and the bloodshot sun was stooping to the western horizon, and silence rested on the field of death, save when the groans of the wounded and dying rose from the plain. Duncan, tak-

ing advantage of the smoke, carried his artillery through a lane of fire, with the flames rolling ten feet around him. Suddenly the enemy saw his horses' heads, moving in a trot on their right flank, and the next moment the pieces were unlimbered, and pouring in a scourging, galling fire on their ranks, rolling them back on each other in inextricable confusion. The Mexicans had changed their line of battle, to escape the murderous effect of the close and well-directed volleys of Ringgold's battery, and the 18 pounders that had been pushed forward during the short cessation of the cannonading. The gallant Ringgold, while seated on his horse directing the movement of his guns, received a shot, which, passed through his horse, cutting in two the pistols in his holsters, tore away the flesh from both his legs, from his knees upward. As he fell on the field some officers gathered around him, but he waved them away, saying, "Leave me alone; you are needed forward." The sun went down on the field of blood, and as his departing rays struggled for a moment to pierce the war-cloud that curtained in the two armies, the firing, by mutual consent, ceased, and the Battle of Palo Alto was over. Our little army encamped on the field where they fought, amid their dead and dying companions.

This was one of the most singular battles the records of our military history exhibit. It was a pure cannon fight, in which our infantry, though cool and steady throughout, and ready at any moment to pour themselves in a furious charge on the enemy, took scarcely any active part. Appointed simply to sustain batteries, they stood and saw the artillery contest the field. Gen. Taylor, who evinced the utmost coolness and bravery, evidently feared to engage the enemy mass with mass, with so inferior a force—hence there was not a single column of infantry sent forward against his lines—no concentrated movement on either wing or the centre to break his order of battle and convert a retreat into a rout. It was the old European tactics over again—of opposing wing to wing and centre to centre, and thus fighting it out. With such an army and such an enemy, Bonaparte would have relied on the celerity with which he manœuvred his infantry, and the rapidity with which he concentrated his entire force on a single point, giving rapid and terrible blows with his entire strength; and thus,

if he had gained the victory, it would have been a complete one, shattering the enemy beyond the power of rallying again. But Gen. Taylor here showed his great qualities as a commander—employing tactics to suit the occasion, and using in the very best way the best material he possessed. He had no cavalry to sustain a heavy charge of cavalry, while the enemy had a thousand lancers to hover on his flanks, ready to take advantage of the least disorder, to dash in and turn even a check into a rout; besides, he had seen the practice of his light artillery, and he knew that nothing could stand before it. This powerful arm in any battle, was never so conspicuous on our shores as in this. Two guns, worked by Ringgold and Duncan, were equal to treble that number in the hands of the enemy. Before the murderous fire of the batteries of these two officers, no change of position could avail the enemy, for they handled their guns with the rapidity and ease that infantry do the muskets, bringing them to bear with a precision and suddenness on every new formation, that perfectly baffled and stunned the Mexicans. Ringgold had probably but few equals in the world as an artillery officer; he would not only choose a position where he could pour the most galling fire into the enemy, and then aim his cannon with the precision of a western hunter his rifle, but he had so drilled his men that he could handle his guns with a rapidity that was perfectly astonishing. A professor at West Point told us a few weeks since, that he has seen Ringgold take three cannon and dismount them from their carriages, take off the wheels and lay them all on the ground, and at the word of command have, in three minutes' time, those wheels in their places, the guns mounted, and *three shots fired*. Such rapidity of movement compensates for inferiority in the number of pieces, and converts a small battery into a most terrific engine of destruction.

When night closed over the scene of strife, the Mexican Commanders saw that they could do nothing in an open field and fair fight, and so retreated to a still more formidable position. The only mistake, if any, which Gen. Taylor made in this engagement, was in not advancing with his whole army on the enemy's lines at the time they were so terribly shaken and thrown into disorder by our artillery. There is no doubt had he done

this, but that the enemy would have been utterly routed and the next day's battle prevented. *Moral* power is always greater than physical power, though but few commanders are able to appreciate it, and—strike at the right moment. When the Mexicans were disheartened, confused, in fact *beaten*, and our little army was full of confidence and enthusiasm, they would have swept like a tornado over the field. At the crisis when the Mexicans shook and wavered, and were evidently on the point of giving way, Bonaparte would have ordered a charge, and St. Cyr sent a single regiment through and through the line. So, doubtless, would Taylor have done, had he possessed a heavier body of cavalry to act as a reserve. He was anxious to preserve his train in the rear also, and feared to expose it to any mischance. Had he been disencumbered of this, he doubtless would have moved *en masse* upon the enemy, and secured the victory on the spot.

It is singular that with their immense superiority of infantry, the Mexicans made no serious demonstration on our lines, if we except the charge of their lancers. They seemed perfectly willing to fight it out with cannon, while their superior numbers only made them a larger mark to be shot at. Had a column of three thousand men been formed, and a battery placed at its head, and ordered to pierce our centre or carry away either wing—with the cavalry and three thousand men in reserve, it is very doubtful whether our feeble number could have withstood the shock.

Such a demonstration would have materially altered the face of affairs, and would have given the Mexicans all the advantage of superiority of numbers. As it was, it mattered very little to them whether they had two or ten thousand men, for it was an affair of artillery alone.

There is no mention made of it, yet from the little we can gather, the Mexicans evidently contemplated some such great movement. After the firing had ceased, and the smoke of the burning prairie blotted out the hostile lines from each other, they changed their order of battle, and apparently were in the act of forming a heavy column to advance, with a battery at its head. The sudden appearance of Duncan through the smoke, and the close and wasting fire of his artillery sweeping down with fearful rapidity the ranks, baffled this movement, and threw everything into confusion.

We do not give this as a fact, for there is nothing certain respecting the designs of the Mexicans in changing the order of battle, and this movement, if begun, was so quickly checked that it could not have been fully detected by Gen. Taylor.

The weary night wore away—the gallant Ringgold lay dying—Page, speechless and faint—and scores of our brave men stretched on the field of their fame, wounded or dying, while hundreds of the enemy made the night hideous with their cries and groans. That was an anxious night for the brave Taylor. He had advanced to within a short distance of the fort, and found the enemy strong, and resolved to dispute his entrance. He had fought one battle, lost one of the most efficient officers in the army, and was far from reinforcements, and without a protecting breast-work, while the enemy were in reach of help from Matamoras, and could choose their position at leisure. With 2,000 men he had beat 6,000, and killed and wounded nearly 800; but he knew that loss would be more than made up before morning by reinforcements. In this trying position, he called a council of war composed of thirteen officers, and asked them what he should do. Four only out of the whole were in favor of advancing—the remainder advised either to intrench where they were, or retreat to Point Isabel, and wait for reinforcements. When all had spoken, the brave old veteran exclaimed: "*I will be at Fort Brown before night, if I live.*" Noble words that deserve to be written in letters of gold. That feeble garrison, which had for a whole week so firmly withstood the close siege of the enemy, lay on his brave heart, and he resolved to succor it or fall in the attempt. There spoke out the spirit of the true hero—the same that on the heights of Bennington, exclaimed, as the sword pointed to the enemy moving to battle, "*Those red coats, men, before night they are ours, or Mary Stark's a widow.*" the same that uttered in the very blaze of the hotly-worked battery at Lundy's Lane, "*I'll try, sir,*" the same that on the rending decks of the Chesapeake, faintly murmured, "*Don't give up the ship.*" It was a noble resolution to save that garrison or leave his body at the foot of the walls, and right nobly was it carried out.

The next day the army recommenced its march, and found the enemy gone leaving his dead unburied. The number of bodies lying around the spots where

the artillery was posted, showed how terrible the fire of our guns had been, and with what steadiness and bravery the Mexicans had stood to their pieces. In one place, fifty-seven bodies were found in a heap, or about the entire number of killed and wounded together on our side.

Gen. Taylor soon came up with the enemy, occupying a strong position on the farther side of a ravine, and resting his left on a pond so as to prevent the possibility of being outflanked on that side. Eight pieces of artillery defended this position, divided into three portions—one on the left side of the road, one on the right, and one in the centre. It was evident from the outset, that the great struggle was to be along the road where the batteries were placed, protected by a ditch and breastwork in front. Reinforcements of 2,000 men had arrived during the night, and here, within three miles of the fort, the BATTLE OF RESACA DE LA PALMA was fought. The victory of the day before and the recital of the gallant deeds at night, had filled every bosom with a fierce desire to perform some brave act, and the troops defiled past the wagons and deployed in front of the enemy, with an alacrity and ardor which showed that wild work would be done before night should close over the scene. Scarcely were our troops in order of battle, before the artillery of the enemy opened and rained a perfect shower of balls on our ranks. The road was swept at every discharge with grape shot and balls that threatened to carry entirely away the daring squadron which should presume to advance along it. To the left of the road, the conflict at once became fierce and bloody. The 4th, 5th and 8th Infantry, and a part of the 3d, were there mowing down the enemy with their steady volleys, strewing the road-side with the dead, and sternly forcing back the serried ranks, while the artillery kept thundering on with such rapid and ceaseless explosions that as the Mexican prisoners afterwards said, they thought we had fifty instead of eight cannon. Shells and shot drove so like a storm of sleet in their faces, that the officers vainly endeavored to throw the entire army forward in a desperate charge on our guns, but so certain and biting was the fire, that they could not be induced to move a step, and fell in their tracks. On the right, our men, advancing through the chapparal, had outflanked the enemy, and were pouring in

their well-directed volleys, while on the left, where the incessant flash of musketry, drowned now and then by the roar of cannon and shouts of the men, told how fierce was the conflict. Our troops were steadily gaining ground, but the murderous battery in the centre of the road continued to vomit forth death, and was worked with a coolness and held with a tenacity that perfectly maddened our men. Gen. Taylor was within its range, and when expostulated with for exposing himself so openly, refused to move out of the danger except by moving forward. The regiments got confused in the chapparral somewhat, but fought just as well; and though the infantry held their firm array, they seemed to fight in groups, each one directing its energies on a single point. The battery of the gallant Ridgely kept steadily advancing like a moving volcano, and hurled such a storm of iron on the guns that swept the road, that the infantry which protected them fell at every discharge like grass before the scythe. At length a body of lancers came charging furiously along the road, and rode up to the very muzzles of his guns. Scattering them like a whirlwind with a discharge from one of his pieces, he dashed in person among four that still kept hurrying on, and drove them before him.

The infantry fought with unparalleled bravery, led on by as brave officers as ever trod a battle-field. Indeed, every officer seemed to think it necessary he should show an example of daring to his men, while every soldier fought as if he would outdo his leader in heroic acts. Sometimes a few men, headed by an officer, would charge a gun and fight like desperadoes around it. In one instance a soldier leaped astride of a piece he had captured and boldly defended himself while his companions dragged him away with the prize. From the outset our army steadily advanced on every side, except along the road where the central battery was kept playing. At length, goaded to madness by the galling fire kept up from these few pieces, and seeing that the whole battle rested there, Gen. Taylor ordered Capt. May to charge the battery with his dragoons. His words were, "*You must take it.*" The gallant May wheeled on his steed and said to his followers: "*Men, we must take that battery!*" In a moment those eighty-two stern riders were moving in a dark mass along the road, headed by their fearless commander. The next moment the bu-

gles sounded the charge, and the black and driving mass swept like a thunder cloud to the shock. A cloud of dust marked their progress as they rode sternly and fiercely on. The attention of nearly the whole army was directed to this desperate charge, and you could hear their muffled tread as they broke into a gallop and tore forward up to the very muzzles of the guns. Two rods in advance was seen the commanding form of May, as, mounted on his powerful charger, he rode fiercely on, with his long hair streaming in the wind, while behind shook the glittering sabres of his followers. One discharge tore through them, stretching nearly a third of his company and half of his horses on the ground, but when the smoke lifted there was still seen the war horse of May leaping the ditch, breast-work and all, pressed closely after by his remaining followers, riding down the artillery-men at their pieces, and passing straight through the Mexican lines. A wild hurrah went up from our entire army as they saw those fierce dragoons clear the breast-work. The 5th and 8th Infantry followed close after, charging at a run along the road, and swept over the breast-work just after the dragoons were compelled to leave it; and took possession of the guns. Lieut. Duncan then took command of the advance and soon cleared the road with his deadly artillery, while the infantry, packed now in the narrow road with a chapparral on each side, went pouring onward with furious shouts, driving the enemy before them. The battle then became a rout and rolled furiously towards the river, whither the affrighted Mexicans were flying to escape to Matamoras. The cavalry first went galloping like a crowd of fugitives to the ferry, while the infantry, forced from the chapparral at the point of the bayonet, followed after.

Ah! you should have heard the shout that then rose from the little garrison of Fort Brown. They had stood and listened, as the sound of the heavy cannonading of the first day's fight came riding by on the evening air—filled with the deepest anxiety as to the issue, for on the success of the army rested their own fate. It was with inexpressible joy they heard, next day at noon, the artillery again opened, and almost within sight of the ramparts. All the morning the guns of the enemy had been playing upon their intrenchments, and when at last the fierce firing began in the distance and the smoke of battle rose over the tree tops, telling

them that their companions were advancing to their relief, the excitement became intense. But the cannonading advanced steadily nearer, and the rapid volleys of musketry every moment grew clearer, saying in accents more thrilling than language, that our brave troops were victorious.

At length, when the cavalry, plunging wildly over the plain, emerged into view, they mounted the ramparts, and under the folds of their flag, that still floated proudly in the breeze, sent up a huzza that was heard even in Matamoras—the shout of victory.

That was a joyful meeting, when our wearied but victorious army, amid loud huzzas, marched again into Fort Brown, and into the arms of their brave companions. Three thousand five hundred shots had been fired into that single fort, and yet but two men had been killed.

Gen. Taylor's victory was complete. The Mexicans lost their whole artillery—2,000 stand of arms—600 mules, together with Gen. Arista's private papers, and Gen. Vega himself, whom May made prisoner in his desperate charge on and over the battery. Our loss in killed, wounded and missing, in these two battles, was not far from 170; that of the enemy unknown, but it could not be much short of 1,200. The battle of the 9th was much the most severe, as is evident from the greater mortality that attended it—our loss being nearly double that on the day before. Gen. Taylor had thrown up hasty intrenchments around his train, which had been left on the first battle-field guarded by four hundred men; so that he brought but about 1,600 men into the fight, while the Mexicans, notwithstanding their severe loss, had received such heavy reinforcements that they showed a thousand stronger than in the previous engagement. That the Mexicans fought well is evident from their heavy loss—nearly one-third of their entire army disappeared from the ranks before it broke and fled. The great disproportion between the killed and wounded in the two armies was owing entirely to the greater precision of our fire, our soldiers having hit or killed each his man. Neither is this a new feature in our battles, for during our previous wars it was ascertained that, as a general rule, one out of every two hundred shots took effect, while in the European battles it is calculated that only one out of every four hundred hits—making a difference of just half, even with Continental troops.

The charge of May was one of the most gallant deeds among the hundred performed in these fierce fought battles, and decided the victory. Had he not succeeded, we should doubtless have gained the day; for, from the outset, our troops never once fell back or wavered, but steadily gained ground. The conflict, however, would have been protracted, and our loss much greater but for this successful charge. It is always desperate business charging artillery with cavalry, yet it is frequently done. The rapidity of its movements, and the want of close packed ranks to resist the shock, make it always successful, unless the artillery is well supported by firm infantry. Thus, at the battle of Aspern, Bessieres charged nearly four hundred cannon, placed in battery, with his heavy armed cuirassiers. The carnage of the volley that received them was awful; yet nothing saved the guns but hastily withdrawing them to the rear, so that instead of charging on cannon, when the smoke lifted, he found himself in presence of infantry, standing in squares, and presenting a girdle of steel to his squadrons. The Mexicans had not time to do this, for it was but a few moments after May emerged into view along the road, before he was among them with his shouting riders. This charge was the more desperate from being made with so few men. When four or eight thousand cavalry gallop into the blaze of artillery the front ranks furnish a wall for those behind; and before a second discharge can mow them down they are amid the guns, or breast to breast with infantry; but when such a small squadron charges almost every man in it is exposed.

When Captain May set out to fulfill his task, to all human appearance he would never bring back half of his men, whether successful or not; and, but for the noble and generous act of Lieutenant Ridgely, such would have been the result. Ridgely was stationed along the road, and was pouring, with frightful effect, his grape into the enemy's battery, when May came riding up with his dragoons at his back. The former stopped him, just as he was about to emerge into open view of the enemy, and in direct range of his batteries, telling him that every piece had just been loaded, and if he charged then he would be swept away. "Stop," said this gallant officer, "until I draw their fire," then deliberately fired each gun, which sent such havoc amid their ranks that a general

discharge followed. The next moment, May, with his dragoons, rode into view, and swept furiously forward; and before the Mexicans were fully prepared to receive the shock the clattering tempest was upon them, and "the red field was won."

These two battles are worth a thousand speeches in Congress, and Secretary's reports, respecting the wants and organization of our army. They show that our troops can be disciplined into the most perfect coolness and firmness in the hour of battle, and that the courage which won for us an independence, is strong as ever in our soldiers. They show, also, that those demagogues who, in Congress, are constantly decrying our standing army and military school at West Point—ridiculing all military education and science, and uttering frothy words about the bravery of the people being sufficient to outweigh the discipline of veteran troops, are as unfit to control our affairs as were the Jacobins of France to rule the destinies of that country. Too conceited to be taught by the experience of others they never cease their aggressions on everything that rebukes their ignorance, until overthrown, or silenced by deeds they cannot gainsay. What would raw troops and volunteer-artillerymen have done with our cannon at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma? Where would have been the "stars and stripes" that is ever on the lips of these men, as if it had but to wave over a battle-field to frighten the oldest veterans of Europe from the fight,

had the country been governed by such policy as they recommend?

West Point has nobly vindicated herself from the attacks of these men, and her brave sons that lie on those fierce fought battle-fields shall forever silence their slanderous tongues. Skill and military discipline saved us, on the Mexican plains, from the severest mortification, and, doubtless, from a protracted war.

All honor then to General Taylor, and May, and Page, and Duncan, and Ridgely, and Churchill, and Ingles, and Indon, and McIntosh, and Chadbourne, and Cochrane, and Walker, and Browne, and last though not least, Ringgold, and a host of others. Green be the grass over the fallen, and ever green the laurels that twine the brows of the living. Noble men!—Ye who sleep are not dead—the brave and patriotic never die—they live in the hearts of their countrymen. Not a recreant son was found on those battle-fields; and all honor ought to be paid to our little army, every man of which was a hero. With such soldiers we can never be conquered, nor our arms disgraced. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma will be bright pages in the biography of General Taylor. All honor, we say, then to our army and its officers. We toast the *men*, but not the *cause*; and while a curse rests on our capitol a circle of light surrounds our army of occupation. Our army has won enduring renown, but our government enduring disgrace.

### SONNET:

FAREWELL, O strife of love! Farewell, O Dreams  
Of Beauty and Delight! No more—"no more"  
As lover rhyming to the stars and streams  
I wander on: this phantasy is o'er!  
Now, by this mockery of uncounted years,  
And this false idol I have kept so long—  
By all my offerings of prayers and tears  
And vows of constancy and passionate song—  
By the last splendor, coming from afar,  
Of this great hope in setting—by the dawn  
That shall o'ertake the morn's belated star—  
I count no more the midnight hours forlorn!  
I walk no more in shadow; but will see  
The palpable stern things of Destiny!



## SOMETHING ABOUT OUR PAINTERS.

HAVING unavoidably omitted to notice the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design for this year, during the time it remained open, we do not now intend to go into a detailed criticism of the pictures exhibited; but cannot neglect to take the opportunity of speaking of some of our painters and their works, at a time when the remembrance of them must be fresh in the minds of so many of our readers.

Of our painters we may well be proud as to their present attainment in art, and still more as to their promise of future achievement. We believe that Benjamin West is not the only man whom America, within a century of her independence, will send to the masters of Europe as their equal, perhaps as their superior. We believe that in spite of the material tendencies which, as a nation, we undoubtedly have, we have also peculiar characteristics which, now when developed in individual cases, will produce artists of greater strength and higher creative powers than those of modern Europe, and which in future when we, as a people, shall have become convinced that we have some time to devote to other things than those which pertain to our mere material existence, will make us, as a people, enlightened enthusiasts in art. Though at present we can but humbly imitate the example of the Englishman, and content ourselves with admiring and paying to the best of our poor ability, the time will come when we will bring into the field of art a susceptibility which he has not, while we will have all of his calm judgment and quiet humor, the Frenchman's fondness for accuracy and brilliant effect without his pettiness and conventionalism, the vigor and fancy of the German without his grossness and extravagance, and the fervor and grace of the Italian without the morbid sentiment which so frequently stimulates the one, or the languor which is the chief cause of the other.

Various great moral and physical causes combine to give us this prospective position in art among the nations of the earth; but for the very reason that they are great and varied, they will be long in working out their effect; and those who complain that we have not sufficient nationality in art, should recollect that this, in so far as it is desirable, is a consequence, not a precursor of nationality in feeling. Our painters will not found a national historical school by painting red-skins and the scenes of the old French and Revolutionary wars, nor a school of landscape by giving us views of primeval forests in the gaudy dress of autumn. Germans, Englishmen and Italians can do this if they be familiar with the subjects, and their works will be not one whit more American than if they painted the Hartz mountains, the battles of the Great Rebellion, or altar pieces. When we have a settled tone as a nation, then will our national traits be shown by our painters in their handling, not in their choice, of subjects. It is not the subject but the manner of treating it which marks the school. The sacred pieces of Rubens are as un-Italian in character as is an interior by Gerard Dow, or a group of drinkers by Teniers; and an American who has the genius requisite to found a new school of painting, would run no more risk of destroying the character of his conceptions by studying and copying the works of Raphael and Rubens, than he would of changing the shape of his head by wearing the cap of the one or the hat of the other; and if he have not that genius, then he cannot do better for himself or his art than to adopt the style of some great master, modified, as it necessarily would be if he have any talent, by the peculiar tone of his own mind.

Neither is it necessary to the fostering of our nationality that our artists should choose themes from our own history.\* True, this was the case with other nations, whose early poets and painters

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\* Nor paint pictures three miles long because this is "a great country."—*PRINTER'S DEVIL.*

sought alike their inspiration and their reward in celebrating the deeds of the founders of the nation, or in illustrating the achievements and incidents connected with its early history; and in this way acting upon the minds of their countrymen, and being themselves in turn acted upon by the spirit they raised, they built up their nationality by a sort of mental accretion. There was a moral necessity that this should be so, and so it will ever be where nations gradually emerge from barbarism to civilization, and pass from civilization to refinement. But in this predicament we do not stand. We as a nation were not born but created, and that too not of new matter, but were taken riblike out of the side of sleeping England; and until divorced in spirit as well as body from our powerful master, we will be but a help meet for him, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. We started at a point which other nations were centuries in reaching; but that very advancement was adverse to our obtaining a national character in art, for we started as Englishmen and Frenchmen. The deeds and scenes which many hold up to our poets and painters as the proper subjects for their pens and pencils, are nothing to us as Americans, save that they took place on our soil, because they have no American character. The actors in them were Englishmen, Frenchmen and Indians. Not until after the Revolution did we begin to lose our provincial character. But seventy years have elapsed since then, during which time we have been in habits of constant intercourse with England, and receiving floods of emigrants from her shores; and were it not that we also received an equal number from other nations, thus making a sort of composite people of us, it would be rather to be wondered that we had differed so much, than so little, from her.

But of all the modes adopted to foster the growth of art among us, that of bestowing excessive praise upon, and claiming immunity from criticism for, works produced by native artists, because they are the product of native talent, seems to us not only the most futile, but the most unwise and injurious, to artists and to the national mind. If successful, it causes artists to be satisfied with mediocre attainments, by showing them that they can obtain fame and reward without further effort, and by a meretricious pandering to a morbid national vanity; and permanent-

ly injures the public taste by training it to admire as excellence that which is inferiority; and if unsuccessful, it deprives the really deserving artist of the encouragement he merits, and the public of the good they would derive in giving that encouragement to a work which would alike form their taste and gratify their pride; for when those who watch have cried "wolf" so often without a cause, who will run when the real thing appears?

To this style of patriotism a large portion of our journals are very apt to incline, especially if any moral or sacred lesson be attempted by a native artist, and we fear many of them with their eyes open to its injurious effects upon the very arts which they would appear to foster and encourage. Several cases of this kind have occurred lately; but among paintings, none so marked as that of *The Court of Death*, "*The Great Moral Picture*," as it was called, by Mr. R. Peale, of Philadelphia.

This picture was exhibited here some twenty-five years ago, and met the approbation of several high public functionaries, who were pleased to signify the same under their own proper hands and seals, besides giving pleasure to the public generally, as we are told. But eligibility to, and even distinction in, civic, executive or military dignity, nor even the being an integral unit in a great and free people just emerging from a successful war, does by no means imply a natural susceptibility to, or an educated taste in, the arts. And though we would implicitly defer to the Mayor and Common Council upon matters of city police, and if under sentence of death should consider the Governor's pardon a very admirable document, we should not consider their recommendation of a picture, an opera, or a poem, as having any virtue *ex officio*. *The Court of Death* is, we believe, still exhibited in some other parts of the country, and endorsed by paid puffs as "a great American work of art," and all good Americans are called upon to admire it; the more so because the artist was born "upon the anniversary of the natal day of his country." This is the method used to win admiration for a picture which, in spite of two or three good heads, is equally bad in design, drawing, grouping and anatomy, and which has the fatal fault of a complete lack of unity. The design of making Death appear as a stern, inflexible judge, is but feebly car-

ried out, his face is stolid rather than stern, impassable rather than inflexible, and instead of intelligently issuing a decree, he seems to be vacantly gazing upon vacuity. The heads of Old Age and Virtue, which are the best in the composition, are nevertheless hard and woody; and Pleasure, instead of being portrayed with an alluring expression, and of full and graceful figure, is a simpering girl, whose meagre arms give good reason to suppose that her ample, ill-hung drapery conceals that which would not be enticing if displayed. The grouping produces an uncomfortable, uneasy feeling, from its want of proper balance. The drapery is ill hung, stiff and woody, and the light and shade very badly managed, or rather not managed at all. This picture is held up as a miracle of tone, color, grouping, anatomy and design. We should not have noticed it had it not been an instance so prominent and so pertinent to the remarks we last made. Mr. Peale's portrait of Chief Justice Marshall in the exhibition of this year, is a fine head; but the wilderness of canvas around it, the head of Solon at the top, and the "*Fiat Justitia*" at the bottom, are what might be expected of the painter of The Court of Death.

Within the last few months we have had an exhibition of paintings which must have awakened the patriotic pride of every lover of art, while it needed no addition extrinsic to its proper merits to make it of the highest interest to all; for the name of the artist whose works were exhibited is, and will ever be, a part of our national glory. He was, without doubt, the first painter of our country, and as a portrait painter had perhaps no superior in the world. With him portrait painting became almost a creative, instead of a merely imitative, art, from his singular ability of impressing the mental characteristics upon the lineaments. He painted men's characters as well as their faces. By his admirable conversational powers he rarely failed in making his subjects forget that they were sitting for their portraits—an operation which he knew to be so unnatural and constraining to mind and body, that it must generally be fatal to the embodiment of anything save mere feature on the canvas—and while they were thus thrown off their guard, his acute and ready perception and knowledge of human nature enabled him with unerring certainty to comprehend alike their strong

and delicate points of character, and these his quick and vivid pencil instantly transferred to the canvas. By thus giving at one view many traits, his canvas presented the whole man at one time, and so he literally made his portraits more like the men than they were like themselves. We need hardly mention the name of HENRY INMAN—a name which will ever be remembered among us till the painter's art is forgotten, which will ever remain a rich legacy of him who is lost to the family to which he was always the indulgent father and kind husband, to the social circle which his exquisite humor, refined taste and warm fellowship so delightfully pervaded, to the friends who looked forward to many hours of such charming converse with him as can only be enjoyed with the gifted of Nature, but which now are among the mourned for things that were, and to his fellows in that art of which he was so bright an ornament.

The collection of his pictures exhibited for the benefit of his family, was not a tithe of even his best works, but was amply sufficient to display his great and versatile genius. The heads of Bishops Moore and White, of Chief Justice Jones, Chalmers, Wordsworth, and Lord Chancellor Cottenham, were remarkable instances of his vigorous handling, admirable flesh tints and pointed touch. They had an air of truth which is beyond literalism and reality. The head of Jacob Barker was an admirable specimen of his Vandykelike vigor, finish, and celerity; for although one of the finest heads in the collection, it was executed in one sitting. Indeed the rapidity of his pencil was as remarkable as its versatility; and this quickness of execution resulted, in a great measure, from the fact that when his pencil touched the canvas it always meant something, and thus he rarely had to undo his work. But in spite of his great talent, let no one think his name and position were easily acquired; it was only by the most intense application that he reached this point and maintained himself there. Indeed, there is nothing more groundless than the opinion, so generally entertained, that great genius can achieve without labor. Time is not the measure of exertion, and concentrated effort is more tasking than that which is diffused. Perhaps the capacity to concentrate effort is one great part of genius.

One picture in this collection possessed particular interest. It was the October

Afternoon, the artist's last picture and best landscape. It represents a scene in "the mellow autumn time," upon the edge of a wood and near the bank of a stream. The foreground is occupied by a group of children just broke loose from the village school, which is seen, with its low roof half shaded by the sparse foliage of a gaarled apple tree, near the entrance of the narrow forest road. The composition of the picture is easy, natural and pleasing, to a degree which would indicate that the artist had made landscape the study of his life, and its tone beautifully subdued, though the coloring is warm. Rarely do we see a landscape so winning as this; the shadows of those beautiful trees, under which you can peer till the eye is lost in their winding intervals, are so cool, and the plashing streamlet and warm autumnal haze which fills the atmosphere, so dream-inducing, that it seems as if a walk up that verdant alley which comes to the forest edge would certainly end at the foot of one of those mossy trunks in a reverie, lulled by the murmur of the brook and the distant, broken hum of young voices, till it melted into sleep, full of visions as soft and tranquil as the undulating landscape which stretches dimly into distance. The figures of this picture are admirably group-ed, and the faces finished like miniatures. We heartily wish that an exception could have been made in its favor, as the production of a dead artist, and a place been given to it in the Academy's last exhibition, the first one of a long succession of years which has lacked some admirable productions of Inman's pencil.

This exhibition was in every respect of far greater merit than any of its predecessors, both on account of the greater number of good paintings sent in, and the elevated character of the subjects dealt with in a large proportion of the pictures on the walls. The collection was alike an honor to the Academy, to the artists, and to the public taste which demands and can appreciate such pictures. Still there were, as a matter of course, some paintings not worthy of notice, and which served as foils to the excellence of others, and a few so bad in design and handling as to be delightfully ludicrous. In the higher walks of imaginative painting, the works of Huntington, Blaas, Leutze, Mount, Matteson, and Chapman, were conspicuous. Where was Weir? In landscape, Durand and

Cole furnished some of their happiest efforts, and Cropsey and Cranch, pictures worthy much admiration; while the portraits of Elliot, Page, Ingham, and Huntington made this department of the gallery an interest inferior to that of no former year.

HUNTINGTON, to whom we are inclined to give the highest place among our artists of the highest school, sent five pictures, exclusive of three portraits, any one of which would have asserted his preëminence in this department of his art. Of these, our favorite is the *Sacred Lesson*, which, although not so full of spirituality, and perhaps not so elevated in tone as his *Italy*, seems to us a more finished work. The subject, a beautiful girl listening to the story of the crucifixion from an aged man, gave opportunity for all the harmony of contrast and the embodiment of that high physical and intellectual beauty of which Huntington seems to have such an admirable conception. His female heads are remarkable for their graceful contour, their high foreheads, but broad, low, and classical brows, and for their perfectly feminine expression, which, as well as their freedom from that exaggeration of points of beauty, such as large eyes and small mouths, into which modern painters are apt to fall, gives them a truthful air which some of hotbed taste mistake for materiality. In fact, his women do not look like sylphs, angels, nor goddesses, but like women, which is the grand reason that they are so beautiful. His heads of old men have equal excellence, and are full of character and vigorous drawing. He seems conscious of his abilities in this way, for three of his pictures for this year present the contrast of feminine youth with masculine age.

Huntington's pictures bear the stamp of high cultivation and of great genius. Not only are his conceptions beautiful, just, and of a high Poetic order, and his designs clear, but his work is almost always well done; the tone of his pictures is such that the eye rests upon them with delight and contentment; the heart sympathizes with the sentiment expressed, and the judgment approves almost without a but. His effects are always simple, direct, and forcible, for he never descends into the pettiness of his art. His coloring is singularly beautiful, and reminds us of that of Lucca Giordano, *fa presto Lucca* as he was called, but among American artists it is

peculiarly his own. Who has given us such unobtrusive reds and yellows, and such rich, quiet greens? Nobody has ever tried to do it; the very conception of such colors seems to have been left to him, for such was the character of his coloring before he had studied in Italy. They alone are enough to make a reputation, and yet they are but secondary to, though admirably in keeping with, his high poetic conception, his admirable drawing and exquisite flesh tints. Indeed, so beautiful are these colors in themselves, and so harmonious are the broad masses in which they are introduced, that the eye, after wandering round upon the walls, turns unwittingly upon his pictures to drink in their cool, refreshing tone.

His *Alms Giving*, which, though unlike in other respects, reminds us, by the air and position of its principal figure, of the *Charity* of Schidone, showed admirable and forcible handling of light and shade, and well expressed its beautiful sentiment. The young woman who gives the alms, and whose cool, pure cheek contrasts so admirably with the feverish and sallow face of the recipient, is a beautiful embodiment of that charity which letteth not the right hand know what the left hand doeth; and there is a dignity in the gratitude and grief expressed on the face of the other which admirably elevates the sentiment of the picture. The old man's head in the shade is a gem.

The *Master and Pupils*, and the *Woman at the Well*, are fine specimens of his color and drawing, and breathe the same air of quiet, elevated repose which characterizes most of his pictures; and his Italy tells its own tale perfectly. The mouth so sadly sweet, the deep, earnest eyes, the subdued impulsiveness expressed in the whole face, the classic contour of the head, the sea-green robe, and the rich, mellow sky, deepening in hue almost to gorgeousness as it sinks to the horizon, are all admirably suited to the impersonation of her whose glory has departed, and who has nothing left her but the melancholy task of rescuing, by her pencil, her faded greatness from oblivion; and the simple and apposite accessory of the Roman belfry is hardly needed to give the subject "a local habitation and a name."

Huntington, like all men of ability after their early success, is somewhat inclined to mannerism of handling; but it

is so slight that he will soon break loose from it. He is sometimes careless in his drawing, a fault which in him is inexcusable. For instance, in *Italy* the bust is contracted and flat, the left arm of the *Woman at the Well*, if undraped, would not make an elbow by half an inch, and the right arm of the *Alms Giving* figure is not well placed. He, also, has a manner of using his glazings, which sometimes produces a patchy, smoky hue. This is particularly observable on the beautifully drawn hands of some of his figures.

LEUTZE, whose "*Columbus in Chains*" won him such reputation here and abroad, sent two pictures, both of which seemed to us to have great faults and great excellencies. The larger one, the "*Landing of the Northmen*," failed to impress us as a whole or in detail, even after many careful examinations. It seems to show much ability, but to be more extravagant than able. It has strength, but not that strength which arises from symmetry, and which is the only true beauty of power. From its striking conception and eminent suggestiveness, it, and we think all of Leutze's pictures, will always have great effect upon minds of much ideality, who will take it rather for what it aims to be than what it is. Though we consider this by no means a favorable specimen of the artist's powers, its exaggerated action, extravagant expression, want of proportion and balance, seem to us to be characteristic faults. The same occur, though in a less degree, in "*Cromwell and his Daughter*," where the arm of the female is preposterously large. But in both these pictures Leutze has thrown that skillful management of light and shade, that rich and harmonious blending of color, that admirable variety of texture in his well-hung drapery, and that intensity of expression in his heads, which are the characteristics of his vigorous pencil.

It is particularly unfortunate when a picture of much pretension and conspicuous position, which has merit enough to attract attention, is so filled with faults as to forbid its success. This was the case with the first picture on the catalogue this year, "*Tasso and his friends at the Convent of St. Onofio*," by T. P. ROSSITER. The disposition of the groups here is anything but happy. It is difficult to find any point of interest, any prominent figure. It certainly is not *Tasso*, and it as certainly should not be

the female figure who is on the left of the picture. Mr. Rossiter always paints in too high a tone, and here we have a composition which is, throughout, uncomfortably warm, unmitigated yellows and reds, and hot ochery browns, pervading everything. The very foliage seems never to have known a refreshing shower or to have been stirred by a cooling breeze. The foreground is cut up by the sharp lines of flat, pasteboard-looking legs; the background lacks distance and is broken up and confused, and the whole picture wants atmosphere. Mr. Rossiter's figures and drapery are good.

To paint a historical picture of merit is a difficult thing for an artist of long experience, and when attempted and accomplished by a young man, it deserves recognition, and its painter all encouragement. Those who remember the "Spirit of '76," exhibited some time ago by Mr. MATTESON, would hardly have expected, this year, such a picture from him as "Captain Glen claiming the Prisoners after the burning of Schenectady." This is a successful treatment of a very difficult subject. Mr. Matteson has both fancy and imagination; and yet, though his subject offered strong temptations to extravagant action and exaggerated expression, he has avoided these, but has perhaps, by so doing, fallen into some tameness. This is the better extreme for the picture, but not for the artist. It is easier to extinguish a small fire than to kindle it, and we would, on the score of Mr. Matteson's future success, have much preferred some of the extravagance of Leutze, to his present subdued manner, for the want of the picture is, character. The story is developed with judgment, the grouping quite easy and effective, the individual figures well drawn, and the action of the piece good, though too quiet. Mr. Matteson's coloring is harmonious but lacks richness and transparency, and his picture would have been much improved by a bolder use of light and shade. A more vigorous method of handling would be of great advantage to him. The picture had not the advantage of a good position, being below the line and between two doors. We shall look with much interest for Mr. Matteson's next effort.

Those who have been habitual visitors of the Exhibitions of the Academy will remember the sensation created, a few years ago, by the pictures of H. P. GRAY. At that time we thought him rather af-

fecting than emulating the old masters, in the low tone of his pictures. A picture may be low toned and still be fresh, but Mr. Gray's seem as if they had gone through the antiquating process of a picture dealer. He is now a marked mannerist. A few years ago, to compare an artist's tone and color to Gray's, was to compliment him, and it would be somewhat so now, but Gray himself has become too Grayish. This is very apparent in all the pictures he exhibited this year, the best of which were the "Sappho" and the "Mother and Child," in which, as is always the case with him, the coloring is harmonious and the drapery well managed.

Painters, more than artists of any other class, are apt to waste their time and talents upon subjects which, even when most successfully treated, are either without interest or repulsive. We had instances of each of these faults this year, in the "North Carolina Emigrants" of J. H. BEARD, and the "Fishing along Shore," of MOUNT. In the first of these everything is wretched. The half-starved, neglected horse, the gaunt, huge headed mongrel dog, the father and mother whose faces express nothing but broken health and blighted hopes, and the squalid children, form a picture as painful as the artist could have hoped to make it.

But we think such pictures injurious in their effect, if not untruthful, and therefore unartistic, in conception. Sorrow and suffering, it is true, offer to the imaginative votary of any one of the creative arts, the materials for the most effective and affecting efforts; but a mere literal copy of actual squalor and wretchedness, such as this picture is, seems to us not a legitimate subject of art. There is nothing told by the picture but actual misery, and the objects which it presents are in no way calculated to interest us on account of their personal or mental qualities. The only sensations awakened are very painful and they are aroused to no legitimate end of art; and accessories which would awaken feelings of an opposite nature, and serve at the same time to relieve the picture and deepen its effect by contrast, seem to have been carefully excluded.

Mount's picture, representing a boy and a negress fishing in an open boat, on a hot summer's day, is very faithful, but as unpicturesque and uncomfortable as it is faithful. He has wasted a great

deal of ability on a picture which pains the eye and shocks the taste. Such pictures as these two deserve the lowest place in art.

CHAPMAN seems to us to have become careless of his reputation as a draughtsman, and his two principal pictures this year confirm us in the opinion. The attention to detail, and the truthful air and high finish of his accessories, which characterize his performances, will not compensate for so great a fault. The illustrator of the Poets of America must look to his laurels. EDMONDS, the Wall street artist, is maintaining well his reputation for skill in handling, but his scene from the Antiquary lacks sentiment, though finely painted. RANNEY is improving steadily and surely, and despite some academic faults shows ability to do something fine.

FLAGG, who, by some of his pictures, painted soon after his coming to this city, attracted much attention and awoke expectation of good things from him, is losing instead of gaining. His late pictures are full of bad drawing and muddy coloring. His "Match Boy" would blush to look at them. We understand that he has painted an "Italian Boy" which is equally good, and in the same style, as the Match Seller.

Mr. TERRY, who has just returned from Italy, and about whom so much was said in the fashionable world, seems to be more fitted for a *connoisseur* than an artist; to have more taste than talent. We imagine that he has done more by hard labor than by an intuitive perception of the beautiful. Although he is evidently painstaking, his drawing is by no means faultless, his coloring is very opaque, and though not gaudy, his pictures can hardly be called low-toned; and they lack character very much. He seems to be made by what he saw abroad, and to admire the Perugine style of Raphael.

COLE and DURAND keep up their friendly contest to produce the best landscape, and we are quite willing they should do it so long as it gives us such pictures. But it is useless; their styles are so different, and the talent of each is so great, that each will have his own circle of worshippers, and all the world as his admirers. The quiet, subdued tone and rural sweetness of Durand, his light, trembling foliage, his fine atmosphere and clear light, his fathomless sky and floating clouds, the grace and ease of his outlines, the truthful, unaffected air of his

subjects, and his exquisite finish, make him irresistibly charming and almost unimpeachable; while Cole's bold composition and vigorous handling, rich coloring and broad masses of light and shade, his freedom of touch and a certain air of interest which he throws around his subject, always win him instant and pleased attention. Cole's beauties are prominent, and demand the admiration which Durand's win as they gradually unfold themselves. Their faults are hard to find, and they themselves are best fitted to seek them. Of the two, Mr. Cole is the more thoroughly American in his choice of subjects. Mr. C. P. CRANCH is, if possible, more American than Cole, though he differs widely from him in his handling and tone. He is rapidly improving, and acquiring self-reliance, that great requisite to success. At present his compositions have not an air of truth; they lack atmosphere, and are cold and slaty in color. One of the most observant students of nature among our landscape painters is Mr. J. T. CZAPARY. This he shows in his style of composition, and the pertinence of everything he introduces into his pictures, and by the fidelity of his drawing; but his palette spoils all. His coloring is such that it breaks his pictures into gaudy fragments, destroying the effect of his well-drawn perspective; and to make the matter worse he fails in his atmosphere, so that altogether his pictures have a painfully flat and patchy look. This should not be; such talent as his should not thus commit suicide. Mr. GIENOUX, who did himself such great credit by his pictures of still life in the Exhibition, also sent a landscape which, despite its sharp outline, want of shade and atmosphere, was a pleasing and highly creditable picture. Mr. HARVEY's late pictures have not shown the talent of his illustrations of American Scenery. He elaborates his landscapes to a painful degree. Water colors and flower painting, which are his forte, may have induced this fault. We wonder that some of our landscape painters do not assume a style founded on that of Poussin, that prince of landscape painters. No style could be better adapted for a large portion of our scenery.

The mantle of Inman seems to have fallen upon ELLIOTT, whose male portraits are undoubtedly the finest now painted. He is somewhat prone to that literalism the absence of which gave In-

man his wonderful fidelity, but this we think he will soon lose. His heads are living, breathing things, his likenesses both accurate and striking, the texture and tone of his flesh is beautiful, his shading of the face could hardly be improved, and the shadows themselves are beautifully clear. The position of his heads is worthy of all admiration. He seems to have a perfect command over his palette, and to produce with perfect ease and certainty any shade of flesh tint which his subject requires. His perception of character needs cultivation much more than his painting.

PAOR, saying that he shows himself a little too much inclined to run after theories, maintains his well-deserved reputation. As a draughtsman and a faithful copyist he is surpassed by no portrait painter among us; but his heads lack character, and his bluish half-tints destroy what would otherwise be fine flesh. He covers his canvas so thinly that we think his pictures must all sink away before many years have elapsed.

The full length of a boy and the half length of a lady, exhibited by INGHAM this year, show the same delicate coloring, elaborate finish, and untiring industry, which his former pictures have shown. His drapery is admirably lined, and the texture of his stuffs marked with great accuracy; this was shown in the dress in the lady's portrait this year. In spite of Mr. Ingham's exquisitely delicate and finished painting, or perhaps by reason of his exclusive attention to those qualities, his pictures have always to us a weak and waxy appearance. His figures appear to have no skeletons.

What crotchet has WENZLER in his head that causes him to paint such monstrosities with so much ability displayed in them? His pictures last year were exaggerated enough, but this year he has given us the very madness of Wenzlerism. To make his figures stand out, he descends to the trick of putting them on a dun-colored ground upon which their unsoftened outlines are cut sharply out. His heads are finely drawn, but are mere material copies of so many and such lines, without the slightest expression or character being given, his flesh, from a strange and affected method of making

up his half tints, has always a cadaverous look, and his hair seems to have a purple enamel upon it. Not content with this he must paint great staring masses of unmitigated blue, red, and green, which are very painful to the eye and altogether inadmissible. Because the sky is blue and the grass green, it is by no means necessary to have in pictures drapery of the same intensity of color. The glowing colors of Paul Veronese and Rubens, are glowing by comparison. Take them out of the canvas and they would appear modest enough. Mr. Wenzler has great talent, and if he will but throw aside his affectations will achieve a high position.

OSGOOD continues to paint portraits which remind us of the White Maid of Avenel as she faded before the eyes of Halbert Glendinning, and FROTHINGHAM to make striking heads and good likenesses which seem as if done with a house-painter's brush. THOMPSON shows decided improvement, and the effects of study.

A picture has been lately exhibited in this city and Boston purporting to be a development of Washington Allston's unfinished Belshazzar's Feast, by Mr. Spear. It is a vile libel on Allston, and so ridiculously bad as to be beneath criticism.

We cannot omit to speak our admiration of the St. Catherine of BLAAS, which was in the Exhibition this year, although he is not one of our artists. It is an admirable composition in a very severe school, reminding us by its close texture and austere style of Caravaggio, and by its hard, sharp outlines and management of light and shade, of the painting of Rétzsch, the great outline engraver. The conception is noble, the grouping admirable, and the light floating air given to the figures individually and as a group, a remarkable point in the picture. It was with reason thought by many to be the gem of the exhibition.

Rarely have we had a year so rich in pictures and other works of art as the past; and from the manner in which they have been appreciated by artists and the public, we are led to hope much for the coming year and for the future. We look anxiously for something from our sculptors.



## BRIGHTER DAYS FOR POLAND.

## A SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER TO THE "THREE CHAPTERS ON THE HISTORY OF POLAND."\*

THE present Polish insurrection gives us an opportunity to say a few words more on the affairs of Poland. We gladly embrace it, for we hope to be able to show that her moral force has increased in spite of the trials she has been enduring, and that the day of her deliverance is approaching. We hope, at the same time, to make the calumnies cast upon her recoil upon the heads of her enemies.

To view the Polish question in a proper light, it is necessary to look upon it in connection with the affairs of the civilized world in general, and those of the Slavic race in particular; for it is no longer a mere question of an independent existence of a territory, but it is a question in which the interests of mankind are involved. Shall a people consisting of more than twenty-four millions, whose history is full of noble monuments, and whose language boasts of a literature inspiring the most ardent feelings of patriotism, perish forever? Is the Slavic race, amounting to more than one-third of the population of Europe, doomed to eternal oppression? Are the people of Europe always to suffer the soul-crushing incubus of feudal institutions? Is the will of a few crowned despots to preside over the destinies of the world forever? Are the blessings of life-and-freedom-giving Christianity to be always dispensed by a time-serving priesthood? Has not Christ sown the seed of equality and brotherly love among men, whose each succeeding harvest is to be more abundant? Are men eternally doomed to hatred of one another, and to both political and spiritual bondage? Has it been decreed in the councils of God that lies and wickedness should forever have a mastery over truth and righteousness in this world? These are the questions to which every reflecting person, who has at all thought upon the past, will answer with a most emphatic denial. In each and in all of these

questions the freedom and independence of Poland is comprised.

Kings and their satellites perceived, early enough, that the times were pregnant with Freedom, and they prepared themselves to strangle the Goddess in her cradle. Notwithstanding their great efforts, great expenditures of money and blood to that effect, Providence removed the child into the wilderness, beyond the sea, far from the reach of the hands that were intent upon smothering its life; apparently abandoned to savagery, tempests and uncultivated nature, it was left to grow strong in mind and body.

The first decisive victory that freedom gained over despotism was the achievement of the American Independence. It was in vain that England struggled for eight years with her colonies, pouring out her treasure to the amount of a hundred and thirty-six millions of pounds sterling, and sacrificing, to the lust of power, the lives of her two hundred thousand sons. Now, for the first time in history, liberty has gained a firm platform from which it can unmolested speak to the down-trodden masses. Freedom feels already her strength and security of footing. While she addresses words of consolation and hope to the people her voice enters with terror into the souls of all supporters of tyranny. It has become a fixed fact, no longer admitting of any doubt, that America is the nursery of liberty. Her detractors may say what they will; she is, beyond any other country, the hope of mankind. It is true that she is but beginning to feel her destiny somewhat in the manner of a man who is just awakening from sleep; but she will in due time come to her consciousness, and discharge the great duties that Providence has imposed upon her. If she do not know yet, she will soon know, that the boon of freedom she enjoys was not granted her for her sole

\* In the last No. on p. 45, 4th line from the bottom of 2d col., read *Pienka* for *Piernka*; p. 50, 1st col., 5th line from the bottom, read *have more consonants* for *have more words*.

benefit, for her especial aggrandizement and pride, but that it was given her in trust to be accounted for as the patrimony of the race.

The only distinction that England derived from the war with the Confederate States was, the ignominy of having fought against liberty. The spirit of freedom spreading, she had again to do the dirty work of despotism on the soil of France. Her old resources being not sufficient for this new combat, she had recourse, as history bears witness, to the tricks of falsehood. She persuaded her people and the unthinking world at large, that she fought in the name of religion and humanity, nay, of liberty herself! The devil, to entice the mortal, often puts on the aspect of a saint. England knows the value of the apparel: it has served her well on more than one occasion. The real cause, however, that led her to this new struggle was the fear for rotten aristocratic institutions, and the income of her money-gathering manufacturers. To cap the climax, she, about the same time, shed tears over the fate of free Poland! For twenty-one successive years England under these pretences carried on war against France, at the expense of the lives of seven hundred thousand Britons, and of one billion, six hundred and twenty-three millions of pounds sterling, from her treasury. Other crowned heads of Europe, from similar motives, have joined her in this conflict, making use of the same false pretences, and taking advantage of the unchristian, national antipathies which kings have been abetting for many ages. Even poor Germany was made to believe that she was fighting for her national honor and liberty! But times have changed since! Is there an honest, generous-hearted Englishman or German who does not now regret that his ancestors should have been so grossly deceived as to aid the tyrants to rivet chains upon humanity? Poland, Republican France and Napoleon have been buried; and monarchs congratulated themselves upon the event, for they believed that Liberty was sleeping, an eternal sleep in the same grave.

The cunning are more foolish than either they believe themselves, or others take them to be. Short-sighted that they were! The spirit of freedom does not die; it is a contagion of the soul for which no monarch ever will be able to devise a quarantine or a grave. The

subjects of those that were brought to assail freedom spread the contagion the wider, even in despite of themselves. The world has seen evidence enough of this fact. That exclusive feeling of nationality which made one man look upon another as a foe because he chanced to be born in another clime and speak another language, and which was chiefly fanned by kings, and made use of for evil purposes, is fast dying away, and the good of all countries are ashamed of it. Men begin to feel that the well-being of one nation righteously pursued, enhances the happiness of another; so that despotic rulers are beginning to experience greater difficulty in enlisting one people against another, than in former days. They who have spilt human blood enough to crimson all the waters of this globe in carrying out the schemes of their selfish, personal aggrandizement, or in oppressing the people, at last find themselves obliged to entice and to conciliate by various stratagems the very multitude they once were wont to despise. Even the French Revolution, that scene of almost unmitigated horrors, is now considered by all philosophic thinkers as only the terrible and natural reaction of as terrible though more silent tyranny, and it is only the minions of power that do not join the good Robert Hall and the great Carlyle, in blessing it for having secured a signal triumph to humanity.

Since that time, kings have never rested on beds of roses; their victories, instead of rendering them more secure, have only alarmed them the more. After a struggle of four hundred years the Greeks finally succeeded in establishing their independence; but king-craft, whose pretensions have become greatly abated, had yet power enough to spoil this work of Providence, and to force upon Greece the modern invention called a constitutional king. Bad as it was, yet something was gained; much was conceded to the growing spirit of freedom.

When despotic rulers were congratulating themselves upon the general pacification of Europe, Spain—ignorant and priest-ridden Spain—arose, spoke for her rights, and held forth a second time to the people her Constitution of 1812. Ever since, she has been the victim of the intrigues of the Holy Alliance, the Constitutional Kings, and the Pope; for she offended them all without ceremony. She is even now suffering much at their hands, struggling, perhaps, at more grievous dis-

advantage than any other nation in Europe. Ignorance, folly and faction have made sad work with her; we cannot tell if her star be still rising, but we have hopes of her destiny. This Spanish Constitution, this bill of rights of Spaniards, shows in a very remarkable manner the advances that had been made by public opinion in Europe since the last century.

Portugal, following in the track of Spain, was also agitated, crying for light and freedom; but as she did not entirely know what she wanted, her tutors easily satisfied her with semblances, for this while at least; and after the exile or imprisonment of thousands of her better children, the *good old order* was restored, not however without an occasional outbreak.

The world thought that Italy was dead; but in 1820 she gave signs of returning life; and, notwithstanding the efforts of Austrian care, the patriarchal love of the Pope, and the pleasant attendance of an imperial executioner and Jesuit confessor, the convulsed and shrunken limbs may yet be endued with the full vigor and beauty of womanhood.

Thus the spirit of Freedom was quietly progressing on all sides. But the most remarkable phenomenon of its power yet seen was the French Revolution of the Three Days of July. The people having learned their own strength for the first time, were no longer, as in former days, obliged to resort to a savage carnage; by their mighty word of command the inglorious creature, Charles X., left the soil of France. From this precedent, other nations might learn an important lesson. There is always strength enough in every nation to expel its tyrant, if only the people be made conscious of it. Unanimity and energetic attitude in a nation rising at one instant in all its majesty, with the single emphatic *BEONE!* on its lips, would drive out every tyrant. Then there could not be much occasion for bloodshed. Tyrants are only strong because the people are foolish and disunited. Let there be harmony and a wise feeling of united interests among the people, and the tyrant's arm is completely paralyzed.

The confidence the French showed in themselves on the outset of this revolution, unfortunately abandoned them, instead of strengthening daily. As a natural consequence, they faltered, and raised to the throne a man of energy and capacities enough, but doubtful and double-

faced, the *Citizen-King*, by way of compromise between the old and new ideas. It was a step forward, yet a very insignificant one, for so momentous an opportunity. This freak of fancy, *citizen*, daubed on the royal visage, was quite an innovation upon the old usage, and a homage to the spirit of freedom, quite displeasing to the old crowned heads around him; the grimaces they made is an amusing page in the history of the era.

But, as might have been foreseen, the *Citizen-King*, in due time, began to rub off from his royal visage the plebeian plaster, and the *entente cordiale* between him and the *legitimates* is daily on the increase. The next move the French make—and they will inevitably make one—will be wiser. Taught by experience, they will be more on their guard against deception. It is strange, that after so many ages of experience, men yet should trust to the promised liberal action of hands accustomed to the sceptre.

The power of the spirit of freedom is sometimes miraculous; at least it seems so to us in the case of Belgium. A nation that never before had an independent political existence, threw off the Dutch yoke, erected a constitutional throne, according to fashion, and called to it a man who is less dangerous to the liberties of the people than the "*Citizen-King*."

The spirit of freedom did not stop here. On the banks of the Vistula a mighty voice arose, calling on the people in the name of God and country; and the clang of arms followed. It was a glorious effort of the Poles, rich in results to future generations, although the policy of regal power was again successful in thwarting it for the time being. The Polish Revolution of 1830 makes a new period in the progress of freedom. It gave it a new impulse, that was felt throughout the civilized world; and while it drew European nations nearer towards each other, it caused their rulers to enter into more close alliance with one another, that they might together resist the next popular shock that is preparing for them. The greater the resistance, the better; for the greater and more complete will be the downfall of the old *régime!*

In due time we will recur to the Polish Revolution again; but at present we will only notice that a restless spirit manifested itself from one extremity of Europe to the other. Even the drowsy Turk began to open his eyes, and suggest to himself the possible need of reform. Unfor-

unately for him he got a drill-sergeant for a schoolmaster—yet even this state is better than a stand-still attitude; for there is no greater curse that a nation or an individual can suffer under, than apathy of thought. While these events were taking place on Continental Europe, England was also undergoing the remodeling influence of the times. Among the greatest events that ever happened in her political life, must be placed the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, and that of the Reform Bill. These two measures were pregnant with important meaning, not only for Great Britain but for the whole civilized world, since they were a political weatherglass of Europe. Thus forcibly pushed forward, England cannot arrest her onward career; she must go on from reform to reform: her Chartism, the Free-kirk movement of Scotland, the Irish Repeal Association, and this Anti-Corn-Law-League, are but legitimate concomitants and consequences of the first impulse and signs of the ever progressive nature of freedom. Through these signs, the voice of humanity, of justice, of equality and freedom, speaks in thundering accents to the abettors of abuse and oppression.

Thus the spirit of liberty goes on from one conquest to another, trampling under foot the corrupt institutions of the feudal ages; and its strength never yet was so accumulated and threatening as it is at the present moment. The infamous means by which crowned heads succeeded in ruining the late Polish Revolution, have not proved very efficient in allaying their apprehensions. The Poles, obliged to flee their country, brought to Western Europe the torch of liberty, lighted at their own firesides; and in their passage, every spirited and generous people came forward to ignite their own long prepared materials at the fire that was consecrated by the patriotic blood of a nation. The fire was kindled, and Europe now lies

on a volcano that may burst at the hour least expected. The premonitory signs have already appeared.

Since the time of the blessed Apostles, there have been but few true teachers of the doctrines of the lowly Jesus for the poor and oppressed of this earth; and none like that earnest follower of the Nazarene, the Abbé de la Mennais: himself a priest, he has exposed the hollowness of his order by showing how wide are their teachings from the teachings of Christ. He has drawn upon his head the curses of Potentates; the Pope has excommunicated him; but he cares little for these when his conscience and his God approve, and when the oppressed, the honest and intelligent, bless him. His teachings have brought back to Christianity many of those who once saw in it but an imposition on humanity for the benefit of royalty and the priesthood.

Michelet and Quinet are other instruments in the hands of Providence to advance the condition of the human mind. For a long time, the Jesuits were working covertly to sap the foundations of liberty, and latterly they have believed themselves rapidly advancing their scheme, when Michelet and Quinet tore away the mask and revealed their true aspect to the eyes of France. The efforts of the king and bishops who supported them, availed them but little; the French public branded them as culprits, enemies to the domestic, social and political happiness of mankind; and the enlightened world concurred in the verdict. And as if to remove all shadow of doubt from the mind of the public about the correctness of its judgment, the Rev. Father Gioberti, an eye-witness of priestly iniquity, and who was persecuted, exiled, and excommunicated for having dared to be an honest man, came forward with his revelations and put the last seal to the ignominy of the Society of Jesus.\* The energy of free principles

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\* The following remarkable and prophetic words were uttered by George de Bronsvel, Archbishop of Dublin, in 1558, respecting the order of the Jesuits; the partial fulfillment of the prelate's prophecy in our time, will be our apology for introducing it here. "There is a fraternity which has lately sprung up, under the name of Jesuits, which will seduce many, the members of which living, for the most part, like the Scribes and Pharisees, will attempt the abolition of all truth. They will succeed; for these people assume a variety of shapes: with Pagans they will be Pagans; with Atheists, Atheists; with Jews they will be Jews; with Reformers, Reformers;—and all this, for the purpose of learning your intentions, designs, hearts and inclinations; and so making you like the fool who said in his heart, there is no God. These people are spread over the whole earth; they will be admitted into the counsels of princes, who, however, will not be therefore the more wise; such influence will they gain over them, that unconsciously, their hearts and most hidden secrets will be revealed. This will happen; because they have abandoned the law of God and his Gospel, by

begins to work still deeper and deeper in the bosoms of men. In an obscure village of the ancient dominion of Poland, there was a poor honest minister of the gospel, troubled for a long time with doubts about the faith that inconsiderate youth led him to embrace. After a protracted struggle, Czerski (Chersky), with a spirit fully revolutionized, began to proclaim a spiritual war against the mummeries and falsehoods of Catholic Rome. John Ronge was called from the heart of Silesia to the same great work. These two apostles of sincere and enlightened piety and the true doctrine of life, are paving the way for a new order of things.

Omitting its minor oscillations, we have pointed out only the grand movements of the spirit of freedom to show that so many events, so much bloodshed through so many years, could alone bring us to the point where the Christian world now stands. Since the battle of Bunker hill, every nation in the civilized world has more or less been agitated by this unslumbering spirit; and however little unsuccessful their individual efforts have been, still the cause of freedom, the interests of humanity, have decidedly gained ground. The divine impulses of liberty are like the swelling of the sea;—beginning first with a gentle ripple, the movement soon rises into a wave; a mighty billow soon follows, carrying irresistibly before it the piers and bastions that defend, to sea-ward, the “towered Castles of Tyranny.” Commencing with the achievement of the American Independence, every succeeding war partook more and more of the character of a struggle between the two antagonist principles—despotism and freedom—even when the combatants did not avow it. Notwithstanding, at times, apparent disadvantages, the strength of free principles rose after each successive struggle, with a new vigor; and the masses of the civilized world now sit in sullen silence, brooding over the last great conflict that sooner or later must come. That the time is near at hand, can be inferred from several important facts now transpiring.

The great fact to be first considered is the power now belonging to the opinion of the masses. A nation demands quiet-ly of its ruler, whose power is absolute,

a constitution which should circumscribe his will, and secure the rights of the people. The King of Prussia does not refuse the demand flatly; he hesitates, he cajoles his subjects, he temporizes; but if he have any sagacity or foresight he must feel that the sooner he complies with their wishes the better for him. Even the Autocrat of the North thinks it is worth his while to calm the indignant feeling he has aroused throughout the civilized world by his savage outrages committed upon innocent Polish nuns. He sends to the courts of Europe his official denial of those barbarous persecutions, not because he cares for the opinion of the crowned heads, but through them and their organs, he expects to soothe the just indignation of public opinion, which might even react upon his own degraded subjects. But to believe the denials of him, whose government is mendacious to a proverb, against the averments of those nuns of spotless life, who bear marks of insult and outrage on their very persons, would be as impartial and just as to take the testimony of a notorious criminal in evidence of his own innocence.

Metternich, an inveterate malefactor, who has wrung blood from the pores of many innocent and great men at Spielberg, as unhappy Italy can testify, sent his diplomatic notes to different courts, charging the abuses of the Polish nobility as the causes of the horrible scenes of *Jacquerie* that took place in the pending insurrection of Galicia, to shelter his government and himself from the brand of infamy which the European world cast upon him. But the civilized world knows, whatever diplomats may say to the contrary, that he himself was the instigator of those atrocious butcheries, without regard to age or sex, as a means to counteract and thwart the rising of the people. Such plans of atrocities, such stratagems, can only be concocted at the seat of Jesuitism, where once before, not only an absolution for the crime was granted, but an encouragement given by a Jesuit father confessor to Maria Theresa, joining the despoilers of Poland. Thus these infamous personages pay an involuntary homage to the advancing majesty of the opinion of the people.

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their neglect of them and their connivance at the sins of princes: nevertheless, God, in the end, for the vindication of His laws, will promptly destroy that society, even by the hands of those who have most supported it and made use of it, so that in the end it will become odious to all nations. They will be in a worse condition than the Jews, they will have no fixed place on the earth, and a Jew will be more favored than a Jesuit.”

Another fact of great importance, in connection with the advance of the spirit of liberty, is to be noticed in the growth of the feeling of nationality among civilized nations—a nationality that is Christian, rejoicing in the happiness of other nations, and limiting itself to the natural boundaries of territory and affinities of language and habits of a people, and which, only commanding respect for itself, never can be used by despots as a means of personal ambition, of conquest and oppression. Germany is a striking instance in point; her rulers could not dupe her as they once did. This feeling has been growing stronger of late years, even among the Slavic branches, which once were thought to have been completely Germanized; the Bohemians, for instance, begin to recall the past glory of their national existence and literature.

The Poles never have allowed their national feeling to lay dormant even in their greatest trials; they never will, happen what may to their native land. The Hungarians are also assiduously cultivating their vernacular tongue, and studying their history, much to the apprehension of the Austrian Emperor.

This feeling of nationality incites nations to an honorable rivalry, and teaches them to esteem one another, while it is also promoting amicable relations which daily force upon their minds, that they are children of one Father above, and that it is the business of kings and the devil alone to keep them asunder. This kind of nationality is destined to be, at no distant period, the lever of mighty events, when the geographical boundaries of nations shall take a more natural form than what has pleased the arrogance of crowned heads to mark out.

Having thus led our reader over the path of advancing Freedom, we have now brought him to the point from which he can take a better view of the Slavic race whose myriads cover the territory stretching from the shores of the Adriatic to the Ural Mountains, and from the Caspian and Black seas to the Baltic; and comprising the ancient little republic of Ragusa, Dalmatia, Carniola, Croatia, Carinthia, Styria, Slavonia, Bosnia, Servia, Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Poland in its ancient limits, and European Russia.

It is somewhat remarkable that a race, so numerous as the Slavonic, should be enslaved to the degree it is; and yet, reflecting upon its character, abundant and extenuating causes appear for the fact.

That it has not been so always, the annals of Servia, Bohemia, the Republic of the Great-Nowogrod, of Ragusa and Poland testify. To a great extent the virtues of the Slavonians contributed to their ruin; they are, as a race, frank and hospitable to a degree not surpassed by other civilized nations, and thus they often harbored in their midst cunning enemies as friends; their love of rural and quiet life indisposes them to commercial and maritime pursuits, and thus they have allowed themselves to be deprived, by more adventurous and less scrupulous intruders, of the advantages which the mastery of a sea-coast can confer upon a nation; the decidedly democratic tendencies of their social organization, notwithstanding occasional unimportant exceptions, prevented among them the rise of a few and powerful families, whose ambition could sway the people, and lay a foundation of future empires, as was the case with the Germans, whose brood possesses almost all the thrones of the civilized world. The perseverance in undertakings with which they are blessed, may in time compensate them for the disadvantages resulting from the above virtues; and trusting to their courage, which has never abandoned them, they may yet reconquer their rights.

Another reason that may also be assigned for their present political condition, is in the fact that the Reformation was propagated in an unknown tongue to the mass of the Slavonians, and the language of their enemies; and thus, the benefits that resulted from that religious movement to other nations, were withheld from them in a great measure. Their own, and the first reformer, John Huss, unfortunately came in a time when man's spiritual benefactors were burned alive, and the seed of reform he planted was blasted before it became a vigorous shoot.

The nations to whose fortunes the destinies of the Slavic race are more or less chained, are Russia, Bohemia, Servia and Poland. There can be little good expected for the Slavonians from Russia; for she is aiming at a universal submission of that race to her sceptre only to oppress them. The mass in Russia, plunged in abject servitude and gross ignorance, and under the control of an ignorant and vicious hierarchy, whose head is the Emperor, cannot contribute much to the development of free insti-

tutions: in fact, the administration of the country being conducted on the plan of a military camp, it cannot but crush all moral and intellectual capacities of the people. Russian civilization, by way of distinction, may be called a *military civilization* with Asiatic pomp, possessing all the vices of Western Europe, with scarcely any of its redeeming qualities. The emperor and the serf are the two opposite extremes, separated by fourteen classes of military rank, (every station in life being reduced to a military value,) each bearing upon the other with more or less weight; and, of course, he at the bottom of the scale suffers the most. In a society thus organized, subordination and implicit obedience to superiors become cardinal virtues, whose tendencies are not at all favorable to manly independence. Under such a state of circumstances, the only source of a change for the better for the people, is to be looked for in the officers of the army not of too exalted a rank; and it is precisely among these that the noble Col. Pestel has sown the seeds of freedom which sooner or later must come up, and save the nation. Without this change Russia is but an evil genius, as well of the Slavonians as of the whole human race, that cannot be crushed too soon.

Out of more than fifteen millions of Slavonians that are under the sway of Austria, Bohemia, whose language is spoken by more than five millions, and written by as many more, is exerting a powerful influence upon the destinies of her Slavic neighbors. Although her glory has departed since the bloody battle of Prague, of 1620, when the savage Ferdinand II., of Austria, with his crew of Jesuits, took possession of the Bohemian throne and altar, and when the noblest of her sons that were not butchered had to flee for safety; yet it left a monument in the hearts of the people that withstood the ravages of those tempestuous days—her language has survived, saving some fragments of its once noble literature from the flames of the sixty thousand manuscripts kindled by the ruthless hands of the Society of Jesus.

The Bohemians are spirited and industrious people far advanced in the arts of peace. Since the year 1826, their national spirit showed itself in a greater attention to the culture of their own language, and which attention has been constantly increasing: thus their past glories are brought back to their memo-

ries, and the desire for freedom and independence is waxing strong; and sooner or later they will be able to shake off the incubus of the Austrian Catholicism and bondage that are now weighing them down.

The present condition of Servia is another guaranty of the future prospects of the Slavic family. Her geographical position, with her political institutions, will enable her to maintain the independence she gained in 1842, after the struggle of thirty-eight years. She has baffled Russian intrigues, and freed herself from the Turkish power; and now she is enjoying democratic institutions that know but one class—the people, and a Prince—the ruler, whose grandfather was but a common peasant. Possessing a rich soil, enclosed by mountains and a river, and an unembarrassed treasury, the Servians, full of energy and courage, although falling a little short of a million of souls, can muster a hundred thousand effective militia that could cope successfully with an enemy twice as strong. The blessings of education are extended to the whole mass of the people, who to a man are fired with patriotic enthusiasm for the progress of the country; to forward which, one of the most effective means—the culture of their language—is not neglected.

Under so favorable circumstances, Servia cannot fail to exert a powerful and beneficial influence upon the interests of the Slavonians in general, and especially upon the five millions of those who speak her language. As she is the most fortunate of the Slavic nations, she will be a focus from which the beneficent light of liberty and equality will be shed upon the political horizon of the Slavonian race. All these political convulsions, at which we have but glanced, were so many centres from which a powerful moral influence sprang, and mingling in daily life, in spite of watchful despots, has changed men's views in religion, law or politics; and hence the present power of public opinion, to which even tyrants are compelled to yield. As a striking instance of its advance and its irresistible power in matters of religion, we may notice the fact that, at this moment, many priests of the Church of Rome are vigorously advocating the marriage of the Catholic clergy—an evidence that good influences have even reached the heart of this edifice of corruption. Another instance of the irresistible power of public opinion has been witnessed in matters of law.

Austria, after subduing Italy, gave her a code of laws, which is still in force in her own provinces, and by virtue of which a barbarous distinction of classes was introduced, subjecting the peasantry to corporeal punishment. Not a word was uttered, but the Italian public received this Austrian *boon* in such a sullenness that the imperial government had to abrogate the laws before three months were over. And now, in consequence of better laws, a simple *Syndic* can arrest a prince or a priest as well as a peasant, without regard to their rank.

Such are the triumphs and power of public opinion, and of the spirit of freedom that animates and directs it in our times.

By thus showing the causes and their effects now in action *out of* Poland, we have prepared our readers to enter upon the consideration of the future prospects of the Polish cause, and of the elements of its success within the Polish nation itself.

The powers that have partitioned Poland, represent her to the world through their paid organs, as demoralized and unfit to govern herself, while they are using all means to effect her demoralization. Religion, education, and degrading laws, have been made use of to accomplish their infernal purposes. But notwithstanding the influences of some corrupt priests, inefficient or perverted education, and the premium upon vices—as the system of espionage testifies—the Polish nation has virtue enough to see the condition into which her enemies are plunging her, and to desire its amelioration. It is prohibited to preach temperance to the Polish peasantry, that intemperance and its concomitants should not be arrested. If a wealthy Pole is a spendthrift and dissipated, the government offers him means in order to rid him the sooner of his estate and character. It passes oppressive laws for the peasantry, and makes the nobles their executors, to engender ill-feeling between the two orders, and to lay the whole odium of such laws upon the shoulders of the nobility; it favors complaints against them, representing itself as always ready to do justice to the complaining peasant!

In spite of these villanous means, those governments are far from attaining their object. Intelligence and virtue are indigenous to the Polish soil, and cannot be entirely extirpated. The Poles are

represented by their enemies as averse to improvement, and that their nobility are arrogant and oppressive to their peasantry, or *serfs*, as they would have it. But to see the utter falsehood of these assertions, it is only necessary to recur to history. The Polish nobility are not a feudal order of men, as is the case elsewhere; and the Polish peasant is not a serf. The Polish nobles sprung from the midst of their people; they won their titles on the field of battle, in defence of their country, or at the seats of learning, and thus their feelings have never been alienated from the people. As early as the commencement of the 14th century, the serfs that were taken as prisoners of war were freed. The relation of the Polish peasant to the lord is the same as that of a tenant in England or in the Western States of this country, to the owner of the soil; he pays for the use of the land he cultivates, either in labor, produce, or money. The Poles have always shown themselves ready to improve the condition of their country in every respect; but their enemies would never allow them so to do. And yet, notwithstanding such obstacles, the Polish mind not only has kept pace with the times, but also contributed not a little to advance them.

The Constitution of the 3d of May, 1791, is an evidence that the Poles have recognized their past errors, and wished to remedy the evils, but they were interfered with and prevented. It was the most liberal constitution then known in Europe, and received the hearty approval of the best and wisest men of the age. Whatever defects it may have when viewed from this distant period, it will nevertheless be acknowledged that its crowning glory is the clause authorizing its revision every twenty-five years. Considering the duration of human life, there is, every quarter of a century, an equilibrium of moral powers between the generation coming on, and that passing off, the stage; conservatism balancing the spirit of progress: hence the wisdom of the proviso. At this time the constitution would have been twice revised, and thus suited to the experience, wants and demands of the progressing age. The framers of that instrument deserve great credit for having exhibited a higher degree of foresight than is common in legislators; for in their time the modern progress was not so discernible as it is now; it had not then the impetus which it since has acquired. The efficient measures that



were taken for the spread of education among the mass of the Polish people, together with the guaranty of rights to every Pole, which this constitution contemplated, would have made Poland one of the first countries in Europe. Surrounded by difficulties which their enemies were continually raising, the Poles never slackened their efforts to devise means to keep up their nationality, their literature, and the spirit of improvement; and they have been so eminently successful that they in consequence drew upon themselves greater persecutions from their oppressors.

As an instance of liberality and enlightened policy on the part of the Poles, we must mention the fact that in 1818, the Lithuanian nobles asked the Emperor Alexander to give perfect freedom to their peasantry, stating that they were *willing* to waive their own prerogatives. They received a delusive hope for an answer from this Emperor. And when the same request was repeated by the Polish nobility at the Congress of Laybach, they were plainly refused, and forbidden to mention the subject again. Facts like these are sufficient proofs of the progress the Poles have made; and yet their enemies would persuade the world that they do not deserve freedom! Is there a country whose nobility *are or ever have been willing* to divest themselves of their prerogatives in favor of the lower orders of society? Why should then the Poles be judged by a more elevated standard of morality than other nations in their minor faults, when not only they are not in this respect inferior to others, but they set an example of such lofty virtues?

Previous to the revolutions that took place in Europe, in 1830, the confidence in purely democratic institutions was not established in the convictions of many of the most liberal minds, and the talent displayed by the writers upon the constitutional monarchical form of government, contributed much to the mistrust. The best of men hesitated to trust themselves to the rule of democracy, (as was evinced in the French Revolution of the Three Days,) believing that a Constitutional Monarchy would prepare the mass of the people by degrees for a more enlarged freedom. Plausible as the argument may seem, it is futile, nevertheless; sad experience has taught us that much. To expect that a king willingly will take measures to prepare a nation for self-government is preposterous: the best of kings will be but

a *Citizen-King*—a deceiver. Power is the god of kings, and double-dealing and treachery, under the name of expediency, their religion; honest and simple-hearted people, therefore, should not trust them. Civilized nations have already reached the period when they should be left to go alone, without such tutors. People must be trusted with power before they can learn to use it.

Europe was in this state of hesitation and mistrust of popular institutions at the time of the Polish Revolution of 1830, which, in consequence, partook of the same undecided character. Although during that Revolution there were partisans of a constitutional monarchy, and of a pure democracy, yet the subject of a form of government did not much occupy the attention of the Poles; because their first and all-important aim was to secure the independence of the country, after the accomplishment of which they would have had more leisure to decide upon the form of a permanent government to be adopted. The unfortunate termination of that Revolution prevented the discussion of the question by the people in their political capacity; but, as individuals, the Poles in silence have reflected upon the subject, and have expressed their opinion in the pending insurrection.

The Poles, to the number of at least fifteen thousand, who, in consequence of the Revolution of 1830, found themselves under the necessity of seeking an asylum in foreign countries, have become abroad the organ of their oppressed countrymen at home, and they have taken up the question of the form of government, agitating it all the while, and not without success. The Polish exiles, among whom there are some of the first names of their land, and whose centre of action is France, divided themselves upon the question of the form of government into two parties: one being in favor of a limited monarchy, and the other of a pure democracy; hence they go by the name of Aristocrats and Democrats. It is not to be inferred that one party has more patriotism than the other, because they do not agree on this question; they differ, because some of them believe that only a limited monarchy can save their country, while others see her salvation only in pure democracy. It is very natural, that among such a number of men, there should be found some who are timid, pusillanimous, sticklers to precedents and traditions, and they, though honest, would favor monarchical power in

some form; they would be Aristocrats. Those, however, who are bold and frank, hating the tortuous ways of sceptred rulers, would, naturally enough, rather trust the good sense, however inexperienced, of the mass of the people, and be Democrats.

The Polish exiles, agreeing in their aim—the restoration of Poland—have been using all the means they could command for the purpose; and thus the interest of the Polish cause, as well as that of freedom in general, was watched over and promoted: their voice was heard by civilized nations and responded to, although the organs of despots never ceased to abuse, misrepresent and endeavor to overpower them. By their reprints of valuable books of their language, they essayed to make up, in a measure, for the loss the Polish literature has suffered at the hands of the Northern autocrat; by their writings in foreign tongues, they aimed at an exposition of the history of their country to other nations; by their political discussions among themselves, they tried to solve the difficult problem of the future of Poland. Thus they have been toiling in the midst of the persecutions of power, lukewarmness of friends, and of hardships incident to the life of an exile, full of hope that time will crown their efforts with success. They have not been entirely mistaken; the pending Polish insurrection is the best commentary upon the success of their labors. Whatever may be the issue of the present insurrection, it has determined one point, viz., that the Polish nation has made immense strides in advance, and *will not, and cannot fall back*; that she feels the power of her own arm, and the courage of her heart to defy, at once, all her despoilers. *With a conviction of the justice of her cause in her breast, confidence in her own arm, and immovable resolution to run all hazards and sacrifices without flinching*, she will sooner or later gain her independence.

The character of this Polish insurrection is seen from the Manifesto of the Provisional Government, a translation of which from the original we here subjoin, as a satisfactory proof of the progress of the Poles, and a sure guaranty of their ultimate success.

**MANIFESTO OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE POLISH COMMONWEALTH, TO THE POLISH NATION.**

“Poles, the hour of insurrection has struck. The whole of mutilated Poland is

rising and growing great. Already our brothers of the Grand Duchy of Posen, of Russian Poland and Lithuania have risen, and are fighting against the enemy. They are fighting for their sacred rights taken from them by force and fraud. You know what has passed and is continually passing. The flower of our youth are languishing in dungeons. Our aged sires, whose counsels sustained us, are treated with contempt. Our clergy are deprived of all respect; in a word, all who have thirsted by act, or even in thought, to live or die for Poland, have been destroyed, or immured in prison, or are in danger of being so at every moment. The groans of millions of our brethren, who are perishing under the knout, or wasting in subterranean cells, who are driven into the ranks of the soldiery of our oppressors, submitting to all the suffering of which humanity is capable of enduring, have deeply struck and moved our hearts. They have taken away our glory, prohibited our language, interdicted the profession of the faith of our fathers. Insurmountable barriers have been opposed to the amelioration of our social condition; brother has been armed against brother, and the most honorable men of the country have been calumniated and persecuted. Brothers! one step more, and Poland exists no longer, nor a Pole is to be found there. Our grandchildren will curse our memory for having left them nothing, in one of the finest countries of the world, but deserts and ruins; for having allowed chains to be put on our warlike nation, and to be forced to profess a foreign faith, to speak a strange language, and for having permitted them to be reduced to be slaves of our oppressors. The ashes of our fathers, martyred for the rights of our nation, call to us from the tomb to avenge them. Children at the breast implore us to preserve for them the country that God has confided to us. The free nations of the entire world invite us to resist the destruction of our nationality. God himself invites us—God, who will one day demand an account of our stewardship. We are twenty millions! Let us rise as one man, and no force on the earth can crush our power. We shall enjoy such liberty as has never been known on this earth. Let us endeavor to conquer such a social condition, in which each shall enjoy his share of the fruits of the earth according to his merit and his capacity, and in which there will be no more privileges under any disguise; where each Pole shall find full security for himself, his wife, his children; and where he who is made inferior by nature, in mind or body, shall find without humiliation, the infallible aid of the community; where property in land now possessed conditionally by the peasantry, shall become theirs by ab-

solite right. All forced labors, and other burdens cease without indemnification, and those who shall devote themselves in arms to the cause of their country shall receive a compensation from the national estates. Poles! from this moment we acknowledge no distinctions. Let us henceforward be the sons of one mother, Poland—of one father, God, who is in heaven. Let us invoke his support; he will bless our arms, and give us victory; but, in order to draw down his blessings, we must not sully ourselves by the vice of drunkenness or plunder. Let us not soil the arms raised in a holy cause by outrages and murders committed upon Dissidents and defenceless foreigners; for we do not struggle against nations, but against our oppressors. In token of unity, let us mount the national cockade, and take the following oath: 'I swear to serve Poland, my country, by counsel, word and action. I swear to sacrifice to her my personal ambition, my fortune and my life. I swear absolute obedience to the national government, which has been established at Cracow, the 22d of this month, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the house under the name of Krystofory, and to all the authorities instituted by the same government. And may God help me to keep this vow.' This manifesto shall be published in the journal of the government, and in the supplementary sheets sent throughout Poland, and shall be proclaimed from the pulpits of all the churches, and in all the parishes by placards in public places."

(Signed,) LOUIS GORZKOWSKI.

JOHN TYSSOWSKI.

ALEX. GRZEGORZEWSKI.

Secretary, CHARLES ROGAWSKI.

Dated Cracow, Feb. 22, 1846.

From this document it will be perceived that the Polish nobility are willing to waive their prerogatives in favor of the lower orders, and remove all the burdens that time and their enemies have forced upon the peasantry, giving them in fee simple the land which they hitherto cultivated, but not owned; that all distinctions of birth should cease, and that every Pole should have equal rights and claims to happiness. History has never before witnessed such a sacrifice of self-interest for the good of the mass of a people. While this act reflects great credit upon the hearts of the Poles, it affords to the world an encouraging proof that the sense of justice and the spirit of freedom are powerfully agitating civilized society.

The opinion of the Polish nation, thus expressed through the Manifesto of the Provisional Government, cannot but make a deep impression upon other nations,

and thus give a new impulse to a farther development of the principle of liberty in Europe; for the voice of a nation, however feeble, is never lost whenever heard in the cause of justice and truth. This utterance of liberal views by the Poles, while showing conclusively the total inability of power to check the spirit of freedom with its most stringent measures, demonstrates the indomitable courage and perseverance with which the Poles are working in order to attain the independence of their country.

The indefatigable spirit of this people working to the same end, is also seen in their literature, as it will be made apparent from the testimony of a writer in one of the numbers of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*: "The language and literature of Poland," says the writer, "have advanced to their present degree of perfection, in equal ratio with the increasing misfortunes of the country, during the last fifty years. This phenomenon is so extraordinary, that it deserves a serious consideration of every reflecting mind. What, indeed, should seem more unfavorable to the progress of a nation's language, than its political annihilation, and the incorporation of its dismembered provinces with several foreign States, each respectively intent on destroying every vestige of its former nationality? Yet it is a fact, that Polish literature is actually now reaching its zenith, and at no former period could Poland ever boast of more distinguished men in every department of science, learning and political eminence."

When a language becomes the repository of what is the noblest in the human heart, it is one of the most indestructible elements of national existence: it becomes an adamant urn into which the nation throws its dearest recollections for safe keeping, and as each successive generation is adding to its treasure, the nation is the more vigilant in guarding it. The Poles are aware of the treasures their own language contains, and they will guard it with the most religious care: no power on earth, short of one that can cut them down to the very last, shall be able to destroy that vessel which enshrines the most glorious memories of their sires, and some of the noblest sentiments that ever passed human lips.

Such are the, unfailing guaranties, within the nation itself, of the future regeneration of Poland; it matters comparatively little when it will come, but it

is sure to come sooner or later. These guaranties, taken together with the events that are in progress throughout the civilized world, cannot fail to bring the conviction that every year brings Poland nearer the bright days that are in store for her and for mankind. What if crowned heads are straining their power to the utmost to crush the spirit of freedom among the people, when these people are conscious they are acting under Heaven's decrees? What if a free Briton, the unpunished and infamous Sir James Graham, do succeed in betraying to their executioners the noble sons of Italy? Italy is not so poor in virtue and devotion to the cause of freedom, as not to be able to double the number of patriots after each new sacrifice, till she be free. What if the Citizen King is mean enough to stoop to the despicable office of the spy for his royal brothers of Prussia and Russia, and report to them the movements of the noble Mieroslawski, who was to direct the Polish insurrection, and who was arrested immediately on his arrival at Posen? Despotism only has gained a delay, but its fate is not averted; every new victim at its shrine will raise ten avengers on the Polish soil; and although the plans of the Polish patriots have this time been thwarted in a measure, yet their hope and courage have not diminished; and Poland, Italy, and humanity, shall win their victory notwithstanding.

The Poles may be baffled by their enemies ninety-nine times in a hundred, but their patience and perseverance will not be exhausted by defeat, and they will finally triumph on their hundredth effort.

They swore to wage war with tyrants to the knife, and they will keep the oath good;—they are fired by the prophetic vision of the poet, who never was more inspired than when he said:

“Freedom’s battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.”

NOTE.—It would be premature on our part, to attempt to give a sketch of the pending Polish insurrection, since neither all its details are sufficiently authenticated, nor is the last act of the drama finished. The European press (and especially that of the nations surrounding Poland) speaks what despots put in its mouth; the public therefore hear that the insurrection is put down and order restored, and many sapient heads take the opportunity to deliver themselves of sage comments upon fruitless sacrifices, and the rashness of the attempt. But it is very cheap wisdom that judges a measure, when it has proved unsuccessful; every attempt at a revolution that failed was before this pronounced untimely, rash and foolish; nay, even wicked. We would advise those wise persons to wait a while before they decide, for all is not over yet, notwithstanding that kings are proclaiming the return of “old order.” Although the French government denounced to the Prussian and Russian authorities the patriotic Mieroslawski, and thus the plans of the Poles have been deranged and their success put in jeopardy, yet it will prove but a temporary check to the great Slavonic cause.

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE political occurrences of the last month have been of more than usual interest to, and influence upon, business affairs.

The uncertainty which had measurably paralyzed the enterprise of England, by reason of the great changes proposed by Sir Robert Peel in the jealous commercial policy of that country, has now given way to the reality. Sir Robert has carried his measures, and both for information and for future reference, we annex the substantial portions of the Tariff laws now in force in that country—as well in

respect of grain, as of merchandise generally:—

### THE NEW BRITISH TARIFF.

The London Times of July 3d, gives in extenso the text of the Corn and the Customs Bills, which have now become part of the law of Great Britain. The “*Act to alter certain duties or customs*” contains six sections, of which the following is the substance:

1. It is declared that instead of the duties now levied upon the articles named in the schedule, those named in the subsequent sections shall be collected.

2. From April 5, 1847, the duties upon timber are to be levied according to the rates laid down, viz.,

	From Ap. 5, '47.	Ap. 5, '48.
	10 15s.	
Timber per load 50 ft.	1 06	1
do. sawn or split.	1 06	0 18
Staves over 72 in. long, 7 wide, or 3½ thick.	0 08	0 06
Firewood, per 216 feet.	0 16	0 12
Handspikes, under 7 feet, per 120.	1 12	1 04
do. over 7 feet.	0 08	0 06
Knees, under 5 in. square, per 120.	1 12	1 04
do. 5 and under 8.	1 12	1 04
Lathwood, per 216 feet.	6 00	4 10
Oars, per 120 feet.	0 16	0 12
Spars, under 22 feet long and 4 in di., per 120.	1 12	1 04
do. over do.	3 04	2 08
Spars, all lengths, under 6 in. in di.	1 12	1 04
Spokes, under 2 ft. length, per M.	3 04	2 08
do. over do.		
Wood, planed, and not enumerated, 6d. and 4d. per foot, and 10¢ for every 100¢. <i>ad val.</i>		

8. From June 1, 1846, the duties upon specified articles are to be as follows:

	Foreign.	From British Possessions.
Canary, per cwt.	5s	2s 6d
Caraway, "	5	2 6
Carrot, "	5	2 6
Clover, "	5	2 6
Leek, "	5	2 6
Mustard, "	1 3	7½
Onion, "	5	2 6
Other seeds per 100¢	5	2 10

4. No duties whatever are to be charged upon the following articles:

"Animals, living, viz., asses, goats, kids, oxen and bulls, cows, calves, horses, mares, geldings, colts, foals, mules, sheep, lambs, swine and hogs, pigs, sucking; bacon, beef, fresh or salted; beef, salted, not being corned beef; bottles, of earthen and stone, empty; casts of busts, statues or figures; caviare; cherry wood, being furniture wood; cranberries; cotton manufactures, not being articles wholly or in part made up, not otherwise charged with duty; enamel; gelatine; glue; hay; hides, or pieces thereof, tanned, curried, varnished, japanned, enameled; Muscovy or Russia hides, or pieces thereof, tanned, colored, shaved, or otherwise dressed, and hides or pieces thereof any way dressed, not otherwise enumerated; ink for printers; inkle, wrought; lampblack; linen, viz., plain linens and diaper, whether checkered or striped with dye-yarn or not, and manufactures of linen, or of linen mixed with cotton or with wool, not particularly enumerated, or otherwise charged with duty, not being articles wholly or in part made up; Magna Grecia ware; manuscripts; maps and charts, or parts thereof, plain or colored; mattresses; meat, salted or fresh, not otherwise described; medals of any sort; palmetto thatch manufactures; parchment; partridge wood, being fur. wood; pens; plantains; potatoes; pork, fresh; pork, salted, not hams; purple wood, being fur. wood; silk, thrown, dyed, viz., singles or tram, organize or crape silk; telescopes; thread, not otherwise enumerated or described; woollens, viz., manufactures of wool, not being gool, or of wool mixed with cotton, not particularly enumerated or de-

scribed, not otherwise charged with duty, not being articles wholly or in part made up; vegetables, all not otherwise enumerated or described; vellum.

5. The duties imposed are to be ascertained and paid under existing acts.

6. This act may be amended or repealed by Parliament.

The following is the table of duties to which the foregoing act refers:

	l.	s.	d.
Agates or cornelians, per 100¢.	10	0	0
Ale and beer, per bbl.	1	0	0
Almonds, paste of, per 100¢.	10	0	0
Amber, manufac. of, per 100¢.	10	0	0
Arrowroot, the cwt.	0	2	6
Arrowroot, of and from a British possession,	0	0	6
Bandstrings, twist, per 100¢.	10	0	0
— of and from a Br. possession,	5	0	0
Barley, pearled, the cwt.	0	1	0
— of and from a Br. possession, per cwt.	0	0	6
Bast-ropes, twines and strands, per 100¢.	10	0	0
— of and from a Br. possession	5	0	0
Beads, viz., Arango, coral, crystal, jet, per 100¢.	10	0	0
— others, per 100¢.	10	0	0
Blacking, per 100¢.	10	0	0
Brass, manuf. of, per 100¢.	10	0	0
— powder of, "	10	0	0
Brocade of gold or silver, per 100¢.	10	0	0
Bronze, manuf. of, per 100¢.	10	0	0
— powder, "	10	0	0
Buckwheat, the qr.	0	1	0
— meal, the cwt.	0	0	4
Butter, the cwt.	0	10	0
— of and from a Br. possession,	0	2	6
Buttons, metal, per 100¢.	10	0	0
Cameos, per 100¢.	5	0	0
Candles, viz.,			
— spermaceti, the lb.	0	0	3
— tallow, "	0	0	1
— tallow, the cwt.	0	5	0
— wax, the lb.	0	0	2
Canes, &c., per 100¢. value,	10	0	0
Carriages, per 100¢. value,	10	0	0
Casks, empty, per 100¢. value,	10	0	0
Cassava Powder, the cwt.	0	2	6
— of and from a British possession, the cwt.	0	0	6
Catlings, per 100¢. value,	10	0	0
Cheese, the cwt.	0	5	0
— of and from a British possession, the cwt.	0	1	6
China or porcelain ware, per 100¢.	10	0	0
Cider, the tun,	5	5	0
Citron, preserved in salt, per 100¢.	5	0	0
Clocks, per 100¢. value,	10	0	0
Copper manuf. and copper-plates engraved, per 100¢. value,	10	0	0
Copper or brass wire, per 100¢. value	10	0	0
Cotton, articles or manufactures of cotton wholly or in part made up, not otherwise charged with duty, for every 100¢. value,	10	0	0
— of and from a British possession, for every 100¢. value,	5	0	0
Crayons, per 100¢. value,	10	0	0
Crystals, per 100¢. value,	10	0	0
Cucumbers, preserved in salt, per 100¢. value,	5	0	0
— of and from a Br. possession,	2	10	0
Fish, cured, the cwt.	0	1	0

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Gauze of thread, per 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0	Pewter, manufactures of, for every	10	0	0
— of and from a Br. pos.	5	0	0	100 <i>l.</i> value,	0	5	0
Hair, manufactures of hair or goats'				Platting of straw, the lb.	10	0	0
wool, per 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0	Pomatum, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0
— of and from a Br. pos.	5	0	0	Potato flour, the cwt.	0	1	0
Hams, of all kinds, the cwt.	0	7	0	Pots, of stone, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0
— of and from a Br. possession,				Rice, the cwt.	0	1	0
the cwt.	0	2	0	— of and from a Br. possession	0	0	6
Harp strings, or lute strings, silvered,	10	0	0	the cwt.	0	0	6
per 100 <i>l.</i> value,				— rough and in husk, the qr.	0	1	0
Hats or bonnets, viz.,				— of and from a British			
— of chip, the lb.	0	3	6	possession the qr.	0	0	1
— of bast, cane or horse-hair,				Sago, the cwt.	0	0	6
hats or bonnets, each not exceed-				Sausages or puddings, the lb.	0	0	1
ing 22 in. in diameter, the dozen,	0	7	6	Breadstuffs, the lb.	0	5	0
— exceeding 22 in. in diameter,	0	10	0	— articles thereof, not otherwise			
— straw hats or bonnets, the lb.	0	5	0	enumerated,	0	6	0
Hats, felt, hair, wool or beaver hats,				— or, at the option of the off. of			
each,	0	2	0	the customs, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value,	15	0	0
— made of silk, &c.	0	2	0	Silk, gauze or crape, plain, striped,			
Hops, the cwt.	2	5	0	figured or brocaded, viz.,			
Iron and steel, wrought, per 100 <i>l.</i>				— broad stuffs, the lb.	0	9	0
value,	10	0	0	— articles thereof, not otherwise			
Japanned or lackered ware, per 100 <i>l.</i>	10	0	0	enumerated,	0	10	0
Lace, viz. thread, per 100 <i>l.</i>	10	0	0	— or at the option of the off. of			
Lace, cushion or pillow lace, per 100 <i>l.</i>				the customs, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value,	15	0	0
value,	10	0	0	Skins, articles manufactured, for eve-			
Lead, manuf. of, per 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0	ry 100 <i>l.</i>	10	0	0
Leather, manufactures of,				— of and from a British posses-			
— women's boots, and calashes,				sion,	5	0	0
per dozen,	0	6	0	Soap, hard, the cwt.	1	0	0
— do. if lined or trim. per doz.	0	7	6	— of and from a Br. pos. cwt.	0	14	0
— with cork or double soles, per				— soft, the cwt.	0	14	0
dozen pairs,	0	5	0	— of and from a Br. pos. cwt.	0	10	0
— men's boots, per dozen pairs,	0	14	0	— Naples, the cwt.	1	0	0
— men's shoes, per dozen pairs,	0	7	0	Spa ware, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0
— boys' boots and shoes, not ex-				Spirits, or strong waters of all sorts,			
ceeding 7 inches in length, two-				viz., for every gall. of such spirits,	0	15	0
thirds of the above duties.				Starch, the cwt.	0	5	0
— boot fronts, not exceeding 9				— of and from a Br. pos. the cwt.	0	2	6
inches in height, per dozen,	0	1	9	— from and after the 1st of Feb-			
— boot fronts, exceeding do.	0	2	9	ruary, 1849, the cwt.	0	1	0
— cut into shapes, or any article				— gum of, torrefied or calcined,			
made of leather, per 100 <i>l.</i>	10	0	0	commonly called Br. gum, the cwt.	0	5	0
Linen, or linen and cotton, viz.,				— of and fr. a Br. pos. the cwt.	0	2	6
— cambrics and lawns, common-				British Gum, from and after the 1st			
ly called French lawns, the piece				of February, 1849, the cwt.	0	1	0
not exceeding eight yards in length				Steel, manufactures of, for every			
and seven-eighths in breadth, plain,				100 <i>l.</i> value	10	0	0
the piece,	0	2	6	Tallow, the cwt.	0	1	6
— lawns of any sort, not French,				— of and from a Br. possession,			
per 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0	the cwt.	0	0	1
— damask, the square yard,	0	0	5	Tapioca, the cwt.	0	0	6
— damask diaper,	0	0	2½	Tin, manufactures of, for every 100 <i>l.</i>			
— sails not in actual use of a Br.				value,	10	0	0
ship, per 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0	Tabacco pipes, of clay, for every 100 <i>l.</i>			
— articles, manufactures of lin-				value	10	0	0
— en, or of linen mixed with cotton				Tongues, the cwt.	0	7	0
or with wool, wholly or in part				— of and from a Br. possession,			
made up, not particularly enumer-				the cwt.	0	2	0
ated or otherwise charged with				Turnery, not otherwise described,			
duty, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0	for every 100 <i>l.</i> value	10	0	0
Maize or Indian corn, the qr.	0	1	0	Twine, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value	10	0	0
— meal, the cwt.	0	0	4½	— of and from a British posses-			
Musical instruments, for every 100 <i>l.</i>				sion, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value	5	0	0
value,	10	0	0	Varnish, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value	10	0	0
Mustard flour, the cwt.	0	6	0	Verjuice, the tun	4	4	0
Paper, printed, painted or stained pa-				Wafers, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value	10	0	0
per, or paper-hangings, or flock pa-				Washing-balls, the cwt.	1	0	0
per, the square yard,	0	0	2	Wax, sealingwax, for every 100 <i>l.</i>			
Pencils, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0	value	10	0	0
— of slate,	10	0	0	Whipcord, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value	10	0	0
Perfumery, for every 100 <i>l.</i> value,	10	0	0	Wire, gilt or plated or silver, for			
Perry, the tun,	5	5	0	every 100 <i>l.</i> value	10	0	0

	<i>l. s. d.</i>	<i>OATS.</i>		<i>Duty.</i>
Woollens, articles or manufactures of wool not being goats' wool, or of wool mixed with cotton, wholly or in part made up, not otherwise charged with duty, for every 100l. value	10 0 0	Average price.		
— of and from a Br. possession, for every 100. value	5 0 0	under 18s		4s 0d
		18s and under 19s		3s 6d
		19s —	20s	3s 0d
		20s —	21s	2s 6d
		21s —	22s	2s 0d
		22s and upwards		1s 6d
		Barleymeal, for every 217½ lbs. the duty to be equal to that payable on one quarter barley.		
		Ryemeal and flour, for every 196 lbs. the duty to be equal to that payable on five-eighths of a quarter of barley.		
		Peameal and beanmeal, for every 272 lbs. the duty to be equal to that payable on one quarter barley.		
		Oatmeal, for every 181½ lbs., the duty to be equal to that payable on one quarter barley.		
		If the produce of or imported from any Br. possession out of Europe:		
		Wheat, barley, bear or bigg, oats, rye, peas and beans, the duty shall be for every quarter, 1s.		
		Wheatmeal, barleymeal, oatmeal, ryemeal, peameal and beanmeal, the duty shall be for every cwt. 4½d.		
		On and after the 1st of February, 1849, the duties hereafter named shall be paid, viz :		
		Upon all wheat, barley, bear or bigg, oats, rye, peas, beans, for every quarter, 1s.		
		Upon all wheatmeal and flour, barleymeal, oatmeal, ryemeal and flour, peameal and beanmeal, for every cwt. 4½d., and so in proportion for a less quantity.		
		2 and 3. The duties are to be levied, collected and applied in accordance with existing laws.		

The "Act to amend the laws relating to the importation of corn" contains six sections, of which the following is the substance :

1. It is enacted that after the date of the act, until after the 1st day of February, 1849, the duties levied upon imported grain shall be those set forth in the schedule copied below. On or after the 1st of February, 1849, the following duties will be levied:

Upon all wheat, barley, bear or bigg, oats, rye, peas and beans, for every qr. 1s.; and so in proportion for a less quantity.

Upon all wheatmeal and flour, barleymeal, oatmeal, ryemeal and flour, peameal and beanmeal, for every cwt. 4½d.; and so in proportion for a less quantity.

2 and 3. The duties are to be levied, collected and applied in accordance with existing acts.

4. The average prices are to be ascertained at the time and in the manner pointed out in existing acts.

5. Repeals former acts which prohibit the importation of corn.

6. This act may be amended by Parliament.

The following is the Schedule to which this act refers:

*If imported from any Foreign country, not being a British possession.*

WHEAT.		Duty.
Average price.		
under 48s		10s
48s and under	49s	9s
49s —	50s	8s
50s —	51s	7s
51s —	52s	6s
52s —	53s	5s
53s and upwards		4s

FLOUR AND WHEATMEAL.		Duty.
Per cwt.	Per bbl. of 196 lbs.	
3s 5½d	6s 0-33	
3s 1½d	5s 4-31	
2s 9d	4s 9-24	
2s 4½d	4s 2-17	
2s 0½d	3s 7-10	
1s 8½d	3s 0-3	
1s 4½d	2s 4-26	

RYE, PEAS, BEANS, BARLEY, BEAR OR BIGG.		Duty.
Barley average.		
under 26s		5s 0d
26s and under	27s	4s 6d
27s —	28s	4s 0d
28s —	29s	3s 6d
29s —	30s	3s 0d
30s —	31s	2s 6d
31s and upwards		2s 0d

The change is very great. The first effect of the repeal of the Corn Law was the admission of a very large amount of foreign wheat and flour, then in bond. This large quantity, amounting to two million quarters of wheat, and 750,000 bbls. of flour, was at once thrown upon the market in order to secure the low duty upon the average prices of wheat then existing—for it will be perceived that until February, 1849, a sliding scale of duties is kept up—the duties rising as the average price of grain falls.

The unavoidable consequence of such a supply suddenly thrown upon the market was a decline in prices. The highest quotations for the best western flour were 26s. 8d. down to 24s. for southern; wheat 7s. 3d. to 8s. per bushel of 70 lbs., in both cases duty paid. The duty on wheat was about 6d. or 11 cents per bushel, on flour 2s. 4d. or 52 cents per bbl.

The prospects for the harvest in Great Britain are represented by the latest letter, up to 7th of July, as most flattering; and it was confidently believed, that with the foreign supply on hand and in bond, or to be going forward, and the domestic stock still held back by the farmers, there would be ample provision until the products of the harvest should come in.

We have all along expressed the opin-

ion, which we see no reason to modify, that this essential change in the corn laws of England, will have little permanent effect here. We are too distant, and the prices of grain on our seaboard are, on the average, too high, as compared with those on the seaboard of the grain-growing regions of Europe, to enable us to take advantage of any failure in the crops of England, and it will only be in periods of short crops that we shall have any chance at all. This is meant to apply to wheat and flour. As to Indian corn, of which the crop with us is so large and the quality so much superior to that grown elsewhere, the case may be different; but even in regard to that, we have to meet and overcome the want of use, and the prejudices against the use of Indian corn in Great Britain. This is a very difficult, and very doubtful process, even when Famine is at hand, as the Instructor—much more difficult will it be, when the crops yield their ordinary supply.

But if we cannot expect to send forward any very large quantities of Indian corn, in bulk—always a costly operation—we may, it is thought, do a good deal with it in what we have heard quaintly described as its manufactured state—in fattened pork and beef: these products are, under the new British Tariff, admitted *free*; and in this form it is probable that we shall be able most advantageously to ship a part of our immense growth of Indian corn. Beef and pork, fattened with corn, well salted, and cut and otherwise prepared to suit the customs and the tastes of the English market, may, it is believed, become to a very considerable extent, a regular and profitable article of exportation to Great Britain.

The keenness of individual adventure will doubtless discover other modes and other articles, in which, under the lower duties in England, our agriculture may be benefited. And certainly it will need all the aid it may derive from the legislation of foreign countries—for that of our own seems intent upon striking it down. We entertain the undoubting conviction, that agriculture—at least as much as the manufacturer—is dependent for its prosperity upon a protective Tariff, which, by creating markets on the spot where the produce is raised, both stimulates and rewards the labor of the husbandman.

If then, as is to be greatly feared, the bill now pending in the Senate of the United States, after having been passed

by the House of Representatives, for repealing the existing Tariff, should become a law—we shall deplore it, as an evil which every branch and pursuit of home labor will stagger under, but which will affect most seriously and permanently the farmer.

Possibly the low prices occasioned by diminished consumption, and increased production at home, by reason of the numberless new hands thrown upon the cultivation of the earth by the failure of other employments, may furnish opportunity and temptation to try the market of England, under her new laws; but even if that succeed, the producer will benefit little thereby, the profit, if any, going into the pockets of the shipper.

In financial affairs, the government is proceeding at cross-purposes. A Sub-Treasury bill, which has passed the House, and is, if party drill can effect it, to be pushed through the Senate, enacts that gold and silver only are and henceforth shall be the currency—not of the country, for that Congress cannot control—but of the government! But the wants of the Administration, arising from the costly and wasteful war with Mexico, have imposed upon them the necessity of having recourse to Treasury notes, and the law of the land now authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to issue and reissue, so as to keep out constantly, if he can, *Ten million dollars* of Treasury notes, the very opposite of gold and silver, since they are only promises to pay, unsupported by the specific pledge of any period to redeem them, and resting entirely upon the faith of the government. These notes, upon the face of them, are made receivable in all debts, or duties, or payments of any sort to the government—in terms, therefore, violating that provision of the Sub-Treasury bill which forbids the government either to pay or to receive aught but coin. And yet the passage of the Sub-Treasury bill is still asked for.

In other respects the money market is tranquil though tight. The Commerce of Exchange in Europe tends rather to favor the importation, than the exportation of specie, and but for the anxiety occasioned by the apprehension of large importations of European fabrics under the low duties of the new Tariff—if, as is expected, it becomes a law—the money market will soon become easy and steady.

But this alternative, under the Tariff, seems unavoidable, either that it will



leave the Government without revenue, or that in producing the requisite revenue, it will bankrupt the banks—the process is obvious. Owing to the great reduction of duties, the revenue calculated upon of some *twenty-eight million* of dollars, can only be levied upon a large increase, over those of each of the last preceding years, of the foreign importations. But as it is, and with the importations of the last year, and the two preceding years, Exchange upon Europe has been rather against us—thus showing that we are importing to the full as much as we can pay for. If then to the amount be added, as in order to raise the revenue required must be the case, over *forty millions*, it is obvious that the balance against us will be enormously increased, and can only be paid in specie.

The exportation, however, of that sum, or anything approaching that sum in specie, would cause such a panic among

the banks as would first break their dealers, and then break the banks themselves.

The alternative, therefore, is as above stated, the bankruptcy of the Treasury, or of the Banks, and in either case suffering and distress among all classes, and especially among those whose comfort and labor are always least cared for, when general popularity leads to a general demand for labor, and consequently high wages.

We can hardly expect, before this number goes to press, to know certainly the fate of Mr. McKay's bill in the Senate; but our fears are for the worst.

The concurring testimony, from all parts of our country, is in favor of a most abundant harvest. In many States, indeed, it is already gathered in, and although with partial injury here and there from rust, or the insect, the aggregate will exceed that of any former harvest.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE European intelligence of the last month, is both interesting and important. The most prominent event which it records, is the consummation of the new commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel: and the next is the dissolution of the Ministry by which this great change has been effected. The new Corn and Custom Bills had their third reading and final passage in the House of Lords on the night of June 25th; and upon the same night the House of Commons, by a majority of 73, rejected the bill which the Ministry had brought forward, for the preservation of life and the repression of outrage in Ireland. On the Saturday following, the Premier tendered his resignation in person to the sovereign. It was accepted, and Lord John Russell was summoned to take upon himself the formation of a new Cabinet, in which, it is understood, Lord Palmerston will have charge of the Foreign Department, and Earl Grey the Secretaryship of the Colonies.

The close of Sir Robert Peel's administration, witnessed a personal controversy which is worthy of remark, as much for the disgrace it reflects upon the principal actor as for the interest of the question which was involved. Mr. d'Israeli unites the characters of author and politician. In literature, his ambition is worthy and honorable, and his success has been considerable. In Parliament, he seems to have limited his efforts entirely to the gratifica-

tion of a personal hatred towards Sir Robert Peel. His parliamentary efforts thus far have been confined to assaults, of the most bitter and vindictive character, upon the character, personal and political, of that distinguished statesman. On the evening of June 15th, he repeated, with specifications, the charge which he had often before with less distinctness brought forward, that Sir Robert had very dishonestly changed his opinions upon the subject of Catholic Emancipation. In 1827, Sir Robert abandoned Mr. Canning, because the latter was in favor of Emancipation, to which the former professed to be opposed:—Mr. d'Israeli's charge is that Sir Robert was actually himself in favor of it and had been since 1825, but that he concealed this fact and pretended to be opposed to it, in order to advance his political fortunes. The allegation was a serious one, and it was supported by plausible evidence. Mr. d'Israeli first brought forward an extract from a speech made by Sir Robert in 1829, in which he said that, in 1825, he "stated to the Earl of Liverpool, who was then at the head of the Administration, that in consequence of the decision against him by the voices of the representatives of that country, the time was come when *something respecting the Catholics, ought, in his opinion, to be done, or that he should be relieved from the duties of the office he held, as it was his anxious desire to be.*" This passage he read from

a report of the speech made in the *Mirror of Parliament*. In *Hausard*, where the report was published with the permission of Sir Robert himself, the words in Italics were omitted. To prove that the *Mirror's* report was correct, Mr. d'Israeli said he had found, upon careful inquiry, that it was made by Mr. Barrow, one of the first short hand writers in the country:—that the *Mirror* employed reporters unconnected with the daily press:—that its reports were very carefully prepared: and finally, that the accuracy of this report was put beyond question by the fact that the report in the *Times*, made by independent reporters, confirmed it in every respect. Mr. d'Israeli did not hesitate, therefore, to charge Sir Robert Peel, not only with having made the admission quoted, but with the further crime of having suppressed the passage in the revision of his speech which he made for *Hausard*. He further quoted an assertion from an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, that at the very time when Sir Robert left Mr. Canning, professedly because he was himself *opposed* to Mr. Canning's Catholic policy, he had in his desk a letter in which two years before he had told Lord Liverpool he was *in favor* of that policy. Mr. d'Israeli dwelt upon these details at length and with force, and claimed a great deal of credit for having "put in its true and intelligible light that mysterious passage which had so long perplexed the politicians of Europe." His speech was well calculated to produce an effect unfavorable to the retiring minister. But in his reply, Sir Robert repelled, most triumphantly, the entire allegation, not only in its general purport but in each and every one of its details. As to the expression quoted from his speech in 1829, he said he should resort to no equivocal interpretation of the words:—he positively denied that he had ever used them. He denied that the report of the *Mirror* was made by Mr. Barrow:—he denied that the report of the *Times* was an independent report, and therefore corroborative of the *Mirror's* accuracy, and said that the latter was made up from the former:—and he then brought forward the reports of that speech made by four other morning papers,—each of which was actually independent of the other, and all of which agreed in omitting the words imputed to him in the report of the *Times* which was copied into the *Mirror*. He further quoted a paragraph from the *Times's* reporter, stating that his speech was indistinctly heard where he was stationed. As to the assertion of the *Edinburgh Review*, adopted by Mr. d'Israeli, he denied that he had ever written any such letter to Lord Liverpool; challenged its production; read all the letters from Lord L. in his possession relating to the subject, and avowed his entire willingness to submit his whole

correspondence with that statesman to any gentleman who might wish to examine it. His reply was in every respect conclusive and triumphant, and was so regarded by every one who heard it. The press generally is justly severe upon Mr. d'Israeli, not only for the grossness and wanton falsehood of his charges, but for the disgrace which the indulgence of his personal malignity has brought upon the House of Commons. In this respect, however, it is clear the House has the power to check and prevent him; and indeed it is only by the favor and indulgence of that body that he has been enabled so thoroughly to disgrace its deliberations.

Sir Robert Peel's explanation of the causes of his retirement from office, and in review of his administration, was an able, dignified, and in every way admirable address. If he had failed in carrying into effect the commercial measures which he had brought forward, he said he should have felt justified in advising a dissolution of Parliament, in order to obtain a constitutional expression of opinion by the people of the country. The evils which the country sustained by the existing condition of things, would, in his opinion, have warranted such an appeal. In regard to the Irish question, upon which the Ministry had been defeated, he did not think a dissolution advisable. He wished it distinctly understood that his opinions upon the Catholic question were the same as those upon which he had acted at the last session of Parliament, and said that in his judgment there ought to be established between England and Ireland a complete equality in all civil, municipal, and political rights—an identity of *spirit* in the legislation of the two countries. He presumed that the new administration would continue those principles of commercial policy which would give them a freer commercial intercourse with other countries, and promised, in that case, his cordial support. During the five years for which power had been committed to his hands, he trusted that neither the honor nor the interest of the country had been compromised. The burden of taxation, he thought, had been equalized; many restrictions upon commerce had been removed; stability had been given to the monetary system of the country; the stability of the British Indian Empire had not been weakened; the honor and glory of the British arms, both by sea and land, in every part of the world, have been maintained; reductions have been made in the public burden, and yet the national defences have been improved; the finances were in a prosperous and buoyant state; there had been more of contentment, less of seditious crimes, less necessity for the exercise of power for the repression of political outrage than there ever was at any antecedent period in the

country: and finally, the foreign relations of the country were left in a most satisfactory state. He especially rejoiced in being able to give the official assurance that every cause of quarrel with that great country on the other side of the Atlantic, was terminated before his retirement from office. In closing, with a proper allusion to himself, he said:

"I shall leave office, I fear, with a name severely censured by many honorable gentlemen, who, on public principle, deeply regret the severance of party ties—who deeply regret that severance, not from any interested or personal motives, but because they believe fidelity to party engagements—the existence and maintenance of a great party—to constitute a powerful instrument of government. I shall surrender power severely censured, I fear again, by many honorable gentlemen, who, from no interested motive, have adhered to the principle of protection as important to the welfare and interests of the country: I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who, from less honorable motives, maintains protection for his own individual benefit; but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labor, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of good-will, when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

It is curious to notice the change produced in the tone of the English press, by the intelligence of the victories of the Rio Grande. Previous to its receipt, the papers, without exception, were very severe upon Gen. Taylor for having allowed himself to be surrounded by the Mexican army; they denounced him as entirely destitute of military skill and capacity, and predicted the entire destruction of the small force under his command. His troops, it was said, were little better than an undisciplined mob, and the prospect of their destruction was regarded as immediate and gratifying. When news was received of the gallant manner in which he had cut his way out of the difficulties which surrounded him, the immense superiority of the *Anglo-Saxon* race formed at once the topic of remark. "If the Mexicans" says the *Spectator*, "could not resist the charge of bayonets, they have only yielded to what is almost uniformly irresistible in the *Anglo-Saxon* race." The bravery and efficiency of the American force are, however, almost universally conceded, though the *Sun* and a few other journals of small calibre and smaller character, put on airs of affected contempt and ridicule.

Sir Charles Napier, in support of his Naval Reform Bill, made some remarkable statements concerning the actual condition

of the British naval service. The experiments which have been made in ship-building, at so great an expense, he declared had not been successful; and in the general construction of steam vessels of war, he said that no attention had been paid to placing the engines and boilers in a proper manner. All the steam boxes were five or six feet above the water: and if in action a single twelve or twenty-four pounder struck that box, every man below must be destroyed—must be boiled to death or fried to a cinder. If such a thing happened in action, he said they could not expect a single head-man or engineer to occupy his place. He proposed that the Board of Admiralty should be reduced to three, and that three Comptrollers should also be appointed, each with specified duties. The bill was rejected in the House by a large majority; but the statements concerning the character and efficiency of the steam vessels in service, coming from so high an authority, are worthy of attention.

The national testimonial, raised by subscription for Mr. Rowland Hill in acknowledgment of his eminent public service in the postage reform, was formally presented at a meeting held on the 17th. It amounted to £13,360. Mr. Hill, in his remarks on that occasion, made some statements concerning the actual operation of the new system worthy of notice in this country. The number of chargeable letters delivered throughout the United Kingdom in 1838, he said, was about 75,000,000: in 1845 it was 271,000,000; and in January of the present year, the date of the latest returns, it was at the rate of 303,000,000 per annum. It had been established the gross amount of revenue would be made up when the increase was four-and-a-half fold.

Ibrahim Pacha is visiting England. He has been at Manchester, where he made a very careful inspection of the various manufacturing establishments. He is said to evince a very earnest desire to carry home with him a clear knowledge of the condition of the country, and of the means by which its immense prosperity has been secured, with a view to the improvement of his own dominions. His visit excites a good deal of notice.

The election of a new Pope, in place of the late Gregory XVI., was accomplished without any of the difficulty which had been apprehended. The Conclave of the Sacred College lasted only two days, the decision of the Cardinals having been hastened, it is said, by fears of popular agitation and of difficulty, from the intrigues of the agents of foreign powers. The choice fell upon the Cardinal Jean Marie Mastai, of the family of the Counts Mastai-Ferretti, who has assumed the title of Pius IX. He was born at Sinigaglia, in the States of the Church, May 13, 1792, was named Car-

dinal *in petto*, Dec. 23, 1839, and proclaimed Dec. 14, 1840. He is one of the youngest Popes ever elected, and has a very high reputation for talent, learning, vigor and piety. The territory of the States of the Church remains very nearly as it was defined by the Congress of Vienna. It extends over a surface of 2,250 square leagues with a population of 2,908,115 inhabitants. The revenue is about \$10,000,000. The territory is divided into twenty provinces, which are administered each by a legate. The Sacred College decides on all matters belonging to the Church. There are various boards, each with its appropriate functions, and the Pope has a Council of Ministers. The army is under the management of a council, consisting of a prelate and five councillors. The States are divided into three military districts. The army consists of 14,600 men, besides a reserve of 6,000, and 3,000 national guards for Rome and Bologna. The *Paris Journal des Debats* publishes a letter from Naples which gives the following interesting personal particulars of the character of the newly elected Pope :

"In 1836, being at Naples, I had the honor of becoming personally acquainted with the present Pope, who was residing in that town as nuncio to the Neapolitan Court. His stay in that city will ever be remembered by the inhabitants, and particularly by the poorer classes. At the time when the cholera was raging, he disposed of his plate, furniture and equipages, and distributed the proceeds to the unfortunate victims of that disease. During the whole period of the epidemic, the sick continually received from him the consolations of religion, as well as assistance from his purse. In these visits he always went on foot, and when observations were made to him on the subject, he would reply by these remarkable words, 'When the poor of Jesus Christ die in the streets, his ministers ought not to ride in carriages.' He unites with this evangelical charity a modesty and simplicity which increase the value of it. Easy of access, he is kind and affable in his manners, and all those who have known him can testify to the extreme benevolence of his disposition. On the throne these qualities of private life become virtues. With sincere piety, he also joins an energetic and resolute character."

It is hoped, and confidently predicted, that he will administer the Papacy with moderation and discretion, and that he will introduce into the Papal states some of the reforms which have been so long and so greatly needed. The want of encouragement hitherto to every species of industry and enterprise, the absence of trade, the neglect of agriculture and the poverty of the people, have been cited as having given birth to a class of men who are always ready to rush into rebellion for the opportunities it holds forth of robbery and plunder. Caution and sound discretion, as well

as boldness and vigor, will be required to introduce a new order of things.

The death of Mr. B. R. Haydon, an English artist of a good deal of merit, by his own hand, in a moment of depression caused by professional failure and consequent poverty, caused a deep sensation in London. He had conceived the design of executing a series of six pictures, to illustrate the new Houses of Parliament; and upon the first of these, a colossal representation of Alfred the Great and the first British Jury, he was engaged at the time of his death. He had become involved in debt by the necessary expenditures of his family, and made arrangements in March for an exhibition, upon the returns of which he hung an almost despairing hope. In his diary he made entries from day to day, of his success. Under date of April 13, he says: "Receipts, £1 3s. 6d. An advertisement of a finer description could not have been written to catch the public, but not a shilling more was added to the receipts. They run by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They see my bills and caravans, but do not read them; their eyes are on them, but their sense is gone. It is an insanity, a *rabies furor*, a dream, of which I would not have believed Englishmen could be guilty. My situation is now one of extreme peril," &c. On the 21st of April, he noted that the number of his visitors for the week had been 133, while Tom Thumb's levee during the same period had been attended by 12,000 persons. Overwhelmed by the threatening prospect before him, he wrote to several persons in high place for relief. Only *one* found time or inclination to reply. Mr. Haydon's application was made June 15th. On that evening Mr. d'Israeli, in the House of Commons, made the venomous and elaborate attack upon Sir Robert Peel, already alluded to, and forced the Premier, in the midst of his already overwhelming labors, while preparing for his retirement and for the able exposition of public affairs which he afterwards made, to enter into a minute explanation of newspapers printed and letters written more than twenty years before. Yet, in the midst of these anxieties, these corroding cares and this incessant storm of malignant persecution, Sir Robert Peel found time to respond to the call of distress which came up from the painter's study. The following entries in the diary record a brief and heart-touching history:

"June 16 — Sat from 2 to 5 o'clock staring at my picture like an idiot; my brain pressed down by anxiety and the anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition. We have raised money on all our silver to keep us from want in case of accident. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to —, and to —, stating that I have a heavy sum to pay. I have

offered 'The Duke's Study' to —. Who answered first? *Tormented by D'Ivadi*; harassed by public business; up came the following letter:

"Whitehall, June 16.

"Sir,—I am sorry to hear of your continued embarrassments. From a limited fund which I have at my disposal, I send, as a contribution to relieve you from these embarrassments, the sum of 50*l*.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient serv't,  
"ROBERT PEE*L*.

"Be so good as to sign and return the accompanying receipt."

"That's Peel. Will —, —, or — answer?"

"June 18.—This morning, fearing I should be involved, I returned to a young bookseller some books for which I had not paid him. No reply from — or —! *And this Peel is the man who has no heart!*

"June 21.—Slept horribly, prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

"June 22.—God forgive me. Amen.

"Finis. "B. R. HAYDON.

"Stretch me no longer on this rough world."

"The end of the 26th volume." [Lear.

His daughter went into his studio, soon after this last entry was made, and there lay the body of her father, stretched upon the floor just in front of his great picture,—the lifeless corpse of the aged man, his white hair saturated with blood, his head resting upon his right arm, near which lay two razors, one in a case and the other smeared with blood, half-open by his side. A small pistol, newly discharged, was also near him. He was dressed with great neatness in his ordinary attire, and had placed the portrait of his wife on a small easel just in front of his large picture. On an adjoining table lay his diary, in which he had just made the entry last quoted. Packets of letters, addressed to various persons, were about the room, and his prayer-book was fixed open on a portion of the service. The *Times* speaks of this as one of those "events which impel even sober-minded men towards the conviction that this condition of society should no longer exist, *whatever be the cost of the change.*"

Captain Sturt has returned to England from his protracted and laborious exploration in Australia. He reached latitude 25° 45' and longitude 139° 13'. His expedition, however, has proved quite as fruitless as those of his predecessors.

The Council of King's College have put forth proposals for the endowment of a Chinese Professorship in that institution, the first of the kind in England, and, unless we are mistaken, in Europe. Dr. Pfiz-mayer, of Vienna, is named as qualified to

be the professor. In summing up the reasons for such a professorship, the Council state that a knowledge of that ancient language will empower men of science to "cultivate that only remaining great field of inquiry on the globe which enterprising travelers have not already in a great measure exhausted."

The issue of the recent scientific expedition of Dr. Lepsius has been indicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences in a letter from Humboldt, from which it appears that the journey has yielded rich historical and archæological results. Thirteen hundred magnificent drawings, thousands of sketches, and all the manuscripts have arrived in Berlin, and two vessels, laden with the monuments collected, were on the way. They include immense numbers of most valuable relics. Dr. Lepsius brings also full materials for the study of a great number of African languages.

A great number of letters and other autographs of Queen Christina, have been discovered at Florence: the Swedish Queen constituted the Cardinal Azzellini her legatee, which accounts for the place of this discovery. Dr. Pinner of Berlin, it is said, has discovered in Odessa a manuscript, on parchment, of the Prophet Habbakuk—more than a thousand years old—which has importance in regard to the Hebrew vowel points.

The necrology of the month contains few names very widely known, though among them are those of persons of some degree of distinction. M. de Ochoa, whom M. Villemain recently sent upon a scientific and literary mission to Central Asia, and whose knowledge of Oriental literature was very profound, died at Paris soon after his return, and before his report was ready for the press. D. Marheinecke, the celebrated theological professor at Berlin, died recently at the age of 68. M. Eyries, a distinguished geographer, died at Paris, aged 60; and at Munich the Canon Balthazar Sheath, one of the most learned archæologists of Germany, has died at the age of 72. At Dusseldorf, Benzenberg, the eminent professor of astronomy and natural philosophy, who first made observations, at Gottingen in 1798, on the distance and the orbit of the falling stars, is dead, aged 67.

In a paper read before the London Geological Society recently, Dr. Lyell expressed the opinion, that the ornithoidichnites and the supposed mammalian foot-prints, found in the coal-field of Pennsylvania, are not real impressions, but artificial sculptures made by the Indians.

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July, 1846.

If security and stability were wanting to the Cabinet of St. James, these advantages have been enjoyed in a preëminent degree by the ministerial council-board of the Tuilleries. As the Conqueror of Waterloo has lent in England the weight of his name to the Cabinet, leaving the active leadership to Sir Robert Peel, so the Victor of Toulouse has given his countenance, and that only, to the Guizot ministry. The government of the middle classes represented by this cabinet has been ever since the Revolution of 1830 gradually consolidating itself, as might have been anticipated. The national convulsions which attended its origin were succeeded by several rapid changes. Public feeling did not all at once settle down into a state of repose; nor did public opinion at once comprehend the scope and destiny to which the events of the Barricades inevitably led. Time has, however, seemed to enlighten parties; and in proportion, as a constitutional and representative monarchy is more clearly apprehended and fully understood, government has become more stable, and cabinets less transitory. The present cabinet has maintained itself undisturbed for a longer period than any which has been formed under the present dynasty.

On all the most essential points of his policy, foreign and domestic, M. Guizot and his colleagues are supported by a large majority of the Chambers. This policy has been moderately conservative. The precipitation of change which always follows a revolution has been checked, but the progress of real improvement has not been arrested. A studied effort to bring the working of the Monarchical Institutions of France into conformity with the model afforded by England, has been the aim equally of the two great parliamentary leaders of the ministerial party and the opposition. In their opinions of the way to accomplish this they differ, but as to the object they agree. The personal share of the sovereign, in the direction of the state, at this moment forms their most prominent subject of disagreement. M. Guizot maintains, that the personal influence of the crown ought to be admitted, but should be exercised under ministerial responsibility. M. Thiers holds, that the crown should have an inert personality, exercising no influence, and offering no interference with the measures of those who are called its

responsible advisers. M. Guizot holds, that the ministers are to aid the crown, and to take the responsibility of its acts when they approve them, or to retire from the royal councils when they disapprove them. M. Thiers holds, that the ministers are to supersede the crown, which is to sanction their acts so long as the Chambers sanction them. M. Guizot holds, that the sovereign is a real, an entire and intelligent branch of the Legislature as well as being the chief of the Executive. M. Thiers holds, that the sovereign is little more than a stuffed figure, gilt and adorned, and placed in a chair, called the throne, in whose name the acts of the state are done.

Perhaps we may have here a little overcharged the picture, but its general outline is correct. The origin of these differences is to be traced partly to the genius of the French nation, partly to the traditions of the monarchy and the empire, but most, perhaps, to the personal character of Louis Philippe. In England the sovereign is never present at the deliberations of the Cabinet, nor are these deliberations made known to the crown until they have attained some decisive form to give effect to which the royal functions must be exercised. It is true that when a statesman is charged by the sovereign to form a cabinet the general policy which he will pursue is supposed to be made known, but this is needless since the circumstances which precede such a measure necessarily expose that knowledge to the whole nation. It has been, however, the practice of the present King of France to adhere to the custom of former monarchs, and to preside at the meetings of the Cabinet. Against this practice it has been objected by M. Thiers, that the presence of the sovereign must injuriously restrict the freedom of discussion; that the influence of so exalted a personage must check the expression of opinion where that opinion deviates from the declared personal sentiments of the sovereign; that questions must frequently arise, especially on matters of finance, dotation of the royal family, and other subjects in which the sovereign must be supposed to have an immediate interest, and that such questions cannot be fairly and independently discussed in his presence. It is, therefore, contended that the council of ministers ought to be free from the royal presence, as is properly the custom in England.

On the other hand, M. Guizot, sensible doubtless of the great advantage derivable from the sagacity of the present sovereign of France, and feeling that from none of his colleagues in the Cabinet does he derive the same wise and prudent aid as from Louis Philippe himself, maintains that the voice and influence of the sovereign ought to be heard at the Council Board, where it will be received for what it is worth, and where, if it counsel dangerous measures, the exclusive responsibility of the ministers, who alone can carry them into effect, is the best guaranty for the safety of the State.

This difference arising out of the personal nature of the government of Louis Philippe, supplied the most striking part of the debate with which the present session of the Chamber of Deputies closed. The speeches of the leaders of the opposition were avowedly made as manifestoes to the constituents, preparatory to the approaching general election, and not with a view to any practical effect on the measures before the Chamber. In England the expedient of addressing the country through the Chamber, before an election, is not necessary, because the mode in which elections are conducted in that country, not only allows the candidates to address their constituents in meetings convened expressly for the purpose, previous to the election, but also leaves an opportunity for speaking from the hustings on the occasion of the election itself. These meetings are not in accordance with the French law or custom, and would, it is said, be dangerous to the public order. Parliament and pamphlet, especially the latter, which are numerous and widely circulated and read, supply their place.

Notwithstanding the talent and tact of M. Thiers, and the coalition which has taken place among different sections of the opposition, the Guizot party still retains a large majority. What may be the result of the coming election, it is impossible to say, but those best acquainted with the country are of opinion that a majority will be returned in favor of the present government, sufficiently large to give it perfect stability. Much is said of the extent to which official corruption is carried, by the use or abuse of the vast patronage of the crown. But it may be answered, that in a purely representative governments, no administration could go on independently of the influence of patronage; that this is the fly-wheel which regulates the machine, helping it on when the moving power gets enfeebled, and moderating its energy when it becomes too active. At all events, it is certain that the present opposition would avail itself of the same engine of power to quite as great an extent if it succeeded to office.

Although the recent atrocious attempt

on the life of the king had no political meaning, and was totally unconnected with any political party, directly or indirectly, it has, nevertheless, tended to increase the king's popularity, and to strengthen the ministry. Great indignation has been expressed by the opposition, because the prosecuting officer instituted rigid inquiries, and persevered in them to the last, with the view of connecting the affair with some political party.

At present the commercial policy of France is, as it always has been, exclusive and prohibitive in its spirit. The measures now in progress in England are regarded with the most profound interest, and a division of opinion has already manifested itself on this subject. The existing administration, without committing itself irrevocably to any policy, has expressed itself with that moderation which indicates a disposition to wait events; to watch the effects of the measure in England, and allowing fairly for the different circumstances of the two countries, to adapt to France such modifications of the English system as may seem best suited to it. In short, it requires no very extraordinary powers of foresight to see that the liberty of commerce once established in England, it will be impossible to prevent it from spreading into France and elsewhere.

In general, France is slow in the adoption of great social changes. This arises in part from the character of the people, but chiefly from the prohibition of all public meetings. Still, though late, the improvements *do* make their way at last. At the commencement of the peace, there were no footways in Paris. They are now in every part of the town. Walter Scott, conversing one day in the Rue St. Honoré, with a Parisian acquaintance, observed on the inconvenience arising from the want of the accommodation of side-flagging for the pedestrian, when his Parisian friend replied, "*Mais, mon dieu, monsieur, moi, j'aime mieux la totalité de la rue!*" The Parisians have, however, at length, learned to prefer the safety and cleanliness of a good footway, or *trottoir*, as they call it, to the *totalité de la rue*. They have, moreover, constructed sewers so as to produce an excellent system of drainage; they have carried water-pipes in all directions; they have lighted the city with gas, and have, at last, brought themselves to adopt the railway system.

If the Parisians have been behind the English in the progress of the industrial arts, and have been slow to adopt immediately the vast improvements in the Social system, such as the cheap postage system, which, next to the great measure of freedom of trade, will signalize the present epoch of English history; there are two stupendous moral reforms to which the

government of the Barricades and the dynasty of Louis Philippe may point with a just pride; reforms which, with all its cant on the subject of religious observances, Sabbath-keeping, and the rest, England has not dared to attempt. We refer to the suppression of gambling houses and the extinction of public prostitution. These social miracles, for they are truly nothing less, have been worked by the present French government.

It is known to all who have been acquainted with France, that gambling rooms have always been under the surveillance of the police and were subjected to a tax, from which a considerable revenue resulted. These establishments, in every variety of form, and on every scale of magnitude, abounded in every quarter of Paris. The Palais Royal was especially noted for them, and as the chief part of that edifice is the private property of King Louis Philippe, that personage had a direct advantage in their continuance. Nevertheless, the whole system has been abolished, and no house of play can now exist in Paris without the imminent risk of detection by the vigilance of the police, and consequent subjection to the penalties of the law. And in fact, this measure of moral reform is carried into practical effect. Such houses now either

do not exist at all, or exist so rarely and so stealthily as to have no considerable effect on public morals.

But a still greater wonder has been accomplished in the purification of Paris from the barefaced exhibition of female vice, which used everywhere to encounter the eyes, and which rendered it impossible for modest females to frequent the public walks at certain hours. All this has been reformed, and vice, wherever it may exist now, is at least compelled to do homage to virtue by preserving the outward appearances and adopting the external manners of decency and propriety. The theatres, the public amusements and the public promenades of Paris are now exempt from the intrusion of any persons who can offend the eye of the most modest, or pollute the ear of the purest; and this is the case at all hours, not only by day but by night. The streets at all hours are quiet and orderly, and the pedestrian encounters nothing indicative of the presence of any other qualities save virtue and propriety. When we remember the condition of the Broadway, from the Astor House to Chambers street, we cannot but admit that the moral evils arising from the want of a strict and efficient police are somewhat manifest.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE MODEL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—Among the many happy productions of the modern art of perspective drawing, we have always been particularly interested in the *aeroscopic*, or *bird's-eye* views of great cities. London, Paris and Rome especially, taken in this way, have been to us particular studies; and we may safely say that we have gained in one hour a better knowledge of the physical aspect of those "places powerful and eke renowned," than we have from reading any books. But no such pictorial view, however skillfully executed, can equal in faithfulness and reality of impression the exhibition of a city in carved blocks of wood, by which every street and building, with all the docks and water-craft shall be reproduced to the eye, with an exact attention to proportion. We do not know that we have ever been more struck with any curious work of art than with the "Model of New-York city," now on exhibition, constructed by an ingenious young man, Mr. E. P. Belden. The felicitous minuteness displayed in this creation—for it is a creation—is wonderful. The whole piece is constructed on several compartments, which, united, make a platform of nearly thirty feet square. The city is thus repre-

sented entire, together with all Brooklyn, and the North and East rivers, with their forests of masts and water-craft. Every street is seen, no longer or wider than it should be in comparison with every other. Each building, large or small, whether the Astor House, the University, or a sentry-box, is carved out of a separate piece of wood, and put in its place, with the exact color and proportion that belong to it. Probably not a man in the city but could at once point out his own dwelling. Some of the larger structures, as Trinity and Grace churches, the City Hall, the University, the Custom-House, and Merchants' Exchange, are exquisitely shaped and finished, and would fetch high prices as models. The number of separate pieces composing some of them amount to several hundreds. Grace has over one thousand. So minute is the work, that the very awning-posts are given, and all the rigging on the well-known vessels and steamers in the bay and rivers. Nothing now in this city is better worth seeing; and if it is to be exhibited over the Union, it will give people in distant places a perfect idea of the American Metropolis. To see it to advantage, it must be studied minutely.



*Payne's Illustrated London: a Series of Views of the British Metropolis and its Environs; with Historical and Descriptive Letter-press: Each Part containing ten highly finished steel Engravings.* Price 25 cents. C. Muller, 118 Nassau Street, New York.

These Engravings are really beautiful. We have seen nothing that in so small compass gives so clear ideas of the chief buildings of the great British Metropolis. The written descriptions are also well executed. There are in the two Numbers before us, the Royal Exchange, St. Paul's from the River—a splendid apparition—the Custom House, Christ's Hospital, the vast stretch of Somerset House along the Thames, that "Buckingham Palace," whose costly walls were consecrated, at building, by the curses of the people and the blood of Charles, the massive masonry of Northumberland House, with many others

"Of note historic and antique renown."

Many curious antiquarian facts may be gathered from the pages of the work.

*Shores of the Mediterranean; with Sketches of Travel.* By FRANCIS SCHRÄDER, Secretary to the Commodore commanding the U. S. Squadron in that sea, 1843-'45. Harper & Brothers.

These two handsome volumes are written in a lively and pleasing vein, in the form of what appear to have been the veritable impressions of the moment, written down in journal fashion. Notwithstanding an attempt to avoid saying too much on hackneyed scenes and subjects, we think the author might have compressed his work into half the space, and made it far more interesting to the reader, by omitting much that is said about the ship, the officers, and the passages from place to place, and by confining himself to sketches here and there, and only where he felt it to be an object to give nothing more than a glance. As it is, much of the work will be interesting only to those who traveled in company, or who are acquainted with the author and his friends. The best thing in the first volume is the account of Jerusalem, in which he sums up, in a small space, the actual state of things in the Holy City, without venturing into any elaborate conjectural details as to which are the true and which the false relics; a maze, in endeavoring to unwind which, most modern travelers contrive to sicken both themselves and their readers midst the mass of superstition, bigotry and importance which they encounter at every turn.

He had several peeps at the slave-markets of Constantinople and other Turkish places. The ugly slaves seemed to be very happy and contented, but he gives vent in several places to his sympathy for the Circassians, and his contempt for their masters, especially on one occasion, when, in the kitchen of the Harem, he tasted a sort of vile mince-meat mess on which the beauties were compelled to lunch.

The second volume contains some graphic sketches of scenes in Egypt, on the Nile, and more especially in Granada. There are many serviceable observations, by the way, on matters and things of general interest, but no attempts at labored dissertations and discussions. We should say that the author was an excellent fellow, with a refined taste, and a jovial disposition, but without any great pretensions in any one department of knowledge; and that his book would be a good companion at a watering place or rustic retreat.

*The Novitiate; or a year among the English Jesuits.* Harper & Brothers.

This is an account of the writer's experience during one year spent at the College of Stonyhurst, in a preparatory course for entering the Society of the Jesuits as a priest. The book contains about three hundred pages, but might have been made much shorter had the writer confined himself to a simple statement of what he was required to do under the "Exercises of Ignatius," without giving at length his meditations and reflections which are rather dull reading, and show that Mr. Andrew Steinietz would not have distinguished himself as a preacher had he remained in the society. He appears to have been sincere, however, and his statements bear every appearance of truth. He had formed an exalted idea of the Jesuits' "intellectuality and austerity;" he was to live among men "whose very name had become a pass-word to literature—men who considered intellectual eminence worthy of emulation, and had the means, by sequestration from the world and ample wealth, of encouraging every talent and predilection to their greatest development." In this he was disappointed. He saw but few indications of talent, or even of extensive information among the fathers who were introduced to him. To one of them he put the question, "How it happened that amongst so many clever men of the society, no triumphant answer was put forth to meet the 'Provincial Letters of Pascal?'" "There was," said he; "but Father Daniel's reply was heavy—it lacked the wit of Pascal." He gives the fathers and his fellow-novices full credit for sincerity, but found it impossible to accommodate his

opinions to the standard, and often caught himself in the act of putting the question, "*Cui bono?*" instead of deferring, as in duty bound, to the judgment of his superiors, and so left them. Obedience was everything, and he was pointed to this Saint and that who had distinguished himself as a model of obedience—doing nothing except "*permissu superiorum*," and what seemed a natural consequence of this "*ad maiorem Dei gloriam*." There are many curious details tending to shed light on the peculiar devices for habituating the mind to one particular set of opinions. One single example was held forth to show the nature of blind obedience and its reward. "A certain holy man was ordered by his superior to water a dry stick set upright in the ground. He obeyed without a question or a thought of a question—and behold! the stick put forth branches and grew a beautiful tree." In the matter of chastity, our novice found some singular facts to help him in keeping that most difficult of vows, such as that "love divine in all its objects—but most to the Virgin and other female saints of the calendar—was but human love, with all its raptures; only it was shorn of its grossness;" following upon which discovery, there was a "curious dream." Again he observed that "men prefer female saints for their patronesses, and that women prefer male saints for their patrons."

Some of the instances given in illustration of holy obedience, would be amusing, were they not disgusting—but the flagellation is truly laughable when he describes "Twenty whips crackling like a hail-storm on twenty innocent backs;" and further tells us that "in the excitement, very similar to a shower-bath, we could not help tossing the whip into the desk; and then, diving into the sheets, felt very comfortable indeed." The chain around the loins was the worst; like "the huge centipedes of the west, crawling round the limb, that felt a sudden sting if it made the slightest motion; for it was when we moved that we were truly mortified."

He sums up the conclusion to which he finally came, in the following words, "I had long endeavored to distinguish between the 'greater glory of God,' and the greater glory of the Society of the Jesuits; I had fixed the idea in this matter, as in everything else, that the end was distinct from the means, and I am compelled to declare that every remark but one pronounced in the novitiate, whether by novices or superiors, who visited us, brought home the growing conviction that we were prepared to take our "shares" in a grand speculation, which was to invest the entire earth in its grasping monopoly." \* \* \* "Unsatisfactory as was the opinion I formed of

the intellectual attainment of those whom I met at Stonyhurst, I doubt not, (and I candidly record the fact,) that each and all had their peculiar talent: their tact adapted to some peculiar emergency."

The concluding part of the book contains a summary of the history and constitutions of the Society, which presents much information in a small space. Some of the questions of casuistry, and their answers, certainly look too much like justifying the means by the end. But this, of course, is their peculiar inheritance.

*The American Journal of Science and Arts*, conducted by Prof. SILLIMAN, B. SILLIMAN, jun., and JAMES B. DANA.

This work has, on the whole, done us more honor abroad than any other periodical published in this country. It has been received by the European world as the representation of the scientific attainments and discoveries in the United States. And such it is. Its merit is parallel, or very nearly, with the course and condition of science among us. There is never a number without some interesting articles from our most able and accomplished men in what is, rather arbitrarily, called science. It ought to be widely patronized—especially as being the only Journal of the kind in America. Its efficiency has been increased by the addition of Mr. Dana's name, and its interest for the general reader, by the greater frequency of its publication—being now issued every two months.

*Bartlett and Welford's Catalogue of Ancient and Modern Books, recently imported.*

The Catalogue published by this house, and to be seen at the end of the Review, will be found to contain many works of very great merit, and some rarely to be met with. We have examined many of them—the prices are affixed; and it may be added with perfect confidence, that any person from a distance, noticing a particular work, and desiring to possess it, may order it with perfect security, that its condition will be found to correspond with the description. Antiquaries buying books for no other reason than because they are old, will find them preserved in leather cases of a musky fragrance, dreaded by all worms, next to embalment.

**FILTRATION OF WATER.**—There is no subject which has more thoroughly tasked the ingenuity of man than the filtration of water. Simple as the matter seems to every one, millions have been expended to effect it, and no means has been devised by which it could be accomplished on anything like an extended scale. The quality of the best river water is more or less impure; dele-

terious substances, animalcules, and the like, are constantly visible in the waters of the Croton and Schuylkill, when in their natural state. We are glad to observe, therefore, that the necessity which its impurity begets has been supplied, in a convenient, simple and ingenious contrivance by W. H. Jennison. We seldom give place to the notice of such matters, but as the invention is truly beneficial, and its construction founded on scientific principles, we do not hesitate to urge its usefulness upon every resident citizen. We shall have more to say about the Croton, and its introduction into this metropolis.

*French Domestic Cookery—combining elegance with economy, &c.* Harper & Brothers.

As no manual of politeness will of itself make a gentleman, so can no book of cookery of itself make a cook. Experience is wanted in both cases. It is not sufficient to be told when and where to make a bow; but one must have been in the habit of doing it all his lifetime to make it come easy and graceful to him. A receipt for making an omelette is apparently a very simple thing, but it requires the science of an experienced operator to "pour the eggs into the pan and fry quickly, taking care that it be nicely browned underneath, fold it in half upon a dish and serve" so as to present the delicate light and savory preparation which graces a Frenchman's breakfast table.

Among the receipts here given is one for "omelette au rum," which finishes with the direction to "pour over it a good quantity of rum, and set fire to it *at the moment* of sending it to the table." We remember to have heard of a lady in the country, who having seen, when dining out, a plumb pudding served up in this way, determined, when next she invited company, to astonish them with the same. The receipt was placed before the cook who prepared the pudding, and poured over it the brandy or rum; but, lest it should all burn out before reaching the dining-room, she lit a piece of paper, and quietly following the stout Irish girl who officiated as waiter, set fire to the liquid just as she was entering the room. Judy, who had not been advised of this movement, and had "never heard of the invention before," no sooner saw the blue flames arise than she dropped pudding and all into the fire-place, and by way of comforting the mortified mistress, exclaimed,

"Isn't it lucky ye'r didn't ate it before it turned into fire in the insides of ye'r?" We can readily imagine the discomfiture of many a good housewife in the country, who should endeavor to follow in detail the elaborate directions here given for making what, when done, seems a very simple thing, and which a French cook would, by dint of industry, do up in a jiffey.

But though such a book will not make a cook, it will contribute to improve one. By adding a little of this, or subtracting a little of that, we add new flavor to a well-known dish. There are many things in the French cuisine which it is desirable to have better known in this country. We eat generally about twice as much meat as is good for us, or as we should do were the French method of cooking potatoes and other vegetables more generally known. There are some very funny compounds in the book before us, and variety enough to satisfy any gourmand—there being no less than fifteen or twenty different methods of dressing every imaginable thing: sauces, ragouts and stews, in French, English, Italian, Spanish, German, Polish, Russian and Gothic. In turning over the leaves one is astonished at the attention bestowed on trifles. We had supposed that 325 pages of fine print might comprehend everything in the science, but we are told that "there is a quarto volume published, with a great number of figures upon the art of folding a napkin, and giving it the form of animals." There is another, containing the art of carving meats, fowl and fish. There are 7 pages on that subject in this modest "*Cuisinière de la campagne et de la Ville*." The book before us will be highly useful to those gentlemen who are so perplexed to make out the dishes on French tables, and so afraid of tasting unknown things—the thousands of gaping travelers, who dine at the house of a minister abroad, and drink the contents of finger-glasses, thinking it "mighty weak lemonade;" or, in their ignorance of the French language, are obliged to go through the symbolical operation of milking the cow with both hands, before they can make the garcon comprehend that they want *café au lait*, and not coffee and brandy. We remember hearing a gentleman ask the name of a dish pointing to a disguised chicken on the opposite side of a table d'hôte. "Poulet!" was the reply. "Taint pullet—it's a tough old hen," said an elderly gentleman, who had just helped himself to a piece, and was striving his hardest to masticate it. So ends our chapter about cookery books.

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THE  
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"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

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NO. XXI.

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SEPTEMBER, 1846.

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THE  
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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW:

## A WHIG JOURNAL

OF

### POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.

No. III.

#### THE TARIFF OF 1846.

PARTY necessity and Party pride of opinion have done their work. The last of the wise and benignant measures of general policy, consummated by the Twenty-Seventh Congress, has been overthrown by the Congress of 1846, under the immediate direction and prompting of the President and Secretary of the Treasury. That which the party now fully in power dared not do when the election of 1844 was pending—dared not even manifest a wish to do by passing a bill through the House, in which their majority was very great—they have not hesitated to do when placed beyond the immediate reach of public reprobation. When the votes of Pennsylvania and New York were indispensable to the election of Polk and the Annexation of Texas, a bill to subvert the tariff of 1842 was decisively laid on the table in a House two-thirds hostile to the Whig party and its champion; but when the votes of these States had been secured, and thereby the election of Polk and Dallas, the mask was thrown off altogether, and the measure which the dominant party dared not evince a wish to repeal in 1844, falls beneath the weight of its overwhelming power in 1846. And, as an introduction to our review of the recent act of Congress and the Executive, we have deemed appropriate a republication of the famous letter of Mr. candidate-for-President Polk, in 1844, to his friend and supporter, Mr. Kane, of Pennsylvania. Many

of our readers will doubtless be glad to have that letter in a convenient shape for enduring record and convenient reference. Now that its purpose is consummated, it is fit that we inquire how well the expectations which it was skillfully framed to excite are satisfied in the events which it has been made to accomplish. This letter appears on its face to have been written in answer to one of inquiry from Mr. Kane; but that letter of inquiry the public have not been permitted to see. The writer of this made personal application to Mr. Kane for a copy or a sight of it, at a time (February, 1845) when its publication was recent and its purposes only on the eve of consummation—at a time, too, when the inquirer, duly introduced and courteously received, was a sojourner under the same roof with Mr. Polk as well as Mr. Kane. The last-named was urged to take into consideration the various and contradictory interpretations which had been given to the response of Mr. Polk, and the light which the publication of the friendly queries to which it was plainly a reply could not fail to shed on the true and full meaning of the reply itself. All was fruitless, utterly. The letter of Kane to Polk could not be obtained. That of Polk to Kane, however—the willfully severed half of this important correspondence—having been given to the public very soon after its reception by Mr. Kane in Philadelphia, and multiplied by millions of copies in every part

of the Union, cannot now, by any possibility, be shrouded from the public view. It is as follows:

(Mr. J. K. Polk to Mr. J. K. Kane.)

"COLUMBIA, Tenn., June 19th, 1844.

"Dear Sir:—I have received recently several letters in reference to my opinions on the subject of the Tariff; and among others yours of the 10th ultimo. My opinions on this subject have been often given to the public. They are to be found in my public acts and in the public discussions in which I have participated. I am in favor of a tariff for revenue, such a one as will yield a sufficient amount to the Treasury to defray the expenses of Government economically administered. In adjusting the details of a revenue tariff, I have heretofore sanctioned such moderate, discriminating duties, as would produce the amount of revenue needed, and at the same time afford reasonable incidental protection to our home industry. I am opposed to a tariff for protection *merely*, and not for revenue. Acting upon these general principles, it is well known that I gave my support to the policy of General Jackson's administration on this subject. I voted against the Tariff act of 1828. I voted for the act of 1832, which contained modifications of some of the objectionable provisions of the act of 1828. As a member of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, I gave my assent to a bill reported by that committee in December, 1832, making further modifications of the act of 1828, and making also discriminations in the imposition of the duties which it proposed. That bill did not pass, but was superseded by the bill commonly called the Compromise Bill, for which I voted. In my judgment, it is the duty of the Government to extend, as far as it may be practicable to do so, by its revenue laws and all other means within its power, fair and just protection to all the great interests of the whole Union, embracing Agriculture, Manufactures, and the Mechanic Arts, Commerce and Navigation. I heartily approve the resolutions upon this subject passed by the Democratic National Convention, lately assembled at Baltimore.

I am, with great respect,

Dear Sir, your obt servant,

JAMES K. POLK.

"JOHN K. KANE, Esq., Philadelphia."

Such was the ground on which Mr. Polk deliberately planted himself in the canvass in which he was a prominent candidate for the Presidency. Surely, no honest man—no decent pretender to honesty—will insist that it is practicable to reconcile all the *words* here used with hostility to the Tariff of '42 and the prin-

ciples on which that Tariff is based. No such man can ask us to shut our eyes to the fact that this letter was written to Pennsylvania, and written too, most obviously, to remove doubts or unfavorable impressions to which Mr. Polk had been subjected in that State by the positive and industrious assertions of the Whigs that the candidate of their opponents was a Free Trader, and thus hostile to that policy which Pennsylvania had ever sturdily, unflinchingly upheld. The gist of Mr. Kane's cautiously suppressed letter must evidently have been this: "Mr. Polk, our adversaries in this stubbornly tariff State are making capital out of your anti-protective votes and speeches in former years. You must write us something calculated to counteract the impression they are making, or Pennsylvania is lost to you—must be carried for Clay." Thus prompted, Mr. Polk writes the letter above quoted, and "the party" in Pennsylvania are satisfied and strengthened. To all gainsayers and doubters, the letter to Kane is triumphantly exhibited as settling the question. "Here he avows himself in favor of *fair and equal* Protection;—does any body want that which is *unfair and unequal*? He is for protecting *all* our great interests alike: would you have one interest pampered at the expense of all the rest? If Yea, vote for Clay, who goes altogether for the spinning-jennies and cloth-factories; but if you want *all* protected, equally and abundantly, vote for Mr. Polk!" This is no surmise, no far-drawn inference. It is a part of the history of the canvass of '44 that Mr. Buchanan traveled through Pennsylvania, addressing the people and assuring them that the cause of Protection was safe in the hands of Mr. Polk—that Mr. Dallas spoke pointedly though briefly to the same effect, and that the lesser luminaries, McCandless, Hughes, Black, &c., &c., met the Whigs boldly (impudently were perhaps the more appropriate adjective) in public discussions, wherein they maintained, and were held by thousands to have proved, Mr. Polk a more decided and reliable advocate of Protection than Mr. Clay! Men who regard successful knavery as a proper incitement to mirth may smile at this whole matter—may deride, as does the *Charleston Mercury*, the ignorance and stupidity of Pennsylvania—but must not the thoughtful patriot be driven to mournful auguries for the Future when he re-

fects that among the fruits of these representations are the Presidency of Mr. Polk, the Annexation of Texas, the Mexican War and the Tariff of '46?

If it were necessary to adduce one particle of testimony, beyond that which this letter and its results have furnished, of the gigantic fraud whereof the Kane manœuvre was a chief instrument—the skeleton key wherewith Mr. Polk picked his way into the White House—the recent and present attitude of Pennsylvania—we mean of the dominant party there—would be conclusive. Her two Senators, with eleven of her twelve Representatives who electioneered and voted for Mr. Polk and the great mass of her journals of like faith, unite in saying, “This Tariff of '46 is by no means consistent with the Kane letter as we understood and still understand it—it is utterly incompatible therewith. We have been grossly deceived. We assured our people that Mr. Polk was friendly to Protection, as the Kane letter plainly asserted. If we duped them, it was only because we ourselves were duped!” Bear in mind that while they were using this Kane letter to prove Mr. Polk a protectionist, he was an attentive and by no means indifferent spectator of the canvass. Whether they knew that they were deceiving those who put faith in their representations or not, *he* could not fail to know it. Could an honest man have stood mute while such a serious misapprehension was being industriously propagated—propagated for his benefit, and credited to another man's prejudice? Surely, the answer of all pure hearts, of all unsullied consciences, must be uniform on this point.

But the drama is played out—the actors have stripped off their masks—the end is achieved. By the President whom Pennsylvania elected, of whose Cabinet the most eminent certifier in 1844 of Mr. Polk's tariff orthodoxy is chief—whose Secretary of the Treasury was born on her soil, and is now the most conspicuous and thorough antagonist of her long-cherished principles—the overthrow of the Protective Policy has been accomplished. And, as if to make the work complete, the Vice-President so indulgently awarded her by the Baltimore Convention as a hostage for the party's fidelity to her interests—whose election was urged on the ground that it would give her three votes in the Senate on every question affecting her cherished poli-

cy—George M. Dallas himself, has given the decisive vote against Protection and in favor of the Tariff of '46! Let us patiently wait and see whether this be indeed the end.

Before entering upon any particular observations on the character, provisions and probable effects of the Tariff of 1846, we may be indulged in a few general suggestions bearing on the Tariff controversy at large.

And, first, we remark that none of those who have so ably discussed this subject, either in the formidable tomes which are too generally regarded as infallible text-books of Political Economy, or in the able debates of the last session of Congress, seem to us to have contemplated directly and given sufficient weight to the peculiarities of our National condition. We are one people, but diffused over a rapidly widening area which far exceeds the civilized portion of the Old World. Our country presents a diversity of soil and climate, of capacities and products, which all Europe combined cannot rival. It is quite common to see arguments pass unchallenged which rest on such bases as these—France injures herself in refusing the Iron and Coal, Spain in rejecting the Cottons, Russia in declining the Woollens of Great Britain; *ergo*, we ought not to protect our own Iron, Coal, Cottons and Woollens! But the logic falls short; if admitted in all its legitimate force, it would only prove the expediency of a Free Trade between the various sections or States of our own vast empire, which nobody is disputing. Prove that nations separated but by an imaginary line, or a few hundred miles at most, may advantageously exchange products, and you have barely begun to prove a like advantage in exchanges of commodities, bulky at least on one side, between nations whose shores are thousands of miles distant.

But in truth no intelligent advocate of Protection contends for anything like the exclusion of British Coal from France and of French Wines and Silks from Great Britain—assuming such to exist. The flippant aphorisms and sorry jests of our adversaries averring the absurdity of attempting to grow grapes in Nova Zembla and fabricate ice in Ceylon—to make sugar at Labrador or extract sunbeams from cucumbers—are based on an entire misapprehension or culpable perversion of our views. What we do maintain, as

we have a thousand times re-stated, is, that sound policy dictates to each country—or at least to each country so vast and so versatile in capacity of production as our own—the expediency of producing within its own limits all articles requisite to its own sustenance and comfort so far as Nature has interposed no obstacle. If, for example, Nature has decreed that the tea-plant shall flourish only in China and its vicinity, unless by an extraordinary bestowment of labor and care, then the production of Tea ought to be nowhere else an object of National solicitude and protection. But prove to us that Tea will grow in parts of this country as well as in the corresponding latitudes of Eastern Asia, and we would urge the immediate imposition of a Protective duty on Tea sufficiently stringent to encourage our people to engage in this branch of industry and to enable them to overcome the difficulties and disappointments always incident to such an enterprise. Admit that our annual supply of the fragrant herb would for a time be enhanced in cost by nearly the amount of the duty, (the difference mainly going into the Federal Treasury,) and we could not doubt that the ultimate reduction in cost consequent on production within the neighborhood of the consumer would more than compensate the original disadvantage of Protection, looking at the matter merely in the narrowest mercantile point of view. “Dear-bought and far-fetched” is an axiom the truth of which but partially depends on the cost of transportation. Wherever A and B, producers respectively of articles desirable to each other, are neighbors and exchange their respective surpluses directly, the cost of such exchange is usually trifling and the product of their united labor is shared between them. But place them a few hundred miles apart, and you have now not only transportation, but reciprocal risks of damage or decay and the profits of two or three trafficking intermediates to subtract from the joint products of their labor before you arrive at the amount left for their enjoyment. Increase this distance to thousands of miles, and place formidable barriers of mountain and valley as well as more pliable water between them, and you have greatly increased the proportion of their joint product which must be subtracted to satisfy the legitimate demands of Commerce. Hence the circumstance that the naturalization of new branches of Indus-

try has scarcely ever failed to reduce the cost to the domestic consumers of the articles produced thereby. Thus, while the whole of Europe and Western Asia for century after century procured their Silks from India and China by slow, expensive, perilous overland journeys of caravans, the cost of a pound of Silk averaged nearly a pound of Gold, though Gold was more valuable then than at present. Probably it cost a good deal more than this to produce the first pound, or the first hundred pounds, of Silk grown in Europe; but after the Silk Culture and Manufacture had been thoroughly established there, the price of the product inevitably declined, and is now as low as in China. So with hundreds of other articles in all parts of the world.

But we deny that the mercantile is the only light in which this subject should be viewed. Suppose it were true that our Cloths and Wares would for many years cost twenty-five per cent. more if made here than if brought from England—would it therefore be proved advantageous to buy them abroad? We say it would not, for these among other reasons:

1. Because the price of Agricultural staples is enhanced and the productiveness of Farming increased by the creation of markets of consumption in the midst of our rural population. Does any doubt this? Let him compare the value of a farm in Hamilton County, Ohio, wherein is Cincinnati, with that of an equally good farm in Richland or Stark County, in the northern part of the State. The character of the population is not materially different; their industry and thrift are much alike. Yet the Hamilton County farm is worth thrice to ten times its Richland rival. And why? Flour or Pork is no dearer in Hamilton, but the immediate vicinity of a populous community, who consume but do not produce food, enables the farmer here to secure thrice as great a return from each acre of ground as he could obtain in Richland. His fields are not more fertile, but he can here sell fruits, vegetables and other products—more profitable to him than Pork or Flour—for which he could find but a capricious or no market in Richland. So everywhere; so will it be wherever manufactures are extensively introduced. Yet Free Traders look only to the price of such great staples as Pork, Beef, Flour, &c., and if these have not advanced in price they argue that the

farmers have derived no benefit from Protection! Do they not clearly affirm upon insufficient and unreliable premises?

2. Again the difference in position between an old and a new country is never fairly considered by those who argue against Protection. We are a new people, inhabiting a country as yet not one-tenth redeemed from the primitive wilderness. In such a country, if rapidly increasing in population and improving in the arts of life, labor is generally in demand and paid higher than in older communities. Interest also is high, and the temptation of buying goods on credit and reserving available means to be employed, as is calculated, more advantageously, is with difficulty resisted. Those of her people who engage in manufactures do so under the great disadvantages of imperfect experience, less skillful workmen higher paid, and every extraneous condition favoring their foreign rivals. They are judged by their first achievements, and the judgment is naturally unfavorable. In time, if successful, all these conditions are improved, but the prejudice so created remains. Home products are supposed to be ruder, dearer, less serviceable, long after they have, through persevering endeavors, ceased to be so. The defect has ceased, but its evil consequences continue. Whoever will consider impartially the circumstances under which manufactures have sprung up in our midst must wonder rather that they have so early attained such excellence than that they have not yet all achieved perfection both in excellence and cheapness. Show us any five years of steady and efficient Protection in which they have not made rapid advances in both respects, and an argument will be found against a farther and steady persistence in that policy.

A word on the recent change of policy in Great Britain, and we pass to notice the peculiar features of the New Tariff. That Great Britain has reduced most duties is true, but has she done so in any instance to the prejudice or peril of her own Manufactures? Suppose there were no other nations on the earth but the United States and Mexico, would our country deserve any credit for liberality in repealing her duties on Cotton fabrics? Would she evince a hearty conversion to the principle of universal Free Trade? Would it be quite fair in her to urge Mexico to do likewise be-

cause of her example? Now if England, after a hundred years' efficient Protection, finds herself in a condition to undersell other nations in nearly every article she produces, we cannot consider her course fairly held up as an example for others. Grant that she has acted wisely, it by no means follows that others may wisely follow her example. If it be said that her prospective free importation of Grain is in point, we answer that Great Britain can and does produce Grain about as cheaply as any other country on the face of the earth. If her prices are higher, it is because of the enormous rents paid for her arable soil. These rents may be reduced, but her Agriculture can never be really undersold. The bulkiness and perishable nature of Grain, &c., give an advantage to the Home producer equal to twenty-five and thence to fifty and seventy-five per cent. The wheat-grower of central Illinois or Wisconsin must sell his product at twenty-five to fifty cents a bushel in order that it may be taken to England and sold there, in the absence of any duty whatever, as cheaply as the English wheat for which the grower receives one dollar to one and a quarter per bushel. The cotton-spinner in Illinois, on the other hand, must produce his fabric within five to ten per cent. of the cost in England, or he will be rivaled by British fabrics at his very door. The fact that Grain, &c., are not affected by changes of fashions or the appetite for novelty and rarity, as with textile fabrics, also tends to take their case out of the same category with fabrics of Cotton, Silk, &c.

And now to a more immediate consideration of the merits of the New Tariff. Three important principles are laid down in the Report of Secretary Walker, with the approbation of President Polk, as the bases of the new system which this act is designed to establish:

1. That no duty should be levied on any article above the rate which will produce the maximum amount of revenue.

2. That the duties levied shall always be assessed at so much per centum on the value at the place whence imported, and that all specific or minimum duties be abolished.

3. That any duty imposed on the importation of an article not only enhances by so much the cost of said article to the consumer, but also that of all domestic products which compete with it in our own markets of consumption.

The first of these principles is simply a broad denial of the policy or justice of Protection in any case, and an attempt to reconcile the assumptions of Free Trade with the maintenance of any Tariff on Imports whatever. But the two are in fact irreconcilable, as a glance at the third proposition will establish. Duties for Revenue on articles rivalled by Home Labor are even more impolitic, in the view of genuine and thorough Free Trade, than duties avowedly and abundantly Protective. For if it be true, as laid down in No. 3, that all duties on articles imported, when these articles are rivalled at home, enhance by so much the cost to the consumer of the domestic rival as well as of the imported fabric, then surely a Revenue duty on such articles must not only put two dollars unjustly into the pockets of our own manufacturers for every one it puts into the Treasury, but really, (as Mr. Walker's follower, *The Globe*, has asserted,) tax the consumers ten dollars for every one it secures to the Revenue. Admit Mr. Walker's primary assumption, and you prove Mr. Walker's Tariff a most audacious and wasteful engine of robbery. If a duty be so high as to prohibit importation, the Secretary admits that his theory no longer holds; the duty now determines nothing with regard to the price; but, so long as the article continues to be imported, the duty is added to the natural price of the domestic as well as of the foreign fabric. How could a Secretary who really believed this recommend, how could a Congress who held with him enact, the imposition or continuance of *any duties at all* on such articles as Iron, Sugar, Coal, Cotton and Woolen fabrics, &c., &c.? All these, assuming the soundness of the Secretary's theory, take four or five dollars out of the consumers' pockets for every one they put into the Treasury: yet these are subjected to duties of thirty and twenty-five per cent. while Tea and Coffee—wholly imported, and therefore certain to yield to the Treasury the full amount abstracted from the consumers by the impost—are admitted without duty! How shall the public be asked to put faith in theories which their proclaimers repudiate the moment they are required to put them in practice? What need of elaborate replies to the Secretary's assumptions when neither he nor any follower treats them with the least practical deference or respect?

But the Secretary's first principle is scouted in the New Tariff before us as well as his third. This act imposes duties notoriously above the maximum he contends for. To say nothing of the one hundred per cent. imposed on Spirits, Liquors and Cordials, will any man contend that the forty per cent. on imported Cigars, Snuff, and all forms of Manufactured Tobacco, is a simple Revenue duty? Bear in mind that ours is the most extensive Tobacco-growing country in the world, and that our Tobacco Manufactures are scarcely exceeded by any other. On what principle is this forty per cent. imposed, when our fabrics of Cotton, Silk, Woolen, &c., are exposed to foreign competition at rates varying from twenty to thirty per cent.? If the effect of duties be such as is laid down by the Secretary, (in No. 3,) then at least ten dollars will be taken from our consumers of Tobacco for every dollar brought into the Treasury. What means this antagonism of principle and practice?

The second principle above set forth is consistently adhered to throughout the new act. We are to have none but Ad Valorem duties after December next, and these levied on the foreign cost of the article imported. This is an important innovation in our Revenue system. No tariff hitherto framed has attempted anything of the kind. The Compromise Act of 1833 did indeed contemplate a uniform ad valorem rate of duty after 1842; but this was a duty assessed by our own officers *on the actual value of the goods in our own markets*, without regard to the cost abroad. Here was no incitement to undervaluation, no avenue opened to fraud; the true amount of duty could generally be ascertained by a mere reference to the Prices Current of the day. And yet the enemies of Protection have seized upon a passage in one of Mr. Clay's speeches in favor of ad valorem duties on *this* basis and perverted it into an affirmation of and argument for ad valorem duties computed on the basis of the Foreign or Invoice Valuation! The two systems are radically diverse. What we desire and seek to secure by Specific duties is the levying of duties which shall bear alike on the American Importer and the Foreign Agent located in our marts of commerce—on the man of moderate means and his rival who buys by millions' worth. Now the amount to be paid under an ad valorem duty, not based

on Home Valuation, will generally and almost inevitably be based on the invoice of the goods so assessed—it can hardly be otherwise. The appraisers may in rare instances disregard the invoice, but these are exceptions which establish the general rule. Now it is obvious enough that a British or French manufacturing establishment, which keeps an agent in New York for the sale of its fabrics, will invoice them to him somewhat lower than it will sell them, (taking no account in such invoice of rents, cost of machinery, superintendence, &c., for these, it will be considered, would have to be borne whether this particular parcel of goods were made for the American market or not.) So the maker will sell to his extensive and able customer, who buys by the \$100,000 worth, cheaper than to the humbler trader who buys but to the extent of a few thousands. So far as this advantage of wealth and power over poverty and weakness is natural, it must be acquiesced in. But when the Government steps in to aggravate the disparity by charging the poorer and less favored importer a higher duty on his goods because they have cost him more, the injustice becomes intolerable.

Here is the cause of the failure of nine-tenths of the American importers of ten to twenty years ago. They had characters to maintain, their property was within the reach of our penal inflictions, and they cherished some reverence for the laws of their own country which could not be reasonably expected of the European agent or adventurer who came here to subserve certain mercantile purposes, make as much money in as short a time as possible, and return to enjoy it among his kindred and countrymen. We mean here to say nothing disrespectful to this class of residents among us. It is not their fault that our Government holds out to them temptations to fraud which all cannot be expected to withstand. That government which collects its Revenue by Ad Valorem duties which might as easily be Specific offers a direct premium to fraud and points out the way to effect it. Take the case of Woolens, for illustration, on which the new duty is thirty per cent.: one man imports \$1,000,000 worth per annum and invoices them correctly, paying duties to the amount of \$300,000. His neighbor imports a like quantity, but undervalues them an average of twenty per cent., paying but \$240,000 duty. At the end of the year

he will very probably have cleared \$50,000 by that year's business, while his honest neighbor has actually lost \$10,000. The latter has just this alternative, to undervalue likewise or be ruined. He sees that he can be honest to his creditors only by being dishonest to the Government, and he resolves to cheat where no one (as he argues) will be harmed by it, rather than where the confidence of friends will be abused and his family beggared. Hence importation under ad valorem duties soon degenerates into a strife which shall undervalue most adroitly and extensively; hence Importations increase from year to year without a corresponding increase of Revenue. The sole remedy for this is Specific Duties, and these levied upon the weight of the goods imported if possible. The German Tariff or Zollverein is based entirely on weight. Measure is generally resorted to by other nations, on articles of which the value bears no proportion to the weight. But a tariff of uniformly ad valorem duties, based on the Foreign cost of the articles imported, is a standing offer of bounty to fraud which no civilized people has hitherto in this century thought of adopting. Mr. Webster, in his great speech of July 25th and 27th on the general subject, closed his array of testimony of practical merchants and manufacturers on this head with the letter of Benj. Marshall, giving reasons for his unqualified preference of Specific Duties, and continued:

“ Well, now, does anybody gainsay this? Is there a merchant, Foreign or American, in the United States, who undertakes to contradict this opinion? Is there a man high or low who denies it? I know of none—I have heard of none. Sir, it has been the experience of this Government always, that the *ad valorem* system is open to innumerable frauds. What is the case with England? Has she rushed madly into the principle of Free-Trade done into *ad valorem* duties? Not at all—not at all. Sir, on the contrary, on every occasion of revision of the tariff of England, a constant effort has been made, and progress made in every case, to augment the number of specific duties and reduce the ad valorem duties. A gentleman in the other House (Mr. Seaman) has taken pains, which I have taken also, though I believe not quite so thoroughly as he—to go through the items of the British Tariff, and see what proportion of articles in that tariff are *ad valorem* and what are specific. Now, sir, the result of that examination shows that at this day, in



this British Tariff, out of 600 articles 500 are specific. Everything that from its nature could be made specific is made specific—nothing is placed in the list of *ad valorem* duties but such as seem to be incapable of assessment in any other form. Well, sir, how do we stand then? We have the experience of our own government—we have the judgment of those most distinguished in the administration of our affairs—we have the production of proof, hundreds and hundreds of instances, of the danger of the *ad valorem* mode of assessing duties. What is arrayed against it? Every importer of the United States, without exception, is against it. Sir, the administration has not a mercantile friend from here to the Penobscot that will come forward and give his opinion in favor of this system. I undertake to say there is not one. There may be members of the little Congress to which the honorable member from Connecticut (Mr. Niles) referred—subordinate officers about the custom house, influenced by, I know not what considerations—who may be found ready to sustain such a system. That I do not deny. But I say that no respectable importing merchant can be found between the Penobscot and Richmond, who will give his opinion in favor of it, if he is an honest man, and gets his living by importation himself. Well, then, how are we to decide? Against the authority of our own experience? Against the authority of these thousands of substantiated facts? Against these cases now blushing with recent fraud? Against the example not only of the English Government, but against that of all the continental governments—for the Zollverein carry their specific duties much farther? Against all this, what have we—what have we? Why, we have the recommendation of the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Treasury—highly respectable persons—respectable in private life—respectable, and I may say eminent, in many walks of public life—but I must add, neither of them trained in the knowledge of commerce—neither of them having had habits of intercourse with practical men of the cities. And yet here, in the first year of their administration—fresh to the duties thrown upon them, they come out with a recommendation of a change of system—they propose a new system adverse to all our own experience—hostile to everything that we have ever learned—different from the experience of every other country on the face of the earth—and which stands on the responsibility of their own individual opinions! I do not think that this is a fair balance of authority, and since nobody here will uphold it—since nobody here will defend it, it is fair enough for me to say, with entire respect to the head of the Government, and the department of the treasury, that the bal-

ance of authority is a good deal the other way."

We will only add to this, that nearly every predecessor of Secretary Walker, who has attended to the subject—including such men as ALEX. HAMILTON, ALBERT GALLATIN, ALEX. J. DALLAS, and WM. H. CRAWFORD, have urged the conversion of all remaining *ad valorem* into specific duties, to the utmost possible extent, for ample reasons given. Against these we have the authority of Robert J. Walker.

A word now on the single point on which an attempt has been made to enlist the passions of the poor in favor of the *ad valorem* system, and we leave this branch of the subject. It has been urged that *ad valorem* duties are peculiarly favorable to the poor, since they consume only the coarser and cheaper fabrics which will pay less duty under the *ad valorem* mode of assessment than under the specific. But we demur entirely to the assumption that the poor do or should buy articles of inferior cost or workmanship. The man whose income is but \$200 per year will of course buy cheaper *kinds* of fabrics than his wealthy neighbor, but he practices a sorry economy if he buys the poorest *qualities* of those kinds. Has not his wife judgment to realize that a dress of good gingham or even calico is a better purchase than one of shabby and flimsy silk? So with everything else. We insist that the poor should not buy, we hope they do not buy, as Free Trade assumes that they inevitably and indisputably must. ✓

But then look at the case in another aspect. The Tariff of 1842 imposed a duty of \$1 25 specific on each pair of men's boots or bootees imported. Was there a poor man from the St. John to the Sabine who paid a higher price for his boots because of that duty? Not one, we are confident. The great mass of our rural population never purchase a foreign-made boot whatever be the rate of duty, and they cannot be ignorant of the fact that they have obtained their boots as cheap since this duty was levied as under that of twenty per cent. *ad valorem* preceding it—or as they would if there had been no duty. But there is a small class in our cities who see fit to have their boots and other articles of dress made in Paris or elsewhere in Europe, and these have been required to pay \$1 25 on each pair of boots toward the revenue of the country; 50 per cent. on their imported

ready-made clothing, &c. Will any man contend that this impost has raised the price of boots generally to our consumers? or that it has borne with especial severity on the poor? Yet how easily could a demagogue excite an ignorant, unreflecting mass to indignation against this aristocratic Whig Tariff, which taxes Farmer Hodges' cowhide boots worth \$2 as much as the city exquisite's pair from Paris costing at least \$6! Such are the data on which the Tariff of '42 has been assailed as peculiarly oppressive in its exactions on the poor.

We have not entered upon any elaborate confutation of Mr. Walker's doctrine, that the duty on an imported article is inevitably a tax of so much on the consumer, whether he buy an imported or a rival article of domestic production. It does seem to us that no man with eyes open can have lived through the last five years without having his attention arrested by some of the myriads of facts which overthrow this position. As we write these pages, the Caledonia arrives at Boston, with tidings that the bare probability of the passage of McKay's Tariff Bill had *enhanced the price of iron in Great Britain*. Reducing our iron duties has reduced the wages of our furnace men and colliers, and increased the gains of the British iron-masters. Who will dispute that this increase of price in England must subtract so much from the anticipated reduction of price here. Our Government will receive less revenue from a ton of imported iron, when the New Tariff shall have taken effect; but the British iron-master will have obtained a higher price for it, if no other circumstance shall interfere to prevent it.

If an adversary of Protection were challenged to name an article on which an increase of duty, by the act of 1842, had produced a corresponding increase of cost to our consumers, he would doubtless point at once to Sugar. This staple is produced to any extent in but a narrow corner of the Union, where the culture has by no means been brought to perfection; the business is in few hands, and the climate is not fully adapted to the growth of the cane. It has been taken for granted, almost universally, that our sugar duties, though beneficial to the Cotton-planting interest, by preventing a greater overstock of their staple, did undoubtedly enhance, by nearly their full amount, the general cost of Sugar in this country. Yet listen to an extract from the

powerful speech of Senator DAVIS, of Mass., in opposition to the tariff of 1846:

"Mr. President, it is always difficult to combat theory and theorists; but as it is most successfully done by acknowledged facts, I will now select some of the protected articles which are best known, and in most general use, to test this doctrine of two-fold taxation. The Secretary has not informed us what articles he places in this category, but it probably embraces Brown Sugar, which is extensively made in the United States. The import for consumption, in 1845, was 100,758,315 lbs.; the gross duty upon which, at 2½ cents a pound, is \$2,518,947. The value in the foreign market was \$4,015,239, or a small fraction short of four cents a pound. The first inquiry is, how has American production affected the price in the foreign market? What is it now compared with what it has been? The price current will answer this question. It may be found at pages 720 and 721, of Doc. 6, from the Secretary of the Treasury; and I will state enough to show its character. In 1816, it ranged from 14½ to 16½ cents a pound. In 1820, 6½ to 12½ cents. In 1825, 7½ to 10 cents. In 1831, 5 to 7 cents. In 1836, 6 cents. In 1839-'40, 3½ to 4 cents. In 1844-'5, 3½ to 4½ cents a pound. These prices mark the descent under American competition; but the effect is still more manifest whenever a short crop has occurred. In 1834-'5, the crop of Louisiana was 110,000 hogsheads, and the price 5½ to 6 cents. In 1835-'6, the crop was 36,000 hogsheads, and the price rose till it reached 10 to 11 cents, or nearly doubled. In 1842-'3, the crop was 140,000 hogsheads, and the price 3½ to 4 cents. In the year following, 100,000 hogsheads, and the price rose to 5½ and 6½ cents. In the year following, which was 1844-'5, the crop was 204,000 hogsheads, and the price was 3½ to 4½ cents. From these facts, it is manifest that American production has a great influence in ruling the market, and that the people are dependent on the success of the crop for cheap sugar. Mr. President, it is difficult, by any process of reasoning, to add strength to these facts. The average price of imported brown sugar in the foreign market was, in 1845, four cents, while that of Louisiana, upon the plantation, was three cents eight mills. These facts are disclosed by the evidence derived from the Treasury Department. To my mind the evidence seems clear that the value has been greatly reduced by home competition; and it is equally clear, that if we should cease to produce it, the price would advance nearly, if not quite, two-fold. Can the duty, under such circumstances, be said, in any just sense, to operate as a tax? But the Secretary insists, that when a duty is laid upon a foreign production, 'the duty

is added to the price of the import, and also of its domestic rival.' The consumption of brown sugar in the United States is estimated at 350,000,000 pounds. We import 100,000,000 pounds; and consequently, 250,000,000 pounds are the product of the United States. If the duty of two-and-a-half cents a pound is a tax upon this domestic rival, then the sugar-producers received, last year, as a bounty, \$6,250,000, extorted from the pockets of the people. But is it not answer enough to this theory when I prove, from official documents, that 204,000,000 of this production was sold at an average price below the cost of sugar in foreign countries? This fact being established, I shall leave it for the advocates of the doctrine to maintain this theory of taxation upon domestic production, and I think it will put into requisition all their ingenuity."

To the same effect, and even yet more conclusive, is the demonstration of the effect of Protection on the price of Cotton-Bagging, given in the speech of Hon. ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia, to the House, at an earlier day. No item in our successive Tariffs for Protection has been opposed with greater determination and acrimony than that looking to the home manufacture of our Cotton-Bagging. It has been stigmatized over and again as an exorbitant tax on the entire Planting industry of the country, for the benefit of a few pampered manufacturers of bagging. Inch by inch the ground has been doggedly contested, the duty on bagging being treated as more palpably and exorbitantly oppressive than almost any other. Inconveniently long as the following extract is, therefore, we do not feel willing to spare a single word of it; and we think every one who reads it will thank us for giving this testimony by a representative of cotton-planters to the palpably beneficent effects of Protection on their own business. Mr. Toombs says:

"The history of the trade in cotton-bagging in the South for the last four years, has demonstrated the utter worthlessness of calculations based upon the theories of the friends of free trade. This is an article of almost universal consumption in the South. It was therefore selected to illustrate how much the cotton-planters, in the intemperate language of the friends of free trade, were 'robbed and plundered' by your tariff policy. Time has destroyed its efficiency for popular delusion. The results have satisfied many, even of the most prejudiced, that,

whatever may be the abstract truth of the theory of free trade, the trade in cotton-bagging is an exception to the rule.

"To this class there are some exceptions. The Secretary of the Treasury has the unscrupulous boldness to assert, in the face of the most overwhelming facts demonstrating the fallacy of his opinion, that 'the duty on cotton-bagging is equivalent to 55.20 per cent. ad valorem on Scotch bagging, and to 123.11 per cent. on the gunny-bag; and yet the whole revenue from these duties has fallen to \$66,064 50. Nearly the entire amount, therefore, of this enormous tax makes no addition to the revenue, but inures to the benefit of about thirty manufacturers.' Mr. Walker intends, in the above extract from his report, to induce the cotton-planters of the South to believe that these assumed duties of 55.20 and 123.11 per cent. ad valorem (neither of which are true in point of fact) operate as taxes to their full amount, both upon the foreign and domestic bagging, and accordingly raise the prices of both the foreign and domestic bagging to the amount of these duties; and that, with the exception of the small amount of revenue collected upon the foreign article, 'the entire amount of this enormous tax inures to the benefit of about thirty manufacturers.' As different amounts of duty are levied upon different foreign competitors with the domestic article, it might have thrown new light upon this peculiar system of political economy to have informed the country whether the Kentucky bagging ought to rise 55.20 per cent. or 123.11 per cent. by the imposition of these duties. We are unable to get any key to this mystery from the actual prices of the commodity since the duties were imposed; for every description of the article, both foreign and domestic, has declined in price since the passage of the act of 1842. Since the introduction of the business of making cotton-bagging in Kentucky—since our own countrymen have come into competition with the foreigner in producing it—the price of bagging has fallen to less than one-third of its average price before that period. It is at this moment manufactured in the United States and sold to the consumer for less money than it cost in Dundee when the Tariff of 1842 was passed, and less than its present cost there, according to the price fixed by Mr. Walker for estimating the ad valorem duty upon it. The last position is a mere matter of calculation upon Mr. Walker's estimate of the duty; the first I shall proceed to prove by conclusive evidence. Mr. Calhoun believed, in 1842, that the present duty on cotton-bagging would raise the price to the extent of the highest duty, and thus greatly injure the cotton-planter. He therefore vehemently opposed it. It is

due to candor to state that it was the prevailing opinion, at that time, among gentlemen of both political parties at the South, that this duty would injuriously affect the cotton-planter; hence it met with general opposition then from both parties. Testing this duty by his principles of political economy, Mr. Calhoun worked out, with mathematical certainty, as he supposed, the precise amount of injury which the cotton-planters were to sustain by this duty. During the debate on the Tariff of 1842 in the Senate of the United States, the duty on cotton-bagging being under consideration, it appears from the report contained in the Congressional Globe and Appendix, page 802, that

“Mr. Calhoun observed that this was a subject in which those whom he represented, and the whole Southern region, were deeply interested. He submitted the following:—

*A statement of the additional cost on the cotton crop of the year (estimated at 2,000,000 bags) in consequence of the proposed duty on cotton-bagging, rope, and twine.*

|                                                                                                                                                                                          |                 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| The cost on a bag, estimated at 400 pounds, 5 1-2 yards bagging, at 5 cents the square yard, equal to 6 1-9 cents the running yard, and equal to 68 per cent. ad valorem on the invoice, | - \$00 33 11-18 |
| Six pounds of rope, at 6 cents per pound, and about equal to 110 per cent. ad valorem,                                                                                                   | - 00 36         |
| Quarter of a pound of twine, at 6 cents duty per pound, and about equal to 80 or 40 per cent. ad valorem,                                                                                | - 00 01 1-2     |

Cost per bag, - \$00 71 1-9

“2,000,000 of bags, at 71 1-9 cents per bag, is equal to \$1,422,222. The gross value of the crop, estimated at 7 1-2 cents per pound, would be \$60,000,000. And the additional cost, in consequence of the duty on these articles, would be equal to 2 1-2 per cent—that is, 2 1-2 bags in the hundred, or 1 bag in 57, and 64,000 bags in the crop; and estimating the number of factories for bagging at 21 in the United States, it would be equal to 2,571 to each. The reduction of the duty to 3 1-2 cents per yard would reduce the cost on the crop to about \$1,200,000.”

“The bill was passed; the duty was imposed; the test of experience was applied to this calculation, and found it to be wholly erroneous. Bagging, rope, and twine, instead of rising in proportion to the duty, did not rise at all in price, but fell. Instead of laying an additional price upon their bagging, rope, and twine, equal to the duty, and thereby levying upon us a tax of two bales and a half of our cotton in the hundred, as Mr. Calhoun supposed, the Kentucky manufacturers of these articles were compelled by the workings of the inevitable laws of trade to sell them much less than they did before. Instead of getting 71 1-9 cents *additional* price for the

quantity of bagging, rope and twine necessary to prepare a bag of cotton for market, they are compelled to sell that quantity for less than the estimated *additional* price which Mr. Calhoun thought the duty would give them, which is shown by the following table, based upon actual prices at the Kentucky manufactories, to wit:

|                                                                 |                 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Five and a half yards of good bagging, at 8 1-2 cents per yard, | - \$00 46 3-4   |
| Six pounds of good rope, at 8 1-2 cents per pound,              | - 00 21         |
| Quarter of a pound of twine, at 8 cents per pound,              | - 00 02         |
|                                                                 | <hr/> 00 69 3-4 |

“These prices of bagging, rope, and twine are taken from the quotations of their prices at Louisville for the last three months. I believe they are not lower than the average for the last twelve months. That they are accurate I know by actual purchases of those articles in that market, within a few days past, for my own use. These prices show that bagging now sells for within less than two and a half cents of Mr. Calhoun's estimate of the duty, and that rope now sells for but a little more than a half of his estimate of the duty. It also appears that cotton-bagging is now sold by the manufacturers in this country for less than the cost of Dundee bagging in Dundee, during the year 1842. In the report of the same debate it is stated, ‘Mr. Calhoun read a letter, from one of the first merchants in South Carolina, quoting the price of Scotch bagging, fit for the cotton-planters, at five pence per yard.’ Other gentlemen submitted different statements. Mr. Benton, after reviewing these different statements, in the same debate, says—‘About thirteen or fourteen cents may be assumed as the average or usual cost of the article in Dundee and Inverness, whence it comes.’ A comparison of the present prices of domestic bagging in this country, at the factories, with these Scotch prices, show that we now make good bagging in Kentucky more than five cents per yard less than it cost in Dundee in 1842, and for three or four cents per yard less than the present price in Scotland, ascertaining the price according to Mr. Walker's estimate of it for fixing the ad valorem duty. It is now generally sold in the larger markets for distribution at less than the Scotch price in 1842, when the tariff bill was passed. It is also a well-known fact, to every cotton-planter, that, notwithstanding the duty, and the cheapness of its production, the gunny-bag has continued to fall in almost exact proportion with other descriptions of bagging, showing how little influence the cost of production may have over the market price of a commodity in

a country remote from the place of its production.

"These facts have wholly demolished the hempen pillar of this free trade theory. Mr. Walker may lament over the destruction of revenue upon these articles, resulting from the skill, industry and enterprise of our Western countrymen. They have 'substituted,' as he terms it, cheaper and better articles of domestic production for the foreign products. I rejoice in every reduction of your revenue from imports which is produced by this sort of 'substitution.' It is an unerring index of the upward progress of the nation. I have dwelt thus long upon cotton bagging because it was selected by the Southern advocates of free trade to test their principles in 1842, and because the whole history of this trade is familiar to my own constituents. There are many other articles protected by the Tariff of 1842 which furnish similar results, but my time will not allow me to dwell longer upon particular and detailed illustrations. The friends of free trade, to sustain their theory, are compelled to assume the fact that all commodities will, necessarily and invariably, and in all markets, sell for their natural price. This proposition, so far from being generally true, is almost universally untrue. The market price is seldom, in any market, the same as the natural price; and even this natural price, from the very nature of its constituent elements, is subject to an infinite variety of disturbing causes, and, like the market price, is as variable as the winds. You can scarcely select a single item of material wealth which will not demonstrate the truth of this position. One grower of corn in a particular neighborhood, who is favored by propitious seasons, may grow an abundant crop in a year of great scarcity—it may far exceed his average product in ordinary years; yet in the sale of this corn, [in his immediate vicinage, or elsewhere, he does not, in the slightest degree, regard the usual rent of land, nor wages of labor, nor average profits of stock in his neighborhood, in fixing its price. Your necessity is the usual measure of his price. The foreign manufacturer does not concern himself about how cheap he can afford to sell you his wares. He avails himself of every circumstance which affects advantageously for him the market price, and sells for the best price he can get. He will not be apt to neglect to avail himself of advantages which remoteness from the market of supply gives him. When the market of supply is remote from the place of consumption, the trade in the commodity becomes a quasi monopoly; competition is usually less; combinations to raise prices are more readily effected, and consequently profits are larger. The

history of the trade between India and Western Europe, from its early beginning, and more especially at that time, abundantly proves the truth of this position. The establishment of domestic manufactories brings our markets of supply nearer our markets of consumption, which diminishes these difficulties, and uniformly tends to lessen the market price of commodities. It produces competition between domestic producers, and between the foreign and domestic producers, and between domestic traders and foreign and domestic traders, all of which are usually beneficial to the consumer. The diminution of price produced by competition between foreign producers alone, usually swells the profits of the merchant more than it reduces the price of the commodity to the consumer. But if you so arrange your tariff laws as to enable the domestic producers of such commodities as are suitable to the country to compete fairly with the foreign producer of like commodities, the consumer will generally get the chief advantage from the reduction of price produced by competition in both countries. All these causes, together with many others which I cannot now comment upon, counteract this tendency of duties to enhance prices, and overturn this assumption, upon which the theory of free trade is built."

Need we add one word? Is not the demonstration complete?

A single quotation more will be pardoned us, extended as this article is. It has reference to Mr. Walker's fundamental principle that no duty shall be laid at a higher rate than that which will produce the greatest aggregate of revenue. That a tariff may be so adjusted as *in the whole* to afford adequate Revenue and adequate Protection, is demonstrated by abundant experience. But the requirement that *each duty* shall be levied with express reference and in entire conformity to Mr. Walker's principle, is fatal to the existence of Protection as a recognized element of National Policy. It makes the prosperity and happiness of the People subordinate to the needs and caprices of the Government—puts the creature above the creator. It is giving body and verity to Moore's allegory of the Divine Right of Kings as a fly worshipped as a God, with the People as the bullock daily sacrificed on this divinity's altar. This year the Government needs money, and imposes a duty which operates as an incidental Protection to some important branch of our National Industry; but next year this Revenue is not needed, so

the duty is taken off, and a large class of our laborers exposed to a ruinous Foreign competition. Tens of thousands of citizens must suffer because the Treasury is plethoric and the Government easy in its money matters! Is this Republican Legislation? Consider the following extract from the speech of the Hon. REVERDY JOHNSON of Maryland, in the Senate, July 25th, viz:

"See how this doctrine breaks down the whole domestic industry of the country. The President says he has always been in favor of incidental protection; and he understands that to be the protection which a tax imposed exclusively for revenue gives to the manufacturer. Now, what is that tax? It is, they tell us, a tax to be limited to the wants of the government, and you are to look and see how much tax any particular article will bear, so as to yield the largest practicable amount of revenue: that is the principle. Well, if it is a sound principle, if it is the only constitutional principle, it will be as sound and constitutional ten years hence as it is now. It is a principle which is always to limit the fiscal legislation of Congress. Now let us look at its practical operation upon the domestic industry of the country. It seems to me that its inevitable effect must be to strike it all down. In illustration of this, take any taxable article—coarse cottons, for example. I will assume that we have now no tax on coarse cottons, that they are free from duty, and that there is no competition here of a home fabric; how are we to proceed that we may raise the largest practicable revenue on its importation? What is to be ascertained? First, what is the amount of their consumption in the United States. When we have ascertained this, then how much tax they will bear without diminishing the present consumption. These being found, we lay our tax, say thirty per cent. *ad valorem*. The people of New England, famous as we all admit them to be for industry, enterprise and shrewdness, take it into their heads that they could make the same article with the protection in the home market which a tax of thirty per cent. on the foreign articles would give them. Accordingly, they proceed to establish their factories; they produce an article as good, if not better, than the imported, and they make a heavy profit, perhaps more than the ordinary average profit of business men around them. Meanwhile the population of the country increases, the quantity of cottons consumed increases with it, and the annexation of Texas increases the demand still further. As demand increases, factories are multiplied, until they have gone on and invested a hundred millions of dollars in these establishments; thousands and tens of thou-

sands of operatives find good wages and constant employment; the consumption of the country is supplied to the whole extent that these factories can make; and the domestic article vies with the foreign, and is fast getting ahead of it. What happens? the Government gets into a situation in which it needs more money; and what does the President say? I want a hundred millions of dollars, and we cannot raise it, without making as much out of foreign cottons, imported as we can possibly get. Experience shows, that under the tax of thirty per cent., foreigners do not supply our market, that it discourages the importation; we must diminish our tax, we must tax foreign cottons to the revenue standard only, and what is that? Why, the Secretary says, it is the lowest tax that will raise the greatest revenue; thirty per cent. is too high, it keeps out the foreign article; as long as we keep on that tax, American factories will continue to rise. Millions of dollars are invested; thousands of families have dedicated themselves and capital to that branch of business, and they are contented and happy, and they are supplying the demand. This will never do, says the President and his Secretary; we must bring in more foreign goods, we must reduce the tax so low that the foreign manufacturer can supply the whole demand: no sooner said than done; down goes the tax, and what is the result? Down go the factories; down goes the price of labor; down falls the laborer and his dependents upon his labor; down goes the agriculture of those who supply their various wants; and down goes the wealth and prosperity of the nation. And why all this? Why, forsooth, because the only constitutional mode of laying taxes is to make the tax the very lowest, which will bring the highest amount of revenue."

It is remarkable that throughout the discussion of this Tariff, especially in the Senate, there was scarcely an effort made by the friends of the measure to meet the strenuously urged objections of its opponents. In vain did we press them, alike in the debates and in the journals, to give us some reason, some excuse for, some palliation at least, of the extraordinary anomalies of this measure—of its duties of 30 per cent. on coarse Wool, for example, parodied by the assessment of 20 and 25 per cent. on Woolen Blankets, Flannels, Baizes, &c., &c.—its 30 per cent. on Hemp, and 25 on Cables and Cordage—its 30 per cent. on Paper and 10 on Books—its 5 per cent. on Pig Copper, while Sheathing Copper and Sheathing Metal are admitted by it free of duty, &c., &c. They were pressed

to reconcile these, not with our principles, but with their own, or with any principles whatever that did not absolutely contemplate the building up of Foreign Industry on the inevitable ruin of important branches of our own. All was fruitless—they refused, as they still refuse, to offer or attempt any justification of these discriminations against American Labor. Indeed, they seemed in the Senate to regard all deliberation, all discussion, as preposterous and out of place. "The Party," had resolved that the bill should pass as it came from the House, therefore refused to send it to any committee, refused to debate its merits, and when at last it was, by a majority of one, referred to the Committee of Finance with express instructions to correct these glaring anomalies, it was promptly reported back unaltered, with a declaration that the Committee could not *understand* the instructions given them! Thus thrown back on the Senate, all essential amendment refused, the measure was driven through that body by

a majority of a single vote, and became the law of the land.

As such, it behoves all good citizens to obey its provisions. Let no factious resistance, no unmanly despair, be manifested by the friends of Protection. If this measure be such as it seems to us—if it produce the results which appear to us inevitable—it cannot be persisted in. We care not for the ostentatiously paraded majority of the Administration in the next Senate—we are confident that majority will never be practically realized; or, if realized, can never be rallied to persist in a measure so baleful as we feel that this Tariff of 1846 must be. Patiently, firmly, hopefully, then, let the friends of Protection to Home Industry bide their time. There is a recuperative energy in free institutions which rarely permits the continuance of flagrant impolicy or crying injustice. If we have not misread the signs of the times, the Tariff of 1846 will precipitate the ruin of its contrivers and hasten the day of our National redemption.

#### PAUL JONES.\*

MR. MACKENZIE, in the work before us, has given a full and interesting account of the life of Paul Jones. The narrative is easy, and unencumbered with superfluous trash, such as is too frequently attached to works of this kind. Without any attempts at fine writing—without even one brilliant passage that we can now recall—it is still well written. Very few military men are fit to write popular works on war or warlike characters. To them battles are a business transaction, and they describe them with true professional brevity and technicality. They give us but the skeletons of campaigns and engagements, leaving them without flesh and blood. Napier is an exception to this remark, and while his details of the peninsular war are complete and reliable, his descriptions of a battle are often thrilling and eloquent in the extreme. Mr. Mackenzie never paints a scene, and never

seems to view it in any light but that of an officer in the navy.

The Harpers have not got up the book in a form to secure for it that place which it deserves. These two thin, coarsely printed volumes, should have been put into one well printed, well-bound volume—fitted not only for private libraries, but for those of our common schools. The life of the man who first hoisted the American flag on the ocean, and bore it triumphantly over the waves, should be within the reach of every citizen.

John Paul was born July 6th, 1747 in Kirkbean, Leith, Scotland, and was the son of a poor gardener on the estate of Arbigland. The name of Jones was entirely assumed, though for what purpose is not stated; it was probably affixed to render him unknown to his friends in Scotland, who might regard him as a traitor if they knew he was fighting against his country. At all events he

\* The life of Paul Jones, by Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, U. S. N. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.

rendered his new name immortal, and the real name, John Paul, is sunk in that of Paul Jones. By a large class of men Paul Jones is regarded as a sort of free-booter turned patriot—an adventurer to whom the American war was a God-send, in that it kept him from being a pirate. But nothing could be farther from the truth. He was an adventurer, it is true, as all men are who are compelled to make their own fortunes in the world, and had all the boldness and rashness which are necessary to success in military life. Born by the sea-shore where the tide heaves up the Solway—living on a promontory whose abrupt sides allowed vessels to approach almost against the shore—surrounded by romantic scenery, and with the words of sea-faring men constantly ringing in his ear, he naturally, at an early age, abandoned his employment as gardener, and became a sailor. Independent of the associations in which he was placed leading to such a course of life, he was of that poetic, romantic temperament which always builds gorgeous structures in the future. No boy, with a fancy like that of Paul Jones, could be content to live the hum-drum life of a gardener's son. To him this great world presents too wide a field, and opens too many avenues to fame, to be lightly abandoned, and he launches forth with a strong arm and a resolute spirit to hew his way among his fellows.

Paul was but twelve or fourteen years of age when he was received as a sailor on board the ship *Friendship*, bound to Rappahannock, Virginia. Thus early were his footsteps directed towards our shores, and his whole future career shaped by it. The young sailor, by his skill and industry, was soon promoted to the rank of third mate, second mate, first mate, supercargo, and finally captain. Thus he continued roaming the sea till he was twenty-six years of age, when a brother of his, a Virginia planter, having died intestate without children, he took charge of the estate for the family, and spent two years on the land.

In 1775, when the American Revolution broke out, the young Scotchman commenced his brilliant career. His offer to Congress to serve in the navy was accepted, and he was appointed first lieutenant in the *Alfred*. When the commander-in-chief of the squadron came on board, Jones unfurled the national flag—the first time its folds were ever given to the breeze. What that flag

was, strange as it may seem, no record or tradition can certainly tell. It was not the stars and the stripes, for they were not adopted till two years after. Our author thinks it was a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at the roots as if about to spring, and that is the generally received opinion. At all events it unrolled to the breeze, and waved over as gallant a young officer as ever trod a quarter-deck. If the flag bore such a symbol it was most appropriate to Jones, for no serpent was ever more ready to strike than he. Fairly afloat—twenty-nine years of age—healthy—well knit, though of light and slender frame—a commissioned officer in the American Navy—the young gardener saw with joy the shores receding as the fleet steered for the Bahama Isles. A skillful seaman—at home on the deck, and a bold and daring man—he could not but distinguish himself, in whatever circumstances he might be placed. The result of this expedition was the capture of New Providence, with a hundred cannon, and abundance of military stores. It came near failing, through the bungling management of the commander-in-chief, and would have done so, but for the perseverance and daring of Paul Jones.

As the fleet was returning home, he had an opportunity to try himself in battle. The *Glasgow*, an English ship, was chased by the whole squadron, yet escaped. During the running fight, Jones commanded the lower battery of the *Alfred*, and exhibited that coolness and daring which afterwards so characterized him.

Soon after, he was transferred to the sloop *Providence*, and ordered to put to sea on a six weeks' cruise. It required no ordinary skill or boldness to keep this little sloop hovering amid the enemy's cruisers, and yet avoid capture. Indeed, his short career seemed about to end, for he found himself, one day, chased by the English frigate *Solebay*, and despite of every exertion overhauled, so that at the end of four hours his vessel was brought within musket shot of the enemy, whose heavy cannon kept thundering against him. Gallantly returning the fire with his light guns, Jones, though there seemed no chance of escape, still kept his flag flying, and nothing but his extraordinary seamanship saved him. Finding himself lost in the course he was pursuing, he gradually worked his little vessel off till he got the *Solebay* on his weather



quarter, when he suddenly exclaimed "up helm" to the steersman, and setting every sail that would draw stood dead before the wind, bearing straight down on the English frigate, and with his flag still fluttering in the breeze, passed within pistol shot of his powerful antagonist. Before the enemy could recover his surprise at this bold and unexpected manœuvre, or bring his ship into the same position, Jones was showing him a clean pair of heels. His little sloop could out sail the frigate before the wind, and he bore proudly away. He soon after had another encounter with the English frigate *Milford*. He was lying to, near the Isle of Sable, fishing, when the *Milford* hove in sight. Immediately putting his vessel in trim, he tried the relative speed of the two vessels, and finding that he could out sail his antagonist, let him approach. The Englishman kept rounding to as he advanced, and pouring his broadsides on the sloop, but at such a distance that not a shot told. Thus Jones kept irritating his more powerful enemy, keeping him at just such a distance as to make his firing ridiculous. Still it was a hazardous experiment, for a single chance shot crashing through his rigging might have reduced his speed so much as to prevent his escape. But to provoke the Englishman still more, Jones, as he walked quietly away, ordered one of his men to return each of the enemy's broadsides with a single musket shot. This insulting treatment made a perfect farce of the whole chase, and must have enraged the commander of the *Milford* beyond measure.

He continued cruising about, and at the end of forty-seven days returned to Newport with sixteen prizes. He next planned an expedition against Cape Breton, to break up the fisheries; and though he did not wholly succeed, he returned to Boston in about a month with four prizes and a hundred and fifty prisoners. The clothing, on its way to the Canada troops, which he captured, came very opportunely for the destitute soldiers of the American army. During this expedition Jones had command of the *Alfred*, but was superseded on his return, and put again on board his old sloop, the *Providence*. This was the commencement of a series of unjust acts on the part of our government towards him, which as yet could not break away from English example, and make brave deeds the only road to rank. It insisted, according to

the old continental rule, with which Bonaparte made such wild work, on giving the places of trust to the sons of distinguished gentlemen. Jones remonstrated against this injustice, and pressed the government so closely with his importunities and complaints, that to get rid of him it sent him to Boston to select and fit out a ship for himself. In the mean time he recommended measures to government respecting the organizing and strengthening of the navy, which shows him to have been the most enlightened naval officer in our service, and that his sound and comprehensive views were equal to his bravery. Most of his suggestions were adopted, and the foundation of the American navy laid—thanks to the first man who ever hoisted our flag on the seas.

Soon after, (June, 1777,) he was given command of the *Ranger*, and informed in his commission that the flag of the United States was to be thirteen stripes, and the union thirteen stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation in the heavens. With joy he hoisted this new flag, and put to sea in his badly-equipped vessel, steering for France, where he was by order of his government to take charge of a large vessel, there to be purchased for him by the American Commissioners. Failing in this enterprise, he again put to sea in the *Ranger*, and steered for Quiberon Bay. Here, sailing through the French fleet with his brig, he obtained a national salute, the first ever given our colors. Having had the honor first to hoist our flag on the water, and the first to hear the guns of a powerful nation thunder forth their recognition of it, he again put to sea and boldly entered the Irish Channel and captured several prizes.

Steering for the Isle of Man, he planned an expedition which illustrates the boldness and daring that characterized him. He determined to burn the shipping in Whitehaven, in retaliation for the injuries inflicted on our coast by English ships. More than three hundred ships lay in this port, protected by two batteries composed of thirty pieces of artillery, while eighty rods distant was a strong fort. To enter a port so protected and filled with shipping, with a single brig, and apply the torch, under the very muzzles of the cannon, was an act unrivaled in daring. But Jones seemed to delight in these reckless deeds—there appeared to be a sort of witch-

ery about danger to him, and the greater it was the more enticing it became. Once when government was making arrangements to furnish him with a ship, he urged the necessity of giving him a good one, "for," said he, "*I intend to go in harm's way.*" This was true, and he generally managed to carry out his intentions.

It was about midnight on the 22d of April (1778) when Jones stood boldly in to the port of Whitehaven. Having got sufficiently near, he took two boats and thirty-one men and rowed noiselessly away from his gallant little ship. He commanded one boat in person, and took upon himself the task of securing the batteries. With a mere handful of men he scaled the breastwork, seized the sentinel on duty before he could give the alarm, and rushing forward took the astonished soldiers prisoners and spiked the cannon. Then leaving Lieutenant Wallingsford to fire the shipping, he hastened forward with *only one single man* to take the fort. All was silent as he approached, and boldly entering, he spiked every cannon, and then hurried back to his little band. He was surprised, as he approached, not to see the shipping in a blaze, and demanded of his lieutenant why he had not fulfilled his orders. The latter replied that his light had gone out, but he evidently did not like his mission, and purposely neglected to obey orders. Everything had been managed badly, and to his mortification he saw the day beginning to dawn, and his whole plan, at the moment when it promised complete success, prostrated. The people, rousing from their slumbers, saw with alarm a band of men with half-burnt candles in their hands standing on the pier, and began to assemble in crowds. Jones, however, refused to depart, and indignant at the failure of the expedition, entered alone a large ship, and coolly sat down and kindled a fire in the steerage. He then hunted about for a barrel of tar, which having found he poured over the flames. The blaze shot up around the lofty spars, and wreathed the rigging in their spiral folds, casting a baleful light over the town. The terrified inhabitants seeing the flames shoot heavenward, rushed towards the wharves; but Jones posted himself by the entrance to the ship with a cocked pistol in his hand, threatening to shoot the first who should approach. They hesitated a moment, and then turned and

fled. Gazing a moment on the burning ship and the panic-struck multitude, he entered his boat and leisurely rowed back to the Ranger, that sat like a sea-gull on the water. The bright sun had now risen, and was bathing the land and sea in its light, revealing to the inhabitants the little craft that had so boldly entered their waters, and they hastened to their fort to open their cannon upon it. To their astonishment they found them spiked. They, however, got possession of two guns which they began to fire, but the shot fell so wide of the mark, that the sailors in contempt fired back their pistols.

The expedition had failed through the inefficiency of his men, and especially one deserter who remained behind to be called the "*Saviour of Whitehaven*;" but it showed to England that her own coast was not safe from the hand of the spoiler, and that the torch she carried into our ports might be hurled into hers also. In carrying it out, Jones exhibited a daring and coolness never surpassed by any man. The only drawback to it was that it occurred in the neighborhood of his birth-place, and amid the hallowed associations of his childhood. One would think that the familiar hill-tops and mountain ranges, and the thronging memories they would bring back on the bold rover, would have sent him to other portions of the coast to inflict distress. It speaks badly for the man's sensibilities, though so well for his courage.

He next entered Kircudbright Bay in a single boat, for the purpose of taking Lord Selkirk prisoner. The absence of the nobleman alone prevented his success. The next day, as he was off Carrickfergus, he saw the Drake, an English ship of war, working slowly out of harbor to go in pursuit of the Ranger that was sending such consternation along the Scottish coast. Five small vessels filled with citizens accompanied her part of the way. A heavy tide was setting landward and the vessel made feeble headway, but at length she made her last tack and stretched boldly out into the channel. The Ranger, when she first saw the Drake coming out of the harbor, ran down to meet her, and then lay to till the latter had cleared the port. She then filled away and stood out into the centre of the channel. The Drake had, in volunteers and all, a crew of a hundred and sixty men, besides carrying two guns more than the Ranger. She also belonged to

the regular British navy, while Jones had an imperfectly organized crew and but partially used to the discipline of a vessel of war. He, however, saw with delight his formidable enemy approach, and when the latter hailed him, asking what ship it was, he replied: "The American Continental ship *Ranger*! We are waiting for you; come on!"

Alarm fires were burning along both shores, and the hill-tops were covered with spectators witnessing the meeting of these two ships. The sun was only an hour high, and as the blazing fire-ball stooped to the western wave, Jones commenced the attack. Steering directly across the enemy's bow, he poured in a deadly broadside which was promptly returned, and the two ships moved gallantly away, side by side, while broadside after broadside thundered over the deep. Within close musket-shot they continued to sweep slowly and sternly onward for an hour, wreathed in smoke, while the incessant crash of timbers on board the *Drake* told how terrible was the American's fire. First her fore and main-topsails were carried away—then the yards began to tumble, one after another, while her ensign, fallen also, draggled in the water. Still, Jones kept pouring in his destructive broadsides, which the *Drake* answered, but with less effect, while the topmen of the *Ranger* made fearful havoc amid the dense crew of the enemy. As the last sunlight was leaving its farewell on the distant mountain-tops, the commander of the *Drake* fell, shot through the head with a musket-ball, and the British flag was lowered to the stripes and stars—a ceremony which, in after years, became quite common.

Jones returned with his prizes to Paris and offered his services to France. In hopes of getting command of a larger vessel, he gave up the *Ranger*, and soon had cause to regret it, for he was left for a long time without employment. He had been promised the *Indian*; and the Prince of Nassau, pleased by the daring of Jones, had promised to accompany him as a volunteer. But this fell through, together with many other projects, and but for the firm friendship of Franklin he would have fared but poorly in the French capital. After a long series of annoyances and disappointments, he at length obtained command of a vessel, which, out of respect to Franklin, he named "*The Bon Homme Richard*," "*The Poor Richard*." With even sail in all—a snug little squadron

for Jones, had the different commander, been subordinate—he set sail from France, and steered for the coast of Ireland. The want of proper subordination was soon made manifest, for in a week's time the vessels, one after another, had parted company to cruise by themselves, till Jones had with him but the *Alliance*, *Pallas* and *Vengeance*.

In a tremendous storm he bore away, and after several days of gales and heavy seas, approached the shore of Scotland. Taking several prizes near the Frith of Forth, he ascertained that a twenty-four gun ship and two cutters were in the roads. These he determined to cut out, and, landing at Leith, lay the town under contribution. The inhabitants supposed his little fleet to be English vessels in pursuit of Paul Jones; and a member of Parliament, a wealthy man in the place, sent off a boat, requesting powder and balls to defend himself, as he said, against the pirate Paul Jones. Jones very politely sent back the bearer with a barrel of powder, expressing his regrets that he had no shot to spare. Soon after, in his pompous, inflated manner, he summoned the town to surrender; but the wind blowing steadily off the land, he could not approach with his vessel.

At length, however, the wind changed, and the *Richard* stood boldly in for the shore. The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the town, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in affright; but the good minister, Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man, one of the quaintest of the quaint old Scotch divines, so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity and even roughness.

Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell, but there is little doubt that the invocation of the excited eccentric old man was sufficiently odd. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel, which, under a press of canvas, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand, and thus began: "Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkaldy; for ye ken they're pair enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll be here in a jiffie, and wha kens

what he may do? He's nae too good for anything. Mickle's the mischief he has dune already. He'll burn their hooses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark. And waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives? The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think of it! I canna think of it; I hae been lang a faithful servant to ye, Lord; but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll nae stir a foot; but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak ye'r will o't." To the no little astonishment of the good people, a fierce gale at that moment began to blow, which sent one of Jones' prizes ashore, and forced him to stand out to sea. Thus fixed for ever the reputation of good Mr. Shirra, and he did not himself wholly deny that he believed his intercessions brought on the gale, for whenever his parishioners spöke of it to him, he always replied, "I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind."

Stretching from thence along the English coast Jones cruised about for awhile, and at length fell in with the Alliance, which had parted company with him a short time previous. With this vessel, the Pallas and Vengeance, making, with the Richard, four ships, he stood to the North; when on the afternoon of September 23d, 1779, he saw a fleet of forty-one sail hugging the coast. This was the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the Serapis, of forty-one guns and the Countess of Scarborough of twenty guns. Jones immediately issued his orders to form line of battle, while with his ship he gave chase. The convoy scattered like wild pigeons, and ran for the shore, to place themselves under the protection of a fort while the two warships advanced to the conflict. It was a beautiful day, the wind was light, so that not a wave broke the smooth surface of the sea, and all was smiling and tranquil on land as the hostile forces slowly approached each other. The piers of Scarborough were crowded with spectators, while the old promontory of Flamborough, over three miles distant, was black with the multitude assembled to witness the engagement. The breeze was so light that the vessels approached each other slowly, as if reluctant to come to the mortal struggle, and mar that placid scene and that beautiful evening with the sound of battle. It was a thrilling spectacle, those bold ships with their sails all set moving

sternly up to each other. At length the cloudless sun sunk behind the hills, and twilight deepened over the waves. The next moment the full round moon pushed its broad disc above the horizon and shed a flood of light over the tranquil waters, bathing in her soft beams the white sails that now seemed like gently moving clouds on the deep. The Pallas stood for the Countess of Scarborough, while the Alliance, after having also come within range withdrew, and took up a position where she could safely contemplate the fight. Paul Jones, now in his element, paced the deck to and fro, impatient for the contest; and at length approached within pistol-shot of the Serapis. The latter was a new ship, with an excellent crew, and throwing, with every broadside, seventy-five pounds more than the Richard. Jones, however, rated this lightly, and with his old, half worn out merchantman, closed fearlessly with his powerful antagonist. As he approached the latter, Capt. Pearson hailed him with "What ship is that?" "I can't hear what you say," was the reply. "What ship is that?" rung back, "answer immediately, or I shall fire into you." A shot from the Richard was the significant answer, and immediately both vessels opened their broadsides. Two of the three old eighteen pounders of the Richard burst at the first fire, and Jones was compelled to close the lower deck ports, which were not opened again during the action. This was an ominous beginning. The broadsides now became rapid, presenting a strange spectacle to the people on shore. The flashes of the guns amid the cloud of smoke they hung around the vessels, followed by the roar that shook the coast, while the dim moonlight, serving to but half reveal the struggling vessels, conspired to render it one of terror and of dread. The two vessels kept moving alongside of each other, constantly crossing each other's track; now passing the bow and now passing the stern; pouring in each turn a terrific broadside that made both friend and foe stagger. Thus fighting and manœuvring they kept onward, until at length the Richard got foul of the Serapis, and Jones gave orders to board. His men were repulsed, and Capt. Pearson hailed him to know if he had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the short and stern reply of Jones: and backing his topsails, while the Serapis kept full, the vessels parted, and again came alongside, and

broadside answered broadside with fearful effect. But Jones soon saw that this mode of fighting would not answer. The superiority of the enemy in weight of metal gave him great advantage in this broadside to broadside firing; especially as his vessel was old and rotten, while every timber in that of his antagonist was new and staunch; and so he determined to throw himself aboard of the enemy. In doing this he fell off farther than he intended, and his vessel catching a moment by the jib-boom of the *Serapis* carried it away, and the two ships swung broadside to broadside, the muzzles of the guns touching each other. Jones immediately ordered them to be lashed together; and in his eagerness to secure them helped, with his own hands, to tie the lashings. Capt. Pearson did not like this close fighting, for it destroyed all the advantage his superior sailing and heavier guns gave him, and so let drop an anchor to swing his ship apart. But the two vessels were firmly clenched in the embrace of death; for, added to all the lashings, the anchor of the *Serapis* had hooked the quarter of the *Richard* so that when the former obeyed her cable, and swung round to the tide, the latter swung also. Finding that he could not unlock the desperate embrace in which his foe had clasped him the Englishman again opened his broadsides. The action then became terrific; the guns touched muzzles—and the gunners, in ramming home their cartridges, were compelled frequently to thrust their ramrods into the enemy's ports. Never before had an English commander met such a foeman nor fought such a battle. The timbers rent at every explosion; and huge gaps opened in the sides of each vessel, while they trembled at each discharge as if in the mouth of a volcano. With his heaviest guns burst and part of his deck blown up, Jones still kept up this unequal fight with a bravery unparalleled in naval warfare. He, with his own hands, helped to work the guns; and blackened with powder and smoke moved about among his men with the stern expression never to yield, written on his delicate features in lines not to be mistaken. To compensate for the superiority of the enemy's guns he had to discharge his own with greater rapidity, so that after a short time they became so hot that they bounded like mad creatures in their fastenings; and at every discharge the gallant ship trembled like a smitten ox, from keel

to crosstrees, and heeled over till her yardarms almost swept the water. In the mean time his topmen did terrible execution. Ten times was the *Serapis* on fire, and as often were the flames extinguished. Never did a man struggle braver than the English commander, but a still braver heart opposed him. At this juncture the Alliance came up, and instead of pouring its broadsides into the *Serapis* hurled them against the *Poor Richard*—now poor indeed! Jones was in a transport of rage, but he could not help himself.

In this awful crisis, fighting by the light of the guns, for the smoke had shut out that of the moon, the gunner and carpenter both rushed up, declaring the ship was sinking. The shots the *Richard* had received between wind and water had already sunk below the surface, and the water was pouring in like a stream. The carpenter ran to pull down the colors, which were still flying amid the smoke of battle, while the gunner cried, "Quarter, for God's sake, quarter." Keeping up this cry, Jones hurled his pistol, which he had just fired at the enemy, at his head, which fractured his skull, and sent him headlong down the hatchway. Captain Pearson hailed to know if he had struck, and was answered by Jones, with a "No" accompanied with an emphatic phrase that told that the latter, with his colors flying, would go down, if he could do no better. The master-at-arms, hearing the gunner's cry, and thinking the ship was going to the bottom, released a hundred English prisoners into the midst of the confusion. One of these, passing through the fire to his own ship, told Captain Pearson that the *Richard* was sinking, and if he would hold out a few moments longer she must go down. Imagine the condition of Jones at this moment; with every battery silenced, except the one at which he still stood unshaken, his ship gradually settling beneath him, a hundred prisoners swarming his deck, and his own consort raking him with her broadsides, his last hope seemed about to expire. Still he would not yield. His officers urged him to surrender, while cries of quarter arose on every side. Undismayed and resolute to the last, he ordered the prisoners to the pumps, telling them if they refused to work he would take them to the bottom with him. Thus making panic fight panic, he continued the conflict. The spectacle at this

moment was awful, both vessels looked like wrecks, and both were on fire. The flames shot heavenward around the masts of the *Serapis*, and at length, at half-past ten, she struck. For a time, the inferior officers did not know which had yielded, such a perfect tumult had the fight become. For three hours and a half had this incessant cannonade, within yardarm and yardarm of each other continued, and nothing but the courage and stern resolution of Jones never to surrender saved him from defeat.

When the morning dawned, the *Bon Homme Richard* presented a most deplorable spectacle—she lay a perfect wreck on the sea, riddled through, and literally stove to pieces. There was six feet of water in the hold, while above she was on fire in two places. Jones put forth every effort to save the vessel in which he had won such renown, but in vain. He kept her afloat all the following day and night, but next morning she was found to be going. The waves rolled through her—she swayed from side to side like a dying man—then gave a lurch forward and went down head foremost. Jones stood on the deck of the English ship and watched her as he would a dying friend, and finally, with a swelling heart, saw her last mast disappear, and the eddying waves close with a rushing sound over her as she sunk with the dead who had so nobly fallen on her decks. They could have wished no better coffin or burial.

Captain Pearson was made a knight for the bravery with which he had defended his ship—what honor then did Jones deserve?

Landais, of the Alliance, who had evidently designed to kill Jones, then take the English vessel, and claim the honor of the victory, was disgraced for his conduct. Franklin could not conceal his joy at the result of the action, and received the heroic Jones with transport.

The remainder of this year was one of annoyance to Jones. Landais continued to give him trouble, and the French government constantly put him off in his requests to be furnished with a ship. But at length the Alliance, which had borne such a disgraceful part in their engagement with the *Serapis*, was placed under his command, and he determined to return to America. But he lay wind-bound for some time in the Texel, while an English squadron guarded the entrance of the port. During this delay he

was subject to constant annoyances from the Dutch Admiral of the port. The latter inquired whether his vessel was French or American, and demanded if it was French that he should hoist the national colors, and if American, that he should leave immediately. Jones would bear no flag but that of his adopted country, and promised to depart, notwithstanding the presence of the English squadron watching for him, the moment the wind would permit. At length losing all patience with the conduct of the Dutch Admiral, he coolly sent word to him that, although he commanded a sixty-four, if the two vessels were out to sea his insolence would not be tolerated a moment. The wind finally shifting, he hoisted sail, and with the stripes floating in the breeze, stood boldly out to sea. With his usual good luck, he escaped all the vigilance of the English squadron, cleared the channel, and with all his sails set, and under a "staggering breeze," stretched away towards the Spanish coast. Nothing of consequence occurred during this cruise, and the next year we find Jones again in Paris, and in hot water respecting the infamous Landais, and the almost equally infamous Arthur Lee, one of the American commissioners at Paris. At length, however, he was appointed to the *Ariel*, and ordered to leave for America with military stores. In the mean time, however, the French King had presented him a magnificent sword, and bestowed on him the Cross of Military Merit.

On the 7th of September he finally put to sea, but had hardly cleared the land when the wind changed and began to blow a perfect hurricane. Jones attempted to stretch northward and clear the land, but in vain. He found himself close on a reef of rocks and unable to carry a rag of canvas. So fierce was the wind that although blowing simply on the naked spars and deck, it buried the ship waist deep in the sea, and she rolled so heavily that her yards would frequently be under water. Added to all the horrors of his position, she began to leak badly, while the pumps would not work. Jones heaved the lead with his own hand and found that he was rapidly shoaling water. There seemed now no way of escape, but as a last resort he let go an anchor, but so fierce and wild were the wind and sea that it did not even bring the ship's head to, and she kept driving broadside to-

wards the rocks. Cable after cable was spliced on, yet still she surged heavily landward. He then cut away the foremast, when the anchor probably catching in a rock brought the ship round. That good anchor held like the hand of fate, and though the vessel jerked at every blow of the billows as if she would rend everything apart, yet still she lay chained amid the chaos of waters. At length the main-mast fell with a crash against the mizen-mast, carrying that away also, and the poor Ariel, swept to her decks, lay a perfect wreck on the waves. In this position she acted like a mad creature chained by the head to a ring that no power could sunder. She leaped and plunged and rolled from side to side, as if striving with all her untamed energy to rend the link that bound her and madly rush on the rocks over which the foam rose like the spray from the foot of a cataract. For two days and three nights did Jones thus meet the full terror of the tempest. At last it abated and he was enabled to return to port. The coast was strewn with wrecks, and the escape of the Ariel seemed almost a miracle. But Jones was one of those fortunate beings, who though ever seeking the storm and the tumult are destined finally to die in their beds.

Early the next year he reached Philadelphia and received a vote of thanks from Congress. After vexatious delays in his attempts to get the command of a large vessel he at length joined the French fleet in its expedition to the West Indies. Peace soon after being proclaimed he returned to France, and failing in a projected expedition to the North-West coast, sailed again for the United States. Congress voted him a gold medal, and he was treated with distinction wherever he went. Failing again in his efforts to get command of a large vessel, he returned to France. Years had now passed away and Jones was forty years of age. He had won an imperishable name, and the renown of his deeds had been spread throughout the world. The title of Chevalier had been given him by the French king, but he was at an age when it might be supposed he would repose on his laurels. But Russia, then at war with Turkey, sought his services and made brilliant offers, which he at last accepted, and prepared to depart for St. Petersburg. On reaching Stockholm he found the Gulf of Bothnia so blocked with ice that

it was impossible to cross it, but impatient to be on his way he determined to sail round the ice to the southward in the open Baltic. Hiring an open boat about thirty feet long he started on his perilous expedition. He kept the boatmen ignorant of his plans, knowing that they would refuse to accompany him, until he got fairly out to sea. Then drawing his pistol, he told them to stretch out into the open Baltic. The poor fellows, placed between Scylla and Charybdis, obeyed, and the frail craft was soon tossing in the darkness. Escaping every danger he at length on the fourth day reached Revel, and set off for Petersburg amid the astonishment of the people, who looked upon his escape almost as a miracle. He was received with honor by the Empress, who immediately conferred on him the rank of rear-admiral. A brilliant career now seemed before him. Nobles and foreign ambassadors thronged his residence, and there appeared no end to the wonder his adventurous life had created. He soon after departed for the Black Sea and took command of a squadron under the direction of Prince Potemkin, the former lover of the Empress, and the real czar of Russia. Jones fought gallantly under this haughty prince, but at length disgusted with the annoyances to which he was subjected he came to an open quarrel, and finally returned to St. Petersburg. Here he for a while fell into disgrace on account of some unjust accusations against his moral character, but finally, through Count Segur, the French Ambassador, was restored to favor.

Our limits forbid us to follow Jones throughout his entire career, filled as it was with constant adventures both on sea and land. In 1792 he was taken sick at Paris and gradually declined. He had been making strenuous efforts in behalf of the American prisoners in Algiers, but never lived to see his benevolent plans carried out. On the 18th of July, 1792, he made his will, and his friends after witnessing it bade him good evening and departed. His physician coming soon after perceived his chair vacant, and on going to his bed found him stretched upon it dead. A few days after a dispatch was received from the United States appointing him commissioner to treat with Algiers for the ransom of the American prisoners in captivity there. The National Assembly of France decreed that twelve of its mem-

bers should assist at the funeral ceremonies of "Admiral Paul Jones," and a eulogium was pronounced over his tomb.

Thus died Paul Jones, at the age of forty-five—leaving a name that shall live as long as the American navy rides the sea. In person Jones was slight, being only five feet and a half high. A stoop in the shoulders diminished still more his stature. But he was firmly knit, and capable of enduring great fatigue. He had dark eyes, and a thoughtful, pensive look when not engaged in conversation, but his countenance lighted up in moments of excitement, and in battle became terribly determined. His lips closed like a vice, while his brow contracted with the rigidity of iron. The tones of his voice were then haughty in the extreme, and his words had an emphasis in them which those who heard never forgot. That he was brave as courage itself no one will doubt. He seemed unconscious of fear, and moved amid the storm of battle and trod the deck of his shattered and wrecked vessel like one above the power of fate. I do not believe he ever entertained the thought of surrendering his vessel to any force. It was a contingency he was unprepared for, and he acted as if convinced that his own iron will and resolute courage could overcome every obstacle. Thus, in his fight with the *Serapis*, he was fairly beaten several times, but did not seem to know it, and no doubt had resolved to sink with his flag flying. His boldness and success appear the more strange when one remembers what kind of vessels he commanded, of what materials his crews were composed, and the well-manned and ably-commanded vessels of his adversary. He would cruise without fear in a single sloop right before the harbors of England, and sail amid ships double the size of his own.

But with all his fierceness in the hour of battle, he had as kind a heart as ever beat. His sympathy seemed almost like sentimentality. To see him in a hot engagement, covered with the smoke of cannon, himself working the guns, while the timbers around him were constantly ripping with the enemy's shot, or watch him on the deck of his dismasted vessel over which the hurricane swept and the sea rolled, one would have thought him destitute of emotion. But his reports of these scenes afterwards resembled the descriptions of an excited spectator

unaccustomed to scenes of carnage and terror. He was an old Roman soldier in danger, but a poet in his after accounts of it.

Jones had great defects of character, but most of them sprung from his want of early education. He was haughty to his under officers, and frequently overbearing to his superiors. But his chief fault was his unbounded vanity. He would admit no superior, and hence never acknowledged that he received his deserts. He was constantly pushing his claims till he wearied out his friends and sometimes disgusted his admirers. He was as bombastic as he was brave—a contradiction of character seldom exhibited. There was something of the charlatan about him, which reminds one frequently of Bernadotte, and he never hesitated to puff himself, and dilate eloquently on his own achievements. Out of this same vanity grew his inordinate love of pomp and display. In this respect he aped the nobles with whom he associated. But money was frequently wanted to carry out his extravagant notions, and hence he became unscrupulous in the means he used to obtain it. He was chivalric in his admiration of women—writing poetry and making love to some one in every port where he stopped—and frequently became involved in intrigues that lessen our respect for his character. He was a restless being, and his brain constantly teemed with schemes, all of which he deemed practicable, and hence became querulous and fault-finding when others disagreed with him. Many of his plans for the improvement of our Marine were excellent, and it only wanted funds to render them worthy of immediate attention by our government. This restlessness grew out of his amazing energy—he was constantly seeking something on which to expend himself, and this was the reason he joined the Russian service after peace was proclaimed in the United States. It was this alone that carried him from his low condition through so many trials, and over so many obstacles to the height of fame he at last reached.

He was not a mere adventurer—owing his elevation to headlong daring—he was a hard student as well as hard fighter, and had a strong intellect as well as strong arm. He wrote with astonishing fluency considering the neglect of his early education. He even wrote eloquently at times, and always with force.



His words were well chosen, and he was as able to defend himself with the pen as with the sword. He now and then indulged in poetry, especially in his epistles to the ladies, and his verses were as good as the general run of poetry of that kind.

Paul Jones was an irregular character, but his good qualities predominated over his bad ones; and as the man who first

hoisted the American flag at sea, and received the first salute offered it by a foreign nation, and the first who carried it victoriously through the fight on the waves, he deserves our highest praise and most grateful remembrance.

With such a man to lead the American navy, and stand before it as the model of a brave man, no wonder it has covered itself with glory.

## THOUGHTS, FEELINGS AND FANCIES.

### FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

### OBSERVERS.

Observers may be considered as formed of two classes—the gazers and the gapers—of those who look with an intelligent eye upon things around them, and of those who merely stare at them with listless curiosity or indifference. These last are pupils of experience to no purpose. Schoolmaster Experience finds them very inapt scholars. If all life is a schooling, as has been said, then these gapers come into and go out of the great college of the world without taking any degrees.

Perhaps the distinction between ordinary observers and those of a higher order, is nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in their different modes of estimating character. The former take cognizance only of striking features; the latter regard the character in all its parts, even to the most delicate shades of thought and feeling.

The faculty of observing is one susceptible of cultivation more than any other, and there is also an infinite variety of objects on which it may be exercised.

“I can wonder at nothing more,” says Bishop Hall, “than how a man can be idle. How numberless are the books which men have written of arts, of tongues. How endless is that volume which God hath written of the world; where every creature is a letter, every day a new page.”

### ECCENTRICITY.

The greatest merit of a great many people is that they do as other people do. Such persons cannot tolerate any departure from established modes of action. They move round and round in a circle, and because they keep moving, as it is somewhere observed, they fancy they are making progress; and they are never reminded of their error, even when they discover, after much motion, that they are but a short distance from their starting point.

In despite of this class it may be laid down as a rule, that where there is a great amount of character there will be a great amount of misunderstood action, which is commonly called eccentricity, and usually translated, but most unjustly, to mean—folly. I grant it is well, as Lord Brougham expresses it, to do common things in the common way, but this is distinct from a servile adoption of the principle of imitation in everything; and no man of intellect, much less a man of progressive energies, will submit to walk only in the footpaths made by the many. It is one of the conditions upon which its efficiency, or the success or failure of its efforts, depends, that the mind shall act with freedom, and be permitted to cast off, when necessary, the restraint of rules founded merely on custom, and having no basis in right.

### LANGUAGE.

It is common to hear persons complain of a want of language. They should rather complain of a want of ideas. They forget that the tongue is subordinate to the intellect. Their want of con-

version, to borrow a figure from Locke, is caused by their supposing that the mind is like Fortunatus' purse, and will always furnish them without their ever putting anything into it.

"The strong hours conquer us," says Bulwer.

I know of nothing more saddening to the spirits than to meet, after the lapse of years, with one—now sobered by time and family cares into a grave and steady matron—whom we had parted with in the flush and bloom and heyday of beautiful girlhood. The heart is pained to observe the change wrought in that face, once so radiant with hope and joy. We read in the subdued expression of the eye, in the still white but more marked expanse of brow, the history of many varied hours.

And then, too, as we take upon our laps the timid, smiling, bashful evidences of her nuptial joys—the beautiful reflections of her own early self—as we kiss their pretty lips, and listen to their artless prattle, we are reminded, oh, how painfully, that they also are subjects of change!

#### CIRCUMSTANCE.

We often hear the remark made, that men are the creatures of circumstance. It is equally true that they are the masters of circumstance, if so they will only cope with it. For one to be wholly the creature of circumstance is assurance enough that he is either worthless or imbecile. Circumstance is the material out of which we may mould our destinies: it is not altogether an agency by which our course of life is formed. To admit this would be to make us the slaves of a dumb, inanimate power, and but little superior to the brutes, who obey only their instincts, and are the only true creatures of circumstance. The noblest of all warfare is of the mind with circumstance: it is a war waged everywhere, and he is the greatest hero who accomplishes the most in it.

#### POETS.

I would rather read the poets than know them. I would not willfully misrepresent that class whose high calling it is to keep alive in the world the worship of the beautiful and the good, but the records of their lives show that they seldom make either firm friends or agree-

able companions. Passing so much of their time in the "life ideal," the "life actual" appears to them by contrast dull, tame and prosaic, and their imaginings of what men ought to be, make them disgusted with men as they are.

#### LOVE RHYMES.

It is singular how much amatory poetry is written before marriage, and how little after it. One may have but little of "the vision and the faculty divine," but on falling in love he finds that he is not without the "accomplishment of verse." This lets us into the secret why there are so many unsuccessful wooers. "Sir," said a lady to a gentleman who had addressed to her a copy of verses, and who afterwards solicited the honor of her hand—"Sir, I admire your person and esteem your character; your manners are pleasing, and your disposition engaging—but—but *your poetry is execrable*. I could never love a writer of such verses."

Our pride rests, not so much upon what we are, have been, or have accomplished, as upon what we fondly imagine we will be, or will, at some future time, accomplish.

There are a few who practice charity, but the many confine themselves to recommending it.

#### WOMEN.

Women are better than men. What sacrifices are they not capable of making; how unselfish are they in their affections; how abiding is their love! They enchant us by their beauty, and charm us by their conversation. They add grace and a softer coloring to life, and assist us to bear with its asperities. In our youth they are our instructors; in sorrow, our comforters; in sickness, the sweet beguilers of our misery. Whatever is rough in us they refine. Whatever of ruggedness there is in our natures they polish or remove. They are the only divinities on earth. Alas, that so many of them are fallen divinities. But who is it that makes them so? Who is it that takes advantage of their weakness, when that weakness should be their best claim to protection? Let him answer who abuses them.

Among the various beautiful traits of their beautiful natures, that of maternal

love should be noticed with peculiar admiration. I have heard of women-haters, and am told that such a class of beings do exist. But surely they who hold the sex lightly, and who are accustomed to speak of them in terms of reproach, can never have been spectators of the watchful tenderness, the anxious solicitude, displayed in a thousand touching incidents, of a mother for a child. They can never have witnessed her self-sacrificing devotion to her offspring, her patient and even cheerful performance of the many laborious offices of educational training, or their tongues would falter in the utterance of one word of detraction.

#### LIFE OF THE MIND.

The spiritual existences of poets must be more stormy than that of all other men, as they must feel and be moved by all the passions they describe.

#### LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

None but those who have loved can be supposed to understand the oratory of the eye, the mute eloquence of a look, or the conversational powers of the face. Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken: the full heart knows no rhetoric of words, and resorts to the pantomime of sighs and glances.

#### BOOK MAKING.

Where is book making to end? The

present itch for scribbling seems to point to a period when every man will have enough to do to read his own productions. Verily, the era of warfare has passed away, the era of speech has commenced, but the era of thought and few words is yet distant and to come.

#### ECENTRIC MEN OF TALENT.

There is a class of observers who never profit by their observations; whose wisdom is of the abstract kind which is never exhibited in action. Always in error, yet shrewd in detecting it; keenly alive to the ridiculous, yet always themselves ridiculous; they live but to mourn their follies, which they unerringly discover only when it is too late to remove them. For their eccentricities they are esteemed fools by some and enigmas by others; while their virtues are acknowledged, and their irregularities accounted for, only by the more discerning few.

The three events which cause us to think most seriously and to feel most profoundly, and which make the most decided impression upon the character, are unsuccessful love, thwarted ambition, and the approach of death.

Vanity will sometimes make a very indifferent man a very good friend—moving him to kindness to another from a desire of obtaining his esteem.

### MARCHING SONG OF THE "TEUTONIC RACE."

On, still on, the worlds are speeding  
Through the heavens with step sublime;  
On, still on, the nations leading,  
March we through the deeps of Time!

Through the shadow of the Ages,  
Onward, upward, lies our way—  
Till we reach the morning-edges,  
Climbing to the climbing Day!

Round us, piled in desolation,  
Ghostly shapes of ruin rise;  
Gloomy Terrors, hoary Errors,  
Tombs of buried Centuries.

Press we on with hearts undaunted—  
Leaving all that Time hath won—  
Through the dusky, phantom-haunted  
Passes of Oblivion.

Night is o'er us, heights before us  
Human footsteps never trod;  
Still ascending, we are wending  
On beneath the stars and God!

\* \* \* \* \*

Long the night that hath no breaking;—  
Darkness dies upon our way;  
Courage! lo, the world is waking,  
Stirred with bodings of the Day.

Truth is dawning! see the Morning  
Kindling over sea and land!  
And the gilded hills are warning  
That the Day-spring may not stand!

Far adown it flows and widens,  
Souls are lighted by the blaze;  
And the distant mountain-summits  
Stand transfigured with its rays.

Listen to the acclamation  
Borne along from steep to steep;  
Nation calling unto nation  
Like the surges of the deep.

Brothers! will ye faint and loiter,  
While the acclaims around you roll?  
See the glory-deepening Future;—  
Onward to the beckoning goal!

Brothers, onward! lo, our standard  
Soaring in immortal youth;  
We're the vanguard of the nations,  
Girded with the might of Truth!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the pæan swells and rises  
Like the thunder of the sea;  
Hark the chorus bursting o'er us—  
"God, the Truth, and Liberty!"

## THE LEGAL PROFESSION, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE BARS OF GREECE, ROME, FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES.

We think it deeply to be deplored, and not less so on public than professional grounds, that, in our law-regulated country, this important body does not exert its due weight (or rather, perhaps, an imperfect kind) of authority; does not enjoy its histrionic and its natural consideration.

Indeed, there is a certain description of our enlightened citizens who have progressed to the degree of doubting even the mere expediency of its appropriate functions, or at most, its necessity as a qualified institution.

Others are not prepared to say that a special education may be entirely dispensed with, but shrewdly surmise the convenience of an exclusive Profession to be more than balanced, on the whole, by the abuses either inseparable from its nature, or inveterate in its American condition. This objection would seem, no less than the former, to demand the abolition of the Legal Profession, on the plain principle of Profit and Loss. These Reformers, however, would be content with throwing it open to unrestricted exercise—a proposition, for the rest, coming effectually to the same result.

A denial of the necessity or the utility of the Advocate's occupation would scarcely merit, of itself, the respect of refutation. It has a source with the vulgar error respecting the non-productiveness of the mercantile classes. That the lawyers, like the merchants (sometimes), live and thrive, is manifest to the five senses; but the *quid pro quo* which they render in return is of a nature still less apprehensible to the common intelligence, than the accession of value to material merchandise by the process

of transportation. As ancient as the practice of the law for pay, this prejudice will remain, most probably, until the multitude become more enlightened political economists than many, who dogmatize about that science, are at this day.

So too with the charge of abuse, which is of like antiquity, and exaggerated grossly. That there is, in truth, abuse, grievous abuse, we are perhaps among the farthest from inclining to deny, and certainly have no design to defend it. On the contrary, we admit, condemn, detest, denounce it; but we do more, and better—we mean to show the true way of diminishing it indefinitely, if it may not be entirely extirpated.

But while the objections themselves might be left with all impunity to the natural death of such ravings, the remedy urged in consequence of them is somewhat more formidable, though also (if this be possible) somewhat more absurd. For what could well be so absurd, as in a civilized community to propose setting a profession held pre-eminent among those distinguished as "learned," below the humblest handicraft, in the essential of preparatory instruction? And this, by way of mending the morals, and elevating the capacity and the character of our Bar! Why it is just the policy of burning down your dwelling to expel the rats! Or more exactly still, the preposterousness of abandoning it, stowed with Cheshire cheese, to the unmolested occupancy of these vermin!

Yet experience would hardly permit us to rest secure in the absurdity of the nostrum against its possible adoption.\* Besides, it has, in fact, what are termed certain elements of popularity. Does it not assail a privi-

\* A genius of our reforming Convention was, we have observed, already the first week of the session, in the field with a proposition to this effect. But so many other queer ones have succeeded it in that solemn assembly, that the motion to declare every man a lawyer (even as he is a "democrat") by right of birth, seems to have been thrown quite in the shade. There is one thing we think the Convention should take into consideration, if they would win the approbation of all that is sensible among their constituents, and (what they value more, no doubt) serve the country as importantly as, possibly, by most of their labors besides: we mean the adoption of the old Locrian Law, to put a halter about the neck of every "Honorable member" who proposes a measure, that he may be prepared, in the event of its failure, for strangulation by the populace. We presume our "practical" neighbor, Horace Greely—detester as he is of excessive law-making, as of excessive love-making—would consent to a provisional exception of such a case, from his forthcoming abolition of the "choking" penalty.

leged body, a sort of mental monopoly? Does its deference to the common capacity not flatter human, especially democratic, vanity? What! the sovereign *makers* of the law not be amply qualified—all and each—to understand and apply it! Then, has it not the appearance of vindicating the personal liberty, of choosing for advocate or litigatory agent whomever the party may please? These are no vain arguments, the auditory considered. And when we also consider that that auditory is ultimate arbiter in the premises, it were an unwise disdain to refuse the respect to purblind power of a discussion which is due alone, indeed, legitimately to reason.

We have intimated that the pretended remedy in question—of unqualified admission—could only aggravate the evil, would in effect go to organize (so to say) the abuse complained of: for of this abuse a cardinal cause is precisely the present facility of access; and the mischief would of course augment with any increased accessibility. It follows, by inverse consequence, that the proper course is to build up, not to break down; that the path to true reform is the path of restriction. Such is also the dictate of reason and the lesson of history, as will hereinafter, we trust, satisfactorily appear.

That this direction should have been missed so perversely in the reiterated attempts to regulate the disorders of our legal practice is explained not only by the inadequacy of intelligence, but chiefly, we think, by the narrowness of the objects of the reformers. Their projects—shallow and expeditious—looked no farther than the suppression of existing abuses, which they seem to regard as incident to the normal, instead of a distempered, state of the Profession. In this view, it was natural, perhaps necessary, to seek their remedy in direct, external application of statutory enactments. But now that costly experience has at last convinced them of the futility, if not positive mischief, of all legislative contrivance to chain down the Proteus of a lawyer's cupidity and chicanery—what course do we see them take? Why, the usual resort of ignorance in despair; they are willing to commit the matter to chance. To subdue a few disorders, imaginary or real, which have proved refractory to their quackery, they would turn the whole Profession into one wide, wasting disorder; in hope, apparently,

that honor, integrity, and capacity may arise from the chaos, by some unimaginable concurrence of ignorance, depravity, presumption and pettifoggery.

All this is, as we have said, but repairing the vessel by killing the worms that gnaw it, instead of arresting the principle of putrefaction which gives them birth and sustenance. The principle of the abuse in the Legal Profession is its defects. To the *defects*, accordingly, it is that our idea of professional reform would fain address itself: the abuses, &c., will soon dry up when the sources are turned off. But to determine what are these defects, and especially, to exhibit them intelligibly, we must previously fix a standard of professional excellence. This will form a main division of our task. Eschewing all ideal portraiture as vague or vain, we shall draw this criterion from nature and history; we will endeavor to present a sketch, though rapid, yet as faithful as our scanty records and space may permit, of the profession of the Advocate—in its *natural origin, its social position, its distinctive character, and its corporate constitution*—such as it has arisen and developed itself in those States where it attained the highest degree of perfection, and whence not a few of its usages (if too little of its culture and dignity) have been transmitted to our own bar.

In tracing this survey, philosophical and historical, of the Legal Profession, our design is not merely to furnish a model by contrast wherewith to set the defects of the institution in this country in a strong and steady light: we design, moreover, to signalize, in going along, the conditions and contrivances whereby, especially, that model attained its excellence, and, selecting from those influences the most suitable to our occasion, to show how the induction should be applied to the exigencies of the proposed professional reform. There could not well, we presume, be a more candid or conclusive submission of ourselves to that test so mortal to most reformers—experience and evidence.

What is the *nature* of the Legal Profession? What is the relation of individuals, what the condition of society, what the exigence or the economy of affairs, in which it takes its rise and retains its establishment?

The main object of society, of the state, is to assign and to guaranty the rights of the several members. The

means are laws—whether of custom, interpretation, or enactment. From the multiplicity of the relations to be regulated, and the opposition of the interests to be adjusted, these laws or usages will, even in a very low degree of civilization, be necessarily as numerous and complicated as they must, from the nature of the subject and case, be abstract and above the ordinary intelligence. For the maxim that the laws should be known to all who are required to obey them, is a mere fiction of the law itself. History tells us it has never been so, and reason, that it could never be. And supposing them known, there would remain another, and perhaps the greater difficulty—that of effectively applying them in the assertion of violated rights. But men will never jeopardize any valuable interests upon their own management, with the consciousness of this their double deficiency of knowledge and skill. They will have recourse to those who may be distinguished in the society or the tribe for both or either, and who will be called in to supply the incapacity—*advocati*. Such is the origin of the advocate, the function as well as the name, which has its foundation, we see, in the nature of men and the necessity of affairs. And it is to secure a reasonable degree of that knowledge and talent that the wisdom of all civilized countries has sanctioned, as their wants had established, an instituted *profession of the Law*.

The function of the Lawyer, then, consists in supplying both the legal ignorance and the intellectual inequality of his fellow-citizens. It is his say, with the Pythian Apollo in Ennius—

*"Suarum rerum incerti, quos ego mea  
ope ex*

*Incertis certi, compotesque concilii*

*Dimitto, ut ne res temere tractent tur-  
bidas."*

Here we also see the eminent dignity and importance of the calling. It is conversant about the most valued mundane interests of men. Implying a confidence the most vital and absolute, it pre-supposes, of course, the entire range of moral virtues, from the nicest delicacy up to the most heroic devotion. It demands qualifications of mind, which must always be the rare fruit of no ordinary parts and education both combined.

The paramount magnitude of the interests that occupy it, the moral integrity by which it is presumed to be ever actuated, the intellectual distinction required for its exercise—such are the three columns whereupon the profession of the Advocate is (or should be) proudly elevated above every other merely temporal occupation. "A profession," (if we might slightly alter Blackstone's graceful description of the science they practice,) "whose occupation consists in distinguishing right from wrong; in laboring to establish the one and to prevent, punish or redress the other; which employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the mind, and exerts in its practice the cardinal virtues of the heart; a profession which is universal in its use and extent, accommodated to each individual, yet comprehending the whole community." Like its own deep origin, these columns too, repose upon the eternal foundation of nature. And hence, there is no rhetoric in the noble and well-known encomium, by a greater far than Blackstone, and one of the most consummate models of all its virtues:—*Un ordre aussi ancien que le magistrature, aussi noble que la vertu, aussi nécessaire que la justice*: an order ancient as society, noble as virtue, necessary as justice.

This antiquity, this dignity, this importance, are each attested by *History*.

In sketching the history of the Advocate, it is proper to premise, that with this as with all other institutions of natural origination, the thing is older than the title; as objects must have an existence distinct, palpable, familiar, before men yield to the irksome necessity of inventing them a special name.

It is also to be remarked, that the calling of the Lawyer has borne divers denominations, according as it was employed upon a particular function or department. Moreover, these branches themselves underwent a succession of transformations with the differences of social and political circumstances, with the development or the decay of municipal institutions. Farthermore, in the employment of new names to denote the fresh form of the function, the old, still adhering, were continued in popular use and confounded, as synonymous, with

\* The Chancellor d'Agessau.

the proper term. The origin, by the way, of most synonyms.

But amid all these diversities of name and modification, we discern two, and only two pervading lines of division in the Profession, which are seen to open with its earliest appearance, and to deepen and widen as it advances to perfection. The one is, between the Knowledge of the Laws and the Talent of Forensic Speaking: the respective vocaries of these pursuits were termed expressively in Roman phrase: Jurisprudentes and Advocates—that is, Chamber Counsel and Barristers, in clumsy English. This appears to be a somewhat precarious division; the talent of orators is accidental, and those who possess it may also acquaint themselves thoroughly with the laws—a result to which, in fact, the tendency will be seen to be constant in ancient times in proportion to the progress of society, and which becomes easy, as well as unavoidable, through the simplification (or shallowness?) of our modern educational system. The other division is liable to no such exception: it lies between the class of Lawyers who expound and apply the Laws whether by Consultation, or by Pleading oral or written, on the one hand, and on the other, those who confine their ministry to the rules and forms of procedure: in one word, between what we shall term, the Doctrinal and Mechanical departments. Only the latter division must be of later development, depending as it does on the formation of a system of Procedure. And hence the divisions do not cross, because, strictly, not contemporaneous.

With these preliminary observations, we proceed to our history; commencing duly with Greece—that fountain of much more, perhaps, of our Jurisprudence\* and civil institutions than is commonly supposed, as she is, avowedly, of our philosophy and literature.

The ministry of the Advocate we have observed divides itself at first into the two branches, Consultation and Pleading—pleading in its generic, not the Eng-

lish technical acceptance. In the States of Greece, as in every other, the former must have been the earlier in requisition. Even among the savages, the elders of the tribe (age being the Savage type of wisdom and knowledge) are resorted to for the adjudication of personal disputes. These primitive judges are mere arbiters or umpires; who, for want of established rules of law or forms of procedure, have to decide from the simple representation of the parties themselves. These referees involve the *counseling* attribution of the lawyer; which becomes separate from the judge only after the community has made some progress in a system of laws. Indeed it is remarkable how late the conjunction may linger; passing sometimes from the province of the Judge to that of the Advocate. A remnant of it survived throughout the golden days of the Roman Law. We find Augustus appointing a council of jurisconsults to direct the judges: and Gaius speaks of this as an institution *always* in being; which evinces the immemorial, the *natural*, origin we have assigned it. Of this description of Judges were the Wise Men of the Hebrews. Hence they are superficially supposed to have dispensed with professed lawyers, and we are sometimes exhorted to follow in this, as in other things, their edifying and enlightened example. It is not adverted that the fact is but a demonstration of their barbarism. So with the *Prudentes* of the Romans, to whom we have just alluded; a name which has been transmitted, with something of the institution itself of *Prudhommes*, to France, Holland and other States of modern Europe. But, as the consulting or counseling function came at last to be separated from the judging, by the establishment of Laws, so the recognition of principles of Evidence and the adoption of rules of Procedure gave birth to the avocation of the (pleading) Advocate.

What may have been the date of this event in Greece, it is now not possible to say. In the trial, represented on the shield of Achilles in the Iliad—probably

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\* The poems known as Homer's (which were, probably, both the customary and Bible of ancient Greece, as the Old Testament was among the Jews) were often cited as *authority*, on matters of Jurisprudence, in the pleadings and the writings of the Roman lawyers. And this respect continued to the last, as appears from the Pandects of Justinian, where Homer is characterized emphatically as *pater omnis virtutis*. The spirit, then, of the Greek institution may have descended to ours in even this channel. But Homer is cited still later by Grotius, though merely for historical illustration.



the earliest on record—it does not appear that the pleaders are not the parties themselves: though we may infer from the liquidated amount of the fine in contest—the two talents deposited beside them on the ground—that the Greeks must already, at the period of the siege of Troy, have made considerable progress in at least penal legislation. It may, however, be well supposed that, what with the codes, still in some respects unrivaled, subsequently promulgated by their several lawgivers, and the oratorical genius of that gifted race—the *artifices et doctores dicendi*, as they have been distinguished by no less a judge than Cicero—with these peculiar advantages, we say, forensic pleading would not have been slow to come into juridical use.

Be this as it may, the account is, that Pericles was the first to introduce oratory into the proceedings of the Athenian Bar. Which, possibly, means no more than that he was the most famous up to his time, and thus, by a well-known oversight of popular tradition, has impersonated or effaced the name of his predecessors, as Hercules did all the anterior heroes. Henceforth, instead of presenting themselves a statement of their case, drawn up for them, as was the practice, by the *jurisperiti* we have characterized, the parties were accustomed to bring to their aid, at the trial, some of the celebrated orators of the day. Among the earliest thus engaged, were Themistocles, Pericles and Aristides; who delivered their own compositions. The great advantage of eloquence, in litigation, once discovered, the idea naturally soon occurred of applying it in written arguments, to be recited—as thitherto the bare statement—by the parties themselves. Of these we have still some fine examples among the extant orations of Isæus. Antiphon was the first who composed these rhetorical discourses without speaking them. Both the parts were frequently united; as by Lysias, Isocrates and Demosthenes.

An office peculiarly prone to abuse could hardly be pure in its rude infancy. Demosthenes is known to have written orations for each of the parties in the same cause. More reprehensible still was his reply to Polus, an actor, who

boasted to him of having earned a talent by two day's speaking: I have earned four, by as many hours' *silence*. Isocrates was repeatedly attached for breach of the laws, in practicing a species of dialectical chicanery.

This we adduce to put our own "sharp practitioners" in respectable company. Æschines, who confined himself to the writing department of the profession, discharged it much more honorably; never composing but defences, and for persons unjustly accused.

Excepting the innovation of oratory, the Bar of Athens continued at this period under the ancient regulations of Draco and Solon; according to which no one was permitted to practice who was not of free condition, of respectable social position, and of unexceptionable moral character public and private. It was then the maxim (as it always should be the ministry) of the Advocate to labor not for the success of the cause, but for the prevalence of truth and justice. This he was even sworn to, at the opening of each trial. Whence the answer of Pericles—since passed into a proverb—to a friend who solicited him to strain a point in his favor: *amicus usque ad aras*.

In time, the new forensic element necessitated new regulation both at Athens and Sparta. The orators were prohibited all flights of declamation tending to excite the pity or indignation of the (popular) judges; and even the magistrates were forbidden to look on the prisoner during any such appeal. The occasion of this queer inhibition is curious as itself, and occurred in the defence, by the orator Hyperides, of the celebrated courtesan, Phryne, tried on a charge of impiety before the Areopagus. The ingenious advocate, perceiving that his client was likely to be condemned, led her forth to the centre of the court, and tore away the kerchief that covered and confined her bosom—by the spectacle of whose voluptuous charms, still more, we may believe, than the touching supplications of the orator, the hoary\* Judges were so softened through eye and ear, through soul and sense, that the tide soon turned, and the fair free-thinker was unanimously acquit-

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\* The Areopagites must have been generally old men, as the Court was composed of persons who had signally served the State through the various gradations of office, up to the Archonship, which was an indispensable condition of eligibility.

ted.\* Let us beware of inferring from this fact, or fable, a barbarous simplicity of manners in a people who had then carried every intellectual and æsthetical art to a perfection which modern nations, even the most advanced, have still to reach. It was rather a peculiar sensibility to the Beautiful, which we may be able to comprehend when we are similarly organized—but not till then.

This regulation—which much impaired the forensic oratory of Greece—was proclaimed by the crier at the opening of the court. Another, to prevent diffuseness, limited the speakers to three hours each; which were measured by a water-clock (*clepsidra*) kept in view of the pleaders. The orators or advocates were farther enjoined to conduct themselves respectfully towards the court—to beware of tampering with the judges—to abstain from offensive language towards one another; in short, to demean themselves with what would now be termed gentlemanly propriety as well as professional decorum. Breach of any of these rules was punishable by fine, to be augmented according to any aggravation of the circumstances.

As to *fees*, the services of the orators were at first gratuitous. Their recompense was the popular influence thus acquired, and which might lead to public office. Antiphon is supposed to have been the first to receive a remuneration in money—the same who originated writing the pleadings. The orators, or oral pleaders, followed his example, receiving pecuniary fees and other presents. Still the pretension always remained that it was an office rather of honor than interest; a mercenary spirit being deemed disgraceful in the advocate, as may be seen, among other places, in the orations “de corona” of Æschines and Demosthenes.

Such is a slight outline of the Athenian Bar; which having served much to model, will conveniently introduce us to, the Roman, to which we now proceed.

The Founder of the “Eternal City” was not unaware that the acquisitions of the sword abroad are to be secured and perpetuated but by providing for a strict administration of justice at home. To this end he—by one of those happy strokes of genius or fortune which determine the character of an infant nation, and marked the Roman for immortality—selected from the first class of the citizens, denominated *patres*, a certain number of the most intelligent and experienced, of whom he composed the Senate; and ordained that the residue should be protectors (*patroni*) to the Plebeians, who formed the second class, and thus took the quality of *Clients*.

We have observed that, in most countries, the natural protectorate of intelligence and power over ignorance and weakness has been left to establish itself spontaneously by the operation of custom, or the accident of conquest. In Rome, however, the relation obtained at the outset the force and form of a legal institution. Of the various duties and obligations, mutual and reciprocal, which the patron owed his clients, we have here to do with but the principal one, of juridical advocacy and advice.

In the infancy of a military people, these Roman patrons could not well have been either orators or jurists: the latter quality is the fruit of far different auspices, no less than the former, of which Cicero says finely: *Pacis est comes, otique socia, et JAM BENE CONSTITUTE CIVITATIS quasi alumna quædam, Eloquentia*. They were, however, long sufficient probably for the simplicity of the times and the transactions. But after the expulsion of the Kings, the adoption of the Decimviral code from Greece;† and the admission of the people to the constitution through the representation of the Tribunes, the administration of Justice became of course a matter of more complexity and consequence. To supply, therefore, the deficiency of eloquence and expertness

\* Has this scene been ever made the subject of a painting? There is not, it appears to us, a finer in all history. The picturesque earnestness of the orator, the graceful languish and artful embarrassment of the beauty, the conflict between the man and the magistrate, as betrayed in the melting austerity of the judges—here is a group of objects, persons and passions which, for interest, variety, character and contrast, is worthy the pencil of a Raphael.

† We would not be understood as crediting the fable of Romulus: it is employed merely as a convenient personification of that people.

‡ We have always wondered how this notable event could have been ever called in question, even were there no other testimony to it than the statue which stood for several centuries after in the Forum, erected by the gratitude of the city to Hermadorus, a Greek, who came to Rome with the Decimvirs to aid in explaining and adapting the institutions and laws thus imported from his native country. To be sure the grand, the Roman, good sense of the thing is hardly conceivable to the Grand-Lama, self-sufficiency of our modern nations.

in the patron, ordinarily a plain farmer, it became customary to engage—as we have seen before at Athens—the services of the public orators. But as these too were generally not lawyers, there was another class (besides the Prudentes already described, who advised upon the law) who attended at the trial to prompt the orator upon the forms and technicalities of procedure. These were termed *Pragmatici*, from the Greek word *πρᾶγμα* (to practice); the name as the thing being of Grecian origin. Here is the prototype of our Attorney.

For the exercise of the Legal Profession the Romans, too, exacted special qualifications, both of mind and morals, still more rigorously than of birth. Romulus we have seen confined the patronship to the first class of the citizens. The rule was adopted into the Twelve Tables, and for five centuries the function remained exclusively in the patrician Order. During the whole period of the Republic the Bar was the established road to the official honors of the State. By it the elder Cato rose from the plough to the censorship. By it Cicero—the *novus homo* of Arpinum, who yet numbered Kings among his clients—obtained the consular dignity, and that dignity still more glorious, of “*pater patriæ*”—Father of his country. Countless others might be named, the first of Rome in rank and office—Hortensius, the Luculli, Sulpicius, the second Cato—who always continued in the practice of the profession. And Julius Cæsar himself, the “conqueror of the world,” was first distinguished as a member of the Roman Bar.

But the republic fell. The gift of honors and office passed from the venerable hands of the *Senatus, populusque Romanus*, into those of an arbitrary prince; wherein, as usual, favor rather than desert became the rule of dispensation. The emulation of the advocate declined; the Patricians began to fall off from the bar, and the Plebeians to creep in to fill up the void. This revolution brought on a degeneration of forensic eloquence: and instead of the now nearly obsolete title of orators, the oral pleaders were called indifferently, *crucidici*, *advocati*, *patroni*—terms which, taken in the inverse order, characterize and confirm the march, just as we have traced it, of the Advocate's function.

Yet the Profession does not appear to have suffered equally in character by this

plebeian adulteration. For it is only false dignity that is easily contaminated, and the consideration of the Advocate springs from all that is real in the true—utility and virtue. At the Roman Bar, alongside the plebeian members, came occasionally the Emperors themselves to take their seat and present their sons or kinsmen for admission—a ceremony sometimes celebrated, as by Tiberius, with a magnificence almost triumphal. Thus the wily Augustus came a third time to solicit the consulship in order to be invested with the requisite magisterial quality, to present in person his children. Tiberius in like manner presented Nero and Drusus. And Titus—“whose virtue sighed to lose a day”—was wont to devote many of them, before he became emperor, to pleading the causes of the oppressed and unfriended.

The next innovation was the admission of freedmen, by Alexander Severus; provided they were persons of literary instruction: only, however, in the provinces, probably. By an ordinance of Constantius, the provincial prelates were admitted to practice—a fact wherein may be discerned the position of the clergy, and the germ of that ecclesiastical monopoly which after overran the legal Profession, throughout barbarian Europe. That it at length suffered in character as in capacity by these mongrel admixtures, may be inferred from a law of Valentinian and Valens, declaring it *no derogation from the dignities of the state to exercise the functions of advocate*. From a law by another of these imperial twins, it seems that, in each prefecture, the number of the lawyers was limited, according to the extent of the jurisdiction. Such as were chosen, what we should term by analogy, attorneys of the revenue, after their term of service, were entitled to retire with the quality of “counts of the consistory”—which we mention as the probable origin of the Counselors of State, an excellent institution still retained in substance by some countries of modern Europe. A subsequent edict declared the Profession of the Law to be *on a footing of respectability with that of arms*; inasmuch as it, too, defends the honor, interests and life of the citizens. We mention a few of these reiterated efforts to bolster up the consideration of the Roman Bar, as indicating curiously its sinking dignity. Justin and Justinian added farther privileges; the former of

whom it was, who first gave the lawyers the collective designation of Order\*—a title jealously asserted to, this day, by the French, and other bars of Europe.

The foregoing, we trust, will convey some idea of the *character*—high even in its decline—of the Roman Bar. Now a word with respect to the *conditions of Admission*.

The candidate was to be of competent age, which was seventeen—too early, we think, even with the superior precocity of the ancients: but it was perhaps, in general, a commencement of apprenticeship rather than of practice. He was to be examined by the governor, if in a province, the prætor, if in the city; who in a public assembly of the people was to be satisfied as to his social condition, moral character, and especially his capacity, which was to be certified by a Doctor of Laws. Persons stigmatized with any infamy, or who had at any time followed servile occupations, were disqualified. The lawyers were not sworn on admission; but, like the Roman Judges and our jurors, had to take an oath at the commencement of each cause—called *Juramentum calumniae*. The candidates' names were registered. The number attached to each tribunal was limited by law.

With respect to *fees*, the ministrations of the Advocate was at first, as at Athens, entirely gratuitous. But after, on the one hand, its labors increased with the multiplication of laws and affairs, and, on the other, the official rewards of the republican days had passed from the popular control, it became the custom of clients to make *presents* to their patrons. This, in process of time, naturally falling into abuse, was prohibited by the Cincian Law. Towards the end of the reign of Augustus, however, the advocate was allowed to receive a fee. But this liberty, too, soon grew into such excess, that Claudius deemed it a great retrenchment to cut down the plunder to ten sesterces the cause—equal, according to some authorities, to over forty thousand dollars! but according to another and more credible valuation, to only about two thousand. And, after various modifications by the intermediate emperors, this was the sum finally fixed by Justinian.

Nor was the Roman Bar exempt, it

seems, from another offspring of cupidity, the practice of speculating in litigation; as appears from an edict against it by Constantine the Great, entitled "*de quota litis*"—a name, by the way, somewhat more expressive and elegant than "*barratry*," the characteristic term of our Law. But all such restraints were aimed at the sharpers perhaps inseparable from the practice of the law. With the Roman lawyers in general the principles of professional conduct were, honor and virtue—a maxim notably exemplified, among others of their body, by the illustrious Papinian, who chose death rather than prostitute his profession to defend the fratricide of the infamous Caracalla.

These are the principal features and vicissitudes which remain to us of the career of the Roman Bar. We now hasten to that of France, its lineal descendant and worthiest successor of modern times. This special resemblance will allow us to be much the briefer. But there is another resemblance which renders particularly expedient—the closer likeness still, between the French Bar and the English. About the latter we shall thus be left but little to inquire, by the cumulative lights from its predecessors ancient and modern: a fortunate exemption! as less perhaps is directly, historically, known of the English Bar of two or three hundred years ago, than of the Athenian of two or three thousand.

It was remarked that, in the early stages of all communities, the dispensation of justice is found in the hands of the priestly order; perhaps by means of its professional craft, perhaps because of a degree of intelligence magnified by the general ignorance. Besides, the expositors of the laws of Heaven would appear to be the best interpreters of the laws of earth also. Such, accordingly, seems to have been the state of things in ancient Gaul, where, Cæsar tells us, the Druids were the judges. But he does not say whether the parties pleaded in person or by advocate. On the page of Cæsar, as on the shield of Achilles, we are left in darkness concerning the functional character of the pleaders. The more probable supposition as to Gaul, however, is that the parties appeared themselves. For what need of an advocate before such all-sufficient and sanctified tribunals? The

\* The distinction is, that Order implies honorary, in opposition to hired or mercenary, functions.

judge was the advocate, even as he was the law. All that could be deemed requisite, the bare facts, the parties were competent to present themselves. The conscience of the judge would supply the functions of the advocate.

But after Gaul became a Roman province, the practice of forensic debate seems to have been introduced with the laws of Rome. For, though left, according to the admirable maxim of Roman policy, in the free exercise of their ancient usages, the natives, with something of that philosophical good sense and prompt intelligence which characterize their descendants at this day—so unlike the stolid obstinacy of their Anglo-Saxon neighbors against the like salutary innovations—the Gauls, we say, adopted the more perfected institutions of their conquerors.\* So that the constitution of the Gallic Bar must have been identical with the Roman. But this constitution underwent a total change with the conquest of the country by the Franks: a change so singular in some of its aspects, as to demand a deeper explication than we are aware it has yet received.

The business of the advocate is with the application of the law and the evidence; consequently, where there are none or but few established rules of either—which is to say, in all uncivilized communities—there will be no place for his appropriate functions. In the simple litigation of such times, the facts will be established by the oaths of the parties, together with, occasionally, the attestation of their "comparators." But, to ascertain the law, the *moral quality* of the facts, recourse will be had to supernatural interposition. Here, accordingly, is, we are persuaded, the true origin of the trial by Ordeal: it arose from the default of laws, not (as is the general opinion) from ignorance of the facts, or incapacity to sift the evidence, though this incapacity no doubt existed, however unconsciously. With the barbarian jurisprudence it was exactly the case of reversing the rather presumptuous maxim of the Roman law, and saying: *non probatio delicti, sed ius*.

The theory here advanced of the trial by Ordeal, is further confirmed by a grand difference in the forms, which it in fact assumed in the states of ancient and of mediæval barbarism. In the former, provided generally, as far back at least as our records reach, with more or less imperfect codes of law, the juridical controversies were commonly of fact; and accordingly, the mode of trial was by oath, as above designated. But in the middle ages, while the trial by oath was employed to prove the facts, there arose others, of special and ulterior application;† vulgarly termed, "Judgments of God," and which were utterly unknown to even the rudest jurisprudence of antiquity, as they are, we believe, to the pious, pacific, and well-policed "barbarians" of Asia and Africa, down to this day.

These absurd expedients to get at the will of Heaven, would naturally take shape, in some degree, from the peculiar pursuits of the people, and the reigning prejudices of the age. The military spirit and occupations of the period in question, made the "trial by battle" the favorite form of this superstitious procedure. The notion was, that Providence must favor the right, and crush the wrong. It is worth observing, that such was the principle also of the private wars, not only of the barons of the middle, but also of the heroes of the primitive ages. The duel, a hasty offspring, still subsists only from the same defect of definition and sanction to the Rights of Honor. Public war itself is another form of the expedient. The religious hypothesis of the "*judicial combat*" has, indeed, long passed away from duelling and war—though war is sometimes still termed, with rhetorical blasphemy, "an appeal to the God of battles," (i. e., butcheries.) But, what may more surprise, the "right by conquest" rests upon the same absurd basis; laid by superstition and built upon by hypocrisy. Yet, while the judicial trial by battle is the ridicule and pity of even the children in this enlightened age of ours, the identical thing—only in the form or phrase of, ar-

\* Perhaps a more probable reason is, the partial community of language; the Latin being largely mixed with Celtic, derived from the Gauls who settled in Italy in the infancy of the Roman republic. Language is well known to be the most invincible of all obstacles to the interfusion of conquerors and conquered.

† Anciently, in England, as we are told by Burke, (Abrid. His. Eng.) before subjecting a party to the Ordeal of any kind, he was to be found guilty by the *duodecimvirale iudicium*, the design of which was to establish a sort of *corpus delicti*, (a proof, by the way, that juries, at least originally, were judges of but the facts.) It is strange the historian, after signaling this distinction, should not have been led by it to the explication given in the text of the trial by Ordeal, any more than Montesquieu, whose philosophical epigrams on the subject, or rather, epigrammatic philosophy, Burke, however, criticises.

bitrament of war, title by conquest—is treated among the most sublime and sacred of the diplomatic gravities of our sages and statesmen! Short-sighted man! when will you come to discern, of to avow, that what you commonly call your rights, as they were originally all acquired by, so do they ultimately rest upon, *might and truth alone*.

But to apply the result of this dissertation to its more immediate object, it is clear that under the summary procedure described, there would be little demand for the profession of the advocate; or if it existed under any form, it should be found wielding other arms than oratory, among a race so warlike as the Franks. Accordingly, in Gaul, where the trial by combat had now become the common mode of decision, a party unwilling to fight himself might employ a *champion*; and this championship had become a regular profession, for the use more especially of the clergy and the women. Here is the germ of knight-errantry and chivalry. Thus was dispatched the litigation of the barons. And as to the people, they had nothing which could give occasion for litigation—not only possessing no property, but being themselves, in general, the *property* of the lords.

But as the kingdom, or at least the church, of Christ enlarged its dominion, and the cathedrals and monasteries kept a proportionate pace in the contemptible wealth and profane possessions of this world, to manage these “temporalities” a description of men came to be employed, called at the time *advocati*, (from the similarity of function doubtless,) but tortured afterwards into the French *avoués*, (still in use, in the sense of our attornies,) and whom we now call proctors, in English parlance and law. These—who were to be laymen—seem, however, to have been a sort of general agents, of whose manifold attributions it was but the principal to defend the judicial rights of the church and abbey. The office in process of time—aided perhaps by the proverbial *savoir-faire* of the lawyer generation—came to be hereditary, by one of those queer transformations which are the veins most valuable and least explored of the history of social institutions. The *avoué* came to have in the benefice a qualified property, or fief, which was termed *avouerie*—not unfamiliar to our own lawyers, (though, happily, foreign to

our laws,) under its barbarous derivative, “advowson.”

In this usage the church was speedily followed by the towns, and then the provinces, of France. As general society progressed, the analogous wants of the public produced another description of these law-agents, differing from the former in being devoted to no clientage in particular, but like their modern successors, at the call of the first comer, or the highest bidder. These got the significant name, *clamatores*, from the Celtic clam, or claim, says M. Fournel: or may it not have been the plain Latin, according to Cicero’s contradistinction between *clamator* the spouter, and *orator*, the accomplished advocate?

In the Institutes (*Etablissements*) of St. Louis (1270), the ancient term *advocates* is again employed; but probably in a generic sense: for, while rules (by the by, admirable) are prescribed (Chap. 14) for the discipline of the profession, no special mention is made of the pleaders of the Parliament. We also remark, about this period, an educational improvement in the lawyers, as seems to be indicated in their receiving the title of *doctors*, that is, learned; though we own the inference might be fallacious in other times and countries. Another sign of their advancement in consideration was, investing them with knighthood, *chevaliers de loi*. Hence the legitimate right of the lawyers to the addition “esquire;” a title which, however, ours at least have the liberality to share with a client, even though he should be a cartman or a green-grocer. We have already seen a Roman emperor, with the view of propping the dignity of the profession, ordain the rank of the advocate to be equal to that of the soldier. How low must it have sunk, or how much been misconceived, to be deemed honored by either comparison! But the military profession was the “hobby” of Roman vanity, as knighthood was of that of the middle ages. And such is the principle of most the titles conferred by men and by states. It may not be without use also to observe in this connection, that titles are conferred and assumed the most prodigally where the *things* they are supposed to signify are wanting. For example, in our own free country, one meets a general or a major in every third tavern-keeper and country attorney. Not a strolling lecturer, upon all subjects or none, from the “mystic dance” of the planetary systems down

\* *Histoire des Avocats au Parlement et au Barreau de Paris.*

through the American "sciences" of phrenology, meemerism, laughing-gas, and that diapason of the learned scale, the art and mystery of dog-dancing,\* but pompously dubs himself "professor." There is much meaning in all this, if only people had eyes. We do not find the Roman jurists consults get or take the titles of *clarissimi*, or *doctores*, or *chevaliers-ès-lois*, in the glorious days of Labeo, or Gaius, or Papinian. The title of marshal was not very common among tavern-keepers and tailors under the empire of Napoleon. Nor is that of professor wont to be travestied in the country where La Place, Cuvier, Comte and Guizot have been professors.

However, a new era dawned upon the bar in France with the creation of the famous Parliament of Paris. This, which, like all institutions of spontaneous origin, is of uncertain date, was not what the name would suggest to the English or American reader. We may trust Voltaire, in his sensible but superficial history of it, that it was neither a continuation, nor any connection, of the ancient Parliaments, better known as the States-General. It was the royal and supreme court of justice, composed of a certain number of bishops and barons, with, subsequently, some peers, after the institution of that order. It was nearly the jurisdictions, united, of the original King's Bench and the House of Lords of England.

This Parliament, at first ambulatory, like the English tribunal just named, was fixed at Paris, in 1302, by Philip the Fair, who gave the palace of the earlier kings for its place of session. Here the courts are still held, we believe; and hence the word *palais* has got a general acceptance among French lawyers, in like manner as "the Hall" has with the New York Bar. A tribunal of the materials described had naturally to call to its aid the legal knowledge of the advocates. These, at first, were merely kept in a separate apartment, for occasional consultation; and a remnant of the institution in this primitive stage may be still seen in the train of "clerks" that wait upon the Exchequer, Rolls court, and other feudal tribunals of England. In France they were soon promoted to a de-

liberative part in the proceedings; and came finally, by a succession of events not necessary to detail, to supplant or survive their lazy associates, bishops, barons, peers and all. In distinction from the military and ecclesiastical judges, the law members were known by the name of Magistrates. This is the source of that judicial order, peculiar in some respects to ancient, to ante-revolutionary France, and which, all vendible though it became, like the profession of the advocate itself, through the necessity or cupidity of certain of her kings, has produced a succession of as accomplished and virtuous judges as ever administered and adorned the judicature of any age or country. And if it be true that, unlike the English and other judges, they bought their office, it is no less true that, unlike too many of them, they never, or rarely, sold it.

The increase of civil business which naturally followed upon this more competent constitution of the Court, increased the employment and enhanced the services of the advocates. Those attached to the Parliament when it was made sedentary, settled down with it at Paris. Its first term of the year 1344, opened with an ordinance in regulation of their functions—to the end, says the preamble, that they may be exercised with honor to the Profession and utility to the public. This ordinance provides for a registration, and prescribes the qualifications, of the advocates. It recognizes the division into Pleading advocates and Counseling advocates, *consilarii*—whence the English Counselors. It enjoined several other rules concerning Pleading, Practice and Professional demeanor. This seems to have been the earliest organization of the society which still styles itself in France, The Order of Advocates.

These regulations, most of them, underwent subsequently various modifications. The fundamental condition of unsullied character, as well as attested qualification, remained, however, always unchanged. And that it was not (as elsewhere at the present day) an empty pretence, is well evinced by the signal instance of the Chancellor Poyet, who, being displaced for official misconduct,

\* Not many months back, in the interior of this State, the newspapers announced a Professor somebody, we forget the name, who was to teach dogs, we also forget in how few lessons, the "Science of Dancing!"

† A motto for most of what he ever wrote.

sought to return, for a livelihood, to the bar whence he had been promoted,\* but was refused admittance by his professional brethren, on ground that he had dishonored the "Robe." There are several such examples, in even those early times, of the scrupulous honor which has always distinguished the Bar of France, and which should everywhere characterize the Profession.

The conditions of admission to the French Bar were these: Age, 17, as at Rome; but in this case certainly, meaning the entrance upon professional studies. The period of these studies ranged, successively, from four years to so low as one. But, in all cases, the candidate must be a graduate in one of the "celebrated" Universities, in at least either of the Canon and Civil laws—in *altero juriurum*. Ecclesiastics were receivable, and, in those times, composed in fact a large majority of the Profession; so that the old English adage was equally applicable to France, whence, probably, it was imported: *nultus clericus nisi causidicus*. Women were excluded; but were (as they still are) allowed to plead for themselves. The studies thus completed and certified, the remaining ceremony was the oath; which was administered in open court, on the presentation of the candidate by an Elder (*ancien*) of the Profession, who prayed that the Court would be pleased to receive the oath of the advocate, such a person, graduate of such a University: adding, that his credentials had been duly inspected—*que Messieurs les gens du roi ont vu ses lettres*.

But the French "young lawyer" had (and has still) to spend the three succeeding years—termed *temps de stage* or *de Palais*—in attendance on the Courts, for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the rules of practice and the general style of proceeding, as well as in deepening and maturing his legal studies. Of this we have a faint remnant ourselves in the term requisite to have elapsed between the admission as attorney and as counselor. But the imitation is merely in the time; for the French lawyer, though equally entitled to practice, would be deemed wanting in a proper respect for his own

character, as well as regard for the interests of clients, in undertaking any business of consequence during this period. This is to observe the sound maxim of Cicero: *non in foro discere, sed docti in forum venire*. During this species of novitiate, these catechumens of the church of Themis were called *Advocati audientes* (listening advocates), in distinction from the two complementary classes, of *Advocati proponentes* and *Advocati consiliarii*. These classes were signalized by the seats assigned them in Court, the order of precedence commencing from the Bench.

We are to note, in conclusion, that the body of Advocates were always distinct in association as different in function from the *procureurs ad lites*, who correspond to our attorneys. These seem to be of a much later origin in France, being first, we believe, made mention of in the Institutes of St. Louis; whereas, the Advocates were introduced with the monarchy, and borrowed, we have seen, from Rome. The *Procureurs*, however, while they have their separate society, always have been subject to the general supervision of the "Council of Discipline" of the Bar.

Such is a hasty outline of the career and the character of the Profession in France, down to the abolition of the Order of Advocates, in 1790, by the Convention. This in some respects unparalleled event is, we believe, much misunderstood—where it is known of at all—by our readers. And as, moreover, the true account of it is honorably characteristic of the Profession we vindicate, and may furnish some timely hints to those members of our own Convention who seem inclined to meddle in the same matter, we will transcribe the whole proceeding in nearly the words of Fournel; upon whom, as also Boucher d'Argis, we take this occasion to acknowledge, once for all, that we have drawn largely for the facts of this sketch—using however, our own judgment in interpreting and applying them.

While the Committees were engaged in the organization of the Judiciary, and after the Parliaments and Courts, of A-

\* Many of our readers, acquainted with only the English and American judiciary systems, may not be aware that this was not commonly, but very rarely, the case in France the judges being there, as in ancient Rome, a separate class from the lawyers. And this decidedly the better arrangement, where the laws and jurisprudence are of reasonable intelligibility. But where, as in England, they are an occult science, the Judges must be drawn from the number of the initiated. Hence the usage accordingly, here as in England; or it rests upon no positive law in either country.



peal had been abolished, the question arose, what was to become of the Order of Advocates. Several of the Committee were for maintaining it unaltered, and transplanting it into the new system with all its pristine prerogatives and rights. But others were disposed to dissolve the "Order," and abolish even the name.

But you must know, says our authority, this latter proposition proceeded from no hostile intention, but on the contrary from a chivalrous devotion (*dévouement exalté*) to the glory and memory of the Profession.

This singular idea, having created much division in the Committee, was communicated to a number of the principal Advocates of Paris; who, after revolving the subject in all its bearings, declared unanimously for absolute abolition.

We are (they reasoned) to be considered under the two-fold aspect of Advocates, and Advocates of the Parliament. The dissolution of the Parliaments deprives us of the latter quality. With regard to the other, it would be valueless where there should be no superior tribunals whereinto to transfer our titles, our attributions and privileges. But none such are left by the new judiciary arrangement, which consists of but pitiful primary tribunals. By these tribunals it is that the quality of advocate would be conferred; but each of these countless courts, spread over the surface of France, will thus become the centre of a new war.

These bars will be crowded by a multitude of men who, without an idea of the principles or the discipline of the profession, will degrade its ancient character and prostitute its honorable functions. Yet these persons will insist upon dubbing themselves with the title of advocates; and will be—they too, forsooth!—for constituting an Order. The public will be deceived by the name, and hides, in its natural malignity prone to generalize its imputations, will confound degraded those advocates *de circonstance*, with those of the ancient Order. The sole way of escaping this disreputable prosterity is at once to suppress the denomination, the order and the dependent tributes of our body. Let there be no more Advocates, since we cannot preserve unsullied the dignity of the title. Sole depositories of this noble Profession, let us not suffer that it pass into hands

that would degrade it; but exterminate ourselves the object of our affection, rather than surrender it to outrage and infamy.

"The members of the committee, (adds the historian,) moved to tears by this heroic self-sacrifice, not unworthy of ancient Rome, embraced unanimously the same opinion, and a few days after decreed the annihilation of the name of Advocate, the suppression of the Order, and the interdiction of its costume to whatever description of men should thenceforth fulfill its functions."

And "heroic" this memorable resolution must undoubtedly be esteemed, our degenerate days considered. It could have been taken but by a profession of which—still more than of Montesquieu's Monarchy—honor is the essential and the distinctive principle. And even in this profession, it could, perhaps, have occurred at the present day, but in the French Bar; than whom a body of men of more delicacy, disinterestedness and honor probably does not now exist.

Let us justify this high eulogy by a single circumstance. In France, it is the usage (founded on the principle that the advocate's sole duty is to vindicate truth and justice) for the opposite counsel to communicate to one another every document in their possession (*se communiquer leurs sacs*) touching their respective cases, and this, whether to be produced or not on the trial. These documents—bonds, bills, title-deeds—are taken home for days, without acknowledgment for, or inventory of, the most precious deposit. Yet it is matter of history that from the earliest record of the bar to this day, there has not occurred a single instance, not only of any gross abuse, but of even an *illiberal use*, of this sublime confidence. And this fact speaks a volume for disciplinary organization of the Profession. But we should also add, that there is much in appealing to that principle in man which has never been enough regarded perhaps by legislators and moralists. Honor—not the vulgar, the bastard thing commonly so called, but that deep, self-sustained consciousness of moral and manly dignity, called sometimes conscience, sometimes self-esteem, sometimes pride, according to the creed or the character of the denominator—this sentiment, we are persuaded, well-directed and developed, might be made to govern the world.

But it is not in nature that the office of

the advocate should long remain suppressed. The miserable system of "small courts" organized by the Convention, having of course brought the administration of justice into contempt, was remodeled by Napoleon, who on elevating the character of the courts also revived the Order of Advocates. Not, however, quite to the former discipline and privileges, which were absolutely republican; but, as it was expressed by themselves, he *amperialized* it. This control was farther aggravated by an Ordinance of Louis XVIII., which, though a subject of unremitted remonstrance by the bar, remains, we believe, still unremoved—even by the Citizen King.

Last in order, though not in interest, comes the British Bar, the model and the mother of our own;—or rather, the step-mother, to judge from the distorted and ill-favored condition of the child. Here we are left absolutely without historical materials. We are not aware of a solitary treatise on the subject of the Profession in our language, while we know of at least four in France. Not so much as a prefatory memoir from any of our numerous writers about Law Studies; though the examples of the distinguished lawyers of the past with some account of the principles that actuated, and the discipline that formed, them should, one would think, be as pertinent to the occasion and as efficient of the object as the "thrilling" declamation of Samuel Warren—who rants and rhapsodizes through a brace of volumes without giving, perhaps without *having*, the least idea of the origin, the history, the organization, or the discipline of the institution of which, however, he has constituted himself teacher.

But however discreditable to English law writers and retarding to the progress of the English Bar itself, this neglect is probably not of so great consequence as the loss of the histories of Livy and Varro; as the fullest detail would be chiefly of negative value, would present us rather what was to be avoided than what was to be imitated. But this fair side has been anticipated in our account of the French and Roman Bars. Of the other there is enough remaining—"in all conscience"—to stimulate us to reform. Our introductory reflections on the general origin of the Profession apply of course to early Britain. Besides, what we related of the administration of jus-

tice in Gaul must be equally true of the neighboring island, which was under the same Druidical *regime*. Some traces of the Roman usages also probably remained in this province, as in the others. In fine, with most others of the civil institutions of France, the forms of the Legal profession too were, in large part, transplanted, at the "conquest," into England; superseding or suppressing such of the native usages as refused to coalesce with them through the common Roman affinity. So that we have given effectually the history of the English Bar in the sketch especially of the French "Order."

This influence, we are aware, is denied indignantly by the English, and the denial is re-echoed by those who are content to take the testimony of the wounded vanity and morbid resentment of a conquered people, in its own cause. But interrogate that less equivocal witness, the nomenclature of our institutions and judicial procedure—of which we have taken occasion, not without a purpose, of presenting some specimens, by the way. Or peruse, among other French books, (do not touch an English one on the subject,) Thierry's History of the "Conquest;" but especially, Bernardi, *Sur la Legislation*—a work which, though written with exclusive reference to the jurisprudence of France, we do not hesitate to affirm contains, to a reflecting reader, a profounder Commentary than Blackstone's, on The Laws of England. Nay, we go so far as to say, that our institutions, to be studied thoroughly, philosophically, *must* be traced in the civil history of ancient France. For the rest, it is not denied that some of these institutions may not have improved accidentally by the transplantation. But among any such cannot, most assuredly, be reckoned the character, discipline or learning of the Legal Profession.

This will be gainsayed by no man of competent intelligence and impartiality. The English Bar and Bench—among many members who have done honor to their noble occupations—record examples without number of the meanest servility and the most mercenary profligacy. Why has Hale been deified? he never made an act of resistance to power or to pelf that is not the strictest duty of a village Justice. Why, unless that a judge of merely negative virtues was a moral monster, a demigod, in his day and country. Besides independence and probity,

they have always lacked that spirit—Bar and Bench—which appears in the struggles, almost yearly, that have been waged by the Profession in France for the dignity of the Order—struggles in which Kings, even the bravest and the most absolute,\* that have ascended that throne, have had to surrender. And as to their accomplishments of intellect, where are the fruits? Is there a single production of an English jurisconsult,† on the subjects of civil science, legislation or general jurisprudence, of any note or applicability beyond the precincts of the “four seas”?‡ Where are the Cujases, the Vöets, the Domats, the D’Agesses, the De Meyers, the Montesquieus, the Pothiers, the Vattel of England? Nor is it to be replied that the Civil Law has been of no consequence to English jurists. It may in truth be considered the *jus gentium* of modern nations, in the Roman acceptance of this term; that is to say, the law *naturally common* to them all. Yet we doubt if of English lawyers there be one in fifty who could tell the distinction between the Code and the Digest of Justinian, or the difference between a rescript and a decree! How should it be otherwise? The English lawyers have always been, individually, ill-educated, corporately, ill-organized, and employed upon a system of Jurisprudence and procedure out of whose mazes, once entered, it is impossible to ever re-ascend into the daylight of reason and principle. Hence the English lawyers have been happily characterized by the wit of Erasmus as, *genus indoctorum doctissimum*.

It is natural to ask oneself how this has been suffered to continue to the present day. We should say a general cause is, the predominant commercial and trading character of the community; which tends not only to degrade to the common mercenary standard the intellectual pursuits in general, but, moreover, discourages all intellectual development in a class of men whom it has

to entrust with the management of its affairs, from the vulgar notion of incompatibility between business capacity and learning. There are other considerations, many of them peculiar to the vicissitudes of English history. But the capital, though a negative, cause of the inferiority of the English Bar is the want of a disciplinary organization. With this, all, or much at least, of the rest would have followed. This it is mainly that has made the French Bar what we have seen, and maintained it such for centuries. To which we would add an admirable usage whereby it was powerfully seconded; we mean the addresses termed “*Mercurials*,” which are pronounced to the assembled Bar by the magistrate or judge at the opening of the Court Terms—especially the immortal discourses of D’Agessseau, which inspire the loftiest professional enthusiasm with all the eloquence of Fenelon and the wisdom of Bacon.

But in England the Profession has always been in a state of comparative anarchy. It has been divided into several associations, not without analogy to the burgesse corporations of the barbarous ages. Such are the four societies of the Inns of Court.§ Crude, however, as they have been, in organization and object, they have proved of considerable service to the Bar, especially in an intellectual respect. They have kept the line distinct between the mental and the manual departments of the Profession—between the advocate and the attorney. By maintaining the gradations of barrister and sergeant, they have proposed inducements for educational effort, objects for professional emulation. And these distinctions, with the cultivation requisite to attain them, must react with a salutary influence upon the probity and demeanor.

Now, discard these advantages and you have the American Bar. Here we have dropped effectually the distinction between counselor and attorney; nay, with both the quality of solicitor is jum-

\* Henry IV. and Louis XV.

† Bentham never practiced, and was in nothing an English lawyer.

‡ Of which we are in the respect in question but an *elongation* of England, like her other colonies.

§ The reader may be curious to know the origin of this queer name. In the middle ages, the feudal mansion was called an *Inn*. Three or four of them in the (then) suburbs of London, were purchased by the societies of the Bar, to be used for meeting and business: hence, the *Inns of Court*. But the queer part is to come. When the Baronial hospitality gave way before the tavern-keeper, the latter, taking up the magniloquent appellation, called his concern an “*Inn*,” both were places of *general entertainment*. The French term *Hotel* has undergone a similar transformation.

bled to boot, in the same individual. And as to the grades of rank in the advocate, we have nothing of the kind. It is, doubtless, that we have been hitherto rather primitive, at least in mental condition, for any nice refinement in the division of labor, or graduation of intellectual capacity and culture. With this negative representation, we should be happy to leave the actual character and condition of our bar to the reader's inference. But, in assuming to propose a remedy, we have obliged ourselves (however invidious it may prove) to establish more positively the state of the patient.

The defects of the bar in this country may, for the present objects, be loosely classified under two heads: Defects of Preparatory Education, Defects of Professional Discipline.

In truth, we can hardly be said to have anything of a special education at all for this profession. The statutory provisions to that effect are notoriously waste-paper. The fact, the practice is this: A boy, say from 12 to 16 years of age, with the common-school accomplishment in "reading, writing and arithmetic," enters an attorney's office; which he perhaps sweeps for the first two years. The balance of the apprenticeship to seven years (the legal term in this State for students of this description) is instructively occupied in copying over a thousand times the same cabalistic forms, "running errands," and—*swearing to affidavits*. His studies do not often transcend the "Clerk's Assistant," and any instruction he receives relates but to the theory of "making up a bill of costs"—according to his equivocal expertness in which is estimated his proficiency and his promise in the Profession. After this profound and edifying initiation, he emerges a dapper Attorney-at-Law! This may be an extreme, but it is nevertheless, we aver, a common case. The necessary consequences, moral as well as mental, upon a considerable portion of our bar directly, and indirectly, by reflection, upon the reputation of the whole body, we leave the plain sense or the personal experience of the public to determine. As to the collegiate diploma receivable in lieu of a portion of this period, we all know it to be obtained commonly by persons incapable of reading its contents in Latin.

For the supplementary guaranty of our Examination is a still greater "sham"

(if that be possible) than even the apprenticeship. Unmasked of technology, it reminds one of the Canonical programme of the middle ages, which began with the interrogatory, "Can you read the Four Gospels?" Nor does this resemblance between the candidates end with the examination, but extends, quite naturally, to the professions for which such examinations could be held to qualify; as witness the following account of the clerical body at the period alluded-to, by a sarcastic contemporary: *Potius dedisti (says Alanus) gula quam glosse, potius COLLIIGUNT LIBRAS quam LEGUNT LIBROS, &c.* Our examinations of at least the candidates for attorneyship, are exclusively upon Court rules and mere Practice. But besides being technical—as comports possibly with the ordinary capacity of the examiners—they are become so trite, that collections of the whole set, in manuscript, with the proper answers appended, are known to be common among our Law students. So that the examination is reducible to a few hours' effort of mere memory: The writer can say, for his own part, that the sum of his preparation *with immediate reference to this ordeal*, was made within the single week preceding the event. Nor did he avail himself, in this feat, of the examination-made-easy catechism alluded to, but of the intelligent and methodical treatise of Mr. Burril, on Practice. It may be retorted, the practical proficiency was probably proportionable. Well, we will not gainsay an objection which only fortifies our argument. In fine, we think the actual scheme of Legal examination (and implicitly of course, of education) is well hit off in the following sketch, from a newspaper, which (for decency, doubtless) places the scene in the wild South-West.

"Judge P.," said Mr. C.'s friend, "is now in the village; will you go and stand your examination?"

Of course C. consented. He had been for several days anxiously waiting for the Judge at the — Exchange, alias groggery, alias doggery. After the introduction the Judge said:

"Well, Mr. C., you want to be examined for admittance to the bar." "Yes, sir." "Well, sir, let us take something to drink: barkeeper, give us two juleps. Mr. C. can you swim?" "Yes, sir, I can," said C., greatly surprised. "Well, sir, let's take another drink: barkeeper, two cocktails." The cocktails vanished,

and the judge said: "Mr. C., have you got a horse?" "Certainly, sir," said C. "Very good," said the Judge, as soberly as though charging a grand jury. "Mr. C., if you please, we'll take a drink: barkeeper, two toddies." The toddies disappeared, and 'C. owns he began to feel rather queer. "Mr. C., said the Judge, "can your horse swim?" "Yes, sir, he can, for I have tried him from necessity." "Then, sir," said the Judge, with increasing gravity, "your horse can swim, and you can swim, and by G—d, I think you are well qualified for an Alabama lawyer. Give me your commission, and I will sign it. Meanwhile, barkeeper, give us two punches, for my friend Mr. C. and myself. Mr. C." continued the Judge, "I drink success to your admission to the Bar."

This may be actual fiction, but it is ideal truth.

As to our second head, the Defects of Discipline—we should have said rather, the absence of any. Yet, we repeat the importance of this to both the profession and the public is incalculable. This alone can purify the one, alone protect the other, from those disreputable practitioners, who will always flourish if left unbranded by an authoritative moral reprobation; as long, at least, as there will be dishonest clients to employ them in preference. In short, this discipline would ultimately ensure the character, the capacity, and public consideration so invaluable—especially under popular institutions—in a body who must have, for good or ill, so large a part, not merely in the administration, but also in the formation\* of the laws.

Having, in the preceding historical survey, proposed a model of professional (and quite practicable) excellence, and pointed out the deficiency of our own bar from that standard, there remains but to suggest some method of mending our situation. The means which gave the profession character and efficiency in the past, we have also been careful to signalize and appreciate; and, as the result, we would recommend this two-fold expedient:—Elevation (by law) of the present grade of Legal Education, and Organization (by association) of the Bar.

Not only are we far behind England—as England is behind the rest of civilized Europe, in this legal education—but she is leaving us still farther behind every

day. We are glad to see the impulse given her by Bentham and his disciples in the career of reforming the laws has reached at last to the amelioration of the law, yers also. An act of Parliament was passed, last year we believe, imposing additional restrictions upon the admission of attorneys and solicitors. And, even at the Inns of Court—think of it, reader!—the order of the day seems to be Legal Education. One of them—the Middle Temple—had recently a committee to "consider of the best means of promoting the legal education of the students of their House." The following result we transfer from its sensible Report—knowing that an English example will be of more effect with those we address than anything we could here add ourselves upon the subject—though backed beside with the authority of France and Germany and reason united.

"Your Committee, having entered on the inquiry directed them, as to the means to be adopted 'for promoting the legal education of the Students,' recommend that the steps to be taken by the Middle Temple should be such as are best adapted for the commencement of a sound and comprehensive legal education; for they have reason to hope that the plan, thus rightly begun, will be followed out and completed by the proceedings of the other Societies: so that the institutions which will be finally established by the several Inns shall afford to the students collectively a complete course of legal instruction.

"The Committee have also adverted to the acknowledged deficiency which has long been felt to exist in the education of English lawyers, in consequence of their entire neglect of the study of Jurisprudence and the Civil Law; although in all places where the law has been or is taught as a science, these subjects have uniformly formed the first and one of the most essential parts of legal education. From these and many other reasons to the like effect, the Committee are induced to recommend that the first step for the promotion of legal education to be taken by the House, should be the appointment of a Reader on Jurisprudence and the Civil Law. To illustrate the benefits which would result to the Students from such an appointment, it may be well to explain the sense in which the Committee use the terms, Civil Law and Jurisprudence: and their consequent expectation of the province and duties of the Lecturer.

"By the term Jurisprudence the Committee mean General Jurisprudence, as dis-

\* See Note at the end of this Article.

tinguished from the particular Jurisprudence of any individual nation; and which, in further explanation of their meaning, they would divide into Positive Jurisprudence, or the philosophy of Positive Law, and Comparative Jurisprudence, or the exhibition of the principles of Positive Law in an embodied form, by a comparison of the Jurisprudence of modern nations. In the first they would have the Lecturer also include the most important subject of the 'Interpretation of Laws,' and under the latter head of Comparative Jurisprudence, the 'Conflict of Laws,' may be properly comprised.

"By the term Civil Law the Committee wish to indicate what may be called 'Modern Roman Law,' that is to say those portions of the Civil Law which being of a universal character, and applicable to the relations of modern society, have formed the basis of the Jurisprudence of many (of the) continental nations, and entered so largely into our own.

"The Committee are of opinion that the study of the theory of the Civil Law may be most advantageously combined with the study of Jurisprudence, and that the two united will furnish the best means of preparatory legal culture, and the formation of an enlarged and comprehensive legal mind."

The details go on to recommend the immediate appointment of this Lecturer, who should be either a Barrister or a doctor of the Civil Law; that he should deliver a year "three terminal courses, and that he should receive three hundred guineas from the Society, besides one guinea from each Student for each terminal course." This Report has been adopted, and the Lectures commence, it seems, next October, the time intervening being allowed for the composition of them.

This is, decidedly, an important movement. Not that we regard the plan of Lectures as the best, in the circumstances. But it will lead to a better. The essential point was, that English lawyers should come at last to feel and own their disgraceful deficiency—a deficiency, by the way, sufficiently betrayed in this committee's acceptance of the term jurisprudence, and others, to say nothing of the general style. May we not expect ours to go and do likewise?

With reference to the other point—of discipline—there is nothing worth borrowing from the English. Our model

here is the French organization. Of this we present a brief outline, in the fond hope that those members of the profession—and we know of such in this city\*—who are sensible of the want and of the importance of some such measure, may take it into active consideration.

This species of moral government was formerly a representative republic, but was, as we have said, *emperialized* by Napoleon. It consists of a President, (called *Batonnier*) with a Secretary, and a body called the Council of Discipline. This body, anciently *elected*, is now nominated by the Order of Advocates from the oldest and the most distinguished members of the order, and in number proportionate to that of the constituency, that is, of the bar of the particular city or district. Nominations are made to double the number of the Council, and a list of them is presented to the king's Attorney-General, who elects from it the requisite number. The qualification of an advocate to vote on this nomination is determined by the registration of his name on the roll (*tableau*) of the Order.

The attributions of the Council are, first, to decide upon the differences relative to the registration just mentioned. Second, to exercise the surveillance which the honor and interests of the Order may require. Third, to execute the disciplinary measures authorized by the rules of the Order.

The sanction, the penal authority, is merely moral. The penalties are: advice—reprimand—temporary suspension—erasure from the roll. The suspension cannot exceed the term of one year. From sentence of expulsion, there is an appeal to the supreme Court. No penalty can be imposed without having given timely notice to the accused, and heard his defence fully and fairly, if he desire it, before a general assembly of the order.

There are various other regulations and specifications, for which we have not place, nor are they much to the immediate purpose.

With respect to the former article of the proposed professional reform—the education—the fitness of any adequate system would depend essentially on the event of a measure now under consideration in the Convention of this State—we mean, codification of the laws. The ex-

\* As distinguished among them for repeated efforts and unwearied zeal in this cause, we take pleasure in naming Mr. John Anthon.

cation of this grand project would bring about more fundamental changes in the constitution and general character of the profession, than may be readily imagined. As to the plan of association, it should be moved in without delay; its effects would be equally applicable to all events.

In conclusion, may we indulge the hope, that the no small labor which the foregoing pages have cost us will not be entirely lost. It cannot be that there is not spirit enough in the profession itself to seek its rescue from the condition to which it is degraded amongst us: the condition of a trade—of a disreputable trade. It cannot be that there is not intelligence to conceive, and patriotism, or at least professional pride, to exult at its future destiny in this country; for in no other has it ever had a field so fruitful, a prospect so glorious. The freedom that gave such fullness of development to the unrivalled jurisprudence of ancient Rome, we enjoy in a still higher degree than Rome. The invaluable example of that jurisprudence is before us, which ought, in the language of the poet's precept, to be our daily and nightly study. We have additionally to guide us some twenty centuries more of the world's legislative experience. But we have what is still more propitious to the subject in question than all those advantages of instruction, perhaps than all the efforts of human combination: for man invents nothing, in the strict sense of the word; accident and circumstances are the real parents of whatever is absolutely new in his additions to knowledge or to power; and genius, in the proudest of her achievements, has been but the timely midwife of teeming nature. The paramount and peculiar agency to which we allude, is *the complicateness of our political system*; by whose sure, ceaseless, self-operative action must be evolved new aspects of human rights, and wider views of the jural relations of mankind, than could be even conceivable, out of our federative situation. Many of the most important and fundamental of the physical laws that govern our globe, would have forever remained utterly unknown to us, were they not obtruded upon our notice by its position as a member of the planetary system.

The mission of the Legal Profession—among the highest, under any circumstances—offers, then, to the American jurist the noblest objects of human ambition. The noblest, because the most benignant and the most enduring. Where

is now the power, the influence (even for evil) of the Syllas, the Scipios, the Cæsars, of Rome; while the illustrious line of her jurisconsults still hold aloft the imperial banner, inscribed with that proudest of her mottoes—*tu regere (jure) populos, Romane, memento*—and will transmit it with widening sway to the latest posterity.

Yes, we shall one day have a profession to feel, and a public to encourage, this ambition. But they must be constituted very differently, we fear, from the present generation of either. The former will not have the depraving lust of money-making for their exclusive rule of professional conduct; nor will the public sentiment receive with favor, in lieu of learning and integrity, the mountebank artifices resorted to by our promising young lawyers, "to get business." The maxim of "success at the bar" will not then be Danton's for warfare: "*De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace*;" which we shall translate: Impudence, still impudence, always impudence. This avowed "business-seeking" would be irretrievable disgrace, we believe, at any other bar in the civilized world than our own:—certainly in France, where the mere fopperies of this class are made the subject of comic ridicule. But we have been, we perceive, getting too grave—we shall close with one of those portraits of a pettifogger drawn in the times of Louis XIV.; retouching it, in a running translation, according to our American variety of the original.

"Qu' est-ce, dites-moi, que Damon l'Avocat ?

Un fat, un ignorant balayant la grand-salle,  
Qui par sa vanité croit que rien ne l'égale ;  
Qui de papiers tous blancs a soin d'emplir son sac ;

Qui décide de tout et ab hoc et ab hac—  
Qui s'écoute parler, qui s'applaudit lui-même,

Pondarissant ses mots avec un soin extrême—

Qui dans les entretiens tranche du bel esprit—

Qui rit tout le première des sottises qu'il dit—

Qui respecte lui seul sa mine de poupee,  
Le matin est en robe et le soir en épée ;  
Etoardi, dissipé, grand parleur—un mot,  
Qui partout fait l'habile et partout n'est qu'un sot."

*Lafont. Les Freres Rivaux.*

Which may—*pace Thalia*—be rendered freely as follows :

And what, pray, is a pettifogger—  
 A coxcomb, ignorant and vain,  
 Who has as little law as brain;  
 Who's ever dangling round the "Hall,"  
 And there the busiest of them all;  
 Whom yet you, in the crowded street,  
 With books and briefs, are sure to meet:—  
 (Briefs folded in symmetric shape,  
 Inscription fair and flying tape;  
 The court and client, of course, of rank)—  
 Briefs, like the bearer, inly blank.  
 But mark him the thronged court-room enter!

Elbowing forward to the centre,  
 "My privilege" writ on his face,  
 He takes the most conspicuous place.  
 Or it may be the judge must hear,  
 Some nothing with a martyred ear—  
 Consulted, who will never deign  
 To pause. The case is *good and plain*;  
 And has its merits or its flaws  
 According to the fees, not laws.  
 To ponder would betray the quack,  
 So he decides *ab hoc, ab hac*—  
 Who listens while he talks, intent  
 Upon his voice, not argument—  
 Who's loud and long in self-applause,  
 (His favorite and familiar cause)—  
 In converse pert and peremptory,  
 As a free-thinker, or Church-Tory—  
 Who laughs, alone, at his own joke,  
 And laughs almost before he spoke—  
 Whose "urgent business" never ends,  
 'Mongst parties, places, clients, friends,  
 Has every Beauty his admirer,  
 Whom he can have, if he desire her;  
 So that he scarce a breath can draw,  
 'Twixt suits at love and suits at law.  
 In fine, a giddy, brainless elf,  
 An endless prater 'bout himself;  
 In all things for a wit would pass,  
 But is, in truth, in all an A—ss.

O.

\* \* NOTE, page 258.—This opinion we have pleasure and pride in being enabled, since the text was written, to confirm from an authority of the first order on this subject, the profound and learned Savigny. Nor is it alone as to the influence of the legal Profession upon the form and growth of the laws that we perceive ourselves to be in flattering coincidence with this distinguished jurist; we are also borne out by him substantially in the speculation hazarded in the fore part of the preceding paper, concerning the natural Origin, Order of development, and Division of its functions. His remarks upon both these points we shall translate in full, as they conveniently occur in the same passage. Not, however, from vanity, we trust; but because we would have their pertinent and preg-

nant suggestions sown deeply in every thinking mind amongst us.

"The exterior forms which we see the Legal Profession assume are the image of the progressive establishment of that class. At first we find them *giving counsel in certain specific cases; co-operating in the trial of a cause; directing respecting the regular forms of Procedure*; their earliest essays in the literature of the law are collections of rules, and treatises upon the mere formalities of Practice. By little and little their labors take a more elevated character. Science begins to evolve itself, and to have its theory and its application: its theory in the doctrines set forth in elementary treatises and by oral communication (such as lectures); its application in the decision of the tribunals which are now become widely different from the primitive popular judgments, (our jury system,) through the scientific knowledge of the Judges and the systematic usages which establish themselves traditionally in permanent colleges—(such as the law Faculties of Germany, and with us, in a sort, the Legal Profession.)" \* \* \*

[Here we ask the reader to favor us by turning to page 258, and comparing our deductions, *a priori*, respecting the Profession, with the historical account of its triple form, above signalized, in the italicized passages. Also, to reflect, in which of the periods of Juridical development, designated in the sequel of the sentence, are to be placed the actual jurists and jurisprudence of England and the United States—in the practical and primitive, or in the scientific and systematic? The facts ought to bring sorrow to the breast or at least shame to the brow of Americans especially, whether lawyers or laymen; who pretend (as, of course, in patriotism bound) that we are the most advanced and enlightened people of the most enlightened age that the world has witnessed. These facts undeniably are, that as to our *law-writers*—the English inclusive—they are still mainly the mere compilers and commentators of technical formulas and traditional usages—the very *verbosa simulatio prudentia* of the college of Pontiffs, the Profession at Rome, in the infancy of the republic; until, as Cicero adds pleasantly, one Flavius, a copyist of theirs, came to supplant them in the traffic, having filched their wisdom from the wily lawmongers; and as respects the *Jurisprudence*, that ours, at least in part, is still formed by tribunals such



precisely as decided in the woods of Germany in the days of Tacitus, and decide at this day in the wilds of Arabia. The only advance we appear to have made is the application of the representative principle; as the jury might be regarded a sort of select committee of the primitive tribunal of the whole people. And here we are, in the middle of the nineteenth century, with our juridical, vying with the newspaper, writers in chanting pæons of eulogy to this crude tribunal; which, while necessary, we admit, in its time, and not only that, but useful in developing the materials of a jurat system, yet now that those materials oppress by their multitude, can serve but as an eternal inlet to disorder, an obstacle the more to all system, the despair of all science! We, moreover, retain this incumbrance and expense incalculable, public and private, for not one sound reason, at least in civil causes—save and except the usual *mos majorum* of English precedent. Even the English themselves have continued it in the civil department only because of the accidental services, in criminal matters, against the past persecutions of the crown. A tribunal which has often protected (legally or otherwise) the lives of “free-born Englishmen” was concluded to be of course the best possible to adjudicate in all tribunals whatever—without regard to the difference of parties, the purpose of the suit, or the circumstances of the times. This might be characterized as the Anglo-Saxon mode of generalization, of which we have a good illustration in the logic of Phædrus’ ass, who refused to eat barley, alleging sagaciously that he observed the hogs that were fed upon it to have been always killed. But in retaining the jury system we seem to have improved (in absurdity) upon this English and assinine reasoning. Under the constitution of England, the jury in criminal cases is of real value as a *political guarantee*; it is accordingly in this light that the thoughtful Germans regard it, who, though not remarkably

averse to either ceremony or complexity, are utterly at a loss to conceive what the English mean by wheeling into operation its ponderous machinery upon occasion of every petty, pecuniary litigation. But as such guarantee it has, obviously, no application under our institutions—at least none that does not better belong to the Executive prerogative of grace. This is not written from any particular hostility to the institution of jury-trial; but it is of the utmost importance to miss no opportunity of exposing that purblind packhorse pertinacity with which mankind in general will jog on beneath the crudities, become iniquities, of their early history; and, more preposterous still, the *pride* wherewith a certain variety of it vaunts itself upon institutions and usages, which, if only heard of for the first time as prevailing in China or New Holland, would probably have passed through every newspaper in the land as proof demonstrative that the Chinese were not only actual barbarians, but absolutely incapable of civilization.\*]

But to return to Savigny, who proceeds, with reference to the more immediate subject of this note. “Thus, then,” (as he was describing,) “the jurists exert a two-fold influence upon the formation of the laws: one creative and direct; for, uniting in their body nearly the whole intellectual activity of the nation, they continue as its representatives: the development of the laws; the other purely scientific, for they gather materials from the various sources to compose the Jural system, and digest it into the arrangement and precision of logical form. This latter function of the jurists would seem to place them in a position of dependence, and as if having to act upon a given subject-matter, whatever it might be. But the scientific form wherewith they stamp it, tending unceasingly to develope and complete its unity, reacts upon the body of the laws itself, gives it a new organic life, and science becomes a new constitutional element, a new agency, for its indefinite extension and application. A

\* Speaking of the newspapers, we have noticed in one, this morning, a case fully in point. The learned correspondent who represents the *Courier & Enquirer* in the Convention at Albany, writing of some proceedings respecting the Indians, states that these people refused the representative principle of government; from which he sagely infers the race to be incapable of our self-government and civilization—or something to that effect. Now it seems unfortunate for this inference that our own Anglo-Saxon forefathers, not many centuries ago, did exactly the same thing; that most of the populations of Europe had long deemed this “privilege” a burthen; and that there are possibly, even at this day, millions on the same continent who would refuse it as perversely as the Indians. Decidedly, this writer is an Anglo-Saxon Americanized.

glance will suffice to see the utility and importance of this reaction of science upon the Jural system."

[We will again interrupt the author to remark, that here is the idea of codification. The laws of a country, well codified, would correspond, at least approximately, to the state of the physical sciences, when, from being experimental, they become deductive—that is to say, properly, *science*. The organic life which Savigny speaks of as being a property of this state of the Jural system, we may conceive some idea of from the analogous properties of geometry: in which, from a few simple principles we may deduce infallibly, not only all the cases (of figure) that are likely to occur to us in real life, but all that may or possibly can occur in an eternity of ages. We do not mean to say that in the jural science, contingency can be entirely eliminated; we do say that it can be *included*, and that it will thus, upon occasion, be always reducible to principle, by means of a proper method. This method is a system of interpretation. Will those who talk in our Convention, or who think *out of* it, of providing us a code, vouchsafe to ponder upon these few leading ideas?]

"If we examine" (continues Savigny) "the relations of the Legal Profession to the confection of the Laws, we find them of more than one kind. In the first place, the decisions of the Courts, elaborated by its discussion, are, like the early popular jurisprudence, materials for the legislator: again, the special nature of the lawyers' knowledge exercises upon the laws various degrees of influence. It is they, moreover, by whom the laws are applied

and passed into practical life. The freedom and variety of forms which they employ professionally, permits them to show the identity existing between the abstract rule and the life-giving principle of Justice—an identity which gives birth to the law, but which is not immediately visible. Thus the scientific method of the Jurists—by means of interpretation—at once facilitates the application of the law and assures its consistency and empire."

In the foregoing exposition of the various and vast influence operated by the Legal Profession upon the laws—an exposition, which besides the objects for which, more immediately, it was adduced, will be seen to confirm the importance which it has been the purpose of the preceding paper to inculcate, of purifying and elevating and enlightening that influence—we shall add the succeeding paragraph of Savigny, as a conclusive and seasonable answer to those among us who would denounce this influence and destroy the profession itself as an unwarrantable monopoly.

"We see, then, that the lawyers have over the formation of the laws an influence of great extent. Those who deprecate this influence as an unjust privilege, would not be without good reason, did the lawyers constitute a caste not accessible to all. But as every man may become a Jurisconsult, by going through the requisite studies, the privilege comes to this, *that he who devotes to the pursuits of the law the labors of a whole life, may, by virtue of his superior attainments, exercise upon its formation a more than the common influence.*"—SAVIGNY. *System des heutigen Römischen Rechts*. Kap. 2. § 14.

## PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A MEDICAL ECLECTIC.—NO. IV.

THE cares and duties and facts of Life are sad foes of the Ideal. The stern worker has little time for fancies, however pleasant they may be to him. The Physician has less occasion than all others to draw on his fancy for material to indulge his sympathy. He sees men and women as they are. The noblest and truest are weak and sick. He sees their weakness without feeling it, for they are not placed in antagonism to him, consequently he judges them calmly, without any of the prejudice with which wounded feeling almost always blurs the clearest sight. The man who with noble energies, all misapplied, or running riot in wrong, has dissipated his fortune, disgraced his family, and destroyed his health, is often a noble ruin which the Physician contemplates with deepest sympathy and most intense interest. He has no personal wrong to disturb the flow of his kindly feelings. And then it is by no means unfavorable to the tenderest sympathy that we know all the sins and sufferings of those about us. I recollect an illustration of this truth. There was a young lady, a daughter of a friend, one of the few on whom I ever made an unprofessional call. She interested me strongly, for she had that sort of beauty which we involuntarily decree to be the "divine right" of Kings and Queens. She was a glorious girl and looked regal in velvet. But I never really loved her till my profession gave me the key to her heart. Then the commonest occurrences became of importance to me when connected with her.

I remember her at a party where she was queen of the night. How many slight acts then which were almost unnoticed, rose before me in after years with terrible explanations, and showed themselves, like the invisible contagion of small-pox and the invisible poison on the dagger's point, to be most powerful causes. I remember on one occasion at a party poor Caroline was cruelly hurt by an incident which, under certain circumstances, might have been forgotten in an hour, but which proved to be the germ of indescribable suffering. A young gentleman of wonderful power was present at the party. He had just begun to make himself famous as a writer. Caro-

line had been deeply interested in an article of his in the —— Magazine. Her fancy was charmed and her heart thrilled, when she learned that she was likely to meet at the party the daring young genius who had dazzled and captivated her woman's head and heart. She looked forward to the wished-for evening as to an era that she might reckon from, as devotees reckon from Saints' days, and nations from victories. Caroline was already half in love with an ideal idol, who was, in her mind, a sort of lay figure adorned with wreaths and chaplets, formed from the beautiful article of the —— Magazine. She wondered whether her hero would look, as she expected. Was he tall, with dark, deep eyes, an Apollo's face, (which is not hirsute, good reader,) with a black cloud of hair that seemed stolen from a thunder-storm? Was he elegant but not foppish in his dress, and was his manner perfectly dignified and yet perfectly polite? Caroline settled it that he would be all this and much more, like the Dutchman's dollar-bill which he wished to exchange for some of the good things of a shop-keeper who doubted its genuineness. "Is this bill coot enough?" said the shop-keeper. "Yes, it is better as good," replied the customer. The long wished-for evening came. Caroline had dressed herself in a manner not to be seen, not to be noticed a second time for anything but herself, and she looked at the reflection of her elegant beauty and its simple unadorned with much pleasure. Yes, it must be confessed that she had sufficient taste and appreciation of the beautiful to admire the fair, high brow, the lustrous eyes, the rich, dark-chesnut curls, the snowy throat, the majestic form and pure white dress of Caroline Templeton. And I admired them too. I looked at her a great deal that evening. I little thought then how many consequences lay folded in those light hours that I spent in admiring Miss Templeton and listening to her sarcastic account of her introduction to the hero of her dreams and the —— Magazine. Cloudsley Wentworth was the horror of all regular, methodical, good people. He was the puzzle of the wise, and almost unknown to himself; though, had

his knowledge of himself equaled his faith in his own power, he would have been much wiser than common mortals. He knew that Miss Templeton was a beauty and a belle. He thought her a coquette, a very heartless one. He was right and wrong in his opinion. Caroline was too much the creature of the circumstances that surrounded her. She loved to enjoy the power that her beauty gave her. She loved to bask in the blaze of admiration; but beneath all this, she had a deep, warm heart. How true it is that we tend to be what we are taken for. Tell a man that he is a wretch and ten to one he will become a hateful wretch, for he will hate you for your plain dealing or ill will as the case may be. But Cloudsley Wentworth was young and proud, and his vanity was deeper and broader than his experience. He took it for granted that Caroline Templeton was a vain and beautiful coquette who sadly needed humbling; and in the plenitude of his youthful consequence he concluded that the duty of humbling her belonged to him—nay, that it was imperative upon him. So when he drew near the beautiful girl, who, with a beating heart, was awaiting an introduction to one who was already the finest picture in her dream-land, he determined on being guilty of a most ungallant and ungentlemanly act. Caroline was gazing rather furtively at his fine, manly face. He was more beautiful than she had painted him, even with the partial pencil of her fancy. His dark hair lay in masses of rich curls on a forehead so expanded that the hair was a happy relief. Caroline looked up at him as he stood in the pride and strength of his manhood, and she almost envied her friend Miss Carson, on whose arm Wentworth lightly laid his finger, to attract her notice to a question he was about to ask. Miss Carson turned and introduced Miss Templeton to Mr. Wentworth. A thrill of joy went to the heart of Caroline as Wentworth bent his head gracefully but with hurried politeness toward her, "Your servant, madam," said he, and turning instantly to a very common-place woman near him, he commenced an apparently earnest conversation with her. Caroline thought, surely he is only detained for a moment. He cannot do so rude a thing as to "cut" a lady whom he does not know at all, and can therefore have no reason for avoiding. Little did she know of the unrea-

sonable reasons that were influencing "the good-for-nothing" Cloudsley Wentworth. She waited in vain; her heart fluttered for nought. Wentworth took no more notice of her, secretly congratulating himself that he had humbled one who deserved it. At first Caroline was fluttered and impatient; by degrees she grew vexed; at length she was very angry; and she ended by nursing a viper hate in her heart. "He has insulted woman in me," said she, and she felt that she had a right to feel the corporate hate of the sex toward Cloudsley Wentworth, a man whom ten words and one of his own smiles would have made her worship. As it was, she instinctively sought me for her confessor and comforter. I was vexed with the fellow, and could almost have found it in my heart to have given him calomel or cantharides, or to have let his proud, bad blood out of his veins. But I soon forgot the incident. Not so Caroline. If she had lived to the good old age of a Mrs. Methuselah she would have kept the slight in her memory fresh and keen as the newly broken dagger's point.

Again I saw these bright creatures meet, but both were changed. Wentworth in the recklessness of power had acted imprudently, at times wickedly. He had drunk, gamed, and brought his worthy, widowed mother into some difficulty by his extravagance. There had always been two parties amongst those who took note of the young genius. One party praised him too highly, the other condemned him quite too severely. He was now on the verge of outlawry with all parties. The scale of his social fate hung trembling, and it seemed that the small dust of the balance would decide against him. But he went to the party in a stern spirit of defiance. Caroline was now the acknowledged queen of our circle. Wentworth was too republican to acknowledge queens or kings, and least of all was he disposed to acknowledge Miss Templeton. He was quite conscious of what he had lost and of what she had gained, but he approached the circle where she was standing, "bright with beauty and girt with power," with a haughty coldness, and at the same time the purpose to treat her as an equal, an acquaintance. Perhaps half unconsciously he wished, even then, that there had been no cloud between them, for beauty and strength always won his admiration. "Good evening, Miss Tem-

pleton," said he. "I, too, would bask in the sunlight of beauty," and he bowed his head, no one could tell whether in profound admiration or premeditated burlesque. Caroline's eye fell on him for a moment, and she was satisfied as to the meaning of his polite salutation. She interpreted it by his character and his previous conduct toward her. "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." She felt an exquisite pleasure in showing her scorn and contempt by turning from him without a word, pointing the act by speaking to a sort of nobody who was near her; she gloried in using her power to make all shun him.

Truly he received from her that night "double for all his sins," and in the depths of his proud heart he vowed vengeance, and Cloudsley Wentworth never left anything half completed. Life could never have been lengthened for him to the period of forgetfulness; and then the wound he had received was deeply poisoned by many minute but damning circumstances. There stood by his side, so near that their garments brushed against each other, a mean pretender to literary distinction. He hated Cloudsley for succeeding where he had failed. A whiskered dandy with an ugly mouth was glad of the wreathed hate that curled the rich, glowing lip of the handsome Wentworth. Anger makes all alike ugly. A dozen in that circle had some petty spite to be gratified against the envied young man, who was guilty of many sins that they could have forgiven had he not been, like the king of Lilliput, a head taller than his fellows. Cloudsley turned away—a dimness came over his eyes, a cold sweat burst out all over his forehead and face, and every pore had a sting in it. He put his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief. It was not there. He could bear to hate and sneer, and to be hated and sneered at, but he could not bear to be without a pocket-handkerchief at such a moment. He was sure to have a handkerchief when he did not want it, and he was sure to have forgotten it when it was the most necessary thing in the world to him. A middle-aged, motherly lady, who admired Wentworth's genius, and sympathized with him in his present unhappy position and unlucky predicament, put a gossamer linen handkerchief into his hand. He softened for a moment, pressed her hand gratefully, and turned away to try his teeth, all unconsciously,

on the delicate muslin. He had the bad habit of gnawing holes in handkerchiefs when he was vexed.

It is sad indeed to trace the blight of human character, and that too when it results from such slight and seemingly insignificant causes, that we are sure that the smallest appreciable amount of true heroism would have turned aside the dark stream of fate which has overwhelmed and destroyed. I can never sympathize with those artists who delight in painting fiends. I can never believe that a babe could be born, and loved, and nurtured into maturity, to be only vile. When a human being becomes wholly evil, he must die and have a better opportunity to attain to the pure and the good in a better world. If any one looks over these pages in the hope to see a wholesale condemnation of humanity, he will look in vain. In the most darkened and hardened, I have seen gleams of light and signs of tenderness that have often surprised me, as fully as I was prepared to expect always, some good from all who wear the human form. Never can I forget the hour when I bent over the bed of a brutal murderer, who was confessing to me his crime. Even amid his horrible depravity the humanity made itself apparent. I said, "Why did you take this man's life?"

"He had a mortgage of my place—all the little I had."

"Had he not paid you the money for the mortgage?"

"He gave \$200 for \$2,000. He had enough. He could school his children, and they could have shoes in the cold winter, and my poor children could not have clothes to go to school, and they went hungry at home, and I had to work to get the money to pay the mortgage. I hated him for taking bread and clothes away from my children."

"How did you kill this man?" said I.

"I knocked him down when he went to take the money. He would not give me even a dollar. I knocked him down, but the blow did not kill him. I was sorry enough, for I did not want to strike him again, but I could not bear to see him suffer so, and so I killed him as quick as I could."

This confession of compassion for his victim was like the delicate flower of the Upas, or the quick and living flesh surrounded by the death of gangrene. Yet here, even here, where the law was obliged to assert its supremacy, and cut

off the offending limb from the body, we see signs of life. Ask me not, then, to paint the totally lost. While men live, they are not lost. There is always a life in humanity to which the life of humanity can successfully appeal.

Though I have adduced all this to prove that men are not all evil, that they are strange, angelic, demoniac beings, yet even my faith in humanity has been at times shaken, and perhaps never more cruelly than when I was obliged to contemplate steadily the course of Cloudaley Wentworth, through the two years that succeeded the scorn and slight hurled at him by Caroline Templeton at that, to him and her, memorable party. He had vowed to be avenged. He knew human nature well, and pretty girls better. He knew with whom he had to deal, and he took his measures carefully. He left society, and gave himself more closely than ever to the life of the student and author. He seldom was seen abroad, and when he did appear he sought no one, and no one could have thought, from his manner, that he wished to live in the memory of any one, though his elegant and tasteful dress gave evidence that he had not yet wholly abjured the world. I recollect thinking that Wentworth dressed remarkably well for a recluse, and yet I seldom thought of anything out of the right line of my work. He knew Miss Templeton's taste and habits. He wrote for her favorite magazines—he wrote what he knew she would love to read, what she would linger upon and weep over, and bind to her heart. In cold blood he did all this. He entered by this means, at the most sacred hours, into the most dear and cherished haunts of her home, and her father's grounds. He never went there, he sent only his lucubrations, but to Caroline he was always present. She saw that proud, scorning eye darting fire at her, and then she saw the sparkling and beautiful beaming in his eye and upon his lip—the rich blood deepening the red of his cheek. Through his writings she came to forgive him. She could not do otherwise, and then an accident brought about a meeting between them. It was in a sweet spot in the country, on the banks of a clear brook, that they met. Caroline had strolled out to read, to think, to feel the joy of life, in the pure air of a quiet summer evening. The sun was going down, and the clouds looked glorious to all who

were not too dull, too busy, or too miserable to look on them. Little do the lovers of cloud-land think that half the pleasure of gazing on these beautiful fleecy forms that clothe the heavens in bridal or festal garments; comes from that care-free life, that allows them even to look up at the skies. Caroline lay on a sweet bank, and read till she was surfeited with the sweets of her book, (it was Wentworth's,) and then she looked with a quiet joy at the sky that she could not forget, when months afterward, with the glare of death in her eye, and a hand of ice on her heart, she related to me every particular of her acquaintance with Wentworth. I think I see her now on that green velvet slope, with her white muslin dress falling like the robes of a queen about her, her straw hat, with its knots of blue ribbons, lying beside her, her hair and bosom decked with roses, her favorite flower, and she looks so lovely to my mind's eye, that the being who could mar and curse all this beauty, seems to me a very fiend, and yet I know that Wentworth was only a proud, sick, and vengeful boy. He was half-crazed, too, as many men of genius are in their youth; but I must confess he had a horrid "method" in his madness." His eye gleamed with joy when he saw Caroline. She could not dream that it was the joy of the tiger who has found his prey.

He came towards her, bowed with deference, and extended his hand. "Shall we be friends, Miss Templeton," said he, in his blandest manner. "I trust so," said Caroline. But the hour for triumph had by no means come. Caroline was wary, and as selfish as Wentworth. But he knew his game; he did not follow up his advantage. He was more *recherché* than ever, but he was not idle, and the time came when he was continually with Caroline. Though she had a heart, she was what Cloudaley had deemed her at first, a vain and selfish beauty, because she was the creature of the circumstances that surrounded her; she had not that deep inner life which steadies and supports at once, or rather, such had been her training that she had never been thrown for comfort and support upon herself. Her father had sustained her, her mother had cared for her, and a host of admirers had drawn her continually out of herself. But proud, and scornful, and vain as she was, she was at last conquered. Tyrants make the most abject

of all slaves—and Caroline had been a tyrant, lording over all around, and giving little or nothing to any. Cloudsley Wentworth had gone steadily on toward the attainment of his one diabolical end; and when that proud will was wholly bowed, when Caroline had cast herself upon his bosom and told him that she would henceforth live for him and for him only, he was satisfied. He spurned her from him in that moment, and coldly said, "Miss Templeton, I remember, and I have had my revenge." Oh! what a blow was this to a heart—a human heart—a woman's heart. But she would not believe him; for once in her life her pride came not to her aid, and she sunk into the pitiful beggar at the feet of the merciless. She wrote to him. Read her words.

"Oh, my friend! I would write, but I cannot. I have burned one letter. Wherefore do I write? Wherefore should I? It is the consuming and quenchless fire of my poor soul—it is this, that urges forward my faltering hand. Why does it falter? I cannot answer. I have asked again and again, why is all with me thus? A thousand echoes answer to my soul like the wailing of midnight wind in a desert. Oh, my God! why was this heart created with all its endowments of earnest and steadfast love to no purpose? O God! enlighten me with a sudden ray of thy wisdom—Oh! give me peace, or the grave—that my dissolving nature may live again in the harmless flowers, and thus exist not all in vain. Why, Cloudsley, must I love with such entireness, when you say you scorn and hate me? But no, this is not so—it cannot be—else I should not feel this want for your love, which is too imperious to be controlled. Vainly I seek you, vainly I strive to awaken your love. I know all is vain—all things whisper the mournful truth to me. I fear, Cloudsley—Oh! do not be offended—that the glory of your soul is consuming on the altar of ambition. Oh, trust me! we who are for immortality should be worthy of it, and should allow nothing to supersede those refining and elevating sentiments which constitute the happiness of heaven, and the only true happiness of earth. I have loved you too well. I can never love you less. In the airy, ideal world, I would find my rose of joy, but when I look abroad, cloud rises on cloud, and my thwarted hope wanders back like the Ark-

less Dove. I would give up all human love, but I was not born for this. Invincible fate decides that my nature should fail in the accomplishment of such a purpose. Then, how useless is my life. How can I cultivate my mind, when it has become incapable of regular thought—when it collects every idea with labor—when I cannot form a conception or purpose, even in favor of my best friends, without first obtaining a victory over my predominating feelings? When nature inspires nothing but sorrow, what great or good thing can be effected? Sorrow is a perpetual canker-worm to every virtue and to every talent. Will you not see me? Will you not write to me? You little know how, like a blessed medicine, a line from you will subdue the pangs of my impatient spirit. Forever yours,

CAROLINE."

This letter was given to Wentworth by a special messenger. He read it, crushed it in his hand, knit his brow fiercely, and walked the room hurriedly for a long time. He pitied his victim, but he had made up his mind to crush her—and Cloudsley Wentworth finished his work at all times.

It was the evening that this letter was sent that I was called to the bedside of Caroline. She had sent her letter by a trusted cousin. She learned how it was treated, and she knew that she should never receive an answer to it. I found her in strong convulsions. They left her under the magnetism of my presence, but the fierce mental agony that succeeded baffled me entirely. I felt that I could only wait for the storm to pass. I sat by her. I held her hands in mine. I laid my hand upon her head, and I grieved that there are maladies for the relief of which art is powerless. I knew, then, that he spoke truly who said, "There are trials from which the soul that shrinks may yet walk calmly to the cross, and give back the clay to earth without a murmur."

But I was not yet Caroline's friend—I was not yet her confidant. I only felt her state; it was not formally and analytically revealed to me. At length the cousin who had taken her letter to Wentworth told me enough of the case to make me suppose it was necessary for an interview to take place between my patient and her pseudo lover. I did not then understand their relative positions. I asked Mr. Aylmer, (the cousin,) to call

and request Cloudsley Wentworth to see Miss Templeton. He went, and found that Wentworth had that day left for a distant city. He communicated the fact to Caroline. The next time I called, I found her writing, in a perfect storm of grief. I afterwards saw the letter she was writing, which the reader will readily conclude was to Wentworth. Terrible as it is to describe the humiliation of that haughty woman, I must yet finish the description by giving a copy of this second letter:

"MY DEAREST C.—Will you condescend to read one more letter from your poor Caroline? Will you read this heart-pouring chaos of words?—for such this letter must be. Will you feel that my heart is breaking? Oh, it is; it is bursting! I have heard that you are gone; that word has nearly killed me. Oh! nothing can again exceed my misery; but I am calmer now. Oh! I prayed to God, in uncontrollable agony, for you, dear one, and for myself. And now a sweet feeling of resignation comes over me. He will take care of me. He will direct my weak tread through the shadowy way. But, oh! my trust in my only Father and Friend, though great, is all too weak. I do love Him, though invisible, save in the benign and ever-varying manifestations of His in-breathing Spirit; and oh! my God, forgive me if I ever wander from thee, and seek too earnestly an earthly love—perhaps an Idol. God has a brighter future for me. It must be so. The sweet departing summer, with its golden clouds, its gurgling brooks, its balmy atmosphere of cheerful flowers, shall brighten my life as surely as my love for you consumes it. Oh! now, now a sullen billow fills my soul with despair. Oh! how have I wished the leaden hours to fly that kept me from thee. Oh, Cloudsley, look upon the past! How much have I treasured for you—how perseveringly have I toiled to gather a small chaplet of laurels and flowers, and smiled to think that you would love me more for them. Now all is gone. You have left me without a parting word—you, whom I love so deeply that nothing earthly, while I breathe, can change the unwelcome current of my affections. Why could I not bear it? No thunderbolt could strike me down like this. Oh, my Heavenly Father, release me! Let me die, or bid him love me, for thy sake and mercy's. Oh! I should be so faithful to every wish of his and thine, O God! Is this prayer, is my

life, with all its gushing affections vain? How could you go away from sight, and leave me to the world with a friend? You can never again find a friend as I could ever be to you. Has my proud spirit come to this—forget me, my head beats, my brow aches. There is such a change. Life is as, before I loved you, *nothing*. You have gone from me, but oh! remember, that time nor distance, nor destiny, can ever all my fixed soul from its union with thee, and, dearest, should disappointment sting or friends forsake, or sickness prostrate in this cold world, remember me, and think these words are not a dream, but wrung from the bursting heart of your own  
CAROLINE."

This last letter was sent to Cloudsley during his absence. It evidently moved him somewhat, for he returned it and the previous letter, and wrote a few lines on the sheet that inclosed them. He said,

"MISS TEMPLETON:—I return your letters. You are too proud, to contemplate with pleasure the fact that such letters are in the hands of any man, when only your reason is restored. I leave you to your own good sense and dignity of character; these must restore you in time.  
Respectfully, C. W."

I knew that as soon as Miss Templeton's pride could be thoroughly aroused she would be safe. The struggle was long. When she opened her heart to me she kept nothing back; she told me all her thoughts, feelings and fancies, and every incident of her strange and eventful connection with Wentworth. The confidence calmed her spirit somewhat, and at length her native pride and dignity of character was aroused, and Caroline arose again to meet her friends, again to look out upon the world. But she arose beggared in affection, blasted in life. She had given without return. The mystic circle of Love must be completed, or our life is expended for nought, and we become weaker continually. Do we wonder at the imbecility of the many who so little of true union is known, though the meaningless by-word is forever on our lip, "union is strength;" while we mockingly ask, what is love?

Oh, this human life of ours, how pregnant it is with awful meanings and mysteries! How the spiritual is chained to the material, and how morbid and erratic passion wastes and destroys the material body, which in its turn



reacts upon the spirit. Would that I could tell the secrets that are festering in the souls of those about me—would that I could expose to all who have eyes to see, the worm that is in many a bud. Though the imbecile, the idiotic, the insane, and scarcely less to be deplored, the coquette, might not be saved by the knowledge, some good might come, of the revealing. Those who are not yet lost might be warned, and checked in the downward way, and preventive conditions might at last be sought when the need was fully made known.

Am I indeed free to write the history of my patient, material as well as passionate? or must it be said, in this year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty, that noble natures, deprived of their rightful outflowing, are thrown back to prey in secret and in darkness upon life and health, and neither Pastor, Physician nor Press, utters a full and righteous warning.

Caroline returned to society changed and changing. Her life became daily more blasted. With a hopeless Love eating at her heart, with the demons of mortified pride ever tormenting her, with no legitimate sphere of action for her powers, is it wonderful that she became the victim of morbid passions. Gradually her health failed, though she went much in society. The excitement of company and admiration gave her a sort of fitful life. She was the charm of certain circles, but she went to the solitude of her home, not for rest and peace, but to endure the collapse and misery consequent upon a false, a futile excitement. I saw the heartless life which she led with deep pain. Months passed, and I made no effort for her. My hand was paralyzed—my tongue was palsied—but oh, the agonizing prayer which I uttered in secret for this sister of my soul! Daily I became aware that her life was the transcript of many lives, and those too the noblest, if true development could but be realized. But what sphere of action has a proud and delicate woman when denied the life of the affections? What could she do in her morbid state, but become the destroyer of herself or others. Education, position, the influences of society, conscience and a blighted heart, all combined to keep her from falling into sin which the Church and the world recognized as such. Let no one then suppose that she fell into what is called a dissolute life. As her health

failed she sought compensation for her wasted life in the stimulus of excitement, and as she blotted Wentworth from her mind, and brought around her the poor triflers who were living as false a life as she was, she congratulated herself that she was saved from an unfortunate passion.

What mockery to use the word *saved* anywhere in this world! But Miss Templeton thought she was saved when she left a false worship and sought worshippers as false. Men think that the country is saved when masses, so low that they lack almost every attribute of humanity but the pseudonym *man*, can vote for and elect the idol and ideal of their own ignorance and stupidity; or when we have made nations our victims, and degraded ourselves to beasts of prey, then we are *saved*! And when one set of abuses has become so galling that we exchange them for another; for instance, when we exchange ardent spirits for pork and tobacco, and debauch forty years, instead of sinking into the grave in five, we are *saved*; and the world in its wisdom decides that those who pray to be delivered from such salvation, sadly need saving.

How often have I blessed the medical profession because it gives me a key to the hearts of those around me. I have explored their characters with a light that few others hold, and I know the worth that is in them; and when fate blasts or obscures the good, I know that it is for a season only. Goodness is eternal. This faith made me look with quiet and patience upon the reckless, heartless course of Caroline Templeton. She became a confirmed coquette; and Cloudsley Wentworth found comfort in the contemplation of her evil state, for having really and truly blasted her being till she became that mean and withered thing a *virtuous coquette*. He could not, or would not believe that her love for him, thwarted and thrown scalding back upon her heart, had brought her to this. No—he settled it that it was the inherent depravity of her nature. But Caroline settled nothing, reflected upon nothing. Her life was a bottomless pit of want, which she sought vainly to fill from the miserable famine around her. A purposeless life has something so revolting in it, that it is very difficult for me to bring myself to contemplate it for any one toward whom I feel even slight friendship. But I cannot tell how deep-

ly I was pained to see so much beauty, and sweetness, and energy, as Caroline possessed, so much worse than wasted. To see such a woman living the spider's life of snaring flies without the spider's wish to eat them, was a sight that made me well nigh angry. But I saw, that if we will elevate men or women we must give them high aims. Give people something worthful to occupy them if you would take them from the worthless.

At length that horrid train of nervous symptoms, dyspepsia, melancholy, weakness, irregular action of the heart, impaired vision, etc., etc., was so confirmed and so distressing that I was consulted by the family. I might have recommended sea-bathing, air, exercise and change of scene, but without a new direction could be given to the mind I felt sure that this would ultimately avail little. She was very unwilling to see me. She seemed to shrink from me instinctively, and then she clung with insane tenacity to the false life she was living; and though pale, and feeble, and wretched, and literally sinking into the grave, I found that I could not approach her, she was so busy doing nothing; but I was patient. I knew that she really respected me, and I waited for one of those hours of pique, satiety, or disgust that are scattered so thickly in the pathway of the votaries of folly. I religiously put "Sartor Resartus" in my pocket whenever I called, and at last I found an opportunity of giving her the book.

"Doctor," said she, with a start, after skimming a page or two, "you certainly are not serious in asking me to read this strange book of odd fancies. I have no time for any reading but Byron and Bulwer, and no taste for any other."

"But I am serious, Miss Templeton, and though I might ask you to read the book for its own sake, more properly than for any other reason, I will not ask it for that: I will ask you to read it for my sake, if you have ever considered me a friend."

Caroline sighed. "I will read it, Doctor," said she.

The time had come for me to speak plainly to my friend. I had watched her pallid complexion; the dreamy, deathly glare of her eye; her languid and trembling step; the alternate brilliancy and dark depression that came over her. In a moment of what in health would have been slight agitation, I have seen her nearly suffocating from excessive action

of the heart. I could not refuse to risk instruction and counsel to one dying so rapidly, so painfully, and in such a suicidal manner. She received my words as one who had the elements of true greatness in her. With my counsel and Carlyle's *Life* book, she left for the sea-side. An entire change of thought and of action, daily bathing, horseback riding, and climbing over rocks, and through woods and ravines, soon began to work out my friend's redemption. She persevered for months in this course of life, and when next I saw her the bloom of health had begun to return to her; but she was by no means well. There was bitterness in her heart and her words. She had turned away from the altar of folly to sacrifice on that of hate and contempt. I recognized this as a necessary step in her way out of her moral and physical sickness. But I wished to hasten her progress through this phase of her life. Soon after her return from her sea-side residence I called on her. I was pleased with the improvement apparent in her health, but the bitterness of her spirit was very soon evinced by her conversation.

She said: "I have read your book, Doctor, and I fear it has done me very little service, for it has made me hate this ugly clothes-market of a world, and myself too."

"What we dislike we generally try to change."

"And generally try in vain," said Caroline, almost harshly. "I do not seek for change, Doctor; I make fools my playthings, and consequently have plenty of amusement."

"Amusement, however pleasant, is a poor business, followed as such," said I.

"Doctor," said Caroline, and her dark eyes swam in tears, and she trembled visibly, "I hate my life and almost all that surrounds me; but I live upon the outward—I cannot escape from this life, for I dare not look inward," and she shuddered. "You know me, and what a heart of cinders and ashes I bear about. I can never come to a resurrection, and why should I not live by the hour, when I cannot live otherwise? I have changed greatly, as you know, these few months, but my life is little better or wiser. I have been leading the life of a sheep or a goat, to get my health. There is no true life in me."

"But you can live otherwise, Miss Templeton. You have great riches in your in-

tellect. You can cultivate the rich powers of your mind and heart. You can write, let me tell you, as well as Wentworth."

Caroline started at that name, which I had never pronounced in her hearing since her recovery. She turned deadly pale, and then a deep blush overspread her face and neck, and she sat lost in thought. At length she burst into tears. She wept for a long time passionately, and then she said, "I am not all what I seem, my friend. The shadow of a purpose has come to me at times. Oh, that it might become a substance!"

I saw that my object was gained. The germ of a true and devoted life was already implanted in the heart of my friend. I doubted not that it might be nurtured by a wise friendship, quickened by the sunshine of kindness, till it should become a great tree, under whose cooling shadow many a weary one should rest. I watched with tenderest interest the growth of that purpose. I saw the parasites who had attached themselves to the morbid life of Caroline fall away as her health of soul returned. At first, she read the writings of those earnest ones who have spoken by a divine right; and then she simply gave in words the wail of a wanting soul. Hers was a deep and impassioned aspiration for life, earnestly expressed; and those who listened felt that a blessing must come to them also, in answer to her prayer.

Her first utterance, as I said, was the cry of want. Her writings lacked polish, the finished beauty of the artist; but her true and honest words arrested the attention of those who do not wish shams for themselves or others. Caroline aimed high. She had dealt with the low and worthless and inane till her whole soul revolted against it. How beautiful to me was the spectacle of redemption; wrought by a great thought, a living hope, impelling to true and energetic action. Caroline began by versifying her thoughts, but she learned after a time that her life was too earnest for the mechanism of poetry, and she poured forth her loves and sorrows, her hopes, her joy and her sadness in tales which people call fictions, because they do not know what is truth.

It happened that my birthday fell on the day on which I had carried "Sartor Resartus" to Miss Templeton—a novel book of divinity to convert a sinner with. A year from that day, I called again, not having the fact in my mind that a year had elapsed since my first effort for my

fair friend. She met me smilingly, and put a folded sheet in my hand, endorsed, "A birthday gift for a dear friend."

"Oh, my friend," said she, "when I think of the past, life seems to me a strange and changeful dream—a dream of death, and sorrow worse than death—a dream of life, and hope, which is the sunshine of life. When I think of that first crucifixion of my proud spirit, and then of the living death to which I was raised, and the worthless existence that succeeded, all seems a dream, filled with broken, distorted and hideous fancies. When I look upon the mistakes that I have corrected, the peace that I have gained, the work that I have accomplished in one year, I am filled with wonder, and I am ready to exclaim that the age of miracles is not passed."

I smiled, and said, "I am quite willing to believe in miracles, or exhibitions of wisdom, which we cannot understand for all time."

"But how like a miracle it seems that the passion which domineered over my life with such utter despotic power has passed. It is worth much suffering to learn that, though every dominant passion asserts its permanence, the assertion is often false. I thought that I could never cease to love Cloudsley Wentworth, but I have learned that no love is real or lasting unless it is mutual. I can calmly look over the lines of my life now, and I see that he only cursed me because I was in a state to be cursed. A healthy life would have remained intact to such as he. I can smile now at his arts, and think, had he killed me, it would have been a desirable change, and not a subject for lamentation. I thought I could never cherish another love in my heart; but I have now a love as much deeper than that insanity as the sea is broader than a rill—it is the Love of Use; the ambition to add somewhat to the material and physical health of my fellows—the great Brotherhood of Humanity."

"I rejoice in this love, Miss Templeton, which you so boldly avow. No blush can ever mantle your fair cheek in confessing such an affection."

"I owe you too much to hope to pay you," continued she, "for awaking in my soul a true ambition; but I will endeavor to pay my debt to others. I will try to make my experience a means of wisdom to the young and unlearned in life's lessons. Oh! how the young hug

sorrow to the heart, and how resolutely they refuse to part with it."

"They only refuse because they think it impossible to change," said I. "They must be taught, Miss Templeton, as children are taught to keep out of the fire, by painful experience."

"But some will listen," said she, "some will profit by the experience of others; they see all things change about them; they must therefore learn that change is possible."

I was very cheerful and happy at the close of a much longer conversation than I generally allowed myself with any one. How light was my step, and with what a peaceful happiness my heart pulsed as I returned to my home, which many thought must be lonely and unhappy because it was a bachelor's home. I was weary, but happy, that night as I placed my two American comforts—a footstool and a rocking-chair—beside my table, with a bright light, (I always stipulate for light everywhere.) I drew Miss Templeton's poem from my pocket; and though I could not call her a poetess, I could give her credit for the deep feeling and clear perception which belongs to Genius. I give her poem, that my readers may at least see a brick from the building I am trying to describe.

#### LIFE ON THE EARTH.

Life hath its many moans, its many cares,  
Its clinging, withering shroud of fire-  
tooth'd wo;

There grow amid the wheat, as many  
tares

As mercy's God can suffer here to grow.

Want, bare-boned want, around us shrinks  
and cowers,

For what of brave, young, springing life  
can be

In streets, and lanes, and cellars foul as  
ours,

Where e'en God's air and light are never  
free.

Hearts, quivering human hearts, are born  
to beat

In wretchedness so deep, and dark, and  
lone,

That it would be most utter and complete  
If God in heaven could e'er forget his own.

But darkness never yet was wholly dark;  
The precious, diamond dew comes down  
at night,

The cold, hard flint holds close the cheer-  
ful spark

That blesses with its gladdening warmth  
and light.

And angels hover round us all the hours,  
And fan our fevered life with cooling  
wings;

And when the lurid storm cloud darkest  
lowers,

Beneath, beyond it, Heaven's own beauty  
springs.

The flowers, springing from our mother  
earth,

Make glad the temple of the living God.

They are the music, poetry, and mirth  
Of the green world—the silent, senseless  
clod

Is made all vocal with their joyous hymn,  
In fragrance, breathing to the upper heaven.  
Their beauty, not e'en sin could spoil or  
dim.

A world where flowers can bloom must be  
forgiven.

The trees so grandly beautiful and strong,  
That give us fruit, and flowers, and cooling  
shade;

They image forth the perfect. Whilst  
among

The trees, we grieve not that the flowers  
must fade.

The warm, bright sun the love of God re-  
veals,

And shines amid, the cold, and dark, and  
drear,

Pure perfumed blessing air all round us  
steals,

And makes the Earth, like Heaven, seem  
very dear.

The clear and sparkling water from the  
fountain,

Old ocean, rivers broad and little rills

That glad the valley and leap down the  
mountain,

Like Truth, will purify the world from ills.

With birds, and flowers, and trees, and air,  
and water,

And Love that lives forever in them all,

We know that Earth must be of Heaven  
the daughter,

And Life and Labor will redeem her Fall.

An idle, frivolous life brings us into  
idle and worthless associations; while a  
life of usefulness brings us into useful  
associations. New and valuable friends  
gathered around Miss Templeton, and at  
last one came who was, to the sober san-  
guinity of her sorrow-taught perception, more  
beautiful than the stuff that dreams are  
made of.

She had labored with wisdom and en-  
ergy for the restoration of her health,  
material and spiritual, and she had been  
successful.

How mighty are a few years for good  
or for evil. Her new friend made for

her a Heaven in her health as Wentworth had made a Hell in her insanity and illness. But the question came, was she aught to him? and the warning of the past fell upon her spirit like a pall.

Eugene Herder was Wentworth's friend, his Mentor—and they were inseparable companions; but this did not hinder Caroline from making his acquaintance; for she now met Wentworth with as much indifference, apparently, as she met me. Wentworth looked upon her with wonder. He saw her as it were transfigured before him; no longer begging his love but commanding his admiration. The enthusiasm that kindled her eye and glowed upon her cheek; the springing life of her graceful step, and the queenly dignity of her whole bearing, were by no means lost upon Wentworth. But he never spoke of her to his friend. Herder saw her mostly through her writings—and he loved her as we love sunlight and the perfume of flowers, as a thing to be enjoyed; appreciated, but not possessed. "Such a being can never be mine," said he many times in the day and night: and Caroline echoed the plaint as many times, "Such an one can never be mine."

Herder had spent his life essentially alone, because he had found no one who approached the realization of his ideal.

"Would not a pic-nic on Laurel Hill be a fine affair one of these sultry afternoons," said Herder to Wentworth.

"Yes, if you want to be bored with gnats, and girls, and moschetoës."

"But we will only bargain for the girls."

"But you will get a shower thrown in, or else you will be thirsty where there is no water; or starved before the girls choose to open the baskets, and hungry after they are emptied; and the ugliest woman in the lot, with no brains to compensate for the lack of beauty, will be sure to fall to you; and then she will fall in love with you, and make a party when you are sick; and you will have to go and drink sour claret, or flat champagne, or brandied madeira. Bah! these pic-nics cost too much unless you happen to be in love and in luck at the same time, two things which do not occur once in an age. Deliver me, say I, from going pleasure-hunting."

But Herder was in love, and a man in love can carry out a purpose. He knew what wires to pull to set certain puppets

in motion. He busied himself slightly for a day or two; a great many ladies became very busy, and the result was a pic-nic.

As fate would have it, for once there was plenty of nice edibles, very little dust, no rain, and no unusual supply of gnats, moschetoës, or other vermin. Herder secured the companion he wished, and life, and time, and the pic-nic were all rose-colored to him.

The dinner was excellent; the shade was delightful; the wit decidedly attic, and the laughers sufficiently accommodating to laugh at the dullest jokes. And then bits of paper and pencils were put in requisition, and verses and "crambo" were written, and the day passed most pleasantly; and Caroline found herself possessed of some lines which she had no wish to present to the company, and so she put them carefully in her bag, and read them again and again before retiring. I shall steal a copy, though I am very sure they will not make my readers as happy as they made her.

"When the imprisoned soul for years hath looked upon the world through bars of triple steel, catching only faint glimpses of the sunlight; how wildly overwhelmed the heart becomes when the warm, gushing tide of rich, red light flows in, and compasses and thrills through all our being. The sceptic heart cries out, it cannot be! God never made such light for me. Just so my doubting heart exclaims—it cannot be that love is mine. It is another dream amongst the many that have chased each other from my asking heart. A golden dream, 'tis true, but still a dream. And with this dreadful doubt sheathed in the core of my all-living heart, I wait for sober, waking certainty."

This from Herder, the man of whom her good maiden aunt Katy, who had lived three-quarters of a century, said, "He is better-looking than Lafayette, and almost as good-looking as Washington. Ah! Carry dear, 'our first love is a love of fancy; our second is a love of judgment.'"

Caroline slept that night very sweetly, I dare say, and probably dreamed of roses and lilies, and a great many beautiful things.

The next time I called, she showed me some very happy poems and a large MS. tale, which she told me were all written since the pic-nic, only, a few days; but affection had given the impulse to her pen,

and she wrote as rapidly as the happy moments flew past her.

What Cloudsley Wentworth became after years of stern struggle, when his genius was chastened and consecrated to progress, when the fiery folly of his youth had become a thing to be remembered and regretted—such was now the man who sought and obtained Caroline's love.

Another year of useful life, and I met a few beloved friends at the Templetons'. It was a bridal, where the angels of beauty and wisdom, and a world-wide benevolence, found a congenial sphere. The ceremony was impressive as a good and

true man could make it, and we felt that it cemented no hated contract, binding the indifferent or loathing, because interest or passion had led them to a bargain or an entanglement; but an outward and legal expression of a heavenly fact. The flowers that shed their perfume around us, were in accordance with the spirit of the scene. A chastened joy enlivened all; and when Mrs. Herder met Wentworth on her bridal eve, as the friend of her husband, I was well assured that he would not soon forget the hour when the gifted one whom his youthful folly had failed to blast, was given to his friend.

### MORNING.

GENTLE morning, soft and glowing,  
Melts the misty vale of night,  
From her rubied corner throwing  
Floods of rose and amber light :

Thus adorning—

Beauty is the dress of morning.

O'er the hills, the sun is streaming  
On, to rivulets beneath;  
Dancing, floating, kissing, gleaming—  
Giving every wave a wreath :

Thus adorning—

Beauty is the dress of morning.

The dew is quivering on the flowers,  
Like an host of fairy eyes;  
Or as tears of summer showers,  
Dropped, thus trembling, from the skies :

Thus adorning—

Beauty is the dress of morning.

Now from hedge and thicket ringing,  
Comes the songsters' early lay;  
Welcoming the fair beginning  
Of another summer day :

Thus adorning—

Beauty is the dress of morning.

Bees are bosomed in the clover—  
Back and forth the blossom swings;  
Scarcely can we hear the rover,  
Flower-muffled are his wings :

Thus adorning—

Beauty is the dress of morning.

Now the sun from high is throwing,  
Ardent rays upon the plain;  
Mighty shadows less are growing,  
And the morn is in its wane :

All adorning—

Beauty is the dress of morning.

J. J. C.

## COOPER'S "INDIAN AND INGIN."

VERY narrow and imperfect is the common notion about novels, that they are fictitious narratives written to amuse. So far is this from being the case that we are persuaded no *successful* novelist ever wrote, or, at least, continued to write, without some ulterior aim—the advocacy of some principle or sentiment. A man of vivid imagination is generally, if indeed we must not say necessarily, also, a man of strong personal feelings and partisan tendencies; and when he finds himself in the position of a moral agent can he help making his fiction the vehicle of truth, or what he conceives to be truth? To uphold certain schools of art, literature or politics; to further social reforms; to discourage prejudices, and expose abuses; to make one nation better known to, and therefore, better appreciated by, another; to influence popular opinion, and even modify national habits of thought—these are some of the novelist's aims—not merely as some suppose in their short-sightedness, to help boarding-school misses and silly boys to kill time. Great, indeed, is his power for evil; but mighty is it likewise for good, nor is he always, thank God, a servant of Darkness. If D'Israeli perverts his dexterous humor to the gratification of private pique, and the resuscitation of defunct fallacies, Miss Martineau inculcates lessons of charity and long-suffering that are better than many sermons. If the French Romancers do their best to create a hell upon earth, by way of compensation for their disbelief in one hereafter, our own great novelist presents that spectacle which has ever been the philosopher's admiration—an *individual who dares to tell the truth to a tyrant*.

When "Satanstoe," the first of the Littlepage Manuscripts, appeared, it excited in us feelings of unmitigated pleasure and lively expectation. The "Chain-bearer" did not alloy that pleasure, or disappoint that expectation. We were glad to see our distinguished countryman applying his talents and energies to the exposure and censure of that evil condition of things which is at once the danger and the disgrace of our State. We were glad that he had written a novel on the subject, not a pamphlet, or an essay, or a disquisition; for men will read

novels who will not read pamphlets and disquisitions and essays. We were glad (for the first times in our lives) that he was a "Democrat," for many men will listen to a Democrat who would not think of hearing a "British Whig." Above all we were glad to find throughout these books abundant signs that their author aims at being a Christian as well as a gentleman—to meet with abundant recognitions of the Highest Authority—expressed indeed, at times, with that disagreeable dogmatism which seems as if by some fatality to attend on all Mr. Cooper's opinions—but unmistakably genuine, and as such heartily refreshing in a time of infidel *litterateurs*, and infidel legislators.

"The Redskins; or Indian and Ingin" completes his proposed task. "This book," we quote from the preface, "closes the series of the Littlepage Manuscripts which have been given to the world as containing a fair account of the comparative sacrifices of time, money and labor made respectively by the landlord and the tenants on a New York estate, together with the manner in which usages and opinions are changing among us; as well as certain of the causes of these changes." The present illustration of these developments involves none of those thrilling incidents for which Mr. Cooper is so famous. His story is entirely subordinated to his moral. The narrative contains few, or, to speak plainly, no points of particular interest. A young man and his bachelor uncle, both large landed proprietors, return from their travels in Europe to find their tenants in arms, and their own homes in actual danger. Disguised as German pedlars they visit the seat of war, are present at an anti-rent meeting, and observe the actions and motives of sundry parties concerned in the movement. Discovering themselves in a moment of excitement they are fairly besieged, and the rioters endeavor to make their house literally "too hot to hold them." But the arrival of some *real* Indians (on a visit to an old chief, a friend of the family) enables them to repel the "armed and disguised," or pretended "Ingins" till the sheriff comes to the rescue. Of course there is a heroine who is neither

more nor less interesting than the author's heroines generally are, and a wedding to wind up with according to rule established. In all this, save the introduction of the Indians proper, (a very felicitous conception, and very neatly worked out,) there is nothing more than might happen to any landholder in the disturbed districts; not so much as has happened to some of them. In short, "the Redskins" is simply a vigorous exposure of *Anti-Rentism*. And it is also evident to us that the book was written for the masses, that it was designed to enlighten popular views, and expose popular fallacies. This we infer from the sedulous repetition of its chief points, and the labor expended in asserting and proving such positions as these: That it is possible for the poor to tyrannize over the rich as well as the rich over the poor; that exclusiveness on the part of an individual is no infringement of his neighbor's rights; that money does not make the gentleman, or guide the gentleman in the choice of his friends—positions which to a gentleman are simple axioms,

ἐς δὲ τοῦτον  
ἐμπνεῖται χαρίζει.

The work exhibits throughout much of one of the last qualities many of our readers might be disposed to give Mr. Cooper credit for—strong common sense. No judge's charge could state the points at issue more clearly and forcibly. And *pari passu* with this common sense runs that common honesty which has of late grown very uncommon among us. An utter fearlessness of popular prejudices, and that mighty bug-bear, "public opinion," characterizes the book. To be sure, as it is our unfortunate tendency to run into extremes, the author sometimes says annoying things which are merely annoying, and can do no good. For example, he is continually dwelling on the *provincialism* of our city. Now here we happen to differ from him, and after our own limited experience of foreign cities, are convinced that in all the essentials and attributes of a metropolis New York may hold up its head with any of the second-class European capitals—Naples for instance. But suppose it otherwise—let New York and New Yorkers be as provincial as the novelist asserts, what good is there in his saying so? Nay, let them be as convinced of it as he is, what good would there be in their feeling so? Our own

impulse would be rather to magnify and exaggerate the beauties of New York in the hope of exciting her citizens to greater zeal for the honor of the Empire State, and greater vigilance against the danger which threatens so fair a domain. Again, we find most unnecessary offensiveness of language in every expression relative to New England. Thus, Puritanism is described in these conciliatory terms which might move the envy of D'Israeli himself:

"The rowdy religion, half cant half blasphemy, that Cromwell and his associates entailed on so many Englishmen, but which was not without a degree of ferocious, narrow-minded sincerity about it after all."

What would Thomas Carlyle say to this?

But whatever blame we might otherwise be disposed to bestow on Mr. C for his worse than useless violence on some minor matters vanishes before our admiration of the unflinching resoluteness with which he has achieved his great task—that of telling his countrymen *the truth* on subjects of vital importance, respecting which most erroneous ideas are prevalent.

The main points affirmed, illustrated and *conclusively proved* in "The Redskins" are these:

1. That the alleged grievances of the tenants are utterly false and frivolous.
2. That the aim and object of the Anti-Renters is simply and absolutely to get other men's property without paying for it.
3. That the landlords' rights have been disregarded because they are rich men; and the rich being a minority, may, in this country of majorities, be tyrannized over with impunity.
4. That the present movement is only the first step to a general war upon property.
5. That there is still honesty enough in the community to put down anti-rentism at any moment, *if the honest men will only exert themselves properly*.

Of course, we shall not be understood that these topics are treated of in regular order, or that they are the only ones introduced; but the readers of "The Redskins" (and may their name be legion!) will agree in the justice of the above analysis.

How all this has been done we shall endeavor partially to show, by extracts



from the work itself, beginning with an indignant exposure of

#### THE POPULAR CANT ABOUT ARISTOCRACY.

"Lest this manuscript should get into the hands of some of those who do not understand the real condition of New-York society, it may be well to explain that 'aristocrat' means, in the parlance of the country, no other than a man of gentleman-like tastes, habits, opinions and associations. There are gradations among the aristocracy of the State, as well as among other men. Thus, he who is an aristocrat in a hamlet, would be very democratic in a village; and he of the village might be no aristocrat in the town at all; though in the towns, generally, indeed always, when their population has the least of a town character, the distinction ceases altogether, men quietly dropping into the traces of civilized society, and talking or thinking very little about it. To see the crying evils of American aristocracy, then, one must go into the country. There, indeed, a plenty of cases exist. Thus, if there happen to be a man whose property is assessed at twenty-five per cent. above that of all his neighbors—who must have right on his side bright as a cloudless sun to get a verdict, if obliged to appeal to the laws—who pays fifty per cent. more for everything he buys, and receives fifty per cent. less for everything he sells, than any other person near him—who is surrounded by rancorous enemies, in the midst of a seeming state of peace—who has everything he says and does perverted, and added to, and lied about—who is traduced because his dinner-hour is later than that of 'other folks'—who don't stoop, but is straight in the back—who presumes to doubt that this country, in general, and his own township in particular, is the focus of civilization—who hesitates about signing his name to any flagrant instance of ignorance, bad taste, or worse morals, that his neighbors may get up in the shape of a petition, remonstrance, or resolution—depend on it, that man is a prodigious aristocrat, and one who, for his many offences and manner of lording it over mankind, deserves to be banished."

#### ARISTOCRATIC EXCLUSIVENESS. (The Interlocutors are the Pseudo-German and one of his tenants.)

"Well, Mr. Greisenbach, the difficulty about aristocracy is this. Hugh Littlepage is rich, and his money gives him advantages that other men can't enjoy. Now, that sticks in some folks' crops."

"Oh! den it ist meant to divite property in dis country; und to say no man might haf more ast anudder?"

"Folks don't go quite as far as that, yet; though some of their talk does squint that-a-way, I must own. Now, there are folks about here that complain that old Madam Littlepage and her young ladies don't visit the poor."

"Vell, if deys be hard-hearted, und hast no feelin's for der poor and miseraple—"

"No, no; that is not what I mean, neither. As for that sort of poor, everybody allows they do more for *them* than anybody else about here. But they don't visit the poor that isn't in want."

"Vell, it ist a ferry coomfortable sort of poor dat ist not in any vant. Berhaps you mean dey don't associate wid 'em as equals?"

"That's it."

#### FUDAL PRIVILEGES.

"Then the cry is raised of feudal privileges, because some of the Rensselaer tenants are obliged to find so many days' work with their teams, or substitutes, to the landlord, and even because they have to pay annually a pair of fat fowls! *We* have seen enough of America, Hugh, to know that most husbandmen would be delighted to have the privilege of paying their debts in chickens and work, instead of in money, which renders the cry only so much the more wicked. But what is there more feudal in a tenant's thus paying his landlord, than in a butcher's contracting to furnish so much meat for a series of years, or a mail contractor's agreeing to carry the mail in a four-horse coach for a term of years, eh? No one objects to the rent in wheat, and why should they object to the rent in chickens? Is it because our republican farmers have got to be so *aristocratic* themselves, that they do not like to be thought poulterers? This is being aristocratic on the other side. These dignitaries should remember that if it be plebeian to furnish fowls, it is plebeian to receive them; and if the tenant has to find an individual who has to submit to the degradation of tendering a pair of fat fowls, the landlord has to find an individual who has to submit to the degradation of taking them, and of putting them away in the larder. It seems to me that one is an offset to the other."

#### HARDSHIP OF LONG LEASES.

"The longer a lease is, other things being equal, the better it is for the tenant, all the world over. Let us suppose two farms, the one leased for five years, and the other for ever: Which tenant is most independent of the political influence of his landlord, to say nothing of the impossibility of controlling votes in this way in America, from a variety of causes? Certainly, he who has a lease for ever. He is just as independent

of his landlord, as his landlord can be of him, with the exception that he has rent to pay. In the latter case, he is precisely like any other debtor—like the poor man who contracts debts with the same store-keeper for a series of years. As for the possession of the farm, which we are to suppose is a desirable thing for the tenant, he of the long lease is clearly most independent, since the other may be ejected at the end of each five years. Nor is there the least difference as to acquiring the property in fee, since the landlord may sell equally in either case, if so disposed; and if **NOT DISPOSED, NO HONEST MAN, UNDER ANY SYSTEM, OUGHT TO DO ANYTHING TO COMPEL HIM SO TO DO, EITHER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY; AND NO TRULY HONEST MAN WOULD."**

#### RESERVATION OF WOODLANDS.

"This wood, exceeding a thousand acres in extent, stretched down from the hills along some broken and otherwise little valuable land, and had been reserved from the axe to meet the wants of some future day. It was mine, therefore, in the fullest sense of the word; and singular as it may seem, one of the grounds of accusation brought against me and my predecessors was that we had *declined leasing it*! Thus, on the one hand, we were abused for having leased our land, and, on the other, for not having leased it. The fact is, we, in common with other extensive landlords, are expected to use our property as much as possible for the particular benefit of other people, while those other people are expected to use *their* property as much as possible for their own particular benefit."

#### PLEA OF IGNORANCE. (*Loquitur an English servant.*)

"What is it you wants, I says to him? you can't all be landlords—somebody must be tenants; and if you didn't want to be tenants, how come you to be so? Land is plenty in this country, and cheap too; and why didn't you buy your land at first, instead of coming to rent of Mr. Hugh; and now when you *have* rented, to be quarrelling about the very thing you did of your own accord?"

"Dere you didst dell 'em a goot t'ing; and vhat might der 'Squire say to dat?"

"Oh! he was quite dumb-founded, at first; then he said that in old times, when people first rented these lands, they didn't *know* as much as they do now, or they never would have done it."

"Und you could answer dat; or vast it your durn to be dumb-founded?"

"I pitched it into him, as they says; I did. Says I, how's this, says I—you are for ever boasting how much you Americans

know—and how the people knows everything that ought to be done about politics and religion—and you proclaim far and near that your yeomen are the salt of the earth—and yet you don't know how to bargain for your leases!"

#### THE DEMAGOGUE THE COURTIER'S COUNTERPART.

"Although there was a good deal of the English footman in John's logic and feeling, there was also a good deal of truth in what he said. The part where he accused Newcome of holding one set of opinions in private, concerning his masters, and another in public, is true to the life. There is not, at this moment, within the wide reach of the American borders, one demagogue to be found who might not, with justice, be accused of precisely the same deception. There is not one demagogue in the whole country, who, if he lived in a monarchy, would not be the humblest advocate of men in power, ready to kneel at the feet of those who stood in the sovereign's presence."

"True to the life" indeed! It is old Aristotle over again. The Stagyrte has a passage worth referring to in this connection:

"Another form of Democracy is where all citizens are eligible to office, as in the former instance, but the multitude is supreme, instead of the law; and this is the case when the people's resolutions (*ἐν ἀπορίᾳ*) are valid, but the law is not. *This is brought about by demagogues*; for in republics administered according to law, a demagogue finds no place, since the best citizens have the preëminence; but demagogues spring up where the laws are not valid. For there the people becomes a monarch—one tyrant composed of many. . . . Such a people, then, being virtually a king, seeks to play the king, as it is not controlled by law, and becomes despotic, so that flatterers are in repute; and this form among popular governments is analogous to tyranny among monarchies. Wherefore, also, their disposition is the same, and both are wont to tyrannize over the better class, and the resolutions of the one answer to the ukases (*ἐν ἐπιτάγῃ*) of the other, and the demagogue and courtier are equivalent, and each other's counterpart."—POLITICS, Book 4, Chap. 4.

#### ONE LAW FOR THE RICH AND ANOTHER FOR THE POOR.

"There is a landlord in this State, a man of large means, who became liable for the debts of another to a considerable

amount. At the very moment when *his* rents could not be collected, owing to *your* interference and the remissness of those in authority to enforce the laws, the sheriff entered *his* house, and sold its contents, in order to satisfy an execution against *him*! There is American aristocracy for you, and I am sorry to add American justice, as justice has got to be administered among us."

A POPULAR SYLLOGISM.  
(From an *Anti-Rent Lecture*.)

"Let the people but truly rule, and all must come well. The people have no temptation to do wrong. If they hurt the state they hurt themselves, for they are the state. Is a man likely to hurt himself? Equality is my axiom."

SLUMBERING OVER A VOLCANO.

"Look at the newspapers that will be put into your hands to-morrow morning, fresh from Wall and Pine and Ann streets. They will be in convulsions, if some unfortunate wight of a Senator speak of adding an extra corporal to a regiment of foot, as an alarming war-demonstration, or quote the fall of a fancy stock that has not one cent of intrinsic value, as if it betokened the downfall of a nation; while they doze over this volcano, which is raging and gathering strength beneath the whole community, menacing destruction to the nation itself, which is the father of stocks."

Elsewhere he contrasts the sluggish inattention of our citizens to this evil at their doors with their excitement about the remote perils of Oregon. Well may he be indignant at it, for such folly is not to be paralleled from the pages of history. To match it we must go to the regions of fable and look at *Æsop's* astrologer, who tumbled into a well while watching the stars.

MR. COOPER'S OPINION OF THAT ATROCIOUS PRIVILEGIUM CALLED, WITH EXQUISITE IRONY, "AN ACT TO EQUALIZE TAXATION."

"We deem the first of these measures far more tyrannical than the attempt of Great Britain to tax her colonies, which brought about the Revolution. It is of the same general character—that of unjust taxation; while it is attended by circumstances of aggravation that were altogether wanting in the policy of the mother country. This is not a tax for revenue, which is not needed; but a tax to 'choke off' the landlords, to use a common American phrase. It is clearly taxing *nothing*, or it is taxing the same property twice. It is done to conciliate three or four thousand voters, who are now in the market, at the expense of three or four hundred who, it is known, are not to be bought. It is unjust in its

motives, its means and its end. The measure is discreditable to civilization, and an outrage on liberty."

A NUT FOR THE ADVOCATES OF CONCESSION.

"That profound principle of legislation, which concedes the right in order to maintain quiet, is admirably adapted to forming sinners; and, if carried out in favor of all who may happen to covet their neighbors' goods, would, in a short time render this community the very paradise of knaves."

A MAKE-BELIEVE GOVERNMENT WORSE THAN NONE.

"Manytongues took charge of the watch, though he laughed at the probability of there being any farther disturbance that night.

"As for the red-skins," he said, "they would as soon sleep out under the trees, at this season of the year, as sleep under a roof; and as for waking—cats a't their equals. No—no—Colonel; leave it all to me, and I'll carry you through the night as quietly as if we were on the prairie, and living under good wholesome prairie law."

"As quietly as if we were on the prairies!" We had then reached that pass in New York, that after one burning, a citizen might really hope to pass the remainder of his night as quietly as if he were on the prairies! And there was that frothy, lumbering, useless machine, called a government, at Albany, within fifty miles of us, as placid, as self-satisfied, as much convinced that this was the greatest people on earth, and itself their illustrious representatives, as if the disturbed counties were so many gardens of Eden, before sin and transgression had become known to it! If it was doing anything in the premises, it was probably calculating the minimum the tenant should pay for the landlord's land, when the latter might be sufficiently worried to part with his estate. Perhaps it was illustrating its notions of liberty, by naming the precise sum that one citizen ought to accept, in order that the covetous longings of another should be satisfied!"

WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

"I agree with you, Hugh," said my uncle, in reply to a remark of my own; "there is little use in making ourselves unhappy about evils that we cannot help. If we are to be burnt up and stripped of our property, we shall be burnt up and stripped of our property. I have a competency secured in Europe, and we can all live on *that*, with economy, should the worst come to the worst."

"It is a strange thing, to hear an American talk of seeking a refuge of any sort in the old world!"

"If matters proceed in the lively manner they have for the last ten years, you'll hear of it often. Hitherto, the rich of Europe have been in the habit of laying by a penny in America against an evil day; but the time will soon come, unless there is a great change, when the rich of America will return the compliment in kind. We are worse off than if we were in a state of nature, in many respects; having our hands tied by the responsibility that belongs to our position and means, while those who choose to assail us are under a mere nominal restraint."

COOPER'S RECEIPT FOR ANTI-RENTISM is, in substance, simply to *disfranchise those counties which resist the operation of law*. When will our rul—our servants, we mean, be men enough to use so efficacious a remedy?

But our limits compel us to take leave for the present of this most valuable book. We say for the present, for its themes are too momentous to be disposed of so briefly. But one thing we must say in conclusion. The parts of this work which might seem, to the inexperienced reader, the wildest, such as the hints at emigration, suggestions of repelling force by force, &c., do not originate with Mr.

Cooper. The same thoughts have found a lodgment in many a breast already, though they have never till now found so open an utterance. More than one party of Americans in Europe (albeit it might consist of more than a bachelor uncle and his nephew) has held such a conversation as Hugh and Roger held in Paris. More than one American has given his friends as grim a welcome home as Jack Dunning did the Littlepages.

And finally (for there is room for a few more lines) if any one should blame us for omitting the lesser duties of criticism—for having failed to observe that Mr. Cooper's style is at times incurably wooden, and his sentences frequently read the very opposite of what they mean, and his mottoes occasionally have not the least earthly connection with the subjects of the chapters to which they are prefixed—we have noticed these blemishes and others, as who has not in every novel that Mr. Cooper ever wrote. But at present we are in no frame of mind to carp at the spots on the face of the sun. If all our authors would write as truthfully as the author of "Indian and Injin" we should be content to have them all write as clumsily.

## JOURNALISM.

THE PRESS! what a moral and social power is comprised in that term! The PRESS! a sceptre swayed by an invisible hand! The PRESS! a throne on which a veiled prophet is seated! The PRESS! a sovereign whose mighty behests are without appeal! a tribunal whose decrees, like those of Providence, execute themselves! an impersonal despot, exercising without definite responsibility self-created power!

Is the press one estate of the realm? It is unrecognized and unacknowledged by the technicalities of the Constitution. Its existence is only connived at! Some that have felt its potency, have called it the fourth power. In practical truth, and actuality, it is the first power of the state!

Sovereign, Lords, Commons, and—the PRESS!

The order of formal announcement is the inverse of their actual importance. The most insignificant takes the lead—the place of power is in the rear.

To behold this mighty intellectual engine of human advancement surrounded with all the accessories which can augment its efficiency, we must look there where it is at once allied with unlimited power of capital, mental agencies of the first order, enterprise which acknowledges no limits, and a perfect emancipation from the trammels of censorship—we must, in a word, look to LONDON.

The original object of a journal was the collection and circulation of "news." News! that is to say, information of those current events in which the public feels an interest. Hence a journal was called a "Newspaper." This is still, and will ever continue to be, one of the chief, if not the most important, of its functions. But besides being a register of passing events, it has become a commentator upon them. It is a judge as well as a recorder. It is a self-constituted tribunal, to whose sentence all are amenable. It is the most

efficient of tribunals, because the sentence itself constitutes the punishment. Its punishments are inevitable, so long as its decisions are in accordance with that law of which it is the administrator. That law is PUBLIC OPINION. It is, further, a prognosticator of approaching events. With the character of the judge, it combines that of the prophet.

Yet, like other prophets, it often appears to predict; when it only announces that of which it has secret means of information. It often, therefore, seems to lead public opinion when it really follows it.

The light it sheds on public questions is sometimes only reflected. Its rays, collected from innumerable scattered and unperceived sources among that very public itself, are sent back in a condensed and concentrated state. The Press is to the scattered and divergent rays of public intelligence what the burning-glass is to those of the sun. It brings them to a definite focus, where their concentrated power exercises a force to which the most obdurate substances yield.

But public opinion is divided on all questions of general interest, and especially on political questions. Each great party finds its appropriate organ in the Press; and sometimes, as in the case of the Parisian Press, every *nuance* of opinion has its separate organ. This minute division is more limited in the London Press, owing to the vast capital necessary to establish and sustain a daily newspaper. Parties, also, in England are more ready to compromise differences, for the sake of the strength gained by coöperation. Newspapers are less multifarious, therefore; and more capital being devoted to the management of each individual journal, and the paper being sold at a higher price, there is a possibility of securing higher and more various talent in its conduct and direction.

The morning papers of London are the great organs and interpreters of public opinion in England. Of these, the *Post* is the exponent of the high Tory aristocracy, and eminently the organ of the *beau monde*. More than half its readers take it up without reference to its political lucubrations. Its leading articles, or editorials, as we call them in America, are characterized by a rabid spirit of bitter and

unscrupulous personality. It is the unbending supporter of all those traditions of the aristocratical oligarchy, which are so fast melting away under the rays of modern enlightenment. The columns of this journal are open to the contributions of those members of the rigid Conservative party, who think they can more effectually give vent to their opinions and feelings in that way than in the House; and these diatribes are issued by the fashionable journal under editorial responsibility. Some of the most virulent of these personalities are understood to proceed from the retired Secretary of the Admiralty of the Tories, the Right Honorable John Wilson Croker.

This gentleman, who is now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* upon a large pension, to which he became entitled on retiring, after above twenty years spent in the public service, belongs to that class which, in England, are somewhat illiberally stigmatized by the title of political adventurers, or trading politicians. He was originally at the Irish bar. A practitioner at the Irish bar, was on the point of our pen; but, alas! we forgot the wide and mournful distinction between simply *being at the bar*, and *practicing* there. Mr. Croker was at the bar, and further we cannot with truth say. He was known in Dublin chiefly by the publication of a lively satirical criticism in verse on the drama called "*Familiar Epistles to George Frederick Jones*," who was then proprietor of the Dublin Theatre. Having succeeded in getting the favor of an aristocratic patron, he was returned to the Imperial Parliament for one of the nomination boroughs, where he soon signalized himself by his advocacy of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, in the delicate investigation promoted by Colonel Wondle; which, notwithstanding the clear truth and justice of the case, ended in the discomfiture and ultimate ruin of that officer, and the promotion of the Irish member to the office of Secretary of the Admiralty.

The more serious of the political effusions from the pen of this writer, find a place in the *Quarterly Review*; and those of mere temporary and passing interest, appear in the columns of the *Morning Post*. \*

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\* Mr. Croker is also known in literature by his edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*; by which, however, he added very little to his literary reputation.

The **MORNING HERALD** has varied much, from time to time, in its politics. At present, its Toryism is not less rabid or virulent than that of the *Post*; and it aims at sharing the fashionable circulation of that journal. It affects to be the organ of the Humanity party, under which term are comprised the advocates for the abolition of Slavery, the abolition of Capital Punishment, and the mitigation of penal enactments. In religious matters, it represents the Church of England party, in its lower section, the high church being taken more exclusively under the fostering wing of the *Post*. The former paper, accordingly, deals roughly with the Puseyites, whom the latter handles more tenderly. The *Herald* was, or pretended to be, a government organ before last November, and lauded to the skies Sir Robert Peel as a political demigod. On the formal announcement of the ministerial project for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the recognition of the principle of freedom of commerce, this journal became the vehicle of the most unmeasured invective against the late cabinet, and the section of the Conservative party by which it was supported, and of the most scurrilous personalities against Sir Robert Peel.

The **STANDARD** is an evening paper; the acknowledged organ of the High Church party, and commanding general respect for the talent with which it is conducted, and for the example it offers of the possibility of taking a strong political tone without forgetting the amenities which should mark the conduct of opponents towards each other in the contest. This paper is conducted by an Irish gentleman, Dr. Gifford, the son of one whose name was rendered memorable in the civil distractions which prevailed in Ireland in the year 1798. Whatever faults may be ascribed to the father, even his bitterest public opponents cannot say they have descended on the son. This paper was formerly noted for editorial articles of much merit, exhibiting high classical acquirements, which proceeded from the pen of another son of green Erin, the late Dr. Maginn, who coöperated for several years as assistant editor with Dr. Gifford.

The **MORNING CHRONICLE** is, and always has been, an organ of the liberal party, inclining to those opinions which in England are characterized as radical; and although giving general support to the Whig party, yet it is unsparing in its

censures when that party wavers in the onward course of reform. In short, the *Chronicle* is a moderate Radical paper, stopping short, however, of universal suffrage and chartism.

The **GLOBE**, an evening paper, has always been the recognized organ of the Whig party, and is notable for nothing else. It derives its support from the subscriptions it receives from the Whig aristocracy and their connections throughout the country.

The **SUN**, another evening paper, advocates the same opinions, and represents the same party, as the *Chronicle*.

We now come to the great leviathan of the Press, celebrated wherever journalism is known or a Press spoken of—**THE TIMES**.

The *Times* office is one of the lions of London, to which distinguished strangers are taken, as they are taken to see St. Paul's, the Tower, or Westminster Abbey.

Ten years ago, the *Times* consisted of a single sheet of four pages, of the largest size. Its arrangements for the supply of intelligence being extended, and its advertising business being considerably increased, the size of the paper was, about that time, enlarged; and printing presses were brought into operation sufficiently large to work off a double sheet, with the same expedition and at the same cost as a single sheet had been previously worked. The magnitude of the paper was then enlarged to eight pages, of the largest size. Within the last two years, the general extension of commerce in England, and more especially the vast extent of railway projects which were brought before the public, increased the demand for advertising space to such an extent, that a further enlargement of the paper became necessary, and a supplement, consisting generally of a second double sheet, was added, thus augmenting the paper to sixteen pages, each of which consists of six columns. Each of these columns consists of two hundred and thirty lines, of about the ordinary length of those of a common octavo page; and since the pages of octavo volumes, printed with the usual closeness, contain about forty lines, it follows that each column of the *Times* contains as much printed matter as would nearly fill six such pages; and that the usual double number of that paper, now published daily, contains as much printed matter as would be sufficient

to fill about six hundred pages of an octavo volume, printed with the ordinary closeness.\*

This matter is collected, composed, written out, set in type, corrected, made up into columns, then into pages, set in forms, and worked off, to a number varying from twenty five to fifty thousand, † according to the demand, all within the space of each succeeding twenty-four hours. And this prodigious intellectual and mechanical result is obtained daily through the year, Sundays excepted.

The editorial department of the *Times* varies to some extent, from time to time, according to the capacity, talents and acquirements of those in whose hands it is placed; but it is usually distributed among three persons, one of whom takes charge of the home department of politics and intelligence, the second, of the foreign and colonial matters, and the third, of commerce and the money market, including the daily article devoted to city affairs and the Stock Exchange. There is a director, whose duty is to attend to the making up of the paper, the proper arrangement of its contents, the communications of correspondents, and other obvious matters of business.

The munificence with which those who devote their talents to this journal are rewarded, may be judged from the fact that the three principal editors are allowed each about a thousand pounds a year.

Under the foreign editor is the corps of foreign correspondents. This is a department in which the *Times* stands quite unrivaled. A salaried correspondent is stationed in each of the chief cities of Europe, as well as in other quarters of the globe, whence any information of public interest may be looked for. The correspondents discharge towards the *Times* the same functions as ambassadors, ministers and *chargé d'affaires* at foreign courts discharge towards the British Government. They are usually so accredited, and put in such relation with influential persons in the places where they are respectively stationed, and above all, are so liberally empowered to reward those who may supply them with early and important intelligence, that they constitute the chief means by which this remarkable journal has acquired and sus-

tained its character as a source of early and correct information on foreign subjects.

The scale on which this system of correspondence is maintained, may be judged from the fact that in Paris the correspondent of the *Times* keeps a bureau, in which three assistants are continually employed in translation, transcription, and the other details of the business of the paper. Between this bureau and the London office expresses are sent whenever they are found necessary. These expresses have passed two or three times a week during the present year.

On the arrival of the India mail at Alexandria, an agent is authorized to run an express to London, which outstrips the mail generally by a day, and sometimes by two days.

This machinery for the rapid supply of foreign intelligence is not peculiar to the *Times*, although that journal uses it on a more liberal and efficient scale than other papers. All the London morning papers keep salaried correspondents in several chief cities of Europe, and occasionally run expresses, when important intelligence is expected. The immense revenue of the *Times*, however, gives it the power of resorting to these means of information on a much grander scale than any other journal.

The press used for printing the *Times* is capable of working off the paper at the incredible rate of six thousand impressions per hour, being little less than two per second. One side of the paper is set in type in the early part of the evening; a portion of the columns of the other side being reserved for the reports, or intelligence which may arrive in the course of the night, matter being always ready set up in columns, which may be inserted or postponed, according to the quantity of the intelligence that may require immediate insertion.

During the session of Parliament, it is the custom of both Houses, and more particularly of the Commons, to continue their debates to a late hour of the night, or rather, to an early hour of the morning. And it almost invariably happens that the speeches most interesting to the public, are those delivered at the latest hour. The report of these, nevertheless,

\* The magnitude of each page of the *Times* is 24 inches long by 16 inches wide. Each page consists of six columns.

† On the day after Sir Robert Peel's opening speech on the Corn Laws, fifty-four thousand copies of the *Times* were circulated.

always appears in the morning papers, which are published between six and seven o'clock.

In cases in which an important debate begins at an early hour in the evening, the commencement of it appears in the evening papers. In connection with this, some amusing anecdotes are current. Thus, by the celerity of railway transport, it happens often that one part of a debate is in the hands of the population of places a hundred miles from London before the debate itself is finished!

The celebrated oration of Brougham on Law Reform was commenced at half-past five in the afternoon, and was not terminated until a little before midnight. One half of this speech was reported, printed in the evening papers, dispatched to the country by the night coaches, (railways did not then exist,) and read at twenty miles from the town before the speaker had concluded the other half!

The "Reporters" constitute a most important body in connection with the London Press. In the best organized papers, and especially the Times, these functionaries are grouped in several distinct classes, requiring different capabilities, having different responsibilities, and differently paid.

The Parliamentary reporters are the first of the class. It is an error to suppose that their duty is the mere mechanical process of transferring to paper in stenographic characters the words of the speakers. All the superficial space of all the papers in London would not afford room for a report of that kind. A judicious abridgement is what the reporter is generally called on to produce; and this must be done off-hand. He must have tact and quickness to give the essence of the speech. What is important and striking must be retained; the less material wholly omitted. That words may not be put into the mouth of the speaker which may be disclaimed, the report is usually given in the third person. In the case of speeches of great importance, delivered by Parliamentary leaders, or in the cases of occasional bursts of eloquence, or in strong personal invectives, the passage is given verbally, in the first person, and usually with surprising fidelity and accuracy.

The scholarship of reporters is often exhibited by the readiness with which they take up and report classical quotations, under circumstances in which it is evident the author quoted cannot be referred to. This, however, is not always a test of classical familiarity. The report-

ers have always messengers at their command, by whom, after, or even during the debate, they communicate with the members, and are enabled to verify and correct such quotations.

When documents of importance are read by members in their speeches, they are always given *verbatim* in the reports. In this case it is customary with members to come to the House provided with duplicate copies of each document for the reporters.

Parliamentary speakers generally but not invariably speak *extempore* in the only sense of that term in which any orator ever does so. That is to say, they prepare the substance and outline of the plan of their speeches, leaving the language in which the statements and arguments are to be clothed to the suggestion of the moment. In some cases, however, particular passages are written and committed to memory. Thus it is said that Brougham wrote the peroration of his speech on Law Reform three or four times, elaborating every word of it with all the care bestowed on the composition of an ode or an elegy. Yet when he delivered it he misplaced one word and (in his own estimation) spoiled it.

In more rare instances the entire speech is deliberately written and committed verbally to memory. This is in general the habit of Mr. Shiel, and always the case with his great speeches.

In these cases where speeches or parts of speeches are previously written by the speaker, a copy of the speech is generally given to the reporter of the journal which advocates the same political opinions as the orator.

Ludicrous circumstances have sometimes occurred from this practice. On the occasion of a great meeting to be held in a populous district of England, Mr. Shiel was expected to deliver an important oration, which should display in a striking manner his peculiar oratorical gifts. As usual, he wrote the speech in his study in London, committed it to memory and sent the manuscript of it to the Morning Chronicle just before he left town for the place of meeting. A disturbance, however, unexpectedly broke out on the ground, which deprived the orator of the opportunity of giving vent to the intended speech, and, as there were then no railways, it was too late to send to London to countermand the report, and it accordingly appeared in the paper of the next morning, to the infinite



amusement of the opponents of the honorable gentleman.

The Parliamentary reporters of the leading journals work by relays. The number employed by each journal varies according to the general efficiency of its arrangements, the capital embarked in it, and the revenues it dispenses. Some of the morning papers employ ten, some twelve, and some as many as sixteen parliamentary reporters. Let us take for example the case of a journal employing twelve. At the opening of the Houses one of these gentlemen takes his seat in the gallery of the Commons, and another in that of the Lords. After an interval of forty-five minutes these two rise and start for the office of the paper, being instantly replaced by two others who are in waiting for that purpose. After the lapse of another forty-five minutes, these last start off and are replaced by a third pair, and this succession goes on until the whole corps of twelve are exhausted; after which the pair who began the evening commence another "turn," and are followed as before in succession by the others. If both Houses continue in their debates so long, such a corps will discharge the duty for four hours and a half before the first reporters are called on for a second "turn." But this does not often happen. One House (generally the Lords) closes its debate before the six reporters allotted to it are worked out, in which case the balance attach themselves to the batch allotted to the Commons, and thus protract the interval between the successive "turns" of the same hands in that House.

It may be asked why so great a number of reporters are necessary. It must be remembered that the writing out of the notes which are taken during three quarters of an hour's debate occupies a much longer time than the debate itself. Thus it will happen that what has been noted down in forty-five minutes will occupy three or four hours in writing out for the press. It happens not unfrequently that the entire interval between two successive turns of the same reporter is insufficient for the writing out of his notes, and that he is obliged to postpone the remainder until after his next "turn."

Reporters exercise a discretion as to the length and completeness proper to be given to the speeches of different mem-

bers; and happy is the man whose "turn" falls on some one or more long-winded, prosing country gentleman, or some one of those speakers whose force lies in repetition of the same arguments again and again in different words. When such rise the reporter lays down his pen with a gratified air and thankful look, raises his person, rubs his hands and stretches his legs. Notes are altogether superfluous. He merely listens to the diluted oration, gathers its substance if it have any, and on returning to the office writes down, in half a dozen lines,

"What this little little speech was about—  
bout—bout."

In the language of the Gallery a "heavy turn" falls to the lot of him who has to report the speeches of Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Stanley, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Cobden, Mr. O'Connell or any other of those names to which the reader of the morning paper is sure to look, and every word of whose tongue anxious thousands will ponder on. Here the reporter must put his shoulder to the collar and really work in the traces. Here no abridgement can be tolerated, and if the occasion be important the first person must be used and the speech given verbatim. This reporter has a hard "turn," for the whole interval between it and the next "turn" is insufficient for what he has to write out.

But cases occur which are harder still, In reporting speakers such as we have just referred to, there is some little satisfaction felt in the dignity and importance of the speech and the occasion, and in the consciousness of the vast number who will next morning read what has cost so much painful labor to provide. Where, however, a dull and spiritless millionaire, ambitious of notoriety without the talent to acquire legitimate reputation, happens to be a part proprietor of the journal on which the reporter is engaged, a dire necessity weighs on the unfortunate scribe, compelling him to give word for word that which has not received the attention of any individual within the walls of the house except the unhappy reporter himself.

Among the prizes which occasionally fall to reporters we must not forget to mention *divisions*. When the House divides, the members on each side of the

\* Moore's Two-penny Post-bag. Abbott's speech against Catholic Emancipation.

question go out at separate doors, the "ayes" at one and the "noes" at another. They are counted, as they make their exit and their names taken down. This operation occupies generally half an hour, just two-thirds of a "turn."

But the greatest godsend to the poor reporters is the "counting out." By the rules of the House forty members are necessary to form a quorum of the Commons. It is competent for any member present, whenever he thinks that less than forty members are present, to move "that the House be counted," and if the number when that operation is performed prove to be under forty the meeting is *ipso facto* dissolved. On such occasions curious scenes are presented in St. Stephens. When the speakers who are expected to address the House between the hours of seven and nine offer no very strong attractions, the members who are perhaps waiting for the next question find a lounge in the lobbies, a chat in the waiting-rooms, an amusing volume or a newspaper in the library, or a main-tenon cutlet and a flask of champagne at Bellamy's, infinitely more agreeable than a seat in the benches listening or trying not to listen to the balbutiating of some west country Baronet. The House in one sense of that word is pretty full. But the members who fill it are not in their "places" in the parliamentary sense of that term. Some malicious member suddenly rises and moves that the House be counted. Messengers who are kept by the cabinet in waiting for the purpose rush with breathless haste to all parts of the House, lobbies, waiting-rooms, libraries, attics, cellars, to hunt in the truant members, and before the doors can be closed for the "counting" the necessary forty is made up to the infinite vexation of the gentlemen in the gallery who expected a release.

This class of reporters are, as they ought to be, well remunerated, at least on the most respectably conducted morning journals. Five or six guineas a week cannot be regarded as excessive compensation for such labor and responsibility, and such exhaustion both of body and mind. Although this occupation does not directly and necessarily lead to professional advancement, yet it affords occasional opportunities of which genius has often availed itself. It boasts of having counted among its members the most distinguished ornaments of the Bench. The late Chief Justice of the

Queen's Bench, Lord Abinger, was formerly a reporter.

The Law Reporters form a class not less respectable, though, in the interests of Journalism, less important than those who report the debates. Barristers who have not yet acquired sufficient practice, usually avail themselves of this occupation, being consistent with their professional studies, and yielding an honorarium which many find very convenient. The reports of the proceedings of the courts of justice are thus supplied.

The Police Reporters are of the lowest caste. The papers do not always employ expressly such functionaries. They report independently, selling their versions of the proceedings to any and all journals that will buy them.

Finally, at the foot of the scale, stand the *penny-a-liners*, a class whose peculiar province it is to collect the particulars of accidents and offences, and in general of all incidents occurring, the mention of which in a journal is interesting to the public. The name of this class is derived from a practice which some journals pursued of paying for the intelligence supplied by such collectors at the rate of a penny per line.

It will be evident that this branch of the business of Journalism is subject to various sources of abuse. The more respectable papers of London endeavor to protect themselves against these evils by accepting such intelligence only from reporters with whom they are well acquainted, and over whose good faith they exercise the check which the power of dismissal gives them. Thus, even in this humble department of intellectual labor, character does not absolutely go for nothing.

Of the wonderful fidelity of the London reporters, especially those who attend the houses of Parliament, and all great political meetings, many examples may be given. Members of both Houses have on various occasions brought the printers of the leading journals to the bar of the House for alleged misreporting of their speeches, but in almost every such case, the journalist has come off triumphant. Lord Limerick and Mr. George Dawson successively brought the "Times" to the bar in this way; but on the members who had been present being appealed to, they declared that the reporter had given the passages complained of *verbatim*, as spoken.

The abuses of reporting are more par-

ticularly prevalent in the police department. Some papers have allowed a certain license to their police reporters, to be exercised under discretion, by which a coloring more or less humorous or pathetic, as the case might be, was recognized. It is said that the talents of Dickens were first developed in this department of journalism. The police reports of the Morning Herald were at one time read with as much interest as the Pickwick papers since excited. This practice, however, has been condemned by the more reputable papers, and is not now pursued.

There is, however, a much more serious abuse incidental to police reporting, and which the most sincere efforts of even the most respectable journals cannot entirely repress. In cases in which parties are so unfortunate as to be brought before a police office, whose position in life, or whose sex, renders them more than commonly sensitive to the publication of their names in a newspaper, it sometimes happens that the reporter, not being above such proceedings, prepares a report, in which the case is highly colored, and the names of the parties introduced in the manner which he imagines would most wound their feelings. This is dexterously introduced to the eye of the parties before it is sent to the newspaper, and it rarely happens that a considerable *douceur* is not willingly given for the suppression or modification of the report. This abuse has been much fostered where a single reporter only attends a police office. But even the competition of two or more is no effectual preventive to the abuse, since a mutual agreement to share the fees thus exacted, leaves the evil flourishing in all its vigor.

Still, much may be and has been done by the integrity of the conductors of the leading daily papers in suppressing this nuisance. It may be truly stated that there is at present no daily paper in which such abuses are practiced.

But if the abuse of suppression be subdued or mitigated in the daily press, the more colossal nuisance of extortion by menace is carried to a frightful extent in the conduct of certain well-known weekly papers. These journals drive a double trade of infamy. Not only do they pander to the basest propensities of their readers by circulating foul personalities and obscene slanders, accompanied by the names of individuals, but they carry on the traffic of black-mail to an extent, and with a defiance of decency, of which no

Press in the world can afford a like example. Agents from these journals find means of communicating with those who, having the means of gratifying their demands, are either by nervous temperament or by imprudences of conduct obnoxious to exposure. The late Duchess of St. Albans was extensively victimized in this way. The agent usually calls on the timid victim, or addresses a letter, informing him or her that certain reports have reached the editor, which cannot be excluded from the columns of the paper unless immediate and effective steps be taken for that purpose. The extortionate demand is generally complied with.

It might be supposed that journals notorious for a traffic so atrocious, would be excluded from all places of respectable resort, and that no decent family would permit them to be received in their house. Our American readers will, however, be surprised to learn, that these papers are received in every club in London—are received in aristocratic houses—that the day of their publication is the Sabbath, and that one of them is the recognized favorite and organ of the Established Church.

It would be, however, a great mistake as well as a great injustice to confound all the weekly papers in this condemnation. The Examiner and the Spectator, both of which appear on Saturdays, are models of journalism. The editorial articles in the former are well known for their elegance of style and the brilliancy of their wit. These are from the pen of Mr. Albany Foablanque, who is also proprietor of that paper.

The proprietorship of the London journals is, however, in general, (indeed we believe invariably with the exception just mentioned,) distinct from the editorship. The editors are salaried functionaries. Those of the leading daily papers are either promoted from provincial journals, or rise by degrees from being reporters to be correspondents and assistants in various grades, ultimately rising to the editorial chair. Mr. Barnes, who was for many years principal editor of the "Times," was a graduate of Cambridge, and had been a reporter to that journal. Mr. Murray, who conducted the foreign department of the paper, had also been a reporter.

In the ethics of the press there is a point which has long been a vexed question. Is it morally necessary that the personal political opinions of the editor

of a journal or the salaried author of its articles should be in accordance with those which the journal advocates and supports? The mass of mankind would answer at once in the affirmative from mere moral instinct and without even considering the question. It is a point, nevertheless, on which opinions have not been at all unanimous; and instances can certainly be produced of respectable men conducting a journal, in the capacity of its salaried editor, which took a part in politics contrary to their private opinions and feelings. During the period when the Times newspaper supported the Tories and opposed the doctrines of the Whigs and Liberals, its principal editor was Mr. Barnes, whose personal feelings were well known to be liberal.

It is contended that a journalist is analogous to a barrister. He is a feed advocate who is not supposed to express his personal feelings, but to support to the best of his abilities the opinions which his client desires to be advocated. It is even contended that he may consistently with moral principle give his advocacy successively to opposite parties. That this view of the ethics of Journalism is universally adopted in England we by no means affirm; but that it is acted on to a considerable extent even in the management and direction of the most respectable papers is incontestable.

Whose opinions it may then be asked is any given journal supposed to advance? Not necessarily those of the editor as is evident. Then as to the *proprietor* that term is often a noun of multitude. Among the proprietors of a Tory paper individuals may be found who are Whigs or Radicals, and among that of a Whig or Radical paper will often be found Tories and Conservatives.

But even in cases where the paper is the property of an individual, it by no means follows that its politics are identical with those of its owner. A short time ago one individual was the sole proprietor of four London papers: the "Morning Chronicle," the "Observer," the "Englishman," and "Bell's Life in London." The Morning Chronicle at the time was a Whig-Radical journal; the "Observer" advocated the politics of the ultra-Tories; "Bell's Life in London" adopted the more liberal Tory opinions; and the "Englishman" was a sort of *réchauffé* of the "Observer." Soon afterwards the proprietor finding that the

circulation of the "Observer" was declining, ordered its politics to be changed to those of extreme Radicalism, while "Bell's Life" veered round to rabid Toryism. The "Observer" at a later period shifted again round to ultra-Toryism, and "Bell's Life" became an ultra-Radical organ. These proceedings indicate very unequivocally the object of the owner of this miscellaneous newspaper property. He desired simply to fabricate goods to meet the demands of the market, and provided such variety as that he should be sure to please every customer.

A reporter employed for one of these papers, some years ago, stated that when he was negotiating for an engagement as a literary contributor to the "Observer" and the "Englishman," the proprietor wished him to take the line of the most extreme Toryism. He was, however, as he said himself, of all existing Radicals the most violent and uncompromising, and like Sterne's Parson, "trusting that he had a conscience." "Conscience!" shouted his astonished employer—"conscience! sir, what in Heaven's name has conscience to do with the affair? Zounds, sir, it is the first time that I have met with a gentleman of the press hinting at a conscience. The last editor I had was a clergyman, and he invariably before he wrote on any subject used to ask me which side he should take." "That clergyman was a scoundrel," replied the scrupulous *Homme de lettres*. "I have no right, sir, to impose subjects on you, and will avoid or take up subjects as you may see fit; but whatever I write upon I shall express honestly my sentiments and opinions which are ultra-Radical."

Finding this person an able writer and quite inflexible in these views of his duty, the proprietor thought it would be more his interest to change the politics of the papers than to lose so valuable an auxiliary, "so," said the narrator, "the two papers were changed in a trice from the most abject servility of Toryism to the most exalted abstractions of Radical Utopianism."

The circulation of a journal in England is perhaps more affected by the skill of its conductors in anticipating great political changes, or their vigilance and activity in procuring early intelligence of coming events than by any other circumstance. We are indebted to the same source for the following anecdote of Mr. Perry, who, as editor and proprietor of

the "Morning Chronicle," amassed a considerable fortune. It will show how precarious newspaper property may be, even when managed with the most unquestionable ability.

Perry had written a leading article in the month of June, 1815, which was marked with all his usual spirit and acuteness, and moreover was admirably well timed. Its anticipations were on every sound and rational calculation sure to be verified by the event; and although they were against the current of the hopes and wishes of the public, still the result would show the superior sagacity and penetration of the writer in a manner to promote the character of the "Morning Chronicle."

The object of this article was to demonstrate the incalculable chances against their success in the war in which the Allies had then engaged. He demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubt the almost impossibility of a victory being gained, and the infallible and deplorable consequences which must ensue from a defeat. Nothing could evince a sounder judgment or a more thorough acquaintance with all the details and general principles of the case. The article was in type and the type in the galley, and the article would have appeared next morning. During the night the news of the victory of Waterloo arrived! The type was ordered to be distributed and an article containing a congratulation on the godsend was substituted for it. Had this news arrived a few hours later the "Morning Chronicle" would have become the butt of the press and the laughing-stock of the country. Upon this accident of the hour of the arrival of a courier depended the value of the paper to the amount of several thousand pounds.

Of all the journals which have ever circulated in any country the "Times" presents the most striking example of sagacity in the anticipation of political contingencies and the successful activity in the early collection of intelligence. During the great continental war which closed with the battle of Waterloo this journal had fast sailing sloops and other vessels of light draft chartered in its service, which under neutral and even hostile colors were accustomed to run into the ports of the continent, and become the vehicles of intelligence of events passing in various countries of Europe. This information often outstripped the

resources of the Foreign Office, and Downing street had frequently to acknowledge its obligations to Printing-House Square for information which the King's messengers and diplomatic agents failed to supply.

The surprise of the public at the announcement of the dismissal of Lord Grey's ministry on the death of Lord Spencer, and the accession of Lord Althorp to the peerage in the leading article of the "Times" will not be forgotten. "The Queen has done it all," echoed from one end of the kingdom to the other. This was communicated to the public in the columns of the "Times" when it must have been properly a cabinet secret. It was whispered at the moment that the "Times" was indebted to Lord Brougham for this information.

The memorable announcement of the intended measure of the Peel Ministry for the repeal of the Corn Laws, given in the "Times" last December, will not be soon forgotten. The burst of astonishment it excited through the country, and the indignant incredulity of the press respecting it, will be long remembered. The announcement was distinct and circumstantial. "The Corn Laws were to be totally repealed!"—wonderful! "The measure was to be a cabinet measure!"—more wonderful! "It was to be proposed by Sir Robert Peel in the Commons, and by the Duke of Wellington in the Lords!"—most wonderful! The "Herald," a Cabinet paper, laughed at the JOKE! The "Standard," a Peel organ, pronounced, officially, the statement to be A LIE! The "Morning Chronicle" put on a grave face, thought the "Times" would scarcely risk its character by making such an announcement if it had not good grounds—but did not know what to think. Nevertheless, the "Times" deliberately and circumstantially reiterated its assertion. In two months' time Sir Robert Peel did propose the measure in the Commons, and subsequently the Duke of Wellington proposed it in the Lords. The "Herald" and the "Standard" found out that they had been tricked and cajoled: but they would rather be tricked and cajoled they said, than condescend to obtain information by the means resorted to by the "Times." Meanwhile, the circulation of the "Times" on the day of opening the debate touched fifty-four thousand!!!

The "Times" is as remarkable for its

boldness as for its caution. It acknowledges no party, nor does it allow any individual that dictatorship in its management which generally is granted to a chief editor. Its organization is a sort of despotic oligarchy, in which responsibility attaches to no individual. It is eminently the exponent of public opinion. The political leaders may be named whose opinions are represented, and whose advancement to power is promoted by each of the other leading journals, and there is a party which, coming to power, would necessarily convert these journals respectively into ministerial organs. But the "Times" is never a ministerial organ. It will not permit itself to be identified with any party in the political arena. Those opinions, whatever they be, which are about soon to prevail, these are the opinions advocated by the "Times." It accordingly always seems to lead and guide public opinion. That is a mistake, however. It in fact follows public opinion, although it appears to go before it. Practice has conferred on it the most consummate penetration and the most inconceivable accuracy of perception in public affairs. It gets credit, nevertheless, for even more penetration than it possesses; for its pecuniary resources are so vast, they are so profusely dispensed, and its influence in the highest quarters is so powerful, that its means of private and early information are infinite, and when it acts on such information, it gets frequently the credit of acting from sagacity and general views.

The "Times," with its double-sheet supplement, has frequently sixty columns of advertisements, for which it probably receives a sum not less than five hundred pounds! The nominal price of the paper is fivepence, but it is sold to the news agents, through whom only its retail sale is carried on, for fourpence. It will be apparent that the produce of its sale even at its highest amount of circulation, is insignificant compared with the revenue derived from its advertisements. Five hundred pounds is, however, considerably below the amount to which the daily receipts for advertisements, not only of the "Times," but of other daily papers published in London has occasionally attained. During the fever of railway speculation last year, it is well known that a thousand pounds per day were received by each of the leading morning journals!

This extraordinary stimulus gave birth to a newspaper, which may, by possibility, produce a revolution in English journalism. The enormous profits flowing into the treasuries of all the papers, and more especially of the "Times," at that epoch, suggested to certain persons of enterprise and capital the project of establishing a new daily paper of independent, popular, and liberal politics, aiming, in its management and organization, to share the market with the "Times." The great success attending that part of the Paris journals called the "Feuilleton," suggested the idea of introducing such a department into the new journal, and as the names of Eugene Sue, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, and De Balzac, had done so much for the circulation of the *Debats*, the *Constitutionnel*, the *Presse*, and the *Siècles*, it was not unreasonably supposed that a like expedient might be attended with similar success in London. Dickens was accordingly selected as the day-star of the feuilleton of the new journal, an enormous pecuniary honorarium was guaranteed to him, and his name was announced with due pomp and ceremony. The other departments of the paper having been duly filled, editors enthroned, the diplomacy of the journal settled, and an army of reporters and correspondents duly enrolled, the paper was issued on the opening of Parliament with the title and style of "The Daily News."

A very brief period, however, was sufficient to convince the proprietors that newspapers grow, but cannot be made. They do not start, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, into sudden and instant maturity. Dickens and the feuilleton did not tell upon the circulation. Whether this was owing to the public not being yet accustomed to the feuilleton, or because of mismanagement in the way of bringing it forward, we shall not inquire. The thing was a dead failure. An arrangement was made with the distinguished novelist, who speedily withdrew from the concern, and has since retired to Switzerland, whence it may be hoped that the productions of his fertile pen may be received in a form more acceptable to the public and profitable to the author.

Besides the failure of the feuilleton, it became evident that there was not that practical acquaintance with the business of a daily journal in the chief editorial department, which was necessary to en-

sure a successful competition with the other London journals.

In this emergency the proprietors of the concern came to the bold resolution at once to reduce the price to one half that of the other papers. This reduction, however, was in reality much greater than it appeared. The price of the London daily papers is fivepence, (ten cents,) of which one penny, or two cents, represents the stamp. Since the stamp still remained the same, the reduction from ten cents to five cents was in reality a reduction from eight cents to three cents; or a reduction of sixty-two and a half per cent. on the original net price. This measure was taken on the 1st June last, and has now, (1st August,) been about two months in operation. The result is variously reported by the friends and the opponents of the paper. We have no reason, however, for inferring that it does not promise a successful result. If it prove so, the ultimate effect must be to lower the price of the other journals; an effect which has been produced in Paris by like means.

The post-office arrangements, as well in London as Paris, are very incompatible with the objects of the press. The delivery of letters, arriving from various parts of Europe, taking place generally in the morning, the mails are so regulated in both capitals as to arrive from all, or almost all, quarters between three and six in the morning. The letters and dispatches which they bring are of course not distributed until it is too late for the daily papers. Under these circumstances, the journals of both countries have been compelled to organize a system of expresses. There is, in both cases, a common express, in the expense of which the leading papers unite, running daily each way between the two capitals. By this means, although a letter sent through the post office, either in London or Paris, is not delivered at its destination until thirty-six or forty hours after it is posted, yet the journals of the one capital are transmitted to the other frequently in half that time.

Besides these expresses in common each of the leading papers has a special express for its correspondence when occasion requires it.

The Paris correspondent of a morning paper is a functionary scarcely inferior in importance and responsibility to the foreign editor. It is his duty daily to take a general view of the news, and the

editorial comments of the Paris press; to get translations made of important articles, and to prepare a foreign leading article, to be ready for insertion on its delivery in London. He receives all that portion of the continental correspondence which must pass through Paris on its route to London. In this is included the entire of the south, south-east, and south-west of Europe. The correspondents of the paper located at Madrid, Lisbon, Bayonne;—in Switzerland, in Italy, in Greece, Egypt, Syria, Malta, all address their letters to the Paris correspondent; who condenses them into an article, which he forwards by special express, together with the original correspondence itself, to London. They reach the office in London on the night after they are dispatched from Paris, and appear in the journal of the following morning.

The Paris correspondent is recognized at the different government offices in that city. As the ministers are generally willing to stand well with the London press, every reasonable facility is given to him to collect the early information which he seeks. If, as sometimes happens, the journal which he represents be opposed to the existing cabinet of the Tuilleries, then he attaches himself to some one or more leading members of the opposition, who having probably been formerly ministers, easily find indirect means, through the secret intervention of subordinates, and by the influence of money—which the correspondent can generally command when its application is beneficial—of obtaining the desired supply of information. It is known, however, that both M. Thiers and M. Guizot are each of them represented in the London press; in other words, the Paris correspondent uses them and they use him.

A peculiar mechanical difficulty is just now beginning to be felt by the London daily press, and from its nature will be more and more embarrassing, until an expedient is supplied by human ingenuity to surmount it. We have already explained that the chief work of the paper, in almost all its departments, is done between seven in the evening and six in the morning. After the foreign expresses have arrived, which they usually do about midnight, and the last relay of reporters have brought in and written out the report of the close of the debate, and the division, the last portion of the paper is composed, made up and put off the galleys. All is now ready for printing. It

is four o'clock. The circulation of the paper, say the "Times," is twenty-four thousand. The press can do this in four hours, that is to say, by eight o'clock. The produce of the first two hours' work is dispatched in bundles to the various railway stations, for country circulation. The later portion is reserved for London. But what is to be done if the progress of intelligence or the reduction of price produced a serious augmentation of circulation? The latter principle has been brought into operation in the case of the Daily News, the circulation of which is said already to have reached twenty thousand. Suppose, as is very possible, it shall attain forty thousand; how is the demand to be met by a machine which cannot work off more than six thousand copies an hour, and must complete its work in about four hours?

This difficulty admits of only two methods of solution. The matter of the journal may be set up in duplicate in type, so as to be worked simultaneously by two presses. Against this expedient there is more than one practical objection. The expenses of the printing-office would be at once doubled by it. Besides, there would be some difficulty, if not impracticability, in getting this duplicate composition of type effected with the necessary expedition.

The second expedient would be, to obtain a cast or stereotype of that which is originally composed in type. But no method of stereotyping yet discovered, is sufficiently expeditious and perfect for this purpose. The method of transferring the printed page to a surface of zinc is excluded, because it will not admit of being printed by any but a lithographic press, which, in the present case, is inadmissible.

In short a great reward will be obtained by the first ingenious inventor who will contrive a method of producing, with the necessary expedition and perfection, a duplicate of the galleys of a newspaper, either by stereotyping, or by any other practicable means.

Those who tranquilly glean information and amusement from the broad sheet of a morning Journal, as they sip their tea and consume their rolls at their comfortable breakfast table, seldom consider the pain of body and mind which has attended the partition of that vast amount of intellectual matter spread before them. "A London newspaper," said Lord Lyndhurst at a late public dinner, "is a

volume—a volume of no trifling magnitude—and that volume the production of a single night!" This was a short and pregnant description. Among the various labor which it involves, there is perhaps none more wearing to the mind than that of the chief editor, and yet, except in the leading Journals, this labor is but inadequately rewarded. The reporter has his task prescribed. His materials are prepared; he has only to work them up. If the speeches be dull he is not expected to enliven them. If argument be wanting, he is not expected to supply it. But the editor, night after night, from week to week and from month to month, in season and out of season, in spite of the anguish of private misfortune, in spite of personal indisposition, in spite of bodily and mental exhaustion, is expected to pour forth original or quasi-original reflections and observations, and to fill a certain number of inches of newspaper column. Often, in his despair, he is inclined to fall back on the heap of matter collected by his sub from the correspondence. But alas! this, in general, proves to be sorry stuff. He cannot in very shame venture to father it. Yet one or two "leaders" must be furnished, and if the passing events do not supply a suitable topic, one must be made, or an old one furbished up. He sits then the livelong night, waiting the arrival of the foreign expresses, and to comment on the slips supplied from the reporter's room. At length four o'clock strikes. The galleys are arranged. The printer takes the helm, and the editor, with heated blood, flushed temples and aching head, seeks his home, and gets to rest about the period when his fellow-creatures generally are about to rise.

Journalism, in France, the only other country in Europe where the press can be said to be free, is carried on in a different spirit from that which animates it in England; and certainly no French newspaper can, as an organ of public opinion, be for a moment compared with the leading Journals of London. If the Paris paper be inferior to the English in this respect, they are infinitely more so as vehicles of intelligence. The vast machinery for the collection of news, kept in constant operation by a London morning paper, is altogether unknown to French Journalism.

There are a greater number of newspapers published in Paris than in London. Probably, also, a greater number



in France than in England. The individual circulation of the French papers is also, on the average, greater than that of the English Journals. Yet notwithstanding this the political influence of the English Journals is incomparably greater.

The general staff of collectors of intelligence being much less in the case of the French Journals, and the rate at which their editorial writers and political contributors are paid being much lower, the capital necessary for the establishment and management of a Journal is proportionably less. It is not the practice of the commercial community to use newspapers as means for advertising to so great an extent as in England. The revenue of a French Journal is, therefore, very much smaller than even of a third or fourth rate English provincial paper. All these reasons conspire to prove how much less important and influential an agency is a French than an English newspaper.

Nevertheless, there is and has been great ability displayed in the editorial columns of the Paris journals. They have numbered among their contributors some of the most eminent names which are found in the annals of France for the last half century. Until his accession to ministerial power, *M. Guizot* was a writer for the columns of the *Journal des Debats*; and if he do not, even now, supply a portion of its contents, it is not because he is above such a task, but because the duties of his office engross his time to the exclusion of literary labor. *M. Thiers* was originally a leading writer in the *Constitutionnel*, and finding that journal too much trammelled by its party ties for his purpose, he established, in connection with the celebrated and much lamented *Armand Carrel*, the *National*, which still continues to be the organ of the most liberal section of the Chambers.

The power of journalism in France, is in a great degree frittered away by the multitude and minuteness of its divisions. Each paper is the organ rather of individuals than of parties. Thus, if you ask what principles the "*Journal des Debats*" advocates, you will be answered that it supports the Duke of Broglie and *M. Guizot*. Ask what party is represented by "*La Presse*," and you will be told that of *M. Molé*. Ask what doctrines the "*Constitutionnel*" supports, and you will be told that it promotes the return of *M. Thiers* to power. Ask what are the principles of the "*National*," and you will be

answered those of *MM. Odillon Barrot*, *Dupont de l'Eure* and *Arago*. Ask what the "*Epoque*" professes, and you will learn that it is the personal organ of *M. Guizot*.

A stranger, unconnected with French politics, and reading dispassionately these journals, will find himself at a loss to discover any substantial difference between them. The columns are filled with the names of their friends and their opponents, until they tire the eye. But few great principles of government or legislation are discussed.

The magnitude of these journals, and the actual quantity of matter they contain, are on a scale commensurate with the minuteness of the sections of the political community which they represent. It is no exaggeration to say, that there is frequently as much printed matter in a single number of the "*Times*" as in all the journals of Paris put together.

The price at which these papers are sold is on the same relative scale. The common annual subscription for a daily paper, (published also on Sundays,) is forty francs, and some are even less. This is at the rate of about two cents per copy, being nearly the same as the ordinary price of the journals of this country. But the French journals are subject to a stamp duty, which slightly varies with their magnitude, but may be stated as equal to one cent. Therefore, their actual price is the same as that of the *New York Sun*, the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and other papers of that class.

The English journals are subject to a stamp duty of two cents, and their ordinary price is ten cents. Exclusive of the stamp, they are, therefore, four times more expensive than the American, and eight times more costly than the French journals. In this comparison, however, we omit the consideration of the quantity of matter they contain.

The power of journalism is, therefore, more concentrated in England. It is more a question of measures than men in London—more a question of men than measures in Paris. He who desires to be informed of public events in Paris, must go to a *Cabinet de Lecture*, and look at a dozen little newspapers, and, after all, events of the greatest importance may be passing, of which not one of these journals, nor all of them together, will give him information. In London, he has one of the leading morning papers on his breakfast-table, in which he knows that

he will find every current event of importance noted, and frequently coming events clearly and distinctly foretold.

This relative condition of the Press in the two countries is easily explained. In England freedom of speech and publication is of old date. The Press is an institution of long standing. It has grown with the growth of the British Constitution, assuming, from age to age, and even from year to year, a more and more important and influential position. It is, and has long been, part and parcel of the State. The long consciousness of its freedom has taught it discretion in the use of it. True, this power, like all others exercised by human agents, is abused; but happily the abuse of journalism among newspapers in England is about as exceptional as the abuse of personal liberty among individuals. In France, on the contrary, journalism dates from the Revolution, and scarcely even from that, for it was laid in a trance, in a state of *coma*, during the Consulate and the Empire. And during the Restoration, its power was scarcely existent in a wholesome condition; and even since the Restoration, has not the Government of the Barricades, wisely or not it boots not here to say, enacted laws which place journalism in France in a condition very different indeed from that of the British or American Press? Still, however, there is a reasonable degree of freedom, and perhaps as much as the public is capable of bearing.

Perfectly free journalism cannot safely be tolerated if not accompanied by a corresponding freedom of public discussion. The fierce passions raised by the Press must have a vent. The right of public meeting for the legitimate discussion of political questions; in a word, the right of petition and of all those acts necessary to effect the objects of petition, is inseparable from the perfect freedom of journalism. The one without the other would be attended with danger. But in France the legislature in its wisdom, moved thereto by the Cabinet of Louis Philippe, has judged it necessary to the well-being of the State to annihilate the right of public meeting. This was accomplished by the laws of September, which followed the Fieschi catastrophe, and of which M. Thiers was the author. More than a certain very limited number of persons cannot assemble for a political object in France without incurring the dire penalties of the law. Under such a system freedom of the Press is a delu-

sion, a mockery, and a snare. It will take another half century for the French Press to acquire, by its proper and natural growth, that vigor to which the English Press has attained, nor will even that period bring it to maturity, unless the nation advances sufficiently in its constitutional growth to force on its government the repeal of those laws which at present deprive the people of the right of public meeting.

The Weekly Press of London comprises the best and the worst of Journalism. It has no parallel in the journals of other countries, so far as we know. None, certainly, either in France or America. The most polished, witty and elegant newspaper composition extant, is to be found in the columns of the "Examiner." This paper owes its high reputation to the talents of its distinguished proprietor and editor, Mr. Albany Fonblanque. Its politics are of the highest tone of liberalism. It is eminent for the integrity and consistency of its conduct, and for the gentlemanly spirit in which its polemical articles are penned. Its reviews in literature and the drama are spirited, and, in general, just. The dramatic portion, however, is obnoxious to the charge of very glaring favoritism. Though this is no doubt dictated by friendly feeling towards an individual well worthy of esteem, yet it should be remembered that the undue and preposterous exaltation of one artist operates injuriously on those whose unfavored merits are passed over in comparative silence.

We have thus endeavored to present our readers with a view of the European Metropolitan Press. We have forbore to make comparisons, or even allude to our own journals. From many of the defects attending the Press in Europe, we are exempt, not because we are less prone to error, but because the same causes do not operate here. In like manner the necessity for the same complicated and expensive machinery for procuring information does not exist with us. This observation more especially applies to the department of foreign correspondence. Nevertheless, something has been done in this way among our journalists, and some of our papers have now regular correspondents in several parts of Europe.

The peculiar circumstances attending our general government and the location of Congress renders our system of parliamentary reporting different and of subordinate importance. In all great popular

meetings, however, where speakers of established reputation have been expected to appear, reporting has been conducted in a manner not at all inferior to that of the best journals of London.

But the cause which must for ages to come at least keep the American Press below those of England and France, is to be found in our very political institutions themselves. We have not, and so long as our institutions continue cannot have, that centralization to which the press of England and France owes its importance. If, instead of London, with its two millions of inhabitants, its unbounded wealth and unparalleled commerce, England possessed half a dozen or a dozen little Londons, each claiming equal consideration, where would be its TIMES, its CHRONICLE, or its POST? If, instead of Paris, with its million of in-

habitants, its royal palaces, its museums and libraries, and its thirty thousand foreign visitors, France had a little chief city in every department, having its own legislature, its own government and its own Press, where would be the DEBATS, the CONSTITUTIONNEL, the PRESSE, and the SIECLE? Instead of these we should have had some dozen or so of Times' and Chronicles, in England, and equally numerous Debats, and Constitutionnels, in France—none rising beyond the importance of a provincial journal.

Whether the absence of centralization, which is inseparable from our system, is in itself a social benefit or not, is not here the question. Be it for good or for evil, so it is. Without centralization we cannot have those powers for the very existence of which centralization is indispensable.

### HAWTHORNE.\*

It has been insinuated that the vice of our national temperament is exaggeration—exaggeration in everything—in the modes of thought and expression as well as of action. We say, insinuated—for of course no one could be rude enough to have roundly asserted such a thing in the teeth of our Patriotism—since, of a verity, whether Patriotism have teeth or not, it certainly carries fists. We are not pugnaciously inclined, only we are tender-hearted. We are aware that Jonathan has faults, and that perhaps there might have been times

"When the mountain winds blew out his vest,"

but then the *Amor Patriæ* has been so strong within us as to have always sent our heart into our throat, choking down our words of rebuke or indignation. What right have we to be indignant with

"This our own, our native" &c.,

since "our country, right or wrong," has become even in the immaculate politics of the day a favorite countersign? We feel ourselves called upon in honor to repudiate the insinuation with regard to exaggeration, and we accordingly do

so with indignation! What! admit that the great and glorious Sovereigns of this "great country" are given to so undignifying themselves as to glory in doing the "tallest walking" and tallest talking that ever yet has been done under the sun: think of what their Loco Foco majesties would say to such impertinence! Strength is magnanimous and youth is modest: any innuendo—however sly—to the contrary notwithstanding, we do assert triumphantly that our Democracy is both strong and youthful! and we necessarily hold in proper contempt that malapert taste and finickling Conservatism which will persist in taking on airs and turning up its nose on certain occasions. As, for instance, when the Sovereigns choose to amuse themselves with boxing thunder-snags, swallowing greased lightning, or drinking the beds of rivers dry, these Conservatives get up a maudlin sympathy with the cat-fish and alligators which are necessarily drawn in because they flirt their capud extremities imploringly toward the stars as they disappear down inexorable gulleys—what absurdity! This is scarcely less dignified than the flouting and foolish incredulity with which they regard those eminently classic contests between that modern Centaur, "the

\* "Mosses from an Old Manse," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Wiley & Putnam: 1846. "Twice-Told Tales."

Half-Horse and Half-Alligator" and some Feline Lapithæ—known in the vulgate as Wild-cat or Panther! Pshaw! the "un-terrified Democracy!"—what can it not do? To be sure we have heard *liberal* Conservatives say—"never mind these little eccentricities—Democracy is a Young Giant and these fantastic exhibitions are quite natural; they are merely the impulsive outbreaks of that deepening consciousness of boundless strength and power which in young blood is so apt to express itself riotously." *Liberal* Conservatism here speaks from the heart; and as we happen to belong to a "Progress Party," of course we coincide. In doing this, our Patriotism must be permitted the remark that it is done *in terrorem*! We can assert that we are patriotic! We have said that we strictly repudiate all "insinuations" with regard to the vices of our national temperament—and so we do emphatically! but then it unfortunately happens, that however much we may repudiate and quietly condemn, we cannot reconcile everybody else to the same course. Jonathan certainly has a right to utter what he pleases in self-gratulation—and the Mississippi men to swallow whatever they choose to swallow in a way proportioned with the largeness of their territory and of their throats; but then neither of them can help it, nor should they care what Foreign flippancy might say concerning them. Of course everything that might be said in this connection would be the result of the sheerest prejudice and necessarily entitled to the smallest consideration. We are obliged to confess to the existence of an Order—alert, sharp-witted and relentless—which we suspect to be that of the "Old Assassins" *redivivus*—who have exchanged the dagger for the pen—whose Mecca is "the city of the crags," and whose latest Prophet has been surnamed *Christopher*, "the old man of the mountain," with a bald head and an undimmed glitter in his eye!—which Order has forced itself upon our attention of late.

With the gusto of a Frenchman hunting frogs for his breakfast they go about seeking whom they may impale in obedience to the fierce mandate of their Prophet or of "Punch;" but we deny that this formidable association has for us any terror. We can readily perceive how they might become fearful to us in the event of our exposing a vulnerable side to the thrusts of their fatal wit. We

can see with what a devilish glee they would put in their blows, and how they would exult to see the thick-skinned Republicans writhe. We say we can perceive how all this *might* be if they could only find the weak points; as, for instance, if we had only in reality made ourselves ridiculous by exaggeration, &c. They have attacked us as in duty bound, and as a matter of course whether or no; but we are proud to remark that as yet their assaults have been attended with no fatal results. They have talked a great deal, to be sure, about the calmness and dignity of oratory on their side, and what they call the rant, fustian or flummery on ours. This is too harmless to kill anybody, for every one sees that it is merely a prejudice entirely worthy of John Bull's thick-headed Sawney. Here, indeed, an officious person with an intrusive memory might be induced to make mention of the late Messrs. Chipman and Martin. The late Messrs. Chipman and Martin indeed! We rise with every hair upon our head bristling, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," with indignation to resist and repudiate the shameless implication. What! Chipman annihilated? But we will be calm. We are happy to be able to say that those gentlemen are still alive with every prospect of a green old age before them. Chipman annihilated! O tempora! O mores! Think

"—— what it is to slay  
The reverence living in the minds of men",

for mighty names. You may tell us that the eternal hills shall fail—that some Yankee has tamed Niagara and harnessed it to a pin-machine. You may even tell us of Mr. Polk's sagacity or of Mr. Buchanan's honesty, and we can hear you; but spare us the insinuation that the fame of Chipman can ever be annihilated by Time himself—much less by the pen of a paltry Scotch wit. Chipman! Colossus among the Colossi of Democracy! he stands sublime like one of the monarch oaks of his own great West, the physical embodiment of that rude energy, "wild above rule or art," which is rampant in our halls—that modulated fervor of patriotism which

"Tears the cave where Echo lies"—

that "Native" independence and originality of style which scorns the petty trammels of grammar—that lofty, self-

reliance which ridicules and "hates education as unfriendly to Democracy"—in a word, of that gutter Democracy itself, which battens upon the offal of power, of ignorance, of lust; and which lately, in the Capitol, "uttered such a deal of stinking breath"—"rank of gross diet"—in abusive defiance of the unoffending British Lion, "that it had almost choked" the Royal Brute! Such is Chipman. Chipman forever! Years cannot take away from his fame, nor can decay reach him. Historians! ye sentinels of the ages! nib your pens anew, and be prepared to freight your records with this most precious dedication of the nineteenth century—the name of the Chipman Democracy—the enemies of Education! Oh, for some new Homer to paint the Achillean wrath of their great champion, while he launched the heavy thunders of his denunciation against the spread of enlightenment, and how

"The rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps"

in applause! As for Martin—"the eagle pinion of our fancy" flags—he is the peer of Chipman; as such we will leave him for posterity. We have felt it to be our duty, and have done our best, to apotheosize these great men; but there is a serious and solemn reflection it becomes us to make in this connection. What a spectacle of indecorum, of hardy shamelessness, on the part of the Wits of the day, does this attack upon such exalted names as those of Chipman and Martin afford! Just think of it! Two illustrious M. C.'s embodying and expressing, in their own high and mighty persons, the sovereignty of a vast constituency—whose souls must, therefore, necessarily be thrice compounded essences of all that is sovereign—have been impudently attacked, we may say profanely assailed with attempts at open ridicule, for words spoken beneath the sacred shadows of the Capitol. Sacrilegious impertinence! Have these rash individuals forgotten that there is a "divinity which doth hedge about" the seats of Power; and are they not dreading the exterminating splendors of its port and presence? Where is that wholesome awe of "Circumstance" and "Place" which in well ordered societies should shield their mysteries from the licentious gaze of the vulgar? Gone! gone! we fear—

"The odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left *respectable*  
Beneath the visiting moon."

Dreadful consequences may be expected from this degree of license. What name will be sacred, since

"The ingrained instinct of old reverence" has been thus outraged and violated? What character or fame will be held sacred by these malignant Wits? We should not be at all surprised if the next thing were, that we should hear some one of them intruding his antic quips and quiddities into the grave, severe stillness of the Senate—the very penetralia of Power. Think of such a wag presuming to say, concerning that present proverb of zephyr-like mildness and urbanity, Mr. Allen of Ohio, that he had

"Roared me like any sucking-dove,"

since Mr. Crittenden exorcised the fiend which had possessed him, or—otherwise spoken—had taken the stiffening out of him. Or imagine him insinuating that the rotund and rubicund proportions usually associated with the name of Mr. Cass, were merely a "Blue-Light" quiz, and that so far from being one of those "men that are fat," and "sleep o' nights," this

"Cass-ius has a lean and hungry look."

Or hear him asking, with regard to that "vote of thanks" with which our noble little army was *rewarded* for its gallantry through "the two days" upon the Rio Grande,

"Is *this* the balsam that the usuring Senate Pours into Captains' wounds?"

Or, with audacious memory quoting, in reference to the sputtering "*Hero*" who offered that resolution,

"That such a slave as this should wear a sword!"

or,

"None of these knaves and cowards but Ajax is their fool."

Or, after the scourge of "the Union" had been applied to the backs of Brinkerhoff and followers, hear him with insufferable bombast addressing them in the language of Coriolanus to his panic-stricken troops—

"Pluto and hell,  
All hurt behind: backs red and faces pale!"

Or—what would no doubt bring earth

and heaven together—applying to Mr. Polk the remark of a witty contemporary about a certain Duke of Orleans, “who, with the courage and moral energy of a hen, was exceeding ambitious of conducting great affairs.” Just conceive, if you can, what a panic in “high quarters” such libertinism of the tongue would get up! and especially if our pernicious wag should put into the mouth of Mr. Webster, in speaking of the symptoms of asinine awakening which followed his eloquent “*réveille*” of the “stunned dumbness” with which M’Kay’s Tariff Bill was received in the Senate—

“Then I beat my tabor,  
At which like unbacked colts they pricked  
their ears,  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their  
noses,  
As if they smelt music”—  
the

“Quick rousing music of live eloquence.” But if the memories and weapons of the Wits are to be regarded with apprehension by those in the high places of the land—if they be capable of producing such a flutter amongst those who are fenced about by the cordons of power, how much greater consternation would be caused should their wheeled batteries enfilade the defenceless ranks of our youthful Literature. The poor authors! Defenceless as the callow broodlings of the barn-yard caught by an early frost! They have no great Corporate Assembly of dignitaries—favorably inclined toward “*sausages*”—who will rise in bristling sympathy, to visit upon the unlucky Wit the denunciations of their united wrath, for any attack upon any individual member which they may construe into a reflection upon their whole Body. No; the forlorn scribbler must fight it out for himself! Each one must stand behind his own buckler, and trust to his own good right arm. As to what might be the result of any such contests we feel entire confidence. We ourselves have no doubt as to the puissance of our “Native *Literateurs*.” Not alone of their capabilities to defend themselves; but we hold their reputations in the world of Literature to be, of course, so *entirely immaculate* as to leave no hook to hang a doubt upon, or in other words, no room for assault of any kind.

But then, as we have hinted, the murderous malignity of this “Order of Pen-*assassins*” is not to be calculated or counted upon. Who can tell but that

some one of them may be found to cruelly insinuate, that our literary men singularly lack the universality of Genius—that from the general proneness of our national temperament to exaggeration, they have a curious propensity for taking the bit in their teeth; and like wild colts, first backed, dashing under the lead of a single idea in *medias res*, which means—being interpreted—into confectioners’ booths, overapplewomen’s stands, through the glass doors of china shops, or any other way their passionate noses may lead them. Now this is what all tradespeople, gouty citizens and old women, would call a nuisance. We, on the contrary, would call it an eccentricity, such as the peculiarly impassioned character of the National genius should lead us to expect, and simply say to the apple-woman: Pshaw!—stand out of the way!—let the “Young Giant” do the thing up after his own fashion! He is heady of course; but *remember his age*—that he is “a Native,” too! This would, no doubt, be satisfactory to all *patriotic* apple-women, &c.; and they would agree to stand out of the way, but then, the poor, simple creatures would be so sadly puzzled to recognize which of them *was* “Native” among the many who, like a

“Jove blinded by the glare of his own bolts,”

go by them in erratic thunderings. Our sympathies are enlisted irresistibly. It becomes a question of utility: Who are these disturbers of the peace? Are they “national in any distinctive attributes of nationality, which entitle them to any claim upon our patriotic forbearance? Do they fisticuff with thunder-snags—swallow oleaginated lightning—deglutinate rivers omnivorously—or antagonize Felines?—if they do not why are they called “Native Authors?”

Feats of this kind are said to be the only ones for which we are peculiarly distinguished in any eminent or characteristic degree. But we have repudiated this as a vile slander. It is plain as the nose on a man’s face, that our authors are “Natives,” because they were born so! Do they not write on paper of domestic manufacture? with quills plucked from geese “to the manor born?” What more is necessary to make genuine Natives of them? They certainly use the language of a foreign country—but as certainly they use it originally. Who ever heard the proposition on the tongue of an

Englishman to swallow a live alligator whole, unless it got there at second-hand? And we dare assert that no Englishman ever vaunted himself upon a mutually serious collision with a thunder-storm! We are not disposed to crow over John Bull in view of our superiority in these trifling matters; all we have to say to him is, to request that he would address us in a more deferential tone hereafter. As for those little coincidences of thought, style and treatment which he arrogantly asserts to exist between his literature and ours, we have merely to remark that "accidents happen in the best of families!" We are in common the children of Shakespeare and the Bible—of Nature and Revelation—and a family resemblance is to be expected. We assert roundly, that our authors are, on the whole, eminently original—particularly in their manner of stealing. Nothing could be more refreshingly cool, or entirely Yankee, than the manner in which the deed of appropriation is done by those few dashing and high-handed Buccaneers, who have undertaken to practice it for the benefit of the literature of "the Model Republic." We say 'few,' because there are few, of course, who possess the requisite gallantry, or elasticity of conscience; but the spirit and hardihood which they display, we are almost tempted to recognize as palliative of the sin. There is a virtue in sinning magnificently, which is at once dazzling and imposing; and in this said splendid virtue Jonathan has certainly led the way, through an astoundingly brilliant series of achievements: Defalcation—Repudiation—Bankruptcy—and the writings of a certain great "Original Translator," who now "occupies the throne of our Native Literature!" Why not? Can't he translate like a Native, as well as do anything else so? Herein lies the joke. He literally does it as no one *but* "a Native" could ever have dared to dream of doing—he literally translates, *i. e.*, carries over to his own pages the thoughts of others. But it is in the consummate boldness and dexterity with which, after having modified them to suit his own purposes, he manages to be attacked by a timely fit of such sudden obliviousness, that he is necessarily prevented from acknowledging any obligation, that the genius of the "Native" shines forth in the ascendant! This is as it should be. We would not be proud of him, nor would he be worthy of the "Native throne" to which we have elevated him, if the deed

of appropriation were not ably done. Our inexorable activity and hyperbolic taste can stand *anything* but the vulgarity of tameness. Act! act! any way you please, so you do not insult us by acting the Commonplace. If you want to steal—steal! so you have a way about you—so you do it with *prestige*. This might be called in some quarters not exactly the most straight-laced creed that could be conceived! but what does Democracy care for straight-lacing, or any other sort of lacing? it has long since declared that the invincible limbs of the "Young Giant" have shaken themselves free from fetters of every kind. Your old-fashioned

"Stipulations, duties, reverences,"

are to it a by-word and a mockery. It is certain we owe a great deal of a peculiar kind of progress in the appropriative department of our literature to the energies of this Democratic scion of the Titans. Furthermore, apart from these secondary considerations, it might be insinuated that there is in our literary characteristics a remarkable want of Repose—that highest expression of masterful strength, without the dignifying presence of which the activity of great energies is apt to degenerate into riotous or one-sided careering. Now, Jonathan would be likely to laugh heartily at this, and tell us that the most reposeful animals he knew were a fat sow and a portly alderman; and he would, no doubt, ask you, with thumb to nose, if you were sappy enough to expect that he, the Genius of go-a-head-ativeness, should degenerate into "one o' them"—and Jonathan is right. What is the use of any body becoming a sow or an alderman "with a roasted Mannington ox in his belly?" As for

"That collected calm which sometimes Make it a stillness on the great man's brow More awful than the pause of gathered storms,"

we judge he would tell us that "*great men*" are *generally* sleepy, particularly after dinner! The fact is, Jonathan, on the whole, had as well be set down as incorrigible; for preach to him and of him as you may, he will after all do as he pleases in the end.

It must be confessed that, taking the propensity for exaggeration, along with the want of universality and inclination to ride a runaway hobby, together with the "consummate manner of stealing," the hyperbolic taste, and the want of repose, and putting this and that together,

we have made out a pretty little list of the assailable points in our Native literary character. We are not to be mistaken for a spy in the camp, who is pointing out the weak places to the enemy—the Wits—for we have said that these imputations were merely imaginary; if they were not so, we should have all sorts of impertinences tilted at the heads of our unfortunate authors, by some snarling quotation-monger—some literary “old clo’ man,” who vends second-hand wit! How shocking it would be, for instance, to hear him repeating, clear through, word for word, to “our most distinguished Novelist:”

“Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an one could spy out such a cause for quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head has been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling. Thou hast quarreled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath awakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun!”

But as he would get himself “sued” for his impertinence, of course he wouldn’t say it. Or, think of him addressing another, the glorious promise of whose prime has been wasted in the fierce guerilla wars of egoism for notoriety—whose ambition, in its insane aspirations for the Unattainable, has so intensified its own action, that the results are scarcely more than the little end of nothing whittled down to a point:

“Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,  
To imitate the graces of the Gods—  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o’ the air—

*And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak!”*

Would there not justly be something *Raven-ous* in the indignation with which the malicious taunter would be met, and probably “Dun brown.” Or, hear him saying of another, who, because the graceful felicity of his style is only equaled by the exquisite manner of the man, therefore is regarded with plebeian envy. This is

“A courtier extraordinary, who by diet  
Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,  
Choice music, frequent baths, horary shifts  
Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immortalize

Mortality itself, and make the essence  
Of his whole happiness the trim of courts.”

We can imagine the dainty wrath with which the “courtier” would seize “i’twixt his finger and his thumb,” with his white gloves the nearest missive, perhaps a vol. of his own “Sacred Poems,” as the heaviest, and drop it on the head of the vulgarian insulter, who had thus intruded “between the wind and his nobility.” Or of another—the redoubtable Reviewer—the Goliath of the Gath of Changelings—who, from a constitutional inability to see but one thing at a time, and that only when it is directly before him, has done nothing all his headlong life but

“Renage, affirm, and turn his halcyon beak  
With every gale and vary”

of passion and interest; and but now has made his twentieth, last, “MOST CATHOLIC” ‘vary.’ Should he quietly rank him among

“Those mighty actors—sons of change—  
Those partisans of factions often tried—  
That in the smoke of innovations strange  
Build huge, uncertain plots of unsure pride;  
And on the hazard of a bad exchange,  
Have ventured all the stock of life beside?”

would he not most probably bring down upon him a certain “weaver’s beam,” in an exterminating blow? Be this as it may, it must be confessed that we have sadly lacked in our Literature men who were men, universal men, strong enough to be calm—clear-eyed enough to see whatever of truth was presented, and, necessarily, wise enough to be unselfish, and

“To live as if to love and live were one.”

Such men never sink their individuality in partisanship—they walk apart in the high places of thought, which are lifted up and clear above the dust-clouds of the arena where vulgar struggle is held. Their mission is not to throttle their fellows for the glory of a particular ‘ite,’ ‘ism or creed—but to coolly overlook the contests of those who conceive theirs to be such a mission, and through all the frothy fluster, the clamors, the bitterness and bruising, recognize whatever there may be of truth in each, and quietly teach it to the world in their own way. Such men are the true conservators of progress—“the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump!” They are the highest “Con-



servatives"—though they never mingle with politics—for they not only recognize what *is* and has been, but what *is to be*! Now Jonathan, as a general thing, feels a decided contempt for 'what has been'—he never saw it, smelt it, felt it, or *made anything out of it*, and that is sufficient! "Go ahead and no mistake!" is his motto, and go he does! That Jonathan has gone ahead to some purpose, too, we need only refer back to the magnificent language in which Messrs. Chipman, Martin, Sevier, & Co., so signally cowed the British Lion! They could never have done it but that Jonathan had got ahead "considerably!" But at last there is a medium in all things, and we would merely submit whether, if Jonathan had only listened to "Conservatism," of whatever kind—either political or literary—he would have found himself in such a "snarl" as this in which he is at present involved?—whether he might not have avoided a disgraceful Mexican war, a ruinous McKay's Bill, and an empty Treasury? But we suppose, until his "go-ahead" hurry to consummate "Ultimate Destiny," "Free Trade," and "a Hard money Currency," has brought him up all flat upon his back some half-dozen times more, Jonathan will be inexorably deaf to anything that may be said about "Conservatism." In the mean time, as our Journal has nothing else to do, we mean to keep quietly on in preaching it, and in heartily recognizing it wherever we may find it!

It happens that we have not only found Conservatism, but a good many other things we have asked for, in our national literature, expressed through the pages of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and as he is an old acquaintance, and of somewhat retiring habits, withal, we propose introducing him to Jonathan. It is not probable that he knows much about him, except through his proverbial faculty of "guessing;" for we are very sure, if he did, Jonathan would be in something less of a hurry about accomplishing the "Ultimate Destiny," and his younger brethren of the Mississippi would certainly be more disposed to spare their alligators the horrors of being swallowed alive, at least! As for Messrs. Chipman, Martin, Sevier & Co., we can only say that their *emphasis*, on a future occasion, might perhaps be improved by an acquaintance with our friend. Not that we by any accident ever saw him, or can tell the color of his hair or eyes—but our friend as we have learned

to know and love him through his books! We don't mean to say that Nathaniel Hawthorne is necessarily a "*nonpareil*," and therefore above or beyond any body or thing else in all the land! We distinctly say that there are many of our 'Native' writers who, in their particular departments of thought and style, surpass him—or rather any particular effort of his—in their chosen and practiced line. It would be ridiculous to say or think otherwise; for the great fault we have to find with our Authors is, not that they lack earnestness or purpose, but that they have been too apt to dissipate both in a rash and heady intensification of their energies upon subjects not sufficiently universal in interest, and which, in view of results, might have been more wisely treated under many modifications. But we do say, quite as distinctly, that taking the plain level of results aimed at and ends accomplished, our author covers the broadest and the highest field yet occupied by the Imaginative Literature of the country, and deserves to be set forth, in very many particulars, as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" to those who are to come after, at least! To be sure, an officious wit, such as we have before endeavored to rebut, might be found, with the hardihood to say that he might do for some of his cotemporaries to glass themselves in! But we as decisively as heretofore repudiate any such heterodoxy! We are surely not accountable should he choose to say of our "great Original Translator" that, could he only be induced to study Hawthorne earnestly and faithfully, there might be some hope that the manly self-reliance—the quiet, unobtrusive dignity—with which he asserts himself, and compels a loving recognition of his own peculiar modes, would certainly touch and rouse the innate integrity even of an "Appropriator's" life, until, with burning cheek, he would descend from the "high-swung chariot" of his shame, and be content, like any other true man, to trust to his own ten toes—which, by the way, are good enough in themselves, and have carried him gracefully through the windings of many a "soft Lydian measure!" Or if he should point "our most distinguished Novelist" to the fine satires of Hawthorne, in which he has lashed the vices of his countrymen and times with unequalled keenness and effect, and yet has handled his cat-o'-nine-tails of scorpions with such exquisite dexterity and

benevolent humor, that even those who winced and suffered most have been compelled to smile and look in his eyes, that they might drink out healing from the Love there. And when he had read and read, should the Wit just say to him (the Novelist)—assuming to speak in the character of Hawthorne—

“Pray be counseled!

I have a heart as little apt as yours;  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage.”

Perhaps this would only be adding insult to injury; and he would get “sued for libel!” Or should he say to that “modern Prometheus,” who has swallowed the fires he stole from heaven for his Race, and now, as the molten hell goes scorching through his veins and is burning up his heart, writhes—like a thunder-smitten Titan—with blasphemies “Rest! rest! thou must have rest! Thy life is overtasked! Wouldst thou but go aside with Hawthorne, to his dream-land, and lazily glide with him through its calm waters and enchanted isles, and when the misty sun-light and a soothing undertone, like the prevailing lullaby of summer evening, came with a sweet drowsiness—sleep! Or if this voluptuous glowing of the outward life provoke thy fever, go bathe in the cool, deep freshness of his inner thought, where it lies like tarns of dew in the solitary woods, collected by some fauns in the mossy basins of old rocks—and sleep! ah, sleep at last! and meek-eyed Ministers of Love and Peace and Hope, would come about thee, and woo those consuming fires forth with the persuasion of soft wings, and whisper thee such quiet dreams of the unutterable Rest that the tense chords about thy heart and brain would loosen, and the spring-time flood of a new life gush through thee—aye! and out of that dream would a gentle Purpose and a Joy go with thee—the sad refrain of “*Nevermore*” be faded from thy lips! As for the burley Giant of the “Changelings,” we should not prefer the responsibility—should any such person choose to say to him patronisingly, ‘Go thou likewise with Hawthorne, for a little while, in genial and brotherly communion. Perhaps the placid universality of his mind, like the still lake, reflecting cliff, tree, cloud, and every neighboring shape—which recognizes all things that may be presented to its life, and gives them out with a profusion royal as the benedictions of our mother Nature—may teach thee that Truth wears not one form

alone, but many. If thou wilt but glide with him down the slumberous Assabeth, and lose thyself with him beneath the dark vine-trellised aisles of its primeval forests, thou mayest “take glimpses” down the shadowy vistas, of a warm, sitting, delicate shape. Oh! how unlike to her thou hast been wooing, “as the lion woos his bride,” through many shifting forms, are these fathomless, blue, spiritual eyes that gleamed on thee! ah, canst thou not as well see how unlike “*she*” of “doubtful reputation” who “sitteth on the seven hills,” and to whom thou hast lately been affianced, is to this fresh revelation? and that the young lover’s glow of tenderness with which Hawthorne whispers her coy ear, will win the gentle angel first! Canst thou not learn, strong man! that TRUTH comes to us only as an angel or a God? only to minister or to avenge!”

As to aiming these solemn paradoxes in such a quarter, we have said we confess to an inclination to dodge responsibilities—though we must as well confess we think that even “a Courtier extraordinary” might find something in Hawthorne—might find enough in the aroma of fresh-turned mould, of new hay-ricks, of meadow-flowers, which subtly dwells about and interpenetrates his page-picturings—to woo him back from petty frivolities to his old, honored and moss-covered seat “beneath the bridge!” But as for Chipman, Polk, Cass & Co., these great men carry their noses too high for the perfume of our delicate Hawthorne to reach them!

Now, whatever of incidental truth may have been approached in all these invidious contrasts, we must be permitted frankly to say, that we do recommend the study of Hawthorne, conscientiously, as the specific remedy for all those congestions of patriotism which relieve themselves in uttering speeches,

“Horribly stuffed with epithets of war!”

or of that “fine phrensey” which, in huge sentences,

“Dignifies an impair thought with breath;”

and, in other words,

“Rends the blue altitude with Jovian breath;”

for we meekly plead guilty to a sort of loafer-like horror of a “rumpus,” whether elemental or social!

Hawthorne has a fine passage in the introductory chapter to the “Mosses from

an Old Manee," relating to this morbid activity—this vehement and overstraining intellection—concerning which we have spoken so much, as the main and unpleasant characteristic of the age, but more particularly of our national literature and temper. We give it, for it suggests the same remedy which, not we alone, but many far-reaching minds of the day, have felt to be called for, and prayed might come. He says:

"Were I to adopt a pet idea, as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others, it would be, that the great want which mankind labors under, at this present period, is—Sleep! The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted, through a morbid activity, and, while preternaturally wide-awake, is nevertheless tormented by visions, that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character, were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions, and avoiding new ones—of regenerating our race, so that it might in due time awake, as an infant out of dewy slumber—of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it; both of which have long been lost, in consequence of this weary activity of brain, and torpor or passion of the heart, that now afflict the universe. Stimulants, the only mode of treatment hitherto attempted, cannot quell the disease; they do but heighten the delirium."

He says, quaintly enough, in the next line, "Let not the above paragraph ever be quoted against the author!" This is a cruel forstalling of the rights of the public, against which we must beg permission to protest. It embodies a grand Truth which it is necessary the men of this generation should see, feel, and have deeply impressed upon their hearts and brains. It is the same great idea at which Tennyson aimed in "the Lotus Eaters," and which has been so nobly illustrated by our American Poet, Wallace, in "Quileto;" indeed, the coincidence with this last is very striking, though the treatment in all three cases is equally original, and constitutes a legitimate variation! It is "tinctured" with far more than a "modicum of truth," as he modestly says, and "thou," Nathaniel! must not be permitted to rob thy needy brothers of what should be to them so precious, could they only but receive it with a wise appreciation of all the deep pregnancy of meaning it con-

veys. This is rather a high-handed proceeding on our part to be sure—something like knocking a man down, and then apologizing! But, in this instance, at least, we cannot help feeling that "the end sanctifies the means"—the brigand's motto all the world over.

Certainly, however much appearances may be against us, we have not meant, in particular, to hurt anybody in all the seemingly invidious contrasts we have given room to above, for we have distinctly disclaimed the responsibility for what ill-natured Wits may have chosen to say—nor have we any intention of partially glorifying Hawthorne. But we do say distinctly that we are very happy to perceive in him something of that breadth, depth, repose, and dignified reliance, which we have, perhaps unreasonably, asked as worthy characteristics of a truly National Literature—as they certainly are of a polished and elegant cultivation. It is very sure, if we ever aspire to any higher rank than that of mere imitators, we must fall back with an entire and unhesitating confidence upon our own resources. All we think, write and say, must be tempered and modified by the *Real*—both moral and physical—around us. We cannot coquette here, alter there, and bodily appropriate elsewhere, from English or any other Foreign Literature, without subjecting ourselves to contempt in the end. Ours must be an honestly American—if it be not too much to say—an Aboriginal Literature! as distinct from all others as the plucked crown and scalp-lock of the red Indian—as vast, as rude, as wildly magnificent as our Mississippi, our mountains, or our Niagara—as still as our star-mirroring lakes at the North—as resistless in its roused strength as the tameless waves which tumble on "the vexed Bermoothes" at the South! Without these idiosyncrasies—unless we are high, free, calm, chivalric and stern—who will recognize us in the outward world? Hawthorne is national—national in subject, in treatment and in manner. We could hardly say anything higher of him, than that he is Hawthorne, and "nothing else." He has never damned himself to the obese body of a Party. He belongs to *all of them*! but spurns the slippery cant, and the innocent malignity of expetive, with which each one assails the other. His writings say plainly to the world, "I am that I am!" He has no affinity with the "Cyclopians" of Thought! By the way, how marvel-

ously significant are these old Allegories? The single eye in the forehead, between the Organs of *causality*—not beneath those of observation—how fine a type it is of that gross and narrow "Reason," which despises the angelic attribute of Faith, and finds its warrant for all "ungodliness and worldly lust" in appetite. These are they who are defiling the public morals with the lewd sophistries of a Necessitarian Sensuality, and whose lives are as beastly as their creed, which is that of the "Cyclops Ætnean" of Euripides:

—"to what other God but to myself  
And this great belly, first of deities,  
Should I be bound to sacrifice."

And who, like him, would willingly for-  
ever,

"Lie supine,  
Feasting on roast beef or some wild beast,  
And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously  
Emulating the thunder of high heaven!"

These are they, who, having caught up some petty fragments of Truth, cry out, *Eureka!* and while there are so many who go bellowing and staggering up and down the land—their hoarse clamorings burdened with the watch-words of "innovation strange," wrung from some crazed Philosophy—it is greatly refreshing to meet with a straight-up-and-down flat-footed man, who stands on his own bottom, and asserts himself as Hawthorne does. A friend at my elbow suggests that there is a strong family likeness between the above sentence and one of Carlyle's in his essay upon Emerson. As we have no recollection of ever having seen the said sentence, we must simply congratulate Mr. Carlyle upon the happy coincidence. Hawthorne, too, speaks of Emerson, and in doing so, finely touches up this brawling tribe of Innovators—each one of whom imagines he has certainly found the Archimidean lever, and is heaving at it in the effort to turn the world topsy-turvy. We give it entire, since some of the finest characteristics of our author are here furnished:

"Severe and sober as was the old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold, before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere, in a circuit of a thousand miles.

"These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original Thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite

extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds, of a certain constitution, with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages, to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries—to whom just so much of insight had been imparted, as to make life all a labyrinth around them—came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Grey-headed theorists—whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron frame-work—travelled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary, to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers, through the midnight of the moral world, beheld his intellectual fire, as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity, more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos—but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls, and the whole host of night-birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh, whenever a beacon fire of truth is kindled.

"For myself, there had been epochs of my life, when I, too, might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe. *But now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put*, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one; and he is so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if he expected to receive more than he could impart. And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity, without inhaling, more or less, the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which, in the brains of some people, wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heady as new wine. Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely-dressed, oddly-behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simple bores, of a very intense water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who

crowd so closely about an original thinker, as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. *This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man, of common sense, blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing; and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable, in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers."*

"But now *being happy*, I felt as if there were no questions to be asked." This is one of the most exquisitely delicate assertions of that manliness and self-reliance which we have spoken of as eminently a trait of his, that we ever met. What could be more beautiful than such a reason—"Now being happy"—assigned for asking nothing of the sharp-featured Autocrat "as a philosopher!" Whether as felicitously expressed or not, it is the same reason which would occur to any true man, who, firm in his own individuality, has sought out God and Truth for himself, in his own way, and now having found the unutterable wisdom, rests in the fullness of Joy! and has nothing more to ask of others who are merely going over the same ground! What have they to tell him? Has not God revealed himself, and shall he go to a mere human oracle to be told of Him! Let well enough alone—he is "happy," and "*feels* there are no questions to be asked!" Let those whose weak and imperfect lives must lean upon the souls of others, go cringe at the footstool of the human oracles, and make to them Gamaliels where they may—the strong nature bows only at the footstool of God! it accepts no philosophy at second-hand—though it takes all your facts with gratitude; in the whole world of metaphysics it must be a law unto itself. Out upon them—these "Time-flies," that fatten on the carrion of Thought! The burst of indignation from Hawthorne, which we have italicised in the conclusion of the above extract, is a noble expression of what all rightly balanced men must feel towards such feeble vampires. We have a perfect horror and detestation of Oracular People—they are sure to be out of joint themselves—and we never think of a man like Emerson about to hold forth to a pale crowd of lymphatic Disciples, but that the burlesque application of those lines from Keats occurs to us:

—————"there is a noise  
Among Immortals when a God makes sign  
With hushing finger, that he means to load  
His tongue with the full weight of utter-  
less thought,  
With thunder, and with music, and with  
pomp!"

We suppose the "noise" referred to must be the simultaneous opening of the "fly-traps" of the Disciples, that they may be in readiness to gulp and bolt everything that comes forth from "Sir Oracle!" If there is any animal under the sun more contemned by us than every other, it is the

———"barren-spirited fellow!—one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations,  
Which, out of use, and staled by other men,  
Begin his fashions."

But we have dwelt somewhat upon the universality of Hawthorne's mind, and his honestly philosophical readiness to recognize all truths, of whatever character, that may be presented by the different schools of avowed Reformers. It is somewhat curious to observe how quietly and unobtrusively this trait makes itself felt and recognized through his writings. Every now and then you stumble upon a passage which shows that he has extracted the honey from them all, and left what is merely the rough husk to the laws of decay. Now it is certainly a mooted question whether we are not all wrong about eating the flesh of red-blooded animals—there is a sect in this country who call themselves, or have been named, "Grahamites," who most dogmatically contend for a "purely vegetable diet" as the only one upon which man can live righteously, and hope for salvation! That the dietetical habits of our countrymen are, in many respects, monstrous, we do not deny; as for instance, we cannot conceive of a mild, genial, many-sided and dispassionate mind—which could repudiate all uncharitableness, and out of the diseased bitterness of moody and pugnacious temperaments, extract all that was good and high—or in other words—could give everybody credit for whatever of the milk of human kindness might show itself in their veins—we say we find a difficulty in conceiving of such an exalted Philosopher as being fed upon fat pork and rich gravies. But as for the Warrior, whose utility is just as apparent, we can experience no such difficulty. His mission is

destruction, and why should he not live upon Death? He could hardly be so stern, so headlong, or so effective in his vocation were his blood attenuated by "a purely vegetable diet!" The physiological fact that we are one half animals cannot be escaped; and the consequential fact that as the animal is nurtured so will the angel in us be developed, is equally inevitable! But then we are not "Grahamites,"—we see that in it, in spite of all its ultraisms, there is a single truth—for there is no universal Truth but in God's own life. And this single truth, so far as it goes, we are willing to recognize; and so is Hawthorne! He evidently sees that there is something vital in it, and takes the proper occasion—not to intrude it as the last

"Emergent Venus from the sea"

of special revelation to himself as the favored of Heaven—but incidentally, as the importance of the thing itself, compared to the vast infinitude of such truths, is incidental. We can, therefore, from this point of view, entirely appreciate the language he puts into the mouth of the "new Adam and Eve," when their fresh and unsophisticated minds have at once, through creation, been introduced to a great city of our civilization, from which, by a sudden "judgment," all the existing population has been swept, without the alteration of any physical expression of its condition at the time; with houses, ships, stores, streets, hotels, and private dwellings, left just as they were when the annihilating visitation overtook them! They have been long wandering amidst the labyrinth of doors and ways, filled with childlike and unspeakable amazement at all the inexplicable appliances they saw about them, when we find them curiously sauntering through the rooms of a modern mansion of luxury.

"By a most unlucky arrangement, there was to have been a grand dinner-party in this mansion on the very day when the whole human family, including the invited guests, were summoned to the unknown regions of illimitable space. At the moment of fate, the table was actually spread, and the company on the point of sitting down. Adam and Eve came unbidden to the banquet; it has now been some time cold, but otherwise furnishes them with favorable specimens of the gastronomy of their predecessors. But it is difficult to imagine the perplexity of the unperverted couple, in endeavoring to find proper food

for their first meal, at a table where the cultivated appetites of a fashionable party were to have been gratified. Will Nature teach them the mystery of a plate of turtle soup? Will she embolden them to attack a haunch of venison? Will she initiate them into the merits of a Parisian pasty, imported by the last steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic? Will she not, rather, bid them turn with disgust from fish, fowl, and flesh, which, to their pure nostrils, steam with a loathsome odor of death and corruption? Food? The bill of fare contains nothing which they recognize as such.

"Fortunately, however, the dessert is ready upon a neighboring table. Adam, whose appetite and animal instincts are quicker than those of Eve, discovers this fitting banquet.

"Here, dearest Eve," he exclaims, 'here is food.'

"Well," answered she, with the germ of a housewife stirring within her, 'we have been so busy to-day, that a picked-up dinner must serve.'

"So Eve comes to the table, and receives a red-cheeked apple from her husband's hand, in requital of her predecessor's fatal gift to our common grandfather. She eats it without sin, and, let us hope, with no disastrous consequences to her future progeny. They make a plentiful yet temperate meal of fruit, which, though not gathered in Paradise, is legitimately derived from the seeds that were planted there. Their primal appetite is satisfied.

"What shall we drink, Eve?" inquires Adam.

"Eve peeps among some bottles and decanters, which, as they contain fluids, she naturally conceives must be proper to quench thirst. But never before did claret, hock, and madeira, of rich and rare perfume, excite such disgust as now.

"Pah!" she exclaims, after smelling at various wines. 'What stuff is here? The beings who have gone before us could not have possessed the same nature that we do, for neither their hunger nor thirst were like our own!'

"Pray, hand me yonder bottle," says Adam. 'If it be drinkable by any manner of mortal, I must moisten my throat with it.'

"After some remonstrances, she takes up a champagne bottle, but is frightened by the sudden explosion of the cork, and drops it upon the floor. There the untasted liquor effervesces. Had they quaffed it, they would have experienced that brief delirium, whereby, whether excited by moral or physical causes, man sought to recompense himself for the calm, life-long joys which he had lost by his revolt from nature. At length, in a refrigerator, Eve finds a glass pitcher of water, pure, cold, and bright, as ever gushed from a fountain

among the hills. Both drink; and such refreshment does it bestow, that they question one another if this precious liquid be not identical with the stream of life within them."

But there is a still more interesting and even wiser exhibition of the Ethical Conservatism of his mind given in that fine allegory, "Earth's Holocaust." Here he represents a saturnalia of the Reformers who have carried the day, and induced the whole world to consent to make a great Holocaust of all things sacred in the past, concerning which there has been controversy. Of course as there has been controversy about everything, everything must be burnt, and a clean sweep be made—all things be wiped out, that the Race might begin anew! All things, true and false alike, were flung upon the gigantic pyramid of flames by the maddened multitude—even to the Book of Books—which refused to be burnt. When this has been accomplished and the reaction comes, the natural doubt begins to arise, whether the purified world would realize the expectation of benefit from such a sacrifice. This doubt is shared by the most dispassionately acute of the lookers-on in common with the murderers and criminals of every grade—but of course for very different reasons. A personage of very ominous character, who had been looking on with a quiet sneer, approaches these last with comforting words, as they are saying, "This is no world for us any longer."

"Poh, poh, my good fellows!" said a dark-complexioned personage, who now joined the group—his complexion was indeed fearfully dark, and his eyes glowed with a redder light than that of the bonfire—"Be not so cast down, my dear friends; you shall see good days yet. There is one thing that these wisecracks have forgotten to throw into the fire, and without which all the rest of the conflagration is just nothing at all; yes—though they had burnt the earth itself to a cinder!"

"And what may that be?" eagerly demanded the last murderer.

"What but the human heart itself!" said the dark-visaged stranger, with a portentous grin. "And unless they hit upon some method of purifying that foul cavern, forth from it will re-issue all the shapes of wrong and misery—the same old shapes, or worse ones—which they have taken such a vast deal of trouble to consume to ashes. I have stood by, this live-long night, and laughed in my sleeve at the

whole business. Oh, take my word for it, it will be the old world yet!"

"This brief conversation supplied me with a theme for lengthened thought. How sad a truth—if truth it were—that Man's age-long endeavor for perfection had served only to render him the mockery of the Evil Principle, from the fatal circumstance of an error at the very root of the matter! The heart—the heart—there was the little yet boundless sphere, wherein existed the original wrong, of which the crime and misery of this outward world were merely types. But if we go no deeper than the intellect, and strive, with merely that feeble instrument, to discern and rectify what is wrong, our whole accomplishment will be a dream; so unsubstantial, that it matters little whether the bonfire, which I have so faithfully described, were what we choose to call a real event, and a flame that would scorch the finger—or only a phosphoric radiance, and a parable of my own brain!"

Would to God that we had more Teachers of such a creed as this in our Literature! Here we have embodied and illustrated, with a beautiful simplicity—not surpassed by that of the Greek fables or the Decameron—what is the fundamental thought of that Higher Conservatism upon the eternal base of which all wise and true Whigs have planted their feet. It is ridiculous to contend or hope that Political Creeds ever were or can be separated from the Ethical and Religious. One always has and always will grow out of the other. Though we are as vehemently opposed as any Radical could desire to Intolerance of every kind—yet we not the less believe, of all Political Parties, that by their morals and their Religion "ye shall know them!" We do not know, nor do we care, to what Party Nathaniel Hawthorne ostensibly belongs—we should judge, not to any. If he has identified himself with any, it should be the Whig Party—for he is a Whig and can't help himself. If it be the fact that he is ranked among the Loco-Focos, it is the result of sheer accident or that indifference which is so characteristic of those Literary men of all countries who feel how much above the petty ends of Faction their sacred mission is, and accept from their Government—of whatever Party—whatever it has to offer, as a right. This is the true position of Washington Irving and many others we could name, who are sillily boasted of by the other Party—which numbers in

its ranks the immortal Chipman—because they have accepted office under the Government—as if it were not the duty and the glory of anything presuming to call itself a Government at all, to reward its Literary men who are understood to be above Partisanship, and to express, from the highest point of view the wisdom of the age! But it is to Hawthorne's Literary and Artistical character that we must now turn, and with equal pleasure. One of his finest traits is a sort of magical subtlety of vision, which, though it sees the true form of things through all the misty obscurations of humbug and cant, yet possesses the rare power of compelling others to see their naked shapes through a medium of its own. This is really the "miraculous organ" of Genius, which projects out of its own life a "*couleur de Rose*," with which everything it touches is imbued, and through which every one must look with it—or, if there is a purpose to be attained, throws forward a "*couleur de Diable*" with equal facility. A strong common sense in Hawthorne brushes away all cobwebs which obscure his subjects, except such as are dew-jewelled in the morning sun, and for these his rare fancy pleads sympathetically against that inexorable tribunal as exquisite illusions, mirthful fantasies of our old mother Nature, who thus presents her own creatures anew to our rated sense, through a glorifying kaleidoscope! Think of a young rose seen through a veil of gossamer hung with gems, fired by the Morning! What an illustrious delicacy we should see upon its cheek!

———"a sudden pale  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing  
rose,"

yet sparkling with a voluptuous languishment! After all our Mother is the highest artist! It is a favorite expression with regard to Hawthorne, that he "*Idealizes*" everything. Now what does this Idealization mean? Is it that he *improves* upon Nature? Pshaw! this is a Literary cant which it is full time should be exploded! God is Nature! and if he be not the highest Artist, who is? Talk to me of *Idealizing* the violet, and you talk nonsense. Can you idealize the glories of an Autumn evening sunset, or *improve* the azure robe which "lends enchantment" to the distant mountain's brow? Can you improve upon an Alpine Rose, with its contrasted accessories of desolation, in bare rugged

cliffs, chill airs, inconstant storms of hail, and sleet, and snow, to vex the summer in its purple breast? When you can do this you may talk to us of idealizing God's own handy-work! Nature is never elevated, but it may be *approached*. It can never be "*improved*," but it may be modified, as you may modify the rose into something like a red cabbage! But have you thereby made it into more than a rose? You have only distorted it! The beauty of the outward world is absolute—it depends upon our own eyes whether we see it so or not. Tell me that a hatchet-faced Yankee, with a tobacco-frog in his cheek, who goes floundering through the meadows kicking the meek Cowslips in the face with his coarse boots, or—adding insult to injury—squirting his foul spittle in their eyes—tell me that such an animal would be any the wiser! Though the odors of the "sweet South" should visit him, would he by any accident ever see the piled-up clouds of a Summer evening

"Distinct with column, arch and architrave,

And palm-like capital, and overwrought,  
And populous most with living imagery?"

He might indeed see the omen of a storm that would hurt the "*Crops*," or perhaps damage his package of "*Eradicating Soap*"—but "*nothing else*." Now, Hawthorne does not endeavor to improve upon the Actual, but with a wise emulation attempts—first to reach it, and then to modify it suitably with the purpose he has to accomplish. Of course he is led by his fine taste to desire to see it himself, and make you see it in precisely that light in which it shows best—in which its highest beauty is revealed. It is the object of the Teacher to make us in love with Nature, and consequently with Truth. He therefore presents Nature in her most effective and lovable attitudes. As he has, in painting the Day, a choice between all its periods he of course would not select the alert and laughing Morning, were his purpose to make us in love with shady langour; nor would he choose the sultry Noon to illustrate for, and fill us with images of buoyant life and action. He has all to select from, and the superiority of the Artist, is shown not only in the skill with which his objects are presented, but as well in the tact with which the conditions in which they are to be presented are selected; and this, after all, is what



is truly meant by Idealizing them, though the greater portion of those who use the term suppose it to convey something mysteriously and inexpressibly significant.

We can't get away from the physical, and just as our material vision informs the inner life will that inner life know Wisdom. When some of our crude Theorists have learnt to realize this truth they will have learned too to toss their vagaries to the wind; for they will have come to the knowledge that one Fact of the external Life is worth a thousand Dreams, and that they need not waste their lives in seeing sights that have no substance, and dreaming Dreams that have no reality; for if they will only wake up, and look at the real World as it absolutely is, they will find they have a Paradise made to their hand—and that all that is wanted for their own, and the "Perfectability" of the Race, is the requisite physical training and conditions which will furnish them with the capabilities for enjoying this Paradisaical state a benevolent Providence has offered them. Let them purify their own bodies, their hearts and brains—brush the dust and moths from off the "windows of the soul," and then, to their out-look, the "bow of promise" will be seen making a halo over common things. We are the compulsory habitants of an Earthly Tabernacle, "fearfully and wonderfully made," and we must make the best of it. It is impugning the Eternal Wisdom for us to presume to say, that as such indwellers the outward Life does not harmonize perfectly with our capacities for pleasure here. It is truly "of the Earth earthy," and the Earth must be a Paradise to it. As an Artist, in this respect, Hawthorne possesses the most consummate skill. He sees a "halo over common things," and so brings up his readers, whether they will or not, to his point of view. Though it may be "the difficult air o' the iced-mountain tops" to them at first, yet he has a wondrous soft persuasion in his manner, which wins them to go with him, until, all at once, they find themselves unconsciously seeing with his eyes, and informed with "the spirit of his knowledge." We know no modern writer more eminent than Hawthorne in this particular faculty. He is to the Present and the Future what Charles Lamb was to the Past. Lamb is a favorite of Conservative Literature—in that he held all the teachings of "by-gones" as sacred—lived in memory, and

furnishes us with that contrast of the Elder Experience with the Present Progress which we feel to be so indispensable as a guide to our Future.

Elia was full of subtle appreciation; and it was most happily said of him, in effect, that the most delicate turn of thought, the rarest gambol of whimsical fancy, which could come warm from the mint of even Shakspeare's brain, would instantly be recognized and stamped by his appreciation. But with all this, Elia had an unconquerable horror of the inevitable "To Be." He dreaded, and *would not* look into the Future, and equally detested and warred against the Present. Now this is a one-sided, and not the most to be respected, wisdom. There is a real Present which we cannot escape from, and a certain Future which we *must* face, and he is the wisest and the truest Conservative who equally regards all three—who accepts the Past for what it teaches—the Present for the good it has—and the Future for the hope that is in it.

There are many minor points of coincidence in which Charles Lamb and Hawthorne may be fairly contrasted. They both have a quietly permeating humor, which searches "the joints and marrow" of the ludicrous; and with this keen-edged shrewdness they both have a mild and patient benevolence which interpenetrates and sweetens what might otherwise be called the acrimony of wit! They are the most loving and lovable of Satirists; but then they differ widely in their purposes! One merely burlesques Progress by a cruel and unfair reference to the Past—the other encourages Progress by a swift "showing up" of old errors, and an acute illustration of the "wherein" a fundamental Reformation consists! One would reform the manners and the fashions of his time—the other would reform the body and soul! Here we are content to dismiss the contrast; for certainly if Lamb has made us in love with the Past, Hawthorne has presented us with the undying Hope for the Future, and fired us with a zeal which can never decay, for bringing forth its Promise! We know it is dangerous to draw contrasts between our own Literary men and the old established names of English Literature, for there is usually a certain parlance of laudatory epithet appropriated to them which it is rash to contradict. But we should be glad to know—if we do not assert the claims of our own Literature,

who will do it for us? It is certain that neither Lamb, nor any other modern Prose Writer has ever walked more critically that difficult and narrow line between the Natural and Supernatural. This is a most perilous place to tread; and Hawthorne's clear eye and calm nerve does it with a steadiness and skill scarcely equaled. Take the first story in the *Legends of the Province House*, for example, in his earlier book, "*Twice-told Tales*." We defy anybody, after reading "*Howe's Masquerade*," to decide at once whether the "mysterious pageant" with which the entertainment of the last Royal Governor of Massachusetts is interrupted, comes really from the Shadow-Land, or is merely a skillfully devised Masque of the rebellious Citizens! We are ourselves, to this very day, somewhat doubtful, though we have read it many times. When one comes to really analyze the Story in soberness, he finds himself a little puzzled in spite of his common sense; for though there can be no question as to the character of that strange figure, from a view of the face of which Sir William Howe recoils in horror and amazement—dropping his sword, which he had been about to use in his wrath—and though there can be as little room for mistake when, "last of all, comes a figure shrouded in a military cloak, tossing his clenched hands into the Air, and stamping his iron-shod boots upon the broad freestone steps with a semblance of feverish despair, *but without the sound of a foot-tramp*!"—yet this sentence concludes the Story; and the Real and Unreal have been mingled throughout with so many consummate touches—such as when Colonel Joliff and his grand-daughter, who are both stout Rebels, leave, "it was supposed that the Colonel and the young Lady possessed some secret intelligence in relation to the mysterious pageant of that night." Now this passage is thrown in with a most admirable skill for the purpose of the Author; which is to continue a half-defined illusion in the reader's mind to the last, as to the true character of the scene he is perusing—whether these figures be of earth, or "goblin damned!" This is the highest accomplishment of a peculiar skill which all imaginative writers have emulated. Its perfect type is found in the Old Ballads. Walter Scott and Fouque have been masters; while in Poetry Coleridge has triumphed supremely in Christabel. Hawthorne equals either of them

in skill—but his subjects do not possess the breadth or *Histrionic Grandeur* of Scott's. His style and treatment have not equaled, though they have approached, the airy grace and tenderness of "*Undine*," or attained to the mysterious dread which creeps through music in unequaled Christabel. Yet we think his story of "*Young Goodman Brown*" will bear to be contrasted with anything of this kind that has been done. The subject of course wants many imposing elements—for it is merely an Allegory of simple New England Village Life—but as a Tale of the Supernatural it certainly is more exquisitely managed than anything we have seen in American Literature, at least! He wins our confidence at once, by his directness and perfect simplicity. We have no puerile announcement to begin with of "*A Tale of the Supernatural*"—like the Painter's "*This is a Cow*," over his picture of that animal. We are left to find this out for ourselves in the due and proper time. In the meanwhile we are kept in a most titillating condition of uncertainty. We see that

"Young Goodman Brown came forth, at sunset, into the street of Salem village, but put his head back, after crossing the threshold, to exchange a parting kiss with his young wife. And Faith, as the wife was aptly named, thrust her own pretty head into the street, letting the wind play with the pink ribbons of her cap, while she called to Goodman Brown.

"*'Dearest heart,'* whispered she, softly and rather sadly, when her lips were close to his ear, '*pr'ythee, put off your journey until sunrise, and sleep in your own bed to-night. A lone woman is troubled with such dreams and such thoughts, that she's afraid of herself, sometimes. Pray, tarry with me this night, dear husband, of all nights in the year!*'

"*'My love and my Faith,'* replied young Goodman Brown, '*of all nights in the year, this one night must I tarry away from thee. My journey as thou callest it, forth and back again, must needs be done 'twixt now and sunrise. What, my sweet, pretty wife, dost thou doubt me already, and we but three months married!*'

"*'Then God bless you!*' said Faith, with the pink ribbons, '*and may you find all well, when you come back.*'

"*'Amen!*' cried Goodman Brown. '*Say thy prayers, dear Faith, and go to bed at dusk, and no harm will come to thee.*'

"So they parted; and the young man pursued his way, until, being about to turn the corner by the meeting-house, he looked

back and saw the head of Faith still peeping after him, with a melancholy air, in spite of her pink ribbons.

"Poor little Faith!" thought he, for his heart smote him. "What a wretch am I, to leave her on such an errand! She talks of dreams, too. Methought, as she spoke, there was trouble in her face, as if a dream had warned her what work is to be done to-night. But, no, no! 'twould kill her to think it. Well; she's a blessed angel on earth; and after *this one night*, I'll cling to her skirts and follow her to Heaven!"

What does this mean, Goodman? Are you gone forth to some pledged revel with the young friends of your Bachelorhood—concerning which you have not dared to speak to your Faith? Ah, Goodman, these are dangerous vows to keep, and we are sure when it is all over this will be the last!—no, the Goodman belongs to a staid generation, and lives in pious Salem village. It is not because he goes forth to such sinful doings that his conscience is smitten—that his "Amen" startles us with its deep, sad tone! ah no! The Goodman is a young Bridegroom—"but three months married," and his heart yearns in tenderness towards his fair, young Bride, thus to be left alone through "the silent watches" for the first time. It is only some business of deep moment which would have called him forth—but it is an honest business, and we will go with him in confidence down the dreary road through the gloomiest part of the forest. When he suddenly beholds "the figure of a man in grave and decent attire seated at the foot of an old tree," who arose and walked onward with him as if he had been expecting him, our vague apprehensions are relieved at once and we feel gratified that our sagacious appreciation is sustained by the decorous and unquestionable character of his companion. Even when we see that strange staff of his, which "bore the likeness of a great black snake so curiously wrought that it might be seen to twist and wriggle itself like a living serpent," our faith in his grave and evidently acute friend is only slightly shocked. And when as they talk on, he claims to have been an old friend of the Puritan Grandfather and Father of the Goodman, and to be on terms of intimacy with the deacons and selectmen, and even with the Governor and Council, we absolutely take him into our confidence—for how could he be intimate with such peo-

ple and not be trustworthy? Nay, although he seems to have something of a bitter tongue in his head, we have become so propitiated that we absolutely feel indignant at the Goodman's perverse hesitation to accompany so proper a person. To what evil could the old friend of his Fathers lead him—and why should you distrust him, Goodman? When we see before them in the path the form of Goody Cloyse, "who had taught him his catechism in youth, and was still his moral and spiritual adviser jointly with the minister and Deacon Gookin," we are surprised, as the Goodman was, that she should be so far in the wilderness at night-fall—but we feel hurt for him that he should be so cowardly as to turn out from the path into the woods to avoid meeting his old and honored instructress. Conscience-smitten Goodman! what can it mean? and then to be so suspicious of your venerable companion as to shabbily play the eavesdropper upon him! But the scene which follows begins to enlighten us somewhat:

"Accordingly, the young man turned aside, but took care to watch his companion, who advanced softly along the road, until he had come within a staff's length of the old dame. She, meanwhile, was making the best of her way, with singular speed for so aged a woman, and mumbling some indistinct words, a prayer, doubtless, as she went. The traveller put forth his staff, and touched her withered neck with what seemed the serpent's tail.

"The devil!" screamed the pious lady.

"Then Good Cloyse knows her old friend?" observed the traveller, confronting her, leaning on his writhing stick.

"Ah, forsooth, and is it your worship, indeed?" cried the good dame. "Yea, truly is it, and in the very image of my old gossip, Goodman Brown, the grandfather of the silly fellow that now is. But, would your worship believe it? my broomstick hath strangely disappeared; stolen, as I suspect, by that unhanged witch, Goody Cory, and that, too, when I was all anointed with the juice of smallage, and cinque-foil, and wolf's bane!"

"Mingled with fine wheat and the fat of a new-born babe," said the shape of old Goodman Brown.

"Ah, your worship knows the recipe," cried the old lady, cackling aloud. "So, as I was saying, being all ready for the meeting, and no horse to ride on, I made up my mind to foot it; for they tell me there is a nice young man to be taken into communion to-night. But now your good worship will lend me your arm, and we shall be there in a twinkling."

" 'That can hardly be,' answered her friend. 'I may not spare you my arm, Goody Cloyse, but here is my staff, if you will.'

"So saying, he threw it down at her feet, where, perhaps, it assumed life, being one of the rods which its owner had formerly lent to the Egyptian Magi. Of this fact, however, Goodman Brown *could not take cognizance*. He had cast up his eyes in astonishment, and looking down again, beheld neither Goody Cloyse nor the serpentine staff, but his fellow-traveller alone, who waited for him as calmly as if nothing had happened.

" 'That old woman taught me my catechism!' said the young man; and there was a world of meaning in this simple comment."

Ah, Goodman! Goodman! now we begin to tremble for thee. Didst thou see those green twigs wet with the evening dew wilt up beneath the touch of his finger? Thou art in awful company! How we tremble for him when he says stubbornly, 'Friend, my mind is made up; not another step will I budge on this errand.' God help thee to stand up to that resolve! His Tempter disappears. But then all the air and forest is filled with his delusions. The voices of Deacon Gookin and the old minister go by. They are jogging quietly on the same road. "Where can these holy men be journeying so deep in the heathen wilderness?" The young Goodman nearly drops with faintness! All going—but yet there is hope. "With Heaven above and Faith below I will yet stand firm against the devil," he cries. Stoutly said, thou brave Goodman! Then the accents of many of his town's-people both godly and ungodly are heard going by—still the Goodman would have been firm—but alas! the voice of a young woman uttering lamentations, and a bit of "*pink ribbon*" flutters lightly down the silent air! ah, it is terrible. "Faith! Faith! Faith!" the strong man screams, and what wonder that now he is maddened and rushes on. "My Faith is gone"—come, devil! for to thee is this world given!" He speeds through the forest which was peopled with frightful sounds—but there was no horror like that in his own breast—until he saw a red light before him and that weird altar of rock "surrounded by four blazing pines—their tops a flame, their stems untouched, like candles at an evening meeting" rose in view—and the great concourse—"a grave and dark-clad company" of those who had collected there to the Saturnalia of Hell.

"Among them, quivering to-and-fro, between gloom and splendor, appeared faces that would be seen, next day, at the council-board of the province, and others which, Sabbath after Sabbath, looked devoutly heavenward, and benignantly over the crowded pews, from the holiest pulpits in the land. Some affirm, that the lady of the governor was there. At least, there were high dames well known to her, and wives of honored husbands, and widows, a great multitude, and ancient maidens, all of excellent repute, and fair young girls, who trembled lest their mothers should espy them. Either the sudden gleams of light, flashing over the obscure field, bedazzled Goodman Brown, or he recognized a score of the church-members of Salem village, famous for their especial sanctity. Good old Deacon Gookin had arrived, and waited at the skirts of that venerable saint, his reverend pastor. But, irreverently consorting with these grave, reputable and pious people, these elders of the Church, these chaste dames and dewy virgins, there were men of dissolute lives and women of spotted fame, wretches given over to all mean and filthy vice, and suspected even of horrid crimes. It was strange to see, that the good shrank not from the wicked, nor were the sinners abashed by the saints. Scattered, also, among their pale-faced enemies, were the Indian priests, or powows, who had often scared their native forests with more hideous incantations than any known to English witchcraft.

" 'But, where is Faith?' thought Goodman Brown; and, as hope came into his heart, he trembled."

Terrible picture! Sad! sad night for thee, Goodman, when with thy young eyes thou lookedst upon it! Dark! all is dark with an unutterable gloom—for that lurid light upon it is only darkness heated white with the fierce glow of Hell-hate. No delusion of a mooned melancholy hast thou now to cope with, Goodman! They are all real—real to thee—and even we can feel the hot breath of the thick, infestious air, wrestling with our Souls. It shall not be, though. We will not believe it all! Goodman! Goodman! it is a delusion! Think of thy Faith! And he asks where she is, and trembles with the hope that she may not be there. And that "dreadful anthem" they were singing to "a slow and solemn strain, such as the pious love, but joined to words which expressed all that our nature can conceive of sin, and darkly hinted at far more"—with its awful chorus of all the sounds of "the unconverted wilderness" which ushers in the coming of the Chief Priest, the

master Fiend of all this multitude. The fire on the rock-altar forms an arch, and beneath it he appears, "bearing no slight similitude, both in garb and manners, to some grave divine of the New England Churches! "Bring forth the converts," rolls out in the volumed solemnity of his tones. "At the word" the Goodman obeys—drawn—but with deep loathing in his heart. The shape of his father beckons him on from amidst a wreath of smoke, while a woman waves him back; "Is it his mother?" Beautiful question! But ah, that veiled and slender female led forward between Goody Cloyse and "that rampant hag," who is to be queen of hell, Martha Carrier! who is she, Goodman? Is this last terrible bolt to fall? Is it *she*? The Goodman is meek now—the doubt is enough! He no longer "loathes"—how can he loathe or feel anything? He is dumb and numb, and all his life lies still. He is turned into a machine, and looks round when the Orator requires—and the greeting of the Fiend-worshippers which grimed darkly upon him out of the sheet of flame—was like any other sort of greeting—quite a formal thing! Now he listens to that measured discourse from him of "the sable form," in which the monstrous and maddening creed, that Evil is the only real actuality, while virtue, truth, all godliness and righteousness, are hollow sounding names—as a very proper sort of discourse! That they were all here whom he had revered from youth, he knew already—that it was a deception when he had deemed them holier than himself, he had seen—for they were all here in the worshipping assembly of the Devil. And that diabolical summary of secret crimes and promise of the gift to know and see all beings in their true life,—this was all consequential and moved him not—but that veiled figure? What cared he that "the fountain of all wicked arts" should be opened up to him? he had not leaned so much upon those others; he had leaned upon the truth of his Fathers; but most upon his "Faith." The two converts are told by *him*, (The Evil One,) "my children, look upon each other!" They did so, and "by the blaze of hell-kindled torches the wretched man beheld his Faith, and the wife her husband."

"So, there ye etand, my children," said the figure, in a deep and solemn tone, almost sad with its despairing awfulness, as if his once angelic nature could yet mourn for our miserable race. "Depend-

ing upon one another's hearts, ye still hoped that virtue were not all a dream! now ye are undeceived!" Welcome! and welcome! "repeated the fiend-worshippers, in one cry of despair and triumph!" Thou stricken Goodman! out of the agony that *doubt* had stilled—this last dreadful consummation had almost quickened thy wrenched soul into one spasm of expiring strength, when that accursed baptism, "the Shape of Evil" was prepared to mark with the red fluid upon thy forehead, in token of thy initiation into the mysteries of Sin, startles thee up. The old Puritan in thee rouses to the rescue at last! That ancient hatred of "the mark of the Beast" has stung thee! "Faith! Faith! look up to Heaven, and resist the Wicked One!" It has been spoken! You are saved Goodman! And now, considered merely as an artistic effect, comes the most exquisitely perfect dream-waking we ever remember to have seen. "Hardly had he spoken, when he found himself amid calm night and solitude, listening to the roar of the wind which died heavily away through the forest. He staggered against the rock and felt it chill and damp, while a hanging twig *that had been all on fire*, besprinkled his cheek with the coldest dew!"

It has been all unreal, Goodman, as that chill sprinkle from amidst thy dream-land flames has taught thee! but canst thou ever forget that awful Dream, thou granite man? It has been burned into the stern substance of thy hard life, with each particular line deepened like a furrow. Is there any cautchouc in your nature, which can give up to the energy of hope and truth beneath, and smooth out those sharp cut seams? He shrank from the good minister's blessing as he came into the village, with a wild stare in his eye. He heard the Deacon Gookin at domestic worship, and he asked unconsciously, "What God doth the wizard pray to?" Goody Cloyse catechised a little girl before her door, and he snatched her away as from the grasp of the fiend himself. He spies the head of Faith looking anxiously out of his own door, with the same "pink ribbons in her cap." Though she skips to meet him, in a fond ecstasy, and almost kisses him before the whole village, yet he looks even *her* in the face with a sad regard, and passes on without a greeting. Oh, Goodman! Goodman! for this last we could weep over thee, as one for whom there is no hope—for Hope died in thy soul last night; and

as for sweet, gentle Faith, she too is dead for thee, thou darkened man!

"Had Goodman Brown fallen asleep in the forest, and only dreamed a wild dream of a witch meeting?" "Be it so if you will. But, alas! it was a dream of evil omen for young Goodman Brown. A stern, a sad, a darkly-meditative and distrustful, if not a desperate, man did he become from the night of that fearful dream." He even "shrunk from the bosom of his Faith at midnight;" and how can we doubt that, though he lived to a good old age—when he died—although he had "children and grand-children, a goodly procession," yet they "carved no hopeful verse upon his tombstone." Alas! Goodman, thou hadst seen *too much*; and if when thy Faith came to meet thee, with her chirruping joy, thy lips had only been unfrozen as they met her holy kiss, the dreadful Dream would have vanished, leaving no curse behind, and no doubt would have rested on thy cheerless grave. Ye men whose lives are shaded, who look out with a dulled, melancholic vision which *cannot* pierce the clouds to the blue heaven, with its stars beyond, take warning from the Goodman's Dream; for the same vision which cannot see to Heaven peoples the dull earth-mists around it with a Hell of Fiends!

This story is only one of many, which equal it in all the attributes of Artistic effect, but few of which approach it in power. The singular skill with which our sympathy is kept "halting between two opinions"—by which we are compelled throughout to recognize the flesh and blood reality of Goodman Brown; and necessarily, to enter into all the actual relations of the man, is only surpassed by the terrible elaboration with which this human embodiment of Doubt is compelled, through awe and madness, to struggle with the beings—almost equally human—of a self-created Hell. The effect, through all the sombre horror, is to keep our eyes "upon the brim" with tenderness for the stout, deep-hearted Puritan and his sweet, gentle "Faith"—with "the pink ribbons in her cap!" But such effects are not, by any means, all that Hawthorne is capable of producing. We see through everything that he has done, the same faculty, not of *Idealizing* the Real—as it is called—but of Humanizing the Unreal—giving it thews, sinews and a life-blood! Nothing that is an image to us, or can be a subject of thought to us, is Unreal but

through our own ignorance. They are all ours; and if we but possess the delicate intuition, may become familiars and the playmates of our moods! So Hawthorne, in his "Virtuoso's Collection," has given a real substance and entity to everything our childhood ever knew, from Aladdin's Lamp, and Cinderella's Slipper, [which he himself tried on,] to the skin of the "Vulture" which preyed upon the liver of Prometheus, and even to "Prospero's Magic Wand;" and, indeed, to the "Magic Wand of Cornelius Agrippa," with the veritable "Iron Mask," corroded with rust! All these we accept at his hands—just as our Childhood accepted "Robinson Crusoe"—because we can't help it! So with all Hawthorne's stories—we never stop to ask whether they are "sure 'nough" or not—it is sufficient that *he has made them Real*, and beguiled us for a time into the belief, that we are as wise as our Childhood was! Ineffable wisdom of Simplicity! Why are there so many Infants among us, with foreheads in which "the big imagination" is swelled out as we may conceit it to have been in the matured Shakspeare, which yet are wilted up, as they progress towards manhood, into the narrow quilting of a monkey's brow? Will "Infantine" Wisdom answer us—or will Hawthorne? Hawthorne *might* do it!—for we see "glimpses" in him that make him worthy.

The noblest Philosophers, of course, are those who have kept the Old Adam youngest in their veins! and necessarily such Philosophers must say the wisest and the gentlest things.

"And they shall be accounted Poet Kings  
Who simply say the most heart-easing  
things."

The true Poet is the highest Philosopher; and it is as the true Poet that we most profoundly respect Hawthorne! There is a better Poetry than that which affiances itself to Rhythm—though it may be questioned whether it is a higher! Poetry has wedded itself to Music; though it may be doubted whether it can get away from the measured and according harmony of "feet." Yet we say, as Poetry is something above "all rule or art," it is necessarily above all "metre,"—a pervading, uncontrollable Presence, which *will* stutter with a Human tongue the thoughts of Seraphim! and even in this imperfect speech work highest music out! Poetry is the music

of Truth; and let it come through what medium it may, it is always musical while it is True! Thus it is that Hawthorne constantly writes Poems while he only pretends to be writing Tales! Who of our Poets can point to a deeper Poetry than is expressed in "Rappaccini's Daughter." Where, out of Hell or Byron, will you find anything to compass the cold, intellectual diabolicism of the famous Doctor "Giacomo Rappaccini? And where—certainly *not* in Byron!—will you find a sublimer retribution visited upon that presumptuous Thought, which dared the INEFFABLE and died!—than he there quietly gives? Not only

in this, but in a dozen other Allegories—or Stories, as you choose to call them—can we point out "Our Hawthorne" as "Noticeable!" We had intended to have particularized in quotation many of those finer traits of spiritual beauty which have almost intruded themselves upon us, but we are compelled here, for want of space, to stop. We can only say, that in the "Mosses of an Old Manse," it seems to us that his Life has deepened since that which gave us "The Twice-told Tales," and that we hope and pray he may not spare us a future volume, though they may be even the Thrice-told Tales of Hawthorne!—

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

HAVING devoted some space this month to the New Tariff, with the arguments for and against its passage, we have concluded to publish the Act itself, for convenient reference by our readers. It will be found below. The following comparison of the Rates of Duty charged on the most important articles by the Tariff of 1842 and that of 1846 respectively, will be acceptable to many:

| Articles.                                                          | Duty by Tar.<br>of '42.    | Do. of Tar.<br>of '46. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------|
| Cotton fabrics, plain, not less per yd. than                       | 6 cts.                     | 25 pr ct.              |
| Cotton fabrics, printed or colored,                                | 9 cts.                     | 25 "                   |
| Woolen do, generally                                               | 40 pr. ct.                 | 30 "                   |
| do. Blankets, costing 75 cts. or less,                             | 15 "                       | 20 "                   |
| Woolen Blankets costing over 75 cts.,                              | 25 "                       | 20 "                   |
| Baizes, Bockings, per sq. yard,                                    | 14 "                       | 25 "                   |
| Carpeting, Wilton, Saxony, Aubusson, and treple Ingrain, sq. yard, | 65 cts.                    | 30 "                   |
| Carpeting, Venetian and Ingrain,                                   | 30 "                       | 30 "                   |
| Carpeting, Brussels and Turkey,                                    | 55 "                       | 30 "                   |
| Flannels, pr. sq. yd.,                                             | 14 "                       | 25 "                   |
| Wool, coarse, costing under 7 cts. per lb.,                        | 5 pr. ct.                  | 30 "                   |
| Wool, and costing over 7 cts. pr. lb.                              | 3 cts.                     | 30 "                   |
| Silks, generally, pr. lb.                                          | and 30 pr. ct., \$1.87 1-2 | 25 "                   |
| Raw silk per lb.,                                                  | \$2, \$2.12 1-2            | 15 "                   |
| Floss and other partially prepared,                                | 50 cts.                    | 15 "                   |
| Iron, old or scraps, pr. ton,                                      | 25 pr. ct.                 | 15 "                   |
| do. Pig                                                            | \$10 } \$9 }               | 30 "                   |

|                                      |            |      |
|--------------------------------------|------------|------|
| do. in Bars and Bolts,               | \$17       | 30 " |
| do. if Rolled,                       | \$25       | 30 " |
| Anvils, Anchors, Sledges, per lb.,   | 2 1-2 cts  | 30 " |
| Castings, iron, 1 ct. pr. lb. to     | 2 1-2 cts. | 30 " |
| Hemp, pr. ton,                       | \$40       | 30 " |
| Cables and Cordage, tarred, pr. lb., | 5 cts.     | 25 " |
| Cables, if untarred,                 | 4 1-2 "    | 25 " |
| do. Yarns, Twine, Pack-thread,       | 6 "        | 25 " |
| Cotton Bagging, pr. sq. yd.,         | 4 "        | 25 " |
| Books, English, bound, per pound,    | 30 "       | 10 " |
| Books, in boards or sheets,          | 20 "       | 10 " |

A BILL REDUCING THE DUTY ON IMPORTS, AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES; PASSED JULY 29, 1846.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That from and after the first day of December next, in lieu of the duties heretofore imposed by law on the articles hereinafter mentioned, and on such as may now be exempt from duty, there shall be levied, collected, and paid, on the goods, wares, and merchandise herein enumerated and provided for, imported from foreign countries, the following rates of duty—that is to say:

On goods, wares, and merchandise mentioned in schedule A, a duty of *one hundred* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares, and merchandise mentioned in schedule 1, a duty of *forty per cent*.

On goods, wares, and merchandise mentioned in schedule B, a duty of *thirty per centum* ad valorem.

On goods, wares, and merchandise mentioned in schedule C, a duty of *twenty-five* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares, and merchandise mentioned in schedule D, a duty of *twenty* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares, and merchandise mentioned in schedule E, a duty of *fifteen* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares, and merchandise mentioned in schedule F, a duty of *ten* per centum ad valorem.

On goods, wares, and merchandise mentioned in schedule G, a duty of *five* per centum ad valorem.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That from and after the first day of December next, the goods, wares, and merchandise mentioned in schedule H shall be exempt from duty.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That, from and after the first day of December next, there shall be levied, collected, and paid on all goods, wares, and merchandise imported from foreign countries, and not specially provided for in this act, a duty of *twenty* per centum ad valorem.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That in all cases in which the invoice or entry shall not contain the weight or quantity, or measure of goods, wares, or merchandise now weighed or measured or gauged, the same shall be weighed, gauged, or measured at the expense of the owner or consignee.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That, from and after the first day of December next, in lieu of the bounty heretofore authorized by law to be paid on the exportation of pickled fish of the fisheries of the United States, there shall be allowed, on the exportation thereof, if cured with foreign salt, a drawback equal in amount to the duty paid on the salt, and no more, to be ascertained under such regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

SEC. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That all goods, wares, and merchandise imported after the passage of this act, and which may be in the public stores on the second day of December next, shall be subject to no other duty upon the entry thereof than if the same were imported respectively after that day.

SEC. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That the twelfth section of the act entitled, "An act to provide revenue from imports, and to change and modify existing laws imposing duties on imports, and for other purposes," approved August thirty, eighteen hundred and forty-two, shall be, and the same is hereby, so far modified, that all goods imported from this side the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn may remain in the public stores for the space of one year instead of the term of sixty days prescribed in the said section; and that all goods imported from beyond the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn may remain in the public stores one year instead of the term of ninety days prescribed in the said section.

SEC. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be lawful for the owner, consignee, or agent of imports which have been actually purchased, on entry of the same, to make such addition in the entry to the cost or value given in the invoice, as in his opinion may raise the same to the true market value of such imports in the principal markets of the country whence the importation shall have been made, or in which the goods imported shall have been originally manufac-

tured or produced, as the case may be; and to add thereto all costs and charges which, under existing laws, would form part of the true value at the port where the same may be entered, upon which the duties shall be assessed. And it shall be the duty of the collector within whose district the same may be imported or entered to cause the dutiable value of such imports to be appraised, estimated, and ascertained in accordance with the provisions of existing laws; and if the appraised value thereof shall exceed by ten per centum or more the value so declared on the entry, then, in addition to the duties imposed by law on the same, there shall be levied, collected, and paid, a duty of twenty per centum ad valorem, on such appraised value. *Provided nevertheless*, That under no circumstances shall the duty be assessed upon an amount less than the invoice value; any law of Congress to the contrary notwithstanding.

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That the deputies of any collector, naval officer, or surveyor, and the clerks employed by any collector, naval officer, surveyor, or appraiser, who are not by existing laws required to be sworn, shall, before entering upon their respective duties, or, if already employed, before continuing in the discharge thereof, take and subscribe an oath or affirmation faithfully and diligently to perform such duties, and to use their best endeavors to prevent and detect frauds upon the revenue of the United States; which oath or affirmation shall be administered by the collector of the port or district where the said deputies or clerks may be employed, and shall be of a form to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

SEC. 11. *And be it further enacted*, That no officer or other person connected with the navy of the United States, shall under any pretence, import in any ship or vessel of the United States any goods, wares, or merchandise liable to the payment of any duty.

SEC. 12. *And be it further enacted*, That all acts and parts of acts repugnant to the provisions of this act be, and the same are hereby repealed.

#### SCHEDULE A.

Brandy and other spirits distilled from grain, or other materials; cordials, absynthe, arrack, curacao, kirschenwasser, liqueurs, marashino, ratafia, and all other spirituous beverages of a similar character.

#### SCHEDULE 1.

Alabaster and spar ornaments; almonds; anchovies, sardines, and all other fish preserved in oil; camphor refined; cassia; cloves; composition tops for tables, or other articles of furniture; comfits, sweetmeats, or fruit preserved in sugar, brandy, or molasses; currants; dates; figs; ginger root, dried or green; glass cut; mace; manufactures of cedar wood, granadilla, ebony, mahogany, rosewood, and satin wood; nutmegs; pimento; prepared vegetables, meats, poultry, and game sealed or enclosed in cases, or otherwise; prunes; raisins; scagliola tops for tables, or other articles of furniture; segars, snuff, paper segars, and all



other manufactures of tobacco; wines, Burgundy, champagne, claret, Madeira, port, sherry, and all other wines and imitations of wines.

#### SCHEDULE B.

Argentine, alabatta, or German silver, manufactured or unmanufactured; ale, beer, and porter in casks or bottles; articles embroidered with gold, silver, or other metal; articles worn by men, women, or children, of whatever material composed, made up, or made wholly or in part, by hand; asses' skins; balsams, cosmetics, essences, extracts, pastes, perfumes, and tinctures, used either for the toilet, or for medicinal purposes; baskets, and all other articles composed of grass, osier, palmleaf, straw, whalebone, or willow, not otherwise provided for; bay rum; beads, of amber, composition, or wax, and all other beads; benzoinates; bologna sausages; bracelets, braids, chains, curls, or ringlets composed of hair, or of which hair is a component part; braces, suspenders, webbing, or other fabrics, composed wholly or in part of India rubber, not otherwise provided for; brooms and brushes of all kinds; cameos, real and imitation, and mosaics, real and imitation, when set in gold, or silver, or other metal; canes and sticks for walking, finished or unfinished; capers, pickles, and sauces of all kinds, not otherwise provided for; corks; earthen, China, and stone ware, and all other wares composed of earthy and mineral substances not otherwise provided for; fire crackers; flats, braids, plaits, sparteere, and willow squares, used for making hats or bonnets; glass tumblers, plain, moulded, or pressed, not cut or printed; hats and bonnets for men, women, and children, composed of straw, satin straw, chip grass, palmleaf, willow, or any other vegetable substance, or of hair, whalebone, or other material, not otherwise provided for; caps, hats, muffs, and tippets of fur, and all other manufactures of fur, or of which fur shall be a component material; caps, gloves, leggings, mits, socks, stockings, wove shirts and drawers, and all similar articles made on frames, worn by men, women, or children, and not otherwise provided for; card-cases, pocket-books, shell boxes, souvenirs, and all similar articles, of whatever material composed; carpets, carpeting, hearth-rugs, bedsides, and other portions of carpeting, being either of Aubusson, Brussels, ingrain, Saxony, Turkey, Venetian, Wilton, or any other similar fabric; carriages and parts of carriages; cayenne pepper; cheese; cinnamon; clocks and parts of clocks; clothing, ready made, and wearing apparel of every description, of whatever material composed, made up or manufactured wholly or in part by the tailor, sempstress, or manufacturer; coach and harness furniture of all kinds; coal; coke and culm of coal; combs of all kinds; compositions of glass or paste, when set; confectionary of all kinds, not otherwise provided for; coral, cut or manufactured; cotton cords, gimps, and galloons; court-plaster; crayons of all kinds; cutlery of all kinds; diamonds, gems, pearls, rubies, and other precious stones, and imitations of precious stones, when set in gold, silver, or other metal; dolls and toys

of all kinds; epanettes, galloons, laces, knots, stars, tassels, tresses, and wings of gold, silver, or other metal; fans, and fire screens of every description, of whatever material composed; feathers and flowers, artificial or ornamental, and parts thereof, of whatever material composed; frames and sticks for umbrellas, parasols, and sunshades, finished or unfinished; furniture, cabinet and household; ginger, ground; grapes; gum benzoin or benjamin; hair pencils; hat bodies of cotton; hemp, unmanufactured; honey; human hair, cleansed or prepared for use; ink and ink powder; iron, in bars, blooms, bolts, loops, pigs, rods, slabs, or other form, not otherwise provided for; castings of iron; old or scrap iron; vessels of cast iron; jappanned ware of all kinds, not otherwise provided for; jewelry, real or imitation; jet and manufactures of jet, and imitations thereof; lead pencils; macaroni, vermicelli, gelatine, jellies, and all similar preparations; manufactures of the bark of the cork tree, except corks; manufactures of bone, shell, horn, pearl, ivory, or vegetable ivory; manufactures, articles, vessels, and wares, not otherwise provided for, of brass, copper, gold, iron, lead, pewter, platina, silver, tin, or other metal, or of which either of those metals or any other metal shall be the component material of chief value; manufactures of cotton, linen, silk, wool, or worsted, if embroidered or tambdaured in the loom or otherwise, by machinery, or with the needle, or other process; manufactures, articles, vessels, and wares of glass, or of which glass shall be a component material, not otherwise provided for; colored, stained, or painted glass; glass crystals for watches; glasses or pebbles for spectacles; paintings on glass, porcelain glass; manufactures and articles of leather, or of which leather shall be a component part, not otherwise provided for; manufactures and articles of marble, marble paving tiles, and all other marble more advanced in manufacture than in slabs or blocks in the rough; manufactures of paper, or of which paper is a component material, not otherwise provided for; manufactures, articles, and wares of papier mache; manufactures of wood, or of which wood is a component part, not otherwise provided for; manufactures of wool, or of which wool shall be the component material of chief value, not otherwise provided for; medicinal preparations, not otherwise provided for; metallic pens; mineral waters; molasses; muskets, rifles, and other fire-arms; nuts, not otherwise provided for; oil-cloth of every description, of whatever material composed; ochres, and ochry earths used in the composition of painters' colors, whether dry or ground in oil; oils, volatile, essential, or expressed, and not otherwise provided for; olive oil, in casks, other than salad oil; olive salad oil, and all other olive oil, not otherwise provided for; olives; paper, antiquarian, demi, drawing, elephant, foolscap, imperial, letter, and all other paper not otherwise provided for; paper boxes, and all other fancy boxes; paper envelopes; parasols and sunshades; parchment; pepper; plated and gilt ware of all kinds; playing cards; plums; potatoes; red chalk pencils; saddlery of all kinds, not otherwise provided for; salmon, preserved; sewing silk, in the

gum or purified; shoes composed wholly of India rubber; sealing wax; silk twist and twist composed of silk and mohair; side-arms of every description; silver plated metal, in sheets or other form; soap, Castile, perfumed, Windsor, and all other kinds; sugar of all kinds; tobacco, unmanufactured; syrup of sugar; twines and pack thread, of whatever material composed; umbrellas; vellum; vinegar; wafers; water colors; fire-wood, and wood unmanufactured, not otherwise provided for; wool, unmanufactured.

## SCHEDULE C.

Buttons and button moulds, of all kinds; borax or tinctal; Burgundy pitch; calomel, and all other mercurial preparations; camphor, crude; feather beds, feathers for beds, and downs of all kinds; floss silks; grass cloth; hair cloth, hair seating, and all other manufactures of hair not otherwise provided for; jute, Sisal grass, coir, and other vegetable substances unmanufactured, not otherwise provided for; baizes, bockings, flannels, and floor-cloths, of whatever material composed, not otherwise provided for; cables and cordage, tarred or untarred; cotton laces, cotton insertings, cotton trimming laces, cotton laces and braids; manufactures composed wholly of cotton not otherwise provided for; manufactures of goat's hair or mohair, or of which goat's hair or mohair shall be a component material, not otherwise provided for; matting, Chinese, and other floor matting and mats made of flage, jute, or grass; manufactures of silk, or of which silk shall be a component material, not otherwise provided for; manufactures of worsted, or of which worsted shall be a component material, not otherwise provided for; roofing slates, slates, other than roofing slates; woollen and worsted yarn.

## SCHEDULE D.

Acids, acetic, acetous benzoic, boracic, chromic, citric, muriatic, white and yellow, nitric, pyroligneous and tartaric, and all other acids of every description, used for chemical or medicinal purposes, or for manufacturing, or in the fine arts, not otherwise provided for; aloes; Angora, Thibet, and other goat's hair or mohair unmanufactured; cedar wood, ebony, granadilla, mahogany, rosewood, and satin wood, unmanufactured; cream of tartar; extract of indigo; extracts and decoctions of logwood and other dye-woods not otherwise provided for; extracts of madder; flax seed; green turtle; gunny cloth; alum; amber; ambergris; anise seed; animal carbon; antimony; crude and regulus of; arrow root; articles, not in a crude state, used in dyeing or tanning, not otherwise provided for; assafetida; bacon; bananas; barley; beef; beeswax; berries, vegetables, flowers and barks, not otherwise provided for; bismuth; bitter apples; blankets of all kinds; blank books, bound or unbound; blue or Roman vitriol, or sulphate of copper; boards, planks, staves, lath, scantling; spars, hewn and sawn timber, and timber to be used in building wharves; bronze liquor; iron liquor; lac spirits; manna; marble in the rough slab or block, unmanufactured; Dutch and bronze metal in leaf; needles of all kinds for sewing, darn-

ing, or knitting; ozier or willow prepared for basket-makers' use; paving stones; paving and roofing tiles and bricks; boucho leaves; breccia; bronze powder; butter; cadmium; calamine; cantharides; cape, gloves, leggins, mitts, socks, stockings, wove shirts and drawers, made on frames, composed wholly of cotton, worn by men, women, and children; cassia buds; castor oil; castorum; chocolate; chromate of lead; chromate, bichromate, hydriodate, and prussiate of potash; cobalt; cocoa nuts; cocculus indicus; copperas or green vitriol, or sulphate of iron; copper rods, bolts, nails, and spikes; copper bottoms; plaster of Paris when ground; quicksilver; saffron and saffron cake; seppia; steel, all than otherwise provided for; copper in sheets or plates, called brazier's copper, and other sheets of copper not otherwise provided for; cubebes; dried pulp; emery; ether; felspar; fig blue; fish, foreign, whether fresh, smoked, salted, dried, or pickled, not otherwise provided for; fish glue or isinglass; fish skins; flour of sulphur; Frankfort black; French chalk; fruit, green or ripe, not otherwise provided for; fulminates, or fulminating powders; furs dressed on the skin; gamboge; glue; gunpowder; hair, curled, moss, seaweed, and all other vegetable substances used for beds or mattresses; hams; hats of wool; hat bodies, made of wool, or of which wool shall be a component material of chief value; hatters' plush, composed of silk and cotton, but of which cotton is the component material of chief value; hemp-seed or linseed, and rape-seed oil, and all other oils used in painting; Indian corn and corn meal; ipecacuanha; iridium; iris or orris root; ivory or bone black; jalap; juniper berries; lac sulphur; lamp black; lard; leather, tanned, bend, or sole; leather, upper of all kinds; lead, in pigs, bars, or sheets; leaden pipes; leaden shot; leeches; linsens of all kinds; liquorice paste, juice, or root; litharge; malt; manganese; manufactures of flax, not otherwise provided for; manufactures of hemp not otherwise provided for; marine coral, unmanufactured; medicinal drugs, roots, and leaves, in a crude state, not otherwise provided for; metals, unmanufactured, not otherwise provided for; mineral and bituminous substances, in a crude state, not otherwise provided for; musical instruments of all kinds, and strings for musical instruments of whip gut or catgut, and all other strings of the same material; nitrate of lead; oats and oatmeal; oils, neatsfoot, and other animal oil, spermaceti, whale, and other fish oil, the produce of foreign fisheries; opium; oranges, lemons, and limes; orange and lemon peel; patent mordant; paints, dry or ground in oil, not otherwise provided for; paper hangings and paper for screens or fire-boards; pearl or hulled barley; periodicals and other works in the course of printing and republication in the United States; pine apples; pitch; plantains; plumbago; pork; potassium; Prussian blue; pumpkins; putty; quills; red chalk; rhubarb; rice or paddy; roll brimstone; Roman cement; rye and rye flour; saddlery, common, tinned, or japanned; sago; sal soda, and all carbonates of soda, by whatever names designated, not otherwise provided for; salts, Epsom, Glauber, Rochelle, and all other salts and prepa-

rations of salts, not otherwise provided for; sarsaparilla; shaddocks; sheathing paper; skins, tanned and dressed, of all kinds; skins of all kinds, not otherwise provided for; slate pencils; smalts; spermaceti candles and tapers; spirits of turpentine; sponges; spunk; squills; starch; stearine candles and tapers; stereotype plates; still bottoms; sulphate of barytes, crude or refined; sulphate of quinine; tallow candles; tapioca; tar; thread laces and insertings; type metal; types, new or old; vanilla beans; verdigris; velvet, in the piece, composed wholly of cotton; velvet, in the piece, composed of cotton and silk, but of which cotton is the component material of chief value; vermilion; wax candles and tapers; whalebone the produce of foreign fisheries; wheat and wheat flour; white and red lead; whiting, or Paris white; white vitriol, or sulphate of zinc; window glass, broad, crown, or cylinder; woollen listings; yams.

## SCHEDULE E.

Arsenic bark, Peruvian; bark Quilla; Brazil paste, brimstone, crude in bulk; cork tree bark, unmanufactured; codilla, or tow of hemp or flax; diamonds, glaziers', set or not set; dragon's blood; flax, unmanufactured; gold and silver leaf; mineral kermes; silk, raw, not more advanced in manufacture than singles tram and thrown or organzine; terne tin plates tin foil; tin in plates or sheets; tin plates galvanized, not otherwise provided for; steel in bars; cast, shear, or German; zinc, spelter, or tuteneque, in sheets.

## SCHEDULE F.

Ammonia; anatto, rancon or Orleans; barilla; books printed, magazines, pamphlets, periodicals and illustrated newspapers, bound or unbound, not otherwise provided for; bleaching powders or chloride of lime; building stones; burr stones, wrought or unwrought; cameos and mosaics, and imitations thereof, not set; chronometers, box or ships', and parts thereof; cocoa, cochineal; cocoa shells, compositions of glass or paste, not set; cudbear; diamonds, gems, pearls, rubies, and other precious stones, and imitations thereof, when not set; engravings or plates, bound or unbound; hemp-seed, linseed, and rapeseed; fullers' earth; furs, hatters', dressed or undressed, not on the skin; furs, undressed when on the skin; goldbeaters' skins; gum Arabic; gum Senegal; gum Tragacanth; gum Barbary; gum East India; gum Jedda; gum substitute or burnt starch; indigo; kelp; natron; terra japonica or catechu; hair of all kinds, uncleaned and unmanufactured; India rubber, in bottles, slabs, or sheets, unmanufactured; lemon and lime juice; lime; maps and charts; music and music paper, with lines, bound or unbound; nux vomica; oils, palm and cocoanut; ornament; palm leaf, unmanufactured; polishing stones; pumice and pumice stone; rattans and reeds, unmanufactured; roton stone; sal ammonia; saltpetre, (or nitrate of soda, or potash,) refined or partially refined; soda ash, sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol; tallow, marrow, and all other grease and soap stuffs, not otherwise provided for; watches and parts of watches; watch materials of all kinds, not otherwise provided for; woad or pastel.

## SCHEDULE G.

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## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE British mails for the last month brought little intelligence of marked interest. The new ministry has carried its proposal for the settlement of the sugar duties, through its first stage, by the very decided majority of 265 to 135, much larger than had been anticipated. Sir Robert Peel gave the proposition his hearty support, upon the ground that it was necessary to supply the deficiency in the sugar duties, and that the system of differential duties could not have been permanent. A strong effort was made, out of Parliament, mainly by Anti-Slavery men, to excite the country against it, on the ground that it would aid the extension and retard the abolition of slavery. But it proved entirely abortive, and the measure was carried by a most triumphant vote. A very decided conviction was generally manifested that evil, instead of good, had resulted from the insulting and dictatorial interference of England in the affairs of other countries, under pretence of suppressing slavery. The *Times* upon this subject held the following strong and judicious language: "What right have we to interfere with the national institutions and customs of another country, except by the usual methods of example and precept? How should we feel if the United States should insult us with prohibitions on commerce, because we treated our white servants with hauteur, or because the laborers in England and the peasantry in Ireland are in a degraded and suffering condition?"

There was reason to believe that an effort would next be made to destroy or greatly reduce the enormous duties at present levied upon tobacco; and certainly, if free trade is to be adopted as the basis of the British commercial policy, there would seem to be no reason for maintaining so striking an exception as is manifest in the existing tobacco duties. The new ministry thus far has ably and successfully maintained its position.

In connection with its discussion of the ministerial sugar bill, the *Spectator* has some interesting remarks upon slavery, suggesting certain measures which, in its opinion, would do much towards procuring its ultimate abolition. Of these, the chief is the abandonment, on the part of England, of her armed intervention for the prevention of the slave trade. This, it is urged, would remove the distrust with which foreign nations now regard the action of the British Government upon this subject—make the traffic free, and thus increase the value of slaves, making their health and comfort matters of interest to their owners, and thus removing many of the horrors which now surround the trade—give to the West Indies the population of which they now stand in greatest need, that of free laborers, and thus set an example of successful emancipation in those islands which would exert a most beneficial influence upon slaveholding nations. At present, abolition in the West Indies seems to have failed, from the lack of that kind of labor by which alone their plantations can be worked. The immigration which the abandonment of the armed intervention would promote, it is contended, would supply this want, and thus show that emancipation was not only safe but profitable. The effect of this policy upon Africa is also discussed. It would tend greatly to people her western shore with free blacks, and thus gradually substitute the civilization of Europe for the savage and brutal ignorance which now overshadows that immense continent. "Were the West Indies fully peopled," says the *Spectator*, "our stations on the coast of Western Africa would become really colonies. Although the climate excludes the Anglo-Saxon race, Anglo-Saxon influences would take root, would fructify, and would spread towards the interior."

A very serious schism has occurred in the ranks of the Irish Repealers. It grew

out of the difference of opinion which has existed for a long time, upon the propriety of an ultimate resort to physical force to accomplish the objects of the Association. O'Connell has always avowed the most decided opposition to such a step, and has uniformly insisted that they must rely entirely upon moral suasion. The younger branch of the Repeal league have from time to time evinced a disposition to go farther, and to threaten the government with revolution and a civil war if their demands were not granted. The *Nation* newspaper, originally the leading Repeal organ in the kingdom, has of late fallen into Young Ireland's hands, and has proclaimed, in terms too explicit to be mistaken, the necessity of an ultimate appeal to arms. It was finally found necessary to repudiate these opinions, and accordingly at a late meeting of the Association at Dublin, Mr. J. O'Connell, in obedience to his father's injunctions, proceeded to denounce the *Nation* and its friends as unsafe counselors, and as advising a course to which Repealers could not accede, and for which the Association must not be held responsible. The debate which followed ended in the withdrawal of Young Ireland, led by Mr. Smith O'Brien. There has been for some time a suspicion on the part of the latter, that Mr. O'Connell and his friends would form a union with the Whig party in Parliament. It has been indignantly denied; but fears were undoubtedly entertained that it would, nevertheless, be effected, and this apprehension had not a little to do in bringing about the result. The rupture must destroy the cause. O'Connell will probably join the Whigs, or at all events will have nothing to do with physical force. If Young Ireland preserves its existence, it must go on to the violence which it threatens. Such an appeal would plunge the country into a civil war, in which, however, the immense superiority of England would speedily prevail, and thus would the repeal agitation be brought to a bloody conclusion. It is much more probable that O'Connell's policy will prevail, and that, through his union with the Whigs who are now in power, some satisfactory measures for the relief of Ireland will be adopted.

Upon the continent, nothing has transpired of special interest. Another attempt has been made upon the life of Louis Philippe; but it had no importance, and was simply the freak of an insane boy. M. Guizot, at a public dinner given him by his constituents, made an address full of wise and judicious reflections upon the condition of France, and the governmental policy which her prosperity demands. France, he said, requires no new revolution, but only a government determined to fulfill all its duties. She is a free country, possessing and enjoying equality, constitutional

liberty, national independence. She has a liberal government, and therefore a government of progress; for "when liberty exists in a country, when it dwells in the bosom of order, progression is infallible; it is accomplished spontaneously, day by day, in the free development of individual liberties, under the protection of public order." This is the progress which meets all real wants from its natural tendency. And a survey of the condition of France, M. Guizot contended, would show that it had been secured. We make the following extract from this address, not more for its description of the state of things in France, than for the force and pertinence of its sentiments when applied to the condition of this country:

"Are material interests in question? at what period have they been found to make a progress so rapid, so expanding, increasing with so much activity, not only by the efforts of the citizens, by individual industry, but with the energetic and permanent concurrence of the government, of all the great powers of the State? Is the political progress the matter for consideration? This I shall comprise in one word. The first, the most urgent, the most essential point of all, was the creation of a grand party for constitutional government—a Conservative party. All the world has said this. The true constitutional system consists in the presence of two parties—a Government party, and an Opposition party; each having their principles, their standards, their leaders—daily discussing, each on his own side, the affairs and interests of the country; opposing idea to idea, judgment to judgment, system to system. This, gentlemen, is what every true friend to our institutions has earnestly prayed for. This, in fact, is the only regular condition of a representative government—is the present want for the future security of the country. This progress is beginning to be accomplished among us. It is important for the present, and still more important for the future. We shall one day have need of all the strength, all the consistence, all the authority of a Conservative party. We shall congratulate ourselves, therefore, if it be formed, exercised, and brought into discipline in advance, during times more free than those when all its wisdom and energy may be put to the proof. This, however, is certainly not the sole political progress we have to make. We are now commencing, and shall perfect many others. We are proceeding to the most essential, the most pressing; but very far from rejecting any others, the Conservative policy is desirous of having them, and will accept them all. It will examine them, and discuss them, with a sincere disposition to adopt such as are eligible. It only wishes, as it has its duty to do, that they may be genuine

and serious improvements, in harmony with the general wants of society—its essential principles. Do not believe, gentlemen, that material and even political progression are the only subjects of contemplation in the Conservative policy. It holds also, and above all, to the promotion of the moral interests, the moral prosperity of the people. It wishes the increase of the moral value of the citizens quite as much as their welfare and liberty. How should it be otherwise? How could the Conservative policy not propose and not attain this object? What are the principles, what the sentiments, upon which it labors to establish and to honor? Respect for order—respect for laws—respect for duties—respect for religious creeds. What influence is there more moral than that of such principles and such sentiments? And how should not the policy which takes them as its rule of conduct not tend to the moral amelioration of society? Such are, gentlemen, under whatever aspect you consider it, order or liberty, material or moral interests in everything relating to the life and internal affairs of our society, such are the effects of the Conservative policy, judged, not by its promises, but by its works."

The new Pope, Pius IX., had published his general amnesty, which was received with universal rejoicing. In the commencement of the document he tells the people that, at the very moment when their rejoicing at his elevation to the pontificate rose sweetly to his ear, he was penetrated with sorrow on thinking that many heads of families and misguided youth were languishing in prison; and that he then determined to liberate all those who were sincerely repentant, and who would pledge themselves to future good behavior. He next announces, that not only political prisoners should be released, but that all exiles might return to their country, provided they made known their intentions to the several Nuncios within a year; and he ends by stating, that though ecclesiastics, military officers, and public *employés* are excluded, their cases will be taken into consideration, and he holds out a promise of grace to them. The concluding words of the address are as touching as the commencement. The Pope calls on the people to combine for the common good, "in order that every link of the chain uniting father and son by the grace of God shall remain unbroken," and then, like a wise monarch, he tells them, "that though clemency is the pleasing attribute of a sovereign, justice is his first duty."

The amnesty was published on the 17th of July. The political prisoners in the castle of St. Angelo were at once released, and orders were dispatched to all the depôts for the immediate liberation of all persons included in the act of grace. The

proceedings of the new sovereign, thus far, have given universal satisfaction, and the belief is general that he will go on with the work of reform and carry it into every department of the state. The Rome correspondent of the Times says that the administration of justice, which is in a deplorable state, will shortly be improved; and a rigid inquiry is going on, not only as to the sources from whence the public revenue is raised, but into the causes which render taxation so oppressive to the people, and so unproductive in the result. New principles are about to be established; a reduction of duties so as to prevent smuggling from the Neapolitan territory, is prepared; and in the course of another year vast and beneficial changes will be made. These expectations give new promise to the Papal States, and in connection with the movements which have been exhibited in other quarters, encourage the belief that a new day is dawning upon Italy.

The excavations of Pompeii are still continued, and in recent Italian journals some interesting details are given of their results. During the recent session of the Scientific Congress a house was exposed in their honor, which had evidently belonged to a rich citizen. The frescoes found there were well executed, but the other parts were not in any way remarkable. The house known by the title of the "Hunters," is now entirely exposed. It is only remarkable for its pictures, which all relate to hunting, and are executed with a certain vigor. The house examined on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Russia presented nothing worthy of notice; a few amphoræ and some bronzes were found, but their quality was exceedingly ordinary. The visit of the Empress of Russia brought to light a portable kitchen. It is made of iron, and prepared with cavities to receive the saucepans containing the meat and vegetables. A recent excavation has discovered a house, in one of the rooms of which was lying the skeleton of a man, and near him thirty-six silver coins and two gold ones. The latter were of the time of Domitian, and the silver pieces bore the likeness and name of Vespasian.

The difficulties in the Caucasus still continue. The latest accounts state that the late appearance of Schamyl in the Plains of Cabardia had produced an immense impression among all the mountain tribes of the west. Notwithstanding the jealousy and natural antipathy of the various populations, who do not speak the same language, the voice of the prophet Schamyl had not failed to produce its effect in Cabardia, and numerous tribes of the Plain had taken up arms for him. The numerical superiority of the Russian army, which amounts to 60,000 men, on the borders of the Terek, has compelled Schamyl to retire into the mountains, not having the means to com-

tend in the Plain with advantage against the combined Russian compact infantry and cannon; but many of the Cabardian tribes have followed him into the interior of the great Tschetschuya, leaving behind them their villages to be destroyed by the Cossacks, and only carrying away with them their arms. These tribes have considerably increased Schamyl's army, which already consisted of 20,000 men, when he crossed the Terek. Although the bold plan of this renowned chief did not wholly succeed, his intrepidity is, however, to be admired. He had spread alarm even to the walls of Tekaderinadid, the capital of the Tchernomerian Cossacks. At no time had a Tschetschensian chief ventured to undertake so long and bold a march through a triple line of Russian fortresses. So great was the consternation among the Russians, that General Luders did not think himself safe at Stauropol, the head-quarters of the Russian army of operations, which he hastily left, marching in the direction of the fortresses on the borders of the Kuban.

M. de Mas-Latrie, who had been charged by the Minister of Public Instruction with a scientific mission in the East, has just returned home, after visiting Syria, Balbec, Sidon, Tyre, Egypt and Cyprus. He staid some time in the last named place, and procured there a number of original documents relative to the Middle Ages, as well

as several antique objects, which he has presented to the Bibliotheque du Roi. The most remarkable object which he speaks of as having seen in his travels is a large slab of basalt, covered with cuneiform inscriptions, and bearing the figure of a king or priest, holding a sceptre in the left hand. This curious monument, which appears to belong to the period of the Assyrian Art, could, M. de Mas-Latrie believes, be easily obtained possession of.

In India the triumphant success of the British has met with some check at the Fortress of Kote Kangra, belonging to the Sikhs, which still holds out against all the efforts and artillery of the English army which has invested it; and, what is worse still, there is no prospect as yet of its being taken. It is said to be equal to Gibraltar, and absolutely impregnable. The Sikh commander of this extensive place is called Killadar, which signifies "the handsome lion." An immense treasure in gold and silver is said to be contained in the fortress, and the greatest anxiety prevails to reduce it. The "handsome lion" has refused to listen to any terms, and rejects every offer, while the place and the garrison are proof against the bombs and every missile of the British army. The English are greatly irritated by the delay, and fear, if longer continued, the treasure may by some means escape their grasp.

## CRITICAL NOTICE.

**STANDARD LIBRARY.**—*Roscoe's Life of Leo the Tenth.* London, Bohn; New York, Bartlett & Welford.

It has been conceded on all hands, that one of the most classical and elegant pieces of writing in our language is the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, the father of Leo the Tenth, by the distinguished Merchant Author, of Liverpool. Even an ordinary treatment of such a subject as the times and career of the brilliant Florentine would be of very great interest. Leo X. was one of the most remarkable men that Italy, a country for several centuries prolific in great men, ever produced. Ambitious and accomplished, his plans of aggrandizement were made to embrace the widest reign of taste—the establishment of Literature, and the cultivation of the arts—rendering his period the second Augustan age. In addition, moreover, to the number of splendid men and the stirring events belonging to his own time, a satisfactory account of the career of Leo X. must take in a large portion of Florentine history, connected with the annals of the Medicean Family, and many preceding characters and events, whose course affected the condition of Italy and of Europe. Such a biography, there-

fore, would, in fact, form a large part of Italian history, and that altogether the most brilliant and varied. And such is Roscoe's life and character of Leo. It is quite as full as any history of that period need to be. It is written, too, not only with a singular union of dignity and grace, so that in point of style it may be compared with any narrative in the English language, but with those higher requisites of history, thorough candor and humanity. Roscoe may have had his prejudices, but he has shown very few of them in his work. This is especially evident in his portraiture of Cæsar Borgia. He does not forbear to give the true and terrible character of the man, but it is done with such modifications, as belong to the reasonable spirit of impartial history. Cæsar Borgia was acknowledged to have great talents—and, as to character, no man has ever become utterly inhuman. This work has had high praise—but nothing, we think, that it has not deserved.

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July, 1846.





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*John H. H. H.*

THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW.

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No. IV.

## THE VETO POWER: OUR INLAND TRADE.

THE *Veto* of President Polk on the bill making appropriations for rivers and harbors, has renewed the discussion as to the proper extent of the qualified negative upon the proceedings of Congress, granted to the President by the Constitution, and sharpened the interest and desire of the people, that this power, which modern experience has proved to be of such elastic construction, should be more rigidly defined, and abstemiously exercised. The peculiar circumstances under which the President thought it advisable to return the River and Harbor bill, with his objections, have added poignancy to the regret and to the indignation which that act has occasioned, and we cannot, therefore, better appropriate some space in this number of the Review, than to the exposition of what we deem the true limits, in such cases, of the Executive *Veto*, and the extravagant disregard and overstepping of those limits by Mr. Polk.

To all who have studied the origin of the Constitution, and who are familiar with the discussions, which, in the General Convention, in the Conventions of the several States, and in the public press, preceded, and ultimately secured, its formation—it is well known that an Executive negative upon the acts of the Legislature was vehemently resisted, and it was only in the qualified shape in which it now exists, that it could find

favor at all. It was most especially resisted by those who, even at that early day, claimed to be the special friends of the people, and sticklers for their rights—as of monarchical origin, and as proceeding on the assumption that one man would possess more virtue and wisdom than a number of men collected in Legislative bodies. Dr. Franklin, Mr. Madison, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, and Mr. Bedford, of Delaware, were among the members of the Convention that framed the Constitution, who opposed an unqualified Executive *veto*—not all indeed for the same nor for analogous reasons—but Mr. Mason put his opposition expressly on the ground that such a provision “did not accord with the genius of the people.” The limited or qualified *veto* was finally adopted with a view mainly to enable the Executive to defend himself against the encroachments of the Legislature. This was avowedly the primary inducement to the grant of this power—that of protecting the country against the chance of bad laws, passed through inadvertence or design, being secondary, and quite subordinate; the presumption naturally being, that the Legislature would not designedly, and were not likely through haste or inadvertence, to pass such laws. But it was nowhere intimated, nor in the primitive and purer days of the republic would it have been tolerated, that on a plea of *Expa-*

diency the Executive might put his negative on any bill passed by Congress.

That the chief motive for investing the President with a qualified negative upon the acts of Congress, was purely with a view to self-defence, is thus explicitly set forth in No. lxxiii. of the *Federalist*, from the pen of *Alexander Hamilton*:

"The propensity of the Legislative Department to intrude upon the rights, and to absorb the powers, of other departments, has been already more than once suggested; the insufficiency of a mere parliamentary delineation of boundaries of each, has also been remarked upon; and the necessity of furnishing each with constitutional arms for its own defence, has been inferred and proved. From these clear and indubitable principles, results the propriety of a negative, either absolute or qualified, in the Executive, upon the acts of the legislative branches. Without the one or the other, the former would be absolutely unable to defend himself against the depredations of the latter. He might gradually be stripped of his authority by successive resolutions, or annihilated by a single vote; and in the one mode or the other, the executive and legislative power might speedily come to be blended in the same hands. If even no propensity had ever discovered itself in the Legislative body to invade the rights of the Executive, the rules of just reasoning and theoretic propriety would, of themselves, teach us, that the one ought not to be left at the mercy of the other, but ought to possess a constitutional and effective power of self-defence."

Nothing can be more explicit than this language—nothing more clear than that this exceptional power was granted to the President, under our system, mainly from an apprehension, that in its practical working, the Executive would prove feebler than the Legislative Department, and therefore be subject to injurious encroachments from the latter.

The men who framed the Constitution were pure as they were wise. They were of the race which, through every sort of self-sacrifice and abnegation, had carried the country through the perilous war of the revolution—and who, having founded a free government, were now met to devise a system which should maintain it free, and render it efficient and powerful. But their very purity misled them. They reasoned and acted, as though the men of other days, for whom they were about to prepare the organic law, would be—like themselves—pure, patriotic, and self-denying. They little dreamed of the impurities, or of the fruits of "progressive democracy;" and, wise and foreseeing as they were, they did not realize the prodigious growth in

power and multiplication in number and in territories, of the people, whose law-givers it was their privilege to be. In their view the executive power, as defined and designed by the Constitution, was, as compared with the legislative power, weak and liable to encroachments. As developed by the "genius of democracy," and sustained by the undreamed of increase of patronage, it has become overshadowingly great, and now gives the law alike to the Legislation of Congress, and the sovereignty of the separate States. The President of the United States, with his enormous appointing power, reaching through every part of the country, and holding out prizes to every sort of ambition or cupidity, with the unrestricted power of peremptory removal from office, and with his qualified veto on the acts of Congress, possesses and exercises more despotic authority than the monarch who occupies the throne of England or of France.

The chief consideration, therefore, upon which the original grant of a qualified negative to the President of the United States was made—that of his comparative helplessness—fails entirely. His authority, on the contrary, like Joseph's sheaf, has erected itself in the midst of all the other powers of the Constitution, and these all bow down and make obeisance to it. Practically, therefore, this provision of the Constitution is proved to be unsound.

But the same eminent expounder of the Constitution, to whom we have already referred for explanation of the chief motives for engrafting upon a republican Executive this kingly prerogative, thus goes on to explain the secondary use of the conceded power:

"It not only serves as a shield to the Executive, but it furnishes an additional security against the enactment of improper laws. It establishes a salutary check upon the legislative body, calculated to guard the community against the effects of faction, precipitancy, or of any impulses unfriendly to the public good, which may happen to influence a majority of that body."

Let our readers attentively consider the cases to which Hamilton, himself one of the framers of the Constitution, and who had supported the propriety of this very prerogative, restricts its exercise, "faction, precipitancy, or impulses unfriendly to the public good," and then contrast therewith, the pretensions and the sophistry of Mr. Polk's message on returning the Harbor bill.

This enumeration by a contemporaneous expositor, of the cases to which the secondary use of the veto power—the primary use being solely that of self-defence—was intended to be confined, is entirely at variance with those assumed in almost all the Executive messages assigning reasons for the exercise of the power. It excludes, among others, the ground of unconstitutionality—and wisely, for the President is not by the Constitution empowered to decide upon the constitutionality of any act of Congress. As sworn to support and uphold the Constitution, he may not indeed put his signature to any bill, plainly and palpably in violation of the Constitution—if it be admissible even in the way of argument to assume, that Congress could pass any such—but constructive violations he has no right or authority to judge of. When both Houses of Congress pass a bill, which, by the very fact of passing it, they consider constitutional; unless, upon the face of it, it should clearly, obviously, and indisputably, contravene the Constitution—as, for instance, if a bill should be passed, divesting the Executive of the right to appoint foreign ambassadors, or of any other power which the Constitution expressly gives to him—the President is bound to assume that it is constitutionally passed, and may not set up any scruples or abstractions of his own against the declared sense and interpretation of the Legislature. He is not the arbiter, whether bills are or are not constitutional; that high and responsible trust is specially devolved upon another department—the judiciary—which, by its nature, constitution, and duties being removed from the disturbing influences of political parties, can pass with more unsuspected impartiality and greater fitness, upon questions, connected—as those which relate to the imputed unconstitutionality of public measures—too often are with party politics. Having thus provided a tribunal by which the conformity of all laws to the standard of the Constitution could and should be tested, it would have been alike unnecessary and unwise for the framers of the Constitution to confer a like power upon the President. The public good being the only legitimate end for which power is conferred, the necessity of the grant for such a purpose is the first point to be decided. As the Supreme Court of the United States is expressly constituted for the purpose,

among others, of determining the constitutionality of the laws of Congress, there was no necessity for reposing a like power elsewhere, and therefore, the only ground upon which the President could be considered as authorized to exercise it—that of its necessity for the public good—being taken away, the assumption of such power by the Executive is without foundation.

But if the President may not rightfully interpose constitutional scruples against bills—not manifestly unconstitutional—still less may he who has no charge of the money power or resources of the nation—except as derived from the acts of the Legislature—assume to set up his views of economical or extravagant expenditure in lieu of the decision of Congress. The whole duty and charge of “raising revenue, laying and collecting taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts, and provide for the common defence and welfare of the United States, to borrow money on the credit of the United States, and to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States,” belong exclusively to Congress, and it is necessarily a usurpation on the part of the Executive, whenever he attempts to interfere with, much more to thwart, the exercise of any of these conceded powers of Congress. When, therefore, Mr. Polk, in his veto message on the Harbor bill, alleges the fact of an existing war, and of its large demands on the Treasury, as a reason against the appropriation of nearly two millions of dollars by that bill, and when he proceeds to say, that if the bill in question become a law, “the principle it establishes would lead to large and annually increasing appropriations, and drains upon the Treasury,” and to “increased burdens upon the people by taxation,” he travels entirely beyond the record, and impertinently assumes the discharge of functions expressly confided to Congress. To them, and not to the President, it belongs, to decide to what objects within the scope of their authority the public treasure shall be applied; and it is alike inconsistent with the theory of popular institutions, which jealously precludes the executive authority from any management of, or control over, the public Treasury—placed exclusively under the guardianship of the people’s representatives—and with that of a strict construction of the Constitution, which limits each department to the

clearly defined circle of his own duties, that the President of the United States, under any circumstance, other than by the way of advice or recommendation, in his messages to Congress, or when there is manifest "precipitancy, faction, or impulses unfriendly to the public good," in the action of Congress, should undertake to say what Congress shall appropriate and what it shall not—how much for one object or how little for another—and assume to interpose his veto upon their proceedings, unless the same should be in conformity with Executive wishes or prejudices.

Looking at the qualified negative of the President in the light we here present it—a light reflected from the pages of the framers and contemporaneous expounders of the Constitution—we cannot but regard the veto of Mr. Polk, upon which we are commenting, as absolute usurpation, entirely inconsistent with the theory of the power purported to be exercised, and with all well-regulated notions of the rights and duties of the respective departments of our government.

But even if there were not these fundamental objections to the veto, as now habitually exercised, the attempt by argument to justify that on the Harbor bill seems most lame and inconclusive. Even precedent—that lowest of authorities in real value, though often of vast practical weight—is against Mr. Polk, for like appropriations to those objected to by him, have been approved of by all, or nearly all his predecessors, and when he assumes—as in the following passage, extracted from his message, is done—that "the approved course of the government and the deliberately expressed judgment of the people," have denied the existence of a power under the Constitution, "to construct works of internal improvement within the States, or to appropriate money for the purpose;" he asserts that which is far from proven or admitted, and which facts decidedly contradict.

Mr. Polk holds this language :

"The Constitution has not, in my judgment, conferred upon the federal government the power to construct works of internal improvement within the States, or to appropriate money from the treasury for that purpose. That this bill assumes for the federal government the right to exercise this power, cannot, I think, be doubted. The approved course of the government, and the deliberately expressed judgment of

the people, have denied the existence of such a power under the Constitution. Several of my predecessors have denied its existence in the most solemn forms.

"The general proposition that the federal government does not possess this power is so well settled, and has for a considerable period been so generally acquiesced in, that it is not deemed necessary to reiterate the arguments by which it is sustained."

Certainly it does seem anything but respectful to Congress—as it is in palpable violation of the truth—that in a message refusing the Executive signature to a bill, claiming to exercise the power of appropriating money for internal improvements within the States it should in such explicit language be declared, that "the general proposition that the federal government does not possess this power, is so well settled, and has for a considerable period, been so generally acquiesced in." The very bill before the President when he wrote that sentence, is proof positive of its fallacy; and as a matter of fact, it is not doubted, that if the votes of the two Houses on the bill in question, were analyzed, it would appear that a very large numerical majority of the constituencies in the United States—so far from acquiescing in absurd and mischievous abstractions, which deny to the people the right of using their own money on great public objects, and for the clear and obvious promotion of the general welfare—are decidedly in favor of the power here denied to them by Mr. Polk. But the vote itself of the two Houses on the Harbor bill, is conclusive on this point. For this bill did, undoubtedly, propose to exercise the power in question, and it was originally passed in the House of Representatives by a vote of *one hundred and nine to eighty-nine*, and in the Senate by *thirty-four to sixteen*. When returned with the President's objections, it still received in the House of Representatives *ninety-five ayes*, to *ninety-one nays*, and in the Senate — to —. It follows from this statement, that almost two-thirds of the two Houses denied, by their first vote on the bill, the construction of the Constitution, which, nevertheless, Mr. Polk says, is in conformity with "the deliberately expressed judgment of the people;" and even after the bill was returned with objections, and appeal was made to party discipline and personal hopes to coerce members of Congress to see on the question with Presidential eyes, a majority of

each House re-affirmed its original view of the constitutionality and expediency of the bill, and gave the most direct contradiction to the assumption in the President's objection, of the universal acquiescence in such doctrines as that passage propounds. Nor is this a solitary instance; for at almost every session of Congress attempts are made—and are almost always successful in one House or the other—to obtain appropriations for objects falling within what Mr. Polk assumes to be an inhibited exercise of power; thus proving most conclusively that the general acquiescence, of which he speaks, in the views he entertains, is the merest fiction.

But Mr. Polk, in the message before us, takes the ground, that not only is it in violation of the Constitution to attempt to make internal improvements within the limits of any State, but that it is a like violation to make appropriations for such a purpose. This, however, goes far beyond the scruples either of Jackson or Madison, both of whom distinctly conceded the right to appropriate money for public improvements, although they denied to the Federal government, the right of directly making such improvements. Appropriations for the Cumberland road have been made under every administration, and with the approbation of every President, down to John Tyler; and Mr. Madison, in vetoing a bill "setting apart and pledging certain funds for constructing roads and canals, and improving the navigation of our water-courses, in order to promote, facilitate, and give security to internal commerce among the several States, and to render more easy and less expensive, the means and provisions for the common defence," makes this express and significant reservation about the power of appropriating money from the Treasury, that "a restriction of the power to provide for the common defence and general welfare, to cases which are to be provided for by an expenditure of money, would still leave within the legislative power of Congress all the great and most important measures of government, money being the ordinary and necessary means of carrying them into execution." General Jackson, in his *veto* on the Maysville Road bill, accepts this interpretation, and says: "I have not been able to consider these declarations in any other point of view, than as a concession that the right of appropriation is not limited by the power

to carry into effect the measure for which the money is asked, as was formerly contended."

Mr. Monroe and Mr. J. Q. Adams held like opinions, and practiced upon them. The same document (the Maysville veto message), from which the above quotation is taken, has these additional statements:

"The views of Mr. Monroe upon this subject were not left to inference. During his administration a bill was passed through both Houses of Congress, conferring the jurisdiction, and prescribing the mode by which the federal government should exercise it, in the case of the Cumberland road. He returned it with objections to its passage, and in assigning them took occasion to say, that in the early stages of the government he had inclined to the construction, that it had no right to expend money, except in the performance of acts authorized by the other specific grants of power, according to a strict construction of them, but that on further reflection and observation, his mind had undergone a change; that his opinion then was, that 'Congress have unlimited power to raise money, and that in its appropriation they have a discretionary power, restricted only by the duty to appropriate it to purposes of common defence, and of general not local, national not state benefit,' and this was avowed to be the governing principle through the residue of his administration. The views of the last administration are of such recent date as to render a particular reference to them unnecessary. It is well known that the appropriating power, to the utmost extent which had been claimed for it, in relation to internal improvements, was fully recognized and exercised by it."

From these extracts it will plainly appear that precedent and authority, not less than common sense and the common good, contradict Mr. Polk's absurd theories and positive assumptions.

But there is another point of view in which Mr. Polk's course in relation to the Harbor bill is even less defensible than his misconstruction of the powers of Congress under the Constitution. He had himself—or through the members of his Cabinet—suggested some of the appropriations, which he afterwards *vetoed*—and, if faith is to be reposed in the express declarations of some of his own partisans and political friends on the floor of Congress, was consulted beforehand about the separate items contained in the appropriation bill—so as to secure it against the possibility of the President's refusal to sign it.

This is a very grave charge certainly—amounting as it does, in the one instance to gross inconsistency, and in the other to deliberate treachery—and, therefore, we subjoin the evidence. In his Annual Message, on 2d of Dec. last, the President refers to the Report of the Secretary of War, which accompanied the Message, for information concerning the state of the army, of the defences of the country, and the *condition of the public works*, and says: "I invite your attention to the suggestions contained in that report, in relation to the prominent objects of public interest."

The Report thus emphatically commended to the attention of Congress, has these observations on the Report from the Bureau of Topographical Engineers, with-in whose charge and care are all the improvements of our harbors and rivers:

"The report from the Chief of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, hereto appended, has been prepared with care and industry; it embraces objects of great public concern, and furnishes most desirable information, in regard not only to the works upon which expenditures have been made during the last season, but to those which are likely to be prosecuted during the ensuing year. The details of the operations and the results of the past year furnish satisfactory proof of the advantages of confiding the executing, as well as the planning, of works of this character to men of scientific acquirements, professional skill, and practical experience. Such duties are properly assigned to those who, by education, constant study, and long laborious practice, have acquired the requisite qualifications to superintend and properly execute them. The objects brought into view in the report of the Topographical Bureau are not of exclusively military character, but many of them, however, have an intimate relation to the defence of the country, and all are regarded as public works directly connected with, and essential to, our external or internal commerce. Most of these works were authorized or undertaken some years ago; but little was done upon them during the past year, in consequence of the failure of the appropriations for that purpose.

"The Lakes are almost entirely destitute of natural harbors. Navigation upon them was exposed to immediate perils, and not unfrequently attended with frightful loss of life and property. With the settlement and growth of the Western country, the commerce upon these inland seas has rapidly increased, and its estimated annual amount now exceeds in value the entire exports of the products and manufactures of

the United States to all foreign countries. An interest of this magnitude, daily augmenting, in which so many States and so large a portion of our citizens participated, naturally commanded the attention of Congress, and properly received its fostering care. Safe harbors were much needed, and a system of improvements, with a view to provide them, was commenced in 1824. The total amount expended upon these harbors is \$2,861,964. The objects to which these appropriations have been applied, and the amounts of them from 1824 to the present time, are specified in the annexed report, together with an estimate of the further sums required for the ensuing fiscal year. The works, so far as they have been prosecuted, give abundant assurance that the anticipated advantages will in the end be realized to the fullest extent. It may be proper to remark that these improvements are not without benefit in a military point of view. Should it ever become necessary to have a naval force upon these Lakes, the numerous and commodious harbors thus provided by the aid of the Government will contribute to its safety and successful operations. Besides, there are now employed in the commerce of these Lakes a great number of large-sized and stoutly-built steamers, which would not have been placed there by individual enterprise but for the safety and accommodation afforded by these harbors. In case of a public emergency, these steamers can be expeditiously converted into effective vessels of war and rendered subservient to military operations. Nor are the economy and facility of transporting troops, munitions of war, and supplies, to be overlooked in estimating the public advantages of the Lake improvements. It is also said that our best seamen are those who have been trained in the navigation of our Lakes.

"The number of lake harbor improvements authorized by law is twenty-six. Good harbors have been made where none existed before, and the expenses of construction have not, in the whole, exceeded the estimates prospectively presented. These results give assurance that the plans were judiciously conceived, and the work economically and skillfully executed.

"The public usefulness of these improvements will be better appreciated, when it is considered that by means of them a most dangerous navigation has been rendered comparatively safe, a large shipping interest has been created upon our Lakes, and facilities and shelter afforded to a commerce now estimated at a hundred millions of dollars annually, and increasing with surprising rapidity, in which six States are directly and all sections of the country incidentally, interested."

After thus showing the importance of

the lake navigation and of improving their harbors, he then goes on to show the necessity of improving the great rivers of the West, and also the Hudson river.

Here are the strongest recommendations by the cabinet officer having in special charge the whole subject, that the government should prosecute various works for the promotion and protection of Lake and River commerce, and to these recommendations the President himself invites the attention of Congress, as "concerning prominent objects of national interest." Is it possible to exonerate the President, in view of his subsequent course on the River and Harbor bill, from the charge of deliberately setting at naught his own recommendations, and of leading Congress into appropriations for the purposes set forth in the Secretary of War's report, under the belief that the President desired and approved them—when he was all the while opposed on constitutional grounds, to the whole scheme. What could be the motive for such duplicity? Possibly some clue to the difficulty may be found in the facts we are now to relate and comment upon. When the bill was returned to the House with the President's objections, one of the partisans of the President—Mr. Brinckerhoff—is thus reported in the Union:

"I am anxious, and long have been anxious, that it should become a law. I have entertained apprehensions, however, that it would not; I have been apprehensive that it would be defeated by an Executive veto; and had my humble advice been taken by my friends, I believe it would have been saved from this fate. I am not at all disposed to play the croaker, or 'the prophet of the past,' but had my friends postponed the vote on the tariff bill for one week, as I advised them to do, this bill would have become a law. I am satisfied of it, sir."

Here it is distinctly intimated of the President by one of his own supporters, that his apparent favor to the Harbor bill was only to catch votes for the Tariff bill, and it is charged, that if the latter had been held in suspense until after a decision upon the former, there would have been no veto.

The following report of proceedings in the House of Representatives on Monday, 3d of August, seems to prove what has been stated above, that Mr. Polk

had been consulted generally about the items in the Harbor bill, and that he intimated no doubts or objections concerning such appropriations. Mr. Thompson, of Pennsylvania, is thus reported to have spoken:—

"The reminiscences connected with this veto were of a very unpleasant character. Why was no notice, not the slightest intimation, given that the President could not, consistently with his views of duty, approve the appropriations in the bill? When he knew the house to be earnestly engaged in discussing the recommendations of these appropriations by one of his Secretaries, and the estimate for them submitted by himself, why had he abstained from saying a syllable about any doubt of their constitutionality in his own mind? Mr. T. would here call on the gentleman at the head of the Committee on Commerce, (Mr. McClelland,) and on the gentleman from Maryland, (Mr. Constable,) a member of that Committee, to declare here in their places whether they had not in person called upon the President and shown him the bill, and whether he had intimated any objection to the items it contained? He asked the chairman to say whether the President was not fully aware of everything this committee had inserted in the bill?

"[Mr. McClelland observed a profound silence.]

"Mr. T. would call on the gentleman from Maryland to say whether the President had expressed any doubts or objections as to the items in the bill?

"Mr. Constable replied, but in too low a voice to be distinctly heard by the Reporter, especially as there was a crowd of members in the aisle near his seat, and some restlessness and movement in the hall; but he was understood to say that the President had objected to but one of the items.

"Mr. Thompson resumed. Had this been a plan laid for the purpose of affecting other legislation of the House? Was it a soothing song to lull the friends of this River and Harbor bill to sleep until after a certain vote should have been given? Mr. T. would mention a fact that was astonishing and startling. The day *before* the vote on the tariff the government organ came out *IN FAVOR* of this Harbor bill, and the very day *after* that vote it came out as strongly *AGAINST* IT. He heard it said by some gentleman near him that that was easily explained. No doubt of it. A man must be poor indeed in invention who could not get up some sort of apology, however lame, to help a political associate out of a scrape. But it would not do for the old editor to say that he did not know what went in his own paper; it was his duty to know.



"Mr. T. said that all the House must have witnessed the expressive silence of the chairman of the Committee on Commerce when interrogated on a plain matter of fact. Colonel Abert, of the Topographical Bureau, had told Mr. T. that the President was shown all the items in the bill, and had intimated no constitutional objection to any of them, but had only cut down the amount of appropriations which had been at first proposed.

"Mr. Payne here interposed, and asked Mr. T. whether he meant to say that the chairman of the Committee on Commerce (Mr. McClelland), and the gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Constable), had showed the President the items in the Harbor bill, and that the President had assented to them?

"Mr. Thompson replied that the gentleman from Maryland had said that, with a solitary exception as to one of the items, such was the fact.

"Mr. Thurman suggested to the Chair that it was out of order to refer to conversations held with the President.

"[Many voices: 'Out of order!' 'that's a pretty story;' 'must not tell, eh?']

"Mr. McClelland was understood to say he had not heard or had not understood Mr. Thompson's inquiry. The gentleman from Alabama (Mr. Payne) had asked him whether he had said that he had presented the Harbor bill to the President with its different items. He did not consider himself bound to state, nor was it proper for him to state any conversation he might have had with the President; he considered all such conversations as confidential; yet he would state that in any consultation he might have had with the President, he had not submitted the bill to him nor conversed about the particular items it contained.

"Mr. Constable said that he had never seen the bill till it came to this House. He had had a conversation with the President about one item of it only. In that conversation the President expressed a general opinion only.

"Mr. Thompson said the chairman of the Committee on Commerce had now given a limited answer to his inquiry.

"Mr. McClelland said he hoped the gentleman from Pennsylvania had no desire to injure him. He had positively and unequivocally declined answering the inquiry.

"Mr. Thompson emphatically declined all purpose to injure Mr. McClelland, of whom he spoke in terms of the highest respect.

"Mr. T. went on to say that what had not been proved by his inquiry remained unproved, for there was no other witness. Mr. T. had made no charges; he had simply asked a question as to a fact, and he would leave it with the House to say whether the answer he had received disproved

anything of what he had said. He had said that the answer was a strong fact; but a much stronger was the recommendation of the President's own officers, sent to the House by himself, without the slightest intimation of disapproval. No such a word was to be found when these estimates and recommendations were referred to; yet in these estimates and recommendations all those rivers and harbors were included which the Committee had subsequently inserted in the bill, and which the President now thought so entirely unconstitutional. Mr. T. was as loth as any other member of that House to say anything against the President; perhaps his habitual caution had prevented him from sooner expressing his opinion, and perhaps not. But be that as it might, Mr. T. looked upon this veto as the commencement of a revolution in the principles and practice of this Government. The tariff had been overthrown. Mr. T. had stood it all; his own State stood trembling on the verge of ruin; still he had not complained of the President. Surely, if he had any constitutional scruples in his mind, frankness and candor would have required him to communicate them before this late hour; but had there been a word like it? Mr. T. said he saw indications of warmth in some quarters around him. He cared little for warmth; but he warned gentlemen that he did not wish his words misrepresented; he did not practice misrepresentations of others, and, if attempted towards himself, he should not submit to it. He had called upon a witness, but that witness refused to testify; the House was certainly at liberty to draw its own inference."

If there be any approach to accuracy in these representations thus made on the floor of Congress, it follows that Mr. Polk had permitted his friends to believe—1st, while the Tariff bill was yet in suspense, that he was not opposed to the Harbor bill; 2d, that its appropriations were mostly for objects presented by Mr. Polk's own cabinet; and lastly, that he himself had been consulted about them, and had not made any objection on principle, but contented himself with reducing some of the estimates.

In the face, nevertheless, of such inconsistency and such duplicity, the favor of an honest people is still claimed for a chief magistrate who, under such circumstances, exercised one of the extremest prerogatives vested in him for special purposes by the Constitution, to defeat one of the great ends for which that Constitution was ordained—the promotion of the general welfare.

Dismissing, then, the pretended constitutional scruples of the President as utterly unfounded in themselves, and as contradicted, moreover, by the practice of his predecessors, to whose example he nevertheless appeals—we propose to devote the remainder of this paper to another view taken of the subject in the Veto message.

Mr. Polk says:

"If no constitutional objection existed to the bill, there are others of a serious nature which deserve some consideration. It appropriates between one and two millions of dollars for objects which are of no pressing necessity; and this is proposed at a time when the country is engaged in a foreign war, and when Congress at its present session has authorized a loan, or the issue of treasury notes, to defray the expenses of the war, to be resorted to if the 'exigencies of the government shall require it.' It would seem to be the dictate of wisdom, under such circumstances, to husband our means and not to waste them on comparatively unimportant objects, so that we may reduce the loan or issue of treasury notes which may become necessary to the smallest practicable sum. It would seem to be wise too, to abstain from such expenditures with a view to avoid the accumulation of a large public debt, the existence of which would be opposed to the interests of our people, as well as to the genius of our free institutions."

Mr. Polk here treats the protection and security of the hundreds of millions of dollars, and the hundreds of thousands of lives, annually put at hazard upon our great lakes and upon the great rivers, which are the outlets of the internal commerce of the country—as objects of no "pressing necessity" and comparatively unimportant." An executive war, unnecessarily and wantonly provoked, entered into in defiance of constitutional restrictions—for which, on the subject of internal improvement, he professes so much respect—and carried on with most wasteful prodigality—a war undertaken for the extension of slavery, and of the political power derived from slavery—is, in the judgment of Mr. Polk, of far higher importance than the protection of the growing commerce or the priceless lives of the freemen of the great States bordering on our inland seas; and while tens of millions are lavished upon the waste and destruction of war, millions irrevocably squandered, and which bring no return, the proposal to invest less than

two millions in public works, which, if completed, would in one year save to them more than their whole cost, is rejected. Here, again, it cannot be misplaced to reiterate the remark that in thus assuming to decide upon the propriety and expediency of money expenditures, the President palpably invades the exclusive province of the legislature, and violates, without peradventure, the very Constitution for the inviolability of which the measure is adopted.

But what, in fact, are the interests, what the claims, which Mr. Polk treats as secondary, and of less urgency than the demands of an aggressive executive war? It is Mr. Polk who invokes this test of the wisdom and constitutionality of the Veto, and by it, therefore, let him be tried and judged.

Let us begin with the Mississippi and its great navigable tributaries. So miraculous has been the increase in population, wealth, and improvement of the great valleys drained by these waters that, to quote the language of Mr. Calhoun, in the report made by him in the Senate, on the memorial of the Memphis Convention—"What 60 years ago was one vast region, with little exception, of forest and prairies, over which a few hundred thousand savages wandered, has now a population but little less than nine millions, with great and flourishing cities, abounding in opulence, refined in manners, and possessed of all the comforts and even elegance of old and polished communities." But great as this increase is, it is nothing, according to Mr. Calhoun's calculations, to what may be anticipated in the next 60 years. According to the first census in 1790, the population of the whole region drained by the Mississippi did not exceed 200,000. In 1840 it exceeded 6,300,000, and at this moment, taking the same ratio of increase as that between 1830 and 1840, it falls little short of nine millions of people. In sixty years hence, unless some shock should occur, which would convulse or overthrow our institutions," Mr. Calhoun estimates that the population of the valley will reach *sixty millions*. Its commerce has increased even more rapidly than its population. According to a memorial presented to Congress by the citizens of Cincinnati relative to the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, so late as 1817, "the whole commerce from New Orleans to the upper country was transported in

about 20 barges of 100 tons each, making only one trip a year. The number of boats employed on the upper Ohio could not have exceeded 150, of 30 tons each, making the trip from Pittsburg to Louisville, and back, in about two months, and about thrice in the season—the tonnage of all the boats ascending the Ohio and the lower Mississippi was about 6,500." Upon the same authority it is stated that the number of steamboats employed in 1843 in navigating the Mississippi and its tributaries, was 450, of the average tonnage of 200 tons, making an aggregate of 90,000 tons, and the value per ton was about \$80, making an aggregate value of seven millions two hundred thousand dollars, employing 15,750 persons in their navigation, and the expense of navigation at twelve millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—the number of flat boats engaged in the same navigation is estimated at 4,000, employing 20,000 persons, at an annual expenditure of \$1,380,000. The annual value of the products of the valley borne on that river and its tributaries, is estimated at \$120,000,000—and that of foreign products at \$100,000,000, making the enormous total of 220 millions of dollars.

These were the estimates, and this the condition, of the navigation and commerce of the Mississippi and its tributaries in 1843. The growth of both have since been very great. According to the last Annual Report of the Treasury Department, on the Commerce and Navigation of the United States, the steamboat tonnage on the western waters, on 1st June, 1845, is 158,713 tons—the number of boats is now estimated at 900, at an average tonnage of 173 tons, making in all an aggregate of 161,787 tons.

"Estimating then," says Mr. Calhoun, "that the number of persons employed in navigating the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the expense of navigation, and the value of boats and cargoes to be what the Cincinnati Committee make them, the present annual value of the commerce of the river and its tributaries, would exceed three hundred millions."

"But (adds Mr. Calhoun) however great it may be, it is but the beginning. If the commerce of the valley shall increase in proportion with its population, and nothing should occur to impede that, it will in a short time be more than quadrupled. Looking beyond, to a not very distant future, when this immense valley, containing within its limits 1,200,000 square miles; lying, in its whole extent,

in the temperate zone, and occupying a position midway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; unequaled in fertility and the diversity of its productions; intersected in every direction by this mighty stream, including its tributaries, by which it is drained, and which supply a continuous navigation of upwards of 10,000 miles, with a coast, including both banks, of twice that length, shall be crowded with population, and its resources fully developed, imagination itself is taxed in the attempt to realize the magnitude of its commerce. Such is the present state of the commerce of the Mississippi, including its tributaries, according to the best data that can be obtained, and such its future prospects."

And yet this enormous commerce, and the precious lives employed in carrying it on, are to remain exposed to annual losses of great extent and severity, because Mr. Polk considers them as of secondary importance to the conquest of some barren coast on the Pacific, or some extension of the area of Slavery on the Gulf of Mexico.

What their annual losses are may be partly gathered from the following statement: A Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, (House Doc. 170, 3d. Ses. 27th Congress,) transmitting the copy of a letter from the Collector of St. Louis, states that, of 126 steamboats enrolled at St. Louis, and trading with that port in 1841-'2, 29 were lost. Of these 29, 20 were lost by snags or rocks, which could be removed. The money loss was estimated at \$876,700; and 42 human beings perished. Assuming the accuracy of these statements, and that the loss of the St. Louis boats during the period specified is a fair annual average, and that the average loss on all the Mississippi boats is in the same proportion—the annual loss of all the boats employed in this navigation, estimating them at 900, would be 107½; and if the damage to cargo be put at the same rate as that to the boats, it would make an annual aggregate loss of \$2,601,200—of which two-thirds would be occasioned by snags, logs and rocks, in other words, by causes susceptible of being removed. An additional fact, showing the dangers of this navigation, mentioned by the Cincinnati memorial, is very significant, viz.: that many Insurance Companies refuse to take risks on the steamboats on these waters, and that on the best of them the premium charged is from 12 to 18 per cent. Experience having established the practicability of removing the obstructions and

dangers in the navigation of the Mississippi and its tributaries arising from snags, logs and rocks; the whole responsibility—and it is a fearful one—for the destruction of life and property occasioned thereby, rests upon the Federal Government, which alone has the power and the requisite authority and means for their removal.

Having thus shown—imperfectly doubtless, yet, as we cannot but think, in a most imposing form—the importance, value and steady growth of the commerce and navigation of the Mississippi and its tributaries, we will now turn to the lakes, and see what their claims are to the liberal care and protection of the government.

The letter addressed by James L. Barton of Buffalo, to Mr. McClelland, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce in the House of Representatives, will furnish the statistics to illustrate this portion of our inquiry.

In 1818 the first steamboat, the *Walk in the Water*, was seen upon Lake Erie. Its voyage to and from Buffalo and Detroit occupied ten days. Its business was chiefly confined to Lake Erie, but it made an annual trip to Mackinac—then the *Ultima Thule* of lake navigation. It was not till 1826 or 1827 that the waters of Lake Michigan were invaded by a steamboat, which ran with a pleasure party to Greenbay. The southern part of the lake and Chicago were not visited till 1832, when the necessities of the government requiring the transportation of troops and munitions for the then existing Indian war, steamboats were chartered to carry them to Chicago.

In 1840, there were 48 steamboats on the lakes, of from 150 to 750 tons, and costing about \$2,200,000; the business that year *West* of Detroit, produced \$201,838—chiefly freight and passage money. Owing, however, to the entire want

of harbors around Lake Michigan, the business is wholly confined to its Western coast. From 1834 to 1841, the business *West* of Detroit, was found by accurate statistics to have grown from \$6,272 to \$226,352. The sail vessels then on the lakes were estimated at 250, varying from 30 to 350 tons, and costing from \$1000 to \$14,000. The aggregate capital they represent may be put down at one and a quarter millions, and the annual earnings of these vessels amount to about \$750,000.

In 1845, there were on the lakes above Niagara, the following vessels:

|             |                 |
|-------------|-----------------|
| Steamboats, | 52—20,500 tons. |
| Propellers, | 8—2,500 “       |
| Brigs,      | 50—11,000 “     |
| Schooners,  | 270—42,000 “    |

380 76,000 tons.

Costing in their construction, \$4,600,000.

On lake Ontario, at the same period, there were—

7 Steamboats, confining their trade to that lake.

8 large Propellers, and 100 Brigs and Schooners—which, passing through the Welland Canal, traded to the extreme end of Lake Michigan, and at all the intermediate points.

A large accession has since been made to the navigation on all the lakes, as well to repair the disasters of the boisterous autumn of 1845, as to meet the increased demand.

The loss of life in 1845 was 60 persons, and 36 vessels were driven ashore. During five years ending with 1845, more than 400 lives were lost, and more than one million of dollars damage was sustained by the shipping.

The following comparative table of two periods, ten years apart, will show the great growth of the trade:

In 1835, the State of Ohio, the only Exporting State on the upper lakes, passed through the Erie Canal to tide water—

|                                      | bbls. flour. | bu. wheat. | bbls. staves. | bbls. prov's. | bbls. ashes. | lbs. wool. |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|------------|
| 1835,                                | 86,233       | 96,701     | 2,565,273     | 6,502         | 4,410        | 149,401    |
| 1845, from Ohio and<br>other States, | 717,466      | 1,354,990  | 88,296,431    | 68,000        | 34,000       | 2,957,761  |

All this passed through Buffalo into the Erie Canal—but the whole quantity of flour and wheat sent over the lakes in 1845 from these States, exceeded 1,500,000 bbls.

But the claims of the trade of these lakes to the care and protection of the Federal Government, would be imperfectly set forth, if the number of persons

who are annually transported upon them were overlooked.

“Last year,” says Mr. Barton's letter, “during the season of navigation, there were three daily lines of large steamboats leaving Buffalo for Toledo, Detroit, and the Western shore of Lake Michigan as far as Chicago, besides other shorter lines.”

A very carefully made list from the

passenger rolls and accounts of these steamboats was prepared and duly verified, and the result is thus stated :

|                                              |              |
|----------------------------------------------|--------------|
| 1845, number of passengers who left Buffalo, | 93,367       |
| “ way passengers taken on board en route,    | 5,369        |
|                                              | <hr/> 98,736 |

Of these, 40,630 were landed at ports West of Detroit and principally on the Western shore of Lake Michigan from Shebrygan to Chicago.

These are the passengers going one way and by steamboats. But if those coming from the West, in vessels of all sorts, be added, and those passing and re-passing from port to port, it will not be unreasonable to state at 200,000, the number of persons who were embarked on the upper lakes in that year. If to these be added the number of passengers on Lake Ontario, and thence through the Welland Canal to the upper lake, the aggregate would not fall short of a quarter of a million of human beings, whose lives are annually hazarded on these lakes.

Such is the present state of the navigation and commerce of the great lakes; but when the Illinois and Michigan Canal, to terminate at Chicago, which connects the Mississippi with Lake Michigan, is finished—when Wisconsin, the finest territory in the Union, shall be filled up and cultivated, and the process is now rapidly going on—and when a Railroad or Canal shall traverse its level prairies and bring into connection the upper Mississippi and the lake, who shall even conjecture the extent of commerce and navigation then to be carried on over these great inland seas? The commerce of the port of Buffalo alone, during the year 1845, amounted to \$33,000,000 in value; that of all the other ports on the lake would exceed that sum, and probably swell the total to \$70,000,000, and even that large figure fails to mark the real value of the whole lake trade, seeing that a considerable portion of it goes through the Welland Canal, direct to Canadian ports.

In duly considering the facts here brought together, it will, it is thought, be readily admitted, that when Mr. Polk treats the object for which appropriations were made by the River and Harbor bill vetoed by him, as of secondary importance to the Mexican war, and of no pressing urgency, he does great violence to truth. It is utterly inconsistent with

every notion of the uses of Government to say, that interests such as we have shown to exist, in constant peril from causes susceptible of removal, are not entitled to claim that in some shape and by some competent power, these perils shall be abated. No one will maintain that a sagacious and practical people have agreed to bind themselves into a form of government which is powerless to remove patent evils—and that the force of certain metaphysical abstractions is such, that countless lives and countless treasure may be annually destroyed, because that people cannot agree where the power is placed to apply the remedy, which all admit can be effectually applied. Such power must reside somewhere in every social and political organization, and when it is shown where, from the nature of things, it cannot reside, a great step is made towards determining where, of necessity, it must reside.

In regard to the Mississippi, Mr. Calhoun's Report already so copiously referred to, after asking “where the power, and where the duty, to improve the navigation of the Mississippi and its tributaries,” thus proceeds to answer :

“It is certainly not that of individuals; the improvement is beyond the reach of their means and power. Nor is it that of the several States bordering on its navigable waters. It is also beyond their means and power acting separately. Nor can it be done by their united and joint action. There are 16 States and two Territories lying wholly or partly within the valley of the Mississippi, and there still is ample space for several more—these all have a common interest in its commerce—their united and joint action would be requisite for the improvement of the navigation. But the only means by which that could be done, is expressly prohibited by the 10th Sec. 1st Art. of the Constitution, which provides that “No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation.” But if neither individuals nor States acting separately or jointly, have the power to improve its navigation, it must belong to the Federal Government, if the power exist at all, as there is no other agency or authority in our system of Government by which it could be exercised.”

This is well and soundly said, and every word of it is alike applicable to the case of the lakes—even in a greater degree indeed, than to that of the Mississippi.

Mr. Calhoun then proceeds to inquire under what provision of the Constitution the power can be exercised. It must be

comprised, he argues, "among the expressly granted and enumerated powers, or among those necessary and proper to carry them into effect." If not to be found among them it does not exist at all.

It is admitted that whether the Federal Government possesses the power or not, it has heretofore acted on the supposition that it did, "as the numerous acts of Congress for the improvement of the Mississippi, including its principal tributaries, abundantly prove." These appropriations—so far as appear—were made under what is usually called the money power, that power which Madison, Monroe, and Jackson considered as still preserving to the Federal Government the means of attaining the great ends of internal improvement, even while they denied to that Government the right to carry on such improvement, directly.

But Mr. Calhoun is not content with this source of the power, and he looks elsewhere for it—and after some fine spun metaphysics about the "common defence" and the "general welfare," which he in like manner rejects as the source of this power, he finds it at last, though limited in degree, and tied up by subtleties most sophistical, in the authority granted to the Federal Government "to regulate Commerce with foreign nations and among the States."

After adverting to the constant and uncontroverted exercise of this power in establishing lighthouses, beacons, piers, &c. on the Atlantic, Mr. Calhoun assumes that the good sense of the thing requires that a like practice on the lakes and the great inland water-courses can be maintained and justified under the same provision.

Hence, says he, the Committee "are of opinion that it (the power of Congress) extends to removing all obstructions within the channel of the Mississippi, the removal of which would add to the safety and facility of its navigation. It includes the removal of snags, logs, rocks, shoals, sand-breaks, bars—including that at its mouth, and trees projecting over or liable to slide into its channel—where the removal would improve or secure the navigation."

This is all clear and undoubted; but in the next breath, Mr. Calhoun limits this power to the case where a river bounds three or more States, and denies that it can be rightfully exercised where a river runs clearly through one State, or between two States. The reasoning is too

superfine for use, and quite inconsistent with the robust arguments of other portions of the Report.

After establishing the right of the Federal Government to improve the Mississippi—even to the cutting down and removal of trees on its banks—Mr. Calhoun denies that "Harbors or canals round falls" in the river can be justly constructed under this power! It would be perfectly competent, according to such reasoning, for the Federal Government to blast and clear away the falls of the Ohio, for instance at Louisville—which at an enormous expense might probably be done—but it is not competent to obtain the same object, that of facilitating the navigation, by turning those falls with a sufficient canal!! So again, it is admitted that the Federal Government may dredge out, improve and render more secure, any existing harbor; but they may not, however valuable the commerce that may have sprung up to require it, form a new harbor!!!

And yet the men who indulge in such hair-splitting subtleties, and, where great benefit is certain to grow out of a common sense and liberal construction of the Constitution, insist upon adhering to its letter, have no scruples at other times, and for the furtherance of one special interest—that of slavery—to open wide the door of the Constitution.

Mr. Polk and Mr. Calhoun would search in vain for the provision of the Constitution which will justify the admission of Texas into the Union, in the manner in which that State was admitted. They can find no warrant in it, for an admission by act of Congress to the original *limited* partnership of these United States, of a foreign territory and all its citizens. Such a power belongs, *if it exist at all*, to the treaty-making branch: nor can even that justify cancelling two Representatives in Congress to the sparse white population of that foreign territory, numerically below the ratio which in the United States is required for one Representative—thus giving to Texas twice the weight in the popular branch possessed by Delaware—one of the old thirteen *original founders* of the Constitution—and equal weight in the Senate.

The same sticklers for the letter "which killeth" can find authority in the Constitution to fit out exploring expeditions, by land and by water, can approach the hyperborean rigors of the South pole, in their effort to solve a problem in geogra-

phy, and spend treasure and human lives in surveying the coasts and rivers of foreign countries; but they can find no authority to render our own coasts and rivers secure by harbors and breakwaters, or by removing obstructions. Verily, they "strain at a gnat while swallowing a whole drove of camels."

But Mr. Polk would seem to lack the apology of an apparent conviction—erroneous though that might be—on this subject: for if there be any faith due to the representations of Mr. Brinckerhoff and Mr. Thompson, which have been already quoted, and to the hardly less expressive silence or costiveness of Messrs. McClelland and Constable, Mr. Polk has played a part in this whole matter. After using the influence which the possession of a Veto power and the apprehension that he might use it against the Harbor Bill, gave him to carry the Tariff—after appealing to the principle, and appearing to assent to the details of the appropriation in that Harbor Bill—while another favorite object was in abeyance—Mr. Polk, at the eleventh hour, makes a stalking horse of the Constitution, in order to cheat his friends—and upon pretended scruples, about the existence of a power which almost all his

predecessors have, in some form, exercised, refuses his final and formal assent to a bill—of which many of the appropriations were suggested by his own officers—were reinforced by the President's own recommendation—were subsequently approved in principle, if not in absolute detail, by the President personally—and which would, it is hardly doubtful, have been all passed by him, if the veto on the Tariff Bill had been postponed till the return of the River and Harbor Bill.

The lamentation of the country, therefore, and especially of that large portion of it more immediately bordering on the great lakes and rivers, for the improvement and security of which this bill was mainly devised, are embittered and exasperated by the conviction, that their interests, and the safety of life and commerce among them, have been sacrificed, not to any honest conviction—not to any pardonable doubt about the true meaning of the Constitution—but to a wanton and corrupt exercise of a monarchical prerogative, which in the purest hands is of dangerous reach, but which in such hands as it has fallen into, should be abolished, or we cease to be free.

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### WHO MOURNS WISELY?

J. O. ——— Deceased ———, 1840.

AND thou art passed from life! Th' uncounted years—  
That rose so glorious on th' horizon's verge,  
Airy and winged, and touched with many hues,  
When thou rod'st sparkling on the crest o' the wave,  
And dreamed no end could come to their bright change,  
Thy cloud-flushed Future—blankly have put on  
A sudden blackness, and thy little drop  
All darkly glided down into the deep,  
The vast of ocean, never more to rise  
Into the dear realm of this mortal light!  
Yet art thou not all gone! Thy memory still  
Lingers around me, whether at the hour  
Of sacred Evening, or when Morning fills  
The world's great face with solitary beams—  
And thy strong spirit, swift and fresh and calm,  
Oh Brother! cleaves the ambrosial stellar space,  
Or with an earnest joy, contemplative,  
Sits in hushed valleys, and by chaunting streams,  
To which Earth's beautiful places all must seem  
Poor—very poor! And yet could we but see  
Thy face among us!—could we feel thy hand!  
Thy voice but hear, and—hush! no more of thee!  
Art thou not made immortal?

New-Haven, April, 1840.

EARLDEN.

## THE ADVENTURES OF CUPID SMITH.

## A MAGAZINE STORY.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

## CHAPTER I.

CUPID SMITH was by no means an uncommon man. We do not remember that anybody ever called him one of the most remarkable men of the age. He was one of those persons who pass in a crowd without being seen; one who impresses you with the thought, the first time you happen to meet him, that you must have seen him before; and when you meet him a second time, causes you, to doubt whether or no you ever did see him before—so nearly did he resemble the average of humanity. He was of middle age, middle size, and in middling circumstances. But he once met with an uncommon adventure, which serves to segregate him from the rest of his tribe. Then there was something uncommon in his very common name. Cupid and Smith are both common names enough, but it is not often that we see them united. We are not positive that his Christian name was Cupid. Perhaps not. But we are positive that we never heard him called by any other. He was a very smiling, agreeable gentleman, with a fine head of glossy, brown hair, which curled pleasantly round his very common face, and, together with his attention to the ladies, had probably caused his friends to apply to him the appellation of the little curly-headed God of Love. Cupid was unmarried, of course; it would be a strange freak for the God of Love to marry. Catch him doing such a thing. However, our Cupid really had a desire to marry: why he never did, is more than we know; but we know why he did not marry one of the Miss Prymsticks, and the reason of it will form the burden of our story. We could divulge that reason at a word, and put the reader out of suspense at once, and bring our story to an immediate close: and so might a mother with a spoonful of laudanum put an end to the life of her infant, and save herself the trouble of bringing it up, and

the infant the trouble of living. But magazine authors have an affection for their offspring, as well as other people, and feel it a sacred duty to keep them alive as long as possible. And even this little bit of a digression has added some lines to the span of our bantling's life, as you see, without doing anybody any harm; and also shown you how easy a matter it is to get up a magazine story, nothing being necessary with a practiced writer but pen, ink and paper, a subject and sure pay. But to resume the thread of our story.

Cupid Smith had some kind of employment in Wall street. What it was we do not know; but it was a gentlemanly occupation which never soiled his hands, however much it might have soiled his thoughts; he was always dressed exceedingly well, a little within the extreme of the fashion, and was always at leisure of an evening. Consequently he was a valuable acquaintance to ladies of a certain age, and was always willing to devote his time to them, but he never manifested any particular desire to devote any money to their enjoyments. We have heard it said, but mind it is only what the newspapers call an *on dit*, that in passing by an ice-cream saloon with a lady on his arm, or a pair of them on his arms, he never could be induced by any sly hints or inuendoes to stop, but on the contrary was certain to quicken his pace and pretend to be in a great hurry to get home. Ladies are terrible scandalizers, and they will give a gentleman a worse name for refusing them a glass of ice-cream, than for breaking half the laws of the Decalogue; and we suspect that the ladies of Cupid's circle had told as many bad things of him as though he had been a downright Don Giovanni. And this might have been one reason why he had never succeeded in obtaining any



lady's hand. Probably he lost half a dozen fortunes for the sake of saving a shilling.

At last, however, Mr. Smith's great name-sake, the little God Cupid, in one of his freaks, directed the two Miss Prymsticks, or the two Misses Prymstick, we don't remember the fashionable way, to take up their residence for a couple of winter months, at the boarding-house where Mr. Smith lived. These two ladies were sisters; the eldest, Caroline, was probably forty—the younger, Charlotte, thirty-eight. They looked very much alike and were very much alike, and they were never more alike in anything than in liking Cupid Smith. "Hasn't he fine teeth, Caroline?" "Hasn't he beautiful hair, Charlotte?" they exclaimed together, after the first meeting. Mr. Smith quietly observed to a friend of his, "A pair of fine girls, the Miss Prymsticks. I wonder who they are?" It was an easy matter to learn exactly who they were; and Mr. Smith, very much to his satisfaction, learned that they were the orphan daughters of a jobbing grocer who had died some ten years before, and left them quite a little fortune, the interest of which enabled them to live very genteely in a cottage ornée at Bloomingdale, and to contribute largely to several missionary enterprises. We do not know that Mr. Smith actually redoubled his attentions to the two Miss Prymsticks after he received this information, but he was sufficiently attentive to them; and let people say what they please of his manners, we are knowing to the fact that he treated them to ice-creams at Thompson's twice in one month. And such is the power of love on the mere externals of our nature, supposing Mr. Smith to have been influenced by that tender passion, we do not hesitate to say that his hair assumed a darker hue and a glossier surface, and even his teeth shone with a preternatural brightness, after his acquaintance with

Caroline and Charlotte Prymstick. His eyes, it is true, remained about the same as they had been, but their sparkles were probably perceived by the two sisters: for our own part we wondered at their dullness considering the happy excitement under which he must have labored.

Things wore a very smiling, a very cheerful, and a very contented outside with Caroline and Charlotte Prymstick, and Cupid Smith, for two whole months, let the same things have been ever so much the reverse inside. It is a great thing to appear happy, even, for two months. Mr. Smith was no doubt a happy man every way. He felt morally sure that one of the sisters, and her fortune, would be his, when he made up his mind which one he would take; the only thing that he grieved about was the strictness of the laws which forbade polygamy, for he would have been too happy to espouse both of them, and take the care of their fortunes, poor things! The young ladies felt equally certain that one of them could have Mr. Smith; but as they could not, like him, make an election, they were in a state of feverish anxiety night after night, amounting almost to one of those terrible cases of madness which we meet with in novels. At one time the chances seemed in favor of Caroline, at another Cupid seemed to be pointing his arrows at Charlotte. But we leave our readers to judge of the feelings of hope and despair which alternately scourged the hearts of these amiable young ladies. We are sure that they can be much more easily imagined than described. Indeed, nothing can be more easy than to imagine such feelings, and nothing more difficult, in the way of description, than to describe them.

Not to interrupt the train of reflection too suddenly into which our reader has probably fallen, we will pause for a moment before entering on the second division of our story.

## CHAPTER II.

The blasts of winter had given way to the soft breath of spring; the hillocks of ice and snow, which had long impeded the progress of the traveler as he wended his way from Union Square to Wall street, had disappeared and left pools of mud at the crossings of the streets: cloaks had given place to shawls, and marabout leathers to crape roses; and many other

changes equally important had taken place, which we will omit, because we are only writing a magazine story, and not a novel like those by Mr. James and Mr. Simms. To be very brief, then, and comprehensible, it was spring, and the two Misses Prymstick had returned to Sweet-Brier Cottage without having received any intimation from Mr. Smith of

his inclinations or intentions, excepting in a very general manner. It is true that Miss Caroline thought that he had shown rather more tenderness towards her, and had pressed her hand at parting a little more warmly than he had done to her sister, but then Miss Charlotte thought exactly the same respecting herself. The truth of the matter was that he had not shown the least partiality, neither did he feel any. But as soon as he felt relieved of the witchery of his personal charms he began to settle his thoughts upon Charlotte Prymstick. It was something to be on this side of forty, even though the distance was so short. Mr. Smith was something the other side of that venerable period himself, and any young lady under it was quite a girl. Having once allowed himself to think of Charlotte apart from her sister, he was not long in arraying her in a thousand graces which Caroline did not possess. Her complexion was better, her teeth whiter, her form more perfect, her foot smaller, her voice sweeter, her mind more elevated, for Mr. Smith would talk of elevated minds in spite of Wall street, and, what was of more importance, she had the most love for him. But we who knew these young ladies, well knew that Mr. Smith was mistaken in all of these particulars. The only difference between these unfortunate sisters was that of age, and that was too little to care about. However, we did not know at the time what thoughts had taken possession of Mr. Smith's mind, and therefore we could not set him right in the matter. So he went on day after day, and night after night, stuffing himself and filling up all the pores of his capacious heart with thoughts of Charlotte Prymstick, until the image of the young lady completely occupied every part of his system. It was just such another marriage of souls as took place in the beginning of things, when the original Cupid and Miss Psyche made their most memorable and desirable match. At last, Mr. Smith being entirely possessed with the image of Miss Charlotte Prymstick, felt himself irresistibly impelled towards her by that secret influence which men are beginning to understand since they have begun to make researches and discoveries in the science of *Psydunamy*; and finding that it would be of no use to attempt to hold out longer, he sent word to the sisters that he would pay them a visit of a Saturday night and remain with them at Sweet-Brier Cottage until Monday morning; in-

tending to watch an opportunity of declaring his love to Miss Charlotte when she was alone, and, if she should reject him, to offer himself to her sister before they could have an opportunity to confer together.

The sisters were thrown into an indescribable tumult by Mr. Smith's message; and, as women always do on such occasions, immediately turned the house upside down, and had it scrubbed from garret to cellar; just as if Mr. Smith was going to inspect every closet and cupboard with his eye-glass. Then they began to inspect their jars of preserves, and fretted themselves into a high fever in trying to think of something suitable for dinner. All their proceedings were on the most extensive and lavish scale, and if it had been possible to eat gold it would have been offered to Cupid for his supper. But nature has so ordered things, for wise purposes we have no doubt, that high and low, rich and poor, the favored and the oppressed, the master and the slave, must all come down to the same level in receiving sustenance from the bounteous Giver of all good. The same air and water and bread necessary for the slave are also necessary for the master. We live upon neither eagles nor bank bills; and although it would not be utterly impossible, as we know from our historical reading, to swallow a pearl dissolved in vinegar, yet nobody would take such a potation in preference to pure water. In spite, therefore, of the Cleopatraish desires of the Misses Prymstick, when their Anthony made his appearance at Sweet-Brier Cottage they were forced to see him sit at their table and eat a slice of dry toast and drink a cup of weak tea, the whole of which could not have cost fivepence.

And they were so willing and so able to feed him upon gold, and dissolve pearls in his drink! Why, what a mortification is this! To sweat and toil, and sacrifice blessed nights and days to the getting of money and then not to be able to swallow a sixpence more than the happy healthy creature who has laughed at care and grown old without a dollar at interest. Never did their wealth seem so small in the eyes of the Misses Prymstick, as when they saw Cupid sitting at their table and felt the impotence of money to add in the smallest degree to his pleasures. Oh! it would have drawn tears from the eyes of John Jacob Astor to see them in their distress. Why, anybody

could have furnished such a supper as that to Mr. Smith. There is not a milliner in Division street who could not have done as much. What then was the use of their money? The use of it was that to its particular influence they were solely indebted for the company of Mr. Smith at all. But this they did not consider. Indeed, such are the magnetic influences of the precious metals, that people who possess any considerable quantity of those materials can never know what portion of their joys or woes is owing to their attractions; and the only way to test their true value and your own merits is to dispossess yourself of them after the manner of Timon. But these subtleties were quite beyond the Misses Prymstick. They were willing to credit all the attentions they received from Mr. Smith and from everybody else to their own personal attractions, and not to that worthless dross which in the commerce of the world is called money. And they are right for so doing. What could more effectually disgust an honest soul, and sicken it of the world, than to know it was surrounded by base parasites and worshipers of that idol, the love of which God himself has said is impossible with those who worship Him. Can it be a comfortable feeling to know you are surrounded by a rabble rout—like the lady in *Comus*—who are watching for a chance to prey upon you? And that the smiling looks and watchful eyes which are bent upon you are but the marks of sordid vice? No. The two sisters, therefore, hugged themselves in the faith that Mr. Smith was smitten by their personal

charms and the blandishments of their conversation.

We will not infringe upon the sacred privacy of Sweet-Brier and reveal to the world the conversation of the two sisters and Cupid Smith. The reader must have a dull imagination who cannot furnish for himself as much gentle talk and soft whispering as took place on that memorable Saturday night. Smith had wisely determined not to reveal his passion before the next day, fearing, perhaps, that when the sisters were left to themselves something might occur to mar his brilliant hopes; they left him, therefore, when they retired for the night, in the same sweetly uncertain state which they had now endured for almost half a year; and he retired to his couch with the same high hopes in his heart; the same bright mansions glittering in the smiling valleys of the Future; the same glossy brown hair on his head; and the same spotless porcelain glistening between his severed lips. But this life, as the Poet sings, is expressly given us for our illusion; and never, as after events proved, did three mortals so delude themselves with vain dreams as did Caroline and Charlotte Prymstick and Cupid Smith that eventful night.

Before we enter upon the exciting part of our story, a little time is essential for the recuperation of our own as well as our reader's nerves. Therefore we will close this chapter while the chief personages of our story are enjoying that repose which no hero however great, nor any reader however ardent, can afford to forego.

### CHAPTER III.

We have not before attended to one peculiarity of the Miss Prymsticks, which those two ladies held in common with the greater part of the sex who remain unmarried at a certain age; this, as may be imagined, was an excessive caution, in all affairs wherein the opposite sex was an actor, not by word, deed, or sign to cast the faintest shadow on the immaculate purity of their chaste reputation. Until the night that Mr. Smith favored them with his company, no man had ever rested his head upon a pillow in Sweet-Brier Cottage. They were, therefore, in a state of great excitement when, after retiring to the sleeping apartment they remembered that a man, or to use their own ex-

pression, "a gentleman," was sleeping under their roof, even though that gentleman was Cupid Smith. They had no fears of him—not the least in the world—but to make security doubly secure, they called Bridget the cook, and Ellen the chambermaid, and made them lie in the room adjoining their own; not content with this, they put Cupid himself in a little octagonal room on the first floor, which had a window opening out upon the lawn: still further, they waited until they thought he must be asleep and then barricaded his chamber door with the dining table and rocking-chair, and then closed their virgin eyes to dream, in sweet security, of brighter and happier days to

come; for the happiest of mortals are continually looking forward to still happier days in the future.

Smith stretched himself upon the downy bed which the tender sisters had prepared for his weary limbs, and courted sleep with all his power, anxious, no doubt, to revel in those dreams which his fancy would be sure to conjure up when his thoughts were disentangled from the grosser cares of the world. But sleep would not come at his call; the novelty of his situation, the closeness of the room, the excessive whiteness of the virgin linen in which he was wrapped, or some other cause, kept him staring wide awake; at last he grew so restless that he determined to rise and walk in the adjoining room until his nerves should be composed. His consternation was extreme when he tried the handle of his door and discovered that he was fastened into his room. The night was calm, the moon at the full and temptingly bright; so gently raising the window of his room he stepped out upon the lawn, and having on no other covering than his shirt, after two or three turns across the lawn he felt sufficiently refreshed to wish for his bed. But when he attempted to raise the window again, to his utter dismay he was unable to lift it an inch. It was secured by a self-acting spring which he had not perceived when he let it down. He tried and tried until the sweat began to run from him in streams. There he stood in the cold night air, the moon shining with intense brightness upon his bald head and giving it the appearance of one of those quicksilvered globes which are sometimes seen hanging in the parlors of very old-fashioned country taverns. Yes, the crown of Cupid Smith's head was as bald as the palm of his hand. We have kept this fact a profound secret until this moment, when we could do so no longer. Our reader will remember that we have alluded to the admiration of the Miss Prymsticks for Smith's fine head of hair. And their admiration was as good a proof of their æsthetical perception as though they had written an essay on the Apollo Belvidere. Winckleman, or Göthe, or Miss Fuller, or any other æsthetic writer might have admired Smith's wig. It was a very perfect one and he always kept it in the best order. Of course he took it off when he went to bed—which is more than every man can do with his hair—and that was the reason of his baldness. Since we have gone so

far as to divulge the secret of the wig, we might, perhaps, as well mention here a fact which must come to the reader's knowledge sooner or later: Smith also wore a complete set of false teeth, made of the most delicate porcelain, which, at the moment that he stood on the outside of the window trying to effect an entrance, were quietly reposing on the toilet-table of the Misses Prymstick's octagonal dressing-room, which was for the first time graced by such splendid ornaments. A ray of silvery light penetrating through one of the parted folds of the window drapery, fell upon them and gave them the appearance of spectral teeth. If we were to write page upon page we could never convey an impression to the reader's mind of Smith's feelings. Those who would know how he felt must try to imagine themselves in his situation. Having stopped a moment to consider what was best to be done, an icy chilliness succeeded to his feverish heat: gradually the wind began to rise and whistle sharply about his legs, rustling, in a very unpleasant manner, his exceedingly scant drapery. At first Smith resolved rather than expose himself to his chaste hostesses to make a bold venture and run off to town; but when he remembered that his teeth and hair were lying on the toilet-table of his sleeping-room a dizziness came over him and he gasped for breath. But he soon recovered. A man in his situation was not likely to be long lost in thought. There was but one alternative. He must get into the house by hook or by crook. Leaving the window of his sleeping-room, he tried all the other windows and doors, hoping to find one unfastened, but the Misses Prymstick were not the persons to leave a window unfastened. In gliding around the cottage, jumping over heds of flowers, and ever and anon scratching his legs against rose-bushes and treading upon nettles, he had restored the fever heat of his blood, and in spite of the wind the sweat began to drip from his body. Now he resolved to knock boldly at the front door of the cottage, but dreading to encounter the chaste sisters in his entrance, and fearful of alarming those tender virgins he concluded, just as he had laid his hand upon the knocker, that his only way was to wake one of the house-maids and bribe her to let him in without waking the sisters. A new difficulty now beset him. He didn't know where the servants slept, and he might disturb the sisters by mis-

take. But he had been a denizen of Wall street too long not to understand the science of chances, and making a slight algebraic calculation in his perplexed brain, he arrived at the conclusion that a little diamond-paned window which looked towards the rising sun must belong to the servants' apartment. So, gathering a handful of small pebbles he flung them against it, and was startled by the tremendous noise which they made, as they

rattled against the glass. He waited a few minutes, but there was no response, and growing impatient he threw up another handful of pebbles with still greater force. It was not long before Smith had the happiness to see the little casement open. His heart leaped with delight at the sight, but the next moment — what happened at the next moment, we shall refer to in the next and concluding chapter.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Although Smith capered about the grounds of Sweet-Brier as free from the suspicion of being observed as a young colt gamboling in a field of clover, and as little embarrassed by *mauvais honte* as by any unnecessary clothing, he was, nevertheless, closely watched by more eyes than Diana's, which shone as brightly upon him as though he had been her cherished Endymion. Some secret influence—perhaps the same that had bewitched the faculties of Cupid Smith—had also prevented Miss Charlotte Prymstick from closing an eye when she retired to her couch, and after tossing awhile and striving in vain to close her eyes in sleep, at last rose and seated herself at her window and gazed abstractedly at the moon. She had not sat long when she thought that she perceived the shadow of a man flitting across the lawn. She nearly swooned at the sight; but as it almost immediately vanished she imagined it was only the effect of her disturbed mind and hesitated to awaken her sister who had fallen into a sweet sleep. But as she sat with her heart beating terribly, her eyes soon encountered a sight that almost deprived her of reason. It was no shadow that she saw now, but a real man, and in a condition too that left her no room to doubt. But her horror was at its height when he cautiously approached the window where she was sitting and attempted to raise the sash of the one directly beneath. Too much terrified to utter a piercing scream, she rushed to the bedside of her sister and in a few hurried whispers informed her of what she had seen. Rushing from their apartment like startled fawns, (to be frank with the reader, we never saw a startled fawn, excepting the tame one in the Bowling Green, and are not positive that this simile is a just one, but as frightened young ladies are always compared to startled fawns, we think that

it must be,) they sought their sleeping servants in the adjoining apartment. Bridget and Ellen were soon awake; and on beholding the terrific spectacle which had alarmed their mistresses, they were less shocked though quite as much terrified as those two young ladies. Keeping themselves sufficiently removed from the window to escape observation they watched all the movements of Mr. Smith, and made up their minds that he was a lunatic who had escaped from the Asylum. They were confirmed in this opinion by observing that his head had been shaved, and his shirt they innocently believed to be a straight-jacket. Knowing that all the doors and windows were well secured, they felt under no apprehension of harm, and heroically resolved not to alarm their sleeping guest.

It so happened that the very window at which Smith flung his handful of pebbles was the one where the sisters and the two house-maids were huddled together watching his movements; and the second handful coming with such force as to make the sisters fearful of their glass, they persuaded Ellen to open the casement and ask the poor wretch what he wanted.

"Hlush! Hlush!" exclaimed the poor creature: "Ble clareful and don't wake le loung ladies. Clome down qulick and let me in for Hleaven slake; I'm plerishishling with cold. Don't be alarmed, its li Mr. Smith." Poor Cupid was hardly able to enunciate a word without his teeth, and not more than a quarter of what he said was understood by the young ladies.

The window was immediately closed again, and the ladies held a consultation, but before they could determine what to do, another shower of pebbles rattled against the glass, for Mr. Smith was growing dreadfully impatient, and had

begun to sneeze with a good deal of violence; the air was growing more keen and he trembled with the cold.

"I will fix the old wretch," said Bridget; and before either of the Miss Prymsticks could discover what she was doing, the unfeeling monster caught up a—"some-what"—and, as Cupid opened his mouth to entreat her to hurry down, she suddenly "let it drop thereupon!"

As the casement was closed again, they heard a smothered groan, but they saw no more of their troublesome visitor that night, and all went to bed laughing at Bridget's dexterity, and believing that

the poor maniac had made his way back to the Asylum, which was near by. But when they attempted to call their guest to breakfast the next morning, and saw his teeth and wig and clothes lying in the room, the whole truth flashed upon them like a stream of red hot lava.

And what became of Smith?

No sooner had he recovered from the shock of his unexpected shower-bath than he —

But we have already written enough for a magazine article, and must conclude Mr. Smith's adventures in the next number.

## THE ATHEIST WORLD-BUILDER.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

RESTING on a gentle knoll,  
Pondering o'er Thought's secret things,  
Turning inward to my soul,  
Followed I its wanderings.

In the West, Nepenthe's bower  
With its beauteous lines appeared,  
While its care-effacing power  
Came in breathings low and weird.

Soon I felt luxurious rest  
Draw Lethean curtains round,  
Burying in my quiet breast  
Thoughts, and griefs, and cares profound.

Then I earnest looked, and knew  
Power creative from me roll,  
Till of all that rose to view,  
I was centre—I was soul.

Orbs evolved, a shining train,  
Mounting outward through the sky,  
Till the evening's sapphire plain  
Lost its native azure dye—

Then a shoreless, radiant sea,  
Stretched beyond Thought's farthest verge,  
From whose deep Infinity  
Worlds on worlds I saw emerge.

Peopled was each springing sphere,  
Peopled with a sinless race,  
Hymning their unending year  
To the star-strung lyre of space.

Spotless, guiltless, deathless all,  
Worlds to me were naught but toys,—  
An eternal festival  
In their banquetings of joys.

When a soul to being woke  
 Life enwreathed its angel-brow,  
 And on glory's threshold spoke  
 Guardian words I cherish now.

How those memories round me fall!  
 Thoughts of seraph-feet that trod  
 Sweetly, softly musical  
 On their pathway up to God:

Up the starry steeps of light,  
 Sinless and unsullied throng,  
 Where the Holy made them bright,  
 And the Trusting were the strong.

Much I gloried that my power  
 In creation such as this  
 Gave Eternity a dower—  
 Rapturous Universe of bliss.

Then my thoughts were turned to Earth—  
 Sin-cursed Earth, where I was born—  
 And I wondered at its birth,  
 Till my wonder changed to scorn.

“Why this little leprous thing,  
 Filled with all that seemeth vile?  
 Could not Earth's Creator bring  
 Worlds that sin could not defile?”

“If I had this world to build  
 I would frame it better far—  
 Holy-living—glory-filled—  
 Like my own first circling star!”

But a crash of jarring spheres,  
 Rushing, battling, on the plain,  
 Hurlled me, 'mid a storm of fears,  
 To my native Zone again.

And my vision vanished all—  
 Vaunting centre—shoreless sea—  
 Peopled systems—glorious ball—  
 Back to unreal mystery.

Baubles they—each gilded globe—  
 Frailer than earth's friendships seem—  
 When the Real thrust its probe  
 To the axis of each dream.

It was Unbelief that bade  
 Finite Thought assume the God—  
 And my soul in darkness laid  
 Where grim spectres near me trod.

Then a ray of heavenly light  
 Flashed across my spirit's dream;  
 Stronger Faith's sublimest sight  
 Grew from that celestial gleam.

Saw I more than ever fair  
 This grand world whereon I tread,  
 Yet I had a struggle there,  
 For my Atheist was not dead.

And I fought, nor fought in vain,  
Till mine enemy I slew,—  
He that kept my soul in pain,  
Leading me dark valleys through.

Raising Doubts at Faith's fresh grave  
Pilgrim ghosts of seeming truth—  
Binding Reason, like a slave  
To the Actual, in her youth.

Then I cried—"How wise art THOU!  
All thy ways past finding out!  
Teach me at Thy feet to bow—  
Loving—nevermore to doubt!"

NEW YORK, August, 1846.

## EARLY NOTICES OF THE COPPER REGIONS.

BY A BUFFALONIAN.

A KNOWLEDGE of the existence of extensive mines of copper on the shores of Lake Superior, and in other localities in the north-western part of the United States, was obtained from the Indians, at a very early day, by the French Missionaries and traders who ventured among them.

Father Allouez, who established, in the year 1665, the first Jesuit Mission on Lake Superior, at La Pointe, near its western extremity, searched in vain, while on his way thither, for the celebrated mass of native copper of which he had heard from the "*Sauteurs*,"\* or people of the Saut. It does not appear that he was successful in his researches, although his route lay along the southern shore of the Lake, and in close proximity to some of the richest localities.

Father Hennepin says that in 1680, while on his voyage upon the Mississippi, the Indians showed him extensive mines of coal, lead and copper, but he does not designate the particular localities. He also mentions, in his account of De la Salle's last voyage, that several pieces of copper had been found in the sands of the Illinois river at low water.

The monk Guédeville, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "The Baron La Hontan," was at the Sault Ste. Marie in

1688, and says, in his description of Lake Superior, that upon that lake are found copper mines in abundance, of which the ore is so pure that there is no more than one-seventh loss.

In the beginning of the year 1700, M. d'Iberville having heard of a copper mine on Green River, a tributary of the St. Peters, directed M. Le Sueur to proceed to the country of the Sioux with twenty men, and take possession of the same. Le Sueur had discovered the mine in question in 1695, and is the first traveler that mentions the St. Peters river. He had also, in the same year, discovered a piece of copper weighing sixty pounds, on one of the branches of the Chippewa river.

He set out, with his companions, near the end of April, 1700, and ascended the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony. From thence he paddled up the St. Peters about forty leagues, where Green river joined it on the left. It was so named, because the earth which fell into it from the mines gave it that color. Having proceeded up the latter river about a league, their progress was arrested by ice, although it was not later in the season than the first of October. They were, consequently, compelled to construct a fort for their protection, which they

\* So called from their residence at the Falls of St. Mary. Some English authors have translated *Sauteurs* into *hoppers*! thereby losing sight of the origin of the name. Their native appellation was *Pawingouciouhak*, meaning *people of the Falls*, a name which Charlevoix says requires three breaths to pronounce in full.



named *Fort Huillier*, and remained there in winter quarters.

In the month of April following, they proceeded to the mines, which were less than a league from their fort, and in 22 days they raised over 30,000 pounds of ore, of which they sent 4,000 pounds of the best to France. The mine was opened at the base of a mountainous ridge, about ten leagues long, which appeared to be entirely composed of the same material. The earth from which they raised the ore was of a green color. The copper could be scraped with a knife, after first removing a kind of crust, hard as stone, and black and burnt like charcoal by the vapor which issued from the mine. A combination of circumstances, but principally the want of funds, prevented Le Sueur from further prosecuting this enterprise.

Father Charlevoix, the celebrated historian of New France, who traveled extensively along the Lakes, and their borders, in 1721, has left us some interesting notices of this mineral.

"The large pieces of copper," he observes, "which are found in some places on the shore of Lake Superior, and on some of the islands in the same lake, are the object of superstitious worship on the part of the Indians. They regard them with veneration, as presents from the gods who live under the water. They gather and carefully preserve the smallest fragments, without making any use of them. They say, that a long time since, there was a large rock of that material elevated above the surface of the Lake, and as it has entirely disappeared, they pretend that the gods have transported it elsewhere; but there is reason to believe that the waves, in the progress of time, have covered it with sand and mud. It is certain that this metal has been discovered in many places in large quantities, and under such favorable circumstances, as to save the necessity of much excavation.

"On my first voyage to this region," he continues, "I knew one of our Fathers who had been a goldsmith. He sought for the metal, and by reason of its almost pure state, easily manufactured it into crosses, chandeliers and censers."

Charlevoix also states, that copper had been found near the mouth of the River St. Croix, which empties into the eastern side of the Mississippi, a short distance below the St. Peters.

Alexander Henry, the Indian trader, in

the interesting narrative of his travels and adventures in the North-West, says that the Indians used to manufacture this metal into spoons and bracelets, it being so pure as to be readily beaten into shape. Henry visited the celebrated rock on the Ontonagan river in 1766, the weight of which he estimated at five tons. Such was its pure and malleable state, that he was able to cut off with an axe a portion weighing one hundred pounds. He conjectured that the mass had rolled from the side of a lofty hill, at the base of which it lay.

Henry passed the winter of 1767-'8 on the Island of Michipicoten. On his way thither, he found at Point Mamance a vein of lead ore, in the form of cubical crystals, and at other points, on the northern coast, he met with several veins of the gray copper ore. Near Nanibojou, on the eastern side of the Bay of Michipicoten, he found several pieces of virgin copper lying on the beach, many of which were remarkable for their form,—some resembling leaves of vegetables, and others animals, and weighing from an ounce to three pounds.

On an island near by, Indian tradition had located the sepulchre of *Nanibojou*, or the *Great Hare*, and his spirit was supposed to make that his constant residence, presiding over the Lake, and over the Indians in their navigation and fishing. Tobacco, kettles, broken guns, and other articles, were found deposited on the projecting rocks, as propitiatory offerings from the rude savage to this imaginary deity.

In the spring of 1768, Henry met with a Mr. Alexander Baxter, who had come out from England to examine the ores abounding in the country. Henry communicated to him his observations, and exhibited his specimens, and they soon laid the foundation of the first Mining Company of Lake Superior.

Henry passed the next winter at Michipicoten, and on his voyage thither encamped, as usual, on the island of Nanibojou. Having omitted the customary offerings to the presiding deity, they were visited by a furious storm, which detained them twelve days, and destroyed their nets. Having consumed all their provisions, they would have been in great danger of starvation, but for the timely discovery of some *tripe de roche*.

In the spring of 1770, Mr. Baxter, who had gone to England, returned, with the papers constituting Henry, Baxter, and a

Mr. Bostwick, joint agents and partners in a company of adventurers for working the mines of Lake Superior. Having constructed a sloop of 40 tons, they embarked early in May, 1771, from their ship-yard, at *Point aux Pins*, three leagues above the Sault, on the Canada shore. They steered first for the "*Island of Yellow Sands*," and landed on its beach, fully prepared to meet the guardians of the gold, and do battle with the serpents and demons, with which Indian superstition had peopled it. After a vain search for three days, no gold, nor even yellow sands, were found, and no demons nor serpents appeared. They then sailed for Nanibojou, on the shore of which the miners found several veins of copper and lead. Specimens having been procured, they returned to *Point aux Pins*, where they erected an air furnace, and assayed the ores. They found the lead ore contained silver, in the proportion of forty ounces to the ton; but the copper ore only a very small proportion. They subsequently crossed to *Point Iroquois*, on the American shore of the Lake, where Mr. Norburgh, a Russian gentleman, acquainted with metals, and holding a commission in the 60th Regiment, chanced to find a semi-transparent mineral substance, of a blue color, weighing eight pounds. This specimen he carried to England, where it yielded pure silver, at the rate of 60 per cent., and was deposited in the British Museum.

Our adventurers found no further indications of the metal until they reached the Ontonagan, where they discovered great quantities imbedded in stone. There they built a house, and sent to the Sault for provisions. They commenced their operations at a place where a stream of green-colored water, tinging iron a copper color, called by the miners "*a leader*," issued from the hill. In digging at this point, they frequently found masses of copper, some of which weighed three pounds.

Having left the miners with everything provided for their subsistence during the winter, the parties returned to the Sault. Early in the spring of 1772, a boat, loaded with provisions was dispatched to the miners, but it returned to the Sault on the 20th of June, bringing, to the great surprise of the agents, the whole establishment of miners. In the course of the winter they had penetrated forty feet into the hill, but when the first thaw came, the clay, which they had neglected to

support, settled into their drift, and put an end to their labors.

In the month of August following, the miners were transported to the northern side of the Lake. But little was done until the summer of 1773, when they penetrated thirty feet into the solid rock, which was blasted with great difficulty. The vein having thinned out from four feet to four inches, the work was discontinued; and after a fruitless exploration along the northern shore, as far as the River Pic, the sloop was sold, and the miners discharged.

The great distance from civilization, the difficulty of procuring and maintaining laborers, and the heavy expense of transporting the ore to market, induced the proprietors to abandon the enterprise.

Thus ended the labors of the first Company formed to work the mines of Lake Superior. The partners in England were his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Secretary Townsend, Sir Samuel Tutchett, Baronet, Mr. Baxter, Consul of the Empress of Russia, and Mr. Cruikshank. Those in America were Sir William Johnson, Alexander Henry, Mr. Bostwick, and Mr. Baxter. A charter was obtained in England for the company, but from the ill success of the enterprise was never taken from the seal office.

The failure of this attempt was alluded to by a Chippewa Chief from the Ontonagan river, who was present at a Council held under Governor Cass at Fond du Lac, in August, 1826. Speaking of the celebrated copper rock, he says: "It is the property of no one man. It belongs alike to us all. It was put there by the Great Spirit, and it is ours. In the life of my father, the British were engaged in working it. It was then about the size of that table, (pointing to the one at which the commissioners were seated.) They attempted to raise it to the top of the hill, and they failed. They then said the copper was not in the rock, but in the banks of the river. They dug for it, and while working under ground by candle-light, the earth fell in upon them, and killed three of their men. It was then abandoned, and no attempt has been made upon it until now."

It being generally supposed from Hennessee's statement, and other sources, that mines of copper existed on the banks of the Illinois, Mr. Patrick Kennedy, with a company of *coureurs de bois*, set out from Kaskaskias on the 23d day of July, 1773, with the design of discovering their local-

ity. They descended the Mississippi to the mouth of the Illinois, where they arrived on the 31st of the same month. They ascended the Illinois, and reached the "*Grand Rapids*" on the 10th of August, without finding any indications of the metal. Mr. Kennedy's journal, which is a rare work, contains an interesting account of this voyage. He saw numerous droves of deer and buffalo along the banks of the river, and was charmed with the prairies, groves and islands which diversified the scenery. On his return, he ascended Copperas Creek, a small stream which empties into the Illinois below Peoria, and searched, without success, for the ore along its banks.

Mr. Heame found pieces of copper in the Coppermine river in 1771, and mentions in his travels that it was in common use at that time for knives, trinkets, &c., among the Indians of that inclement region.

Captain Jonathan Carver, who visited Lake Superior in 1768, then predicted that "in future times an advantageous trade in copper would spring up; that the metal would be conveyed in canoes through the Falls of Ste. Marie, and from thence in larger vessels to the Falls of Niagara; and after being carried by land across the portage, would easily be transported to Quebec." The anticipations of that early traveler are about to be realized, though the ore will not seek a market in the precise route and manner indicated by him. American capital and enterprise have been directed to the subject, and making due allowance for much exaggeration, there can be little doubt, that many of the recent investments in mining operations will yield a handsome return of profits, and in a few years add a considerable amount to the commerce and wealth of the country.

#### TRANSLATORS OF HOMER.\*

"BELIER, mon ami, commencez par le commencement." As we are going to write about translations of Homer let us first get a clear idea of what translation, and more particularly *poetical* translation, is. Some of the popular notions on the subject are indirectly expressed in the following passage, from the writings of an eminent logician:

"A good translation of a poem (though perhaps, strictly speaking, what is so called is rather an *imitation*) ["and accordingly," adds the author, in a note, "it should be observed that, as all admit, none but a poet can be qualified to translate a poem"] is read, by one well acquainted with the original with equal or even superior pleasure to that which it affords one ignorant of that original, whereas the best translation of a prose work (at least of one not principally valued for beauty of style) will seldom be read by one familiar with the original."—*Whately's Rhetoric*, p. 334.

Under the head "*Fallacies*" in the Archbishop's *Logic* is mentioned, (p. 207,) that of *indirect assumption*; of which there are two or three palpable instances in the above extract. First of all we do most positively deny, from our own experience, that "the best translation of a prose work will seldom be read

by one familiar with the original." We have known men who read with pleasure Hobbes' Thucydides and the Oxford Tacitus, though fairly acquainted with the originals. To be sure a great deal lies in the parenthesis "at least of one not principally valued for beauty of style." A work is usually read either for its style or its matter; and he who reads it for matter alone will usually prefer consulting the original as the safest course, the best translators blundering occasionally. Some, who are intensely fond of original poetry, cannot abide any poetical translations at all; but it would hardly answer to generalize from their case.

But this by the way. Our main quarrel is with the assertions that none but a poet can translate poetry, and that good poetical translation is *imitation*. The first of these many receive as an axiom. Qualify it, and say that a poet's translation must be superior to that of any other man, and a still greater number will acquiesce in it. Yet we are slow to admit it even in this qualified form. There are, it is true, some strong plausibilities against us. We naturally admit, it may be said, that to translate a prose work well one must write good prose; why should not the same rule hold good in the case of poetry? Then the facts of

\* Homer's Iliad. Translated by William Munford. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846.

the case are against us. Great poets are usually great translators. There is Pope, and Byron, and Shelley, and Coleridge, &c. But let us see how these positions will bear examination.

In what sense is a good translator of prose a good prose-writer? Must a man be a great historian to translate Thucydides well? Or a great novelist to translate Balzac well? Hardly. When we say that our translator is a good prose-writer we mean that he has a good prose style. Correspondingly then, a good translator of poetry must have a good poetic style, *i. e.* poetic manner; between which and poetic matter there is no necessary connection. Poetry consists in two things, the idea and the expression. Now a man may have great facility of poetic expression, and that even in a foreign tongue, without the power of originating a single poetic idea. There are plenty of young men in England who will paraphrase Burns and Shakspeare into Latin and Greek verses scarcely to be surpassed for elegance by anything in Ovid or Euripides. On the other hand poetic ideas may exist conjointly with a very limited power of poetic expression, as in the case of Miss Barrett. To form a great poet both are required; to form a poet at all the latter alone is insufficient.

Next let us see how many of the best translators of poetry have been poets. And here be it observed, by way of caveat, that as translation is an inferior department of literature, the translations of one who has already acquired a poetical reputation will derive an adventitious celebrity from his original works. They will be read as part of his poetry, and thus become better known than the pro-

ductions of one who is no poet. E. g. supposing Chapman's Iliad to be better than Pope's, still Pope's will always be more generally read, because Pope as a poet was infinitely above Chapman. Coleridge's Wallenstein is universally admired in England and generally praised in Germany. Byron translated very well. Shelley with much spirit, though very inaccurately. Leigh Hunt very well. Wilson particularly well. Pope's imitation of Homer we shall waive considering for the present. Among ourselves Halleck and Longfellow are good translators. So stands the case against us.\* Now for the other side. Old Chapman was no poet. Neither is "Young Chapman," the only man who has any idea of putting Æschylus into English verse, and the best English translator of Theocritus (which last commendation, by the way, is no very exalted panegyric). Elton has never been guilty of original poetry, but his Specimens from the Classics are some of the best translations extant.† Equally innocent is Carlyle, whose versions of German ballads, extracts from the Niebelungen Lied, &c., are not to be surpassed. Ayton (better known under the pseudonym of *Bon Gualtier*) is a more doubtful case. He is an inexhaustible writer of parodies, and his one serious poem, *Hermotimus*, is a work of much promise. Yet no one would call him a great poet; and no one who has read Blackwood's Anthological articles can help calling him a great translator.

But here our facts may be impugned, and we come to our remaining point of difference with Whateley, the fundamental question, indeed, of all; *What is translation?*

\* For obvious reasons we confine ourselves to English translators.

† In support of this assertion we request particular attention to his translation of that noble passage in the *Peleus* and *Thetis* of Catullus, beginning

"At parte ex alia florens volitabat Iacchus," &c.

"But in another part Iacchus, flush'd  
With bloom of youth, came flying from above  
With choirs of Satyrs and Sileni born  
In Indian Nyse: seeking thee he came,  
Oh Ariadne! with thy love inflamed.  
They, blithe, from every side came revelling on  
Distracted with jocund madness; with a burst  
Of Bacchic outcries and with tossing heads.  
Some shook their ivy-shrouded spears; and some  
From hand to hand in wild and fitful feast  
Snatch'd a torn heifer's limbs: some girt themselves  
With twisted serpents: others bore along  
In hollow arks the mysteries of the God,  
Mysteries to uninitiated ear  
In silence wrapt. On timbrels others smote  
With tapering hands, or front smooth orbs of brass  
Clank'd shrill a tinkling sound; and many blew  
The horn's hoarse blare, and the barbaric pipe  
Bray'd harsh upon the ear its dinning tune."

Ten years ago we remember, at New Haven, they had a system they called literal translation; which consisted in rendering every separate word by its primitive dictionary meaning, making, in reality, as complete "Dog English" as the oft-quoted *verte canem ex* is "Dog Latin." There is extant a Boston translation of the Tusculan Questions on this principle which is well worth borrowing, to see what impracticable jargon may be written with English words. There are also some English attempts upon German philosophical works which are prime specimens of this lingo, particularly Dobson's *perversion* of Schleiermacher. The other extreme is where the translator only takes his author for a guide, and interweaves new ideas or casts out old ones in accordance with his fancy or compliance with his metrical inability. The English scholars already alluded to aim only at producing elegant Latin and Greek verses, bearing some resemblance to the English ones on which they are founded. It would sometimes be rather puzzling to re-translate these elaborate performances, as for instance, when Ben Jonson's "Tempering his greatness with his gravity" is expressed by

σέβας τε πάντας ἡμελῶς ἐπράξατο.

A line which it requires a tolerable Greek scholar to comprehend. That a translator has unlimited license in this way will hardly be maintained. Few, for example, would call Marlowe's *Sestiad* a translation of Musæus' *Sestiad*. When Mitchell expands two lines of Aristophanes into three or four verses and a chorus, the boldest would hesitate to call his paraphrase a translation. But literal word-for-word rendering is absurd in prose and (happily) impossible in verse.

Where then is the medium? What is to be our definition of translation, as distinguished from paraphrase on the one hand and school-boy construing on the other? The best we can find is Arnold's, viz., *Giving Equivalents*. How will the popular notion square with this? Is Pope's

"While scarce the swains their feeding  
flocks survey,  
Lost and confused amidst the thickening  
day

an equivalent to Homer's

τίσσαν τις εἴς τ' ἐπιλυσσέας ὄσον εἴ ἐπὶ λῶαν  
ἦσαν?

Is Chapman's

"Well, but not wisely, loved a cruel maid"

(involving as it does a choice bit of Shakspeare) an equivalent to Theocritus' ἀσπνία ἔρχεν ἐτραίαν? Is Taylor's

"Tramp, tramp along the land they rode,  
Splash, splash along the sea,"

an equivalent to Burger's

"Hurra, hurra, hop, hop, hop,  
Gings fort am sansenden galop!"

In this last instance the imitation is admitted by both English and Germans to surpass the original. It is *more than an equivalent*, but on that very account not a translation.

Let us look at the question in another point of view. If imitation is translation then imitators are plagiarists. Take any case of imitation, e. g. Homer's description of Olympus,

«ὄθι φασὶ θεῶν ἕδος ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ  
ἔμμεναι· οὔτ' ἀνέμοισι τινάσσεσθαι, οὔτε  
πτορ' ὄμβρῳ  
δούεσθαι οὔτε χιῶν ἐπιπλυνάσθαι· ἀλλὰ  
μάλ' αἰθέρῃ  
πέπταται ἀνέφελος, λευκὴ δ' ἐπιδέδρο-  
μεν αἴγλην.»

Thus imitated by Lucretius,

"Apparet divūm numen ædesque qui-  
etæ  
Quas neque concutiunt venti, nec nubila  
nimbis  
Aspergunt, neque nix acri concreta pru-  
ina  
Cana cadens violat; semper innubilus  
æther  
Integer et largè diffuso lumine ridet."

And by Tennyson,

"I am going a long way  
To the island-valley of Avilion,  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Or ever wind blows loudly, but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard  
lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with sum-  
mer sea."

Would any one accuse Lucretius and Tennyson of plagiarizing from Homer? Yet if imitation be translation, they can scarcely help being obnoxious to the charge. Let us take an ardent admirer and accurate critic of poetry, who is master of both his languages and has the facility of versifying and command of metre acquired by much poetic read-

ing and study. It is quite possible for a man to possess all these qualities in a high degree without a single spark of that imagination which is the primary idea implied in (*connoted by*, as the Logicians would say) the term *poet*. Such a man, we contend, has all the requisites for a translator of poetry. He understands how to make the dress, and the figure is given him complete. In some respects he is even better qualified than a poet, for there is no fear of his trying to improve on his original as Pope was tempted to deal with Homer.

We have been thus particular in explaining ourselves, because it is an indispensable preliminary to the comparison of different translations that we should have a clear idea of what the excellence of a translation consists in. According to the popular notion *verse* translations are to be estimated by their merits as poems in their own vernacular; and that is the best translation which would be the best original poem if its original did not exist. According to our theory, (which is that of Cowper, Elton, Carlyle, and we may add Wilson, in spite of the praise he has on one occasion bestowed upon Pope's Homer,) every translation must be rigorously compared with its original, and that is the best translation which would give a man ignorant of the original language the best idea of what the original is like.

Homer was the bible of his countrymen for several centuries: he has since been the admiration of the civilized world. It was most natural that many attempts should be made to re-produce him in modern languages. In this respect the Germans have been fortunate. If the English have not, it has not been for want of trying.

The complete translations of Homer best known are Chapman's, Pope's, Cowper's and Sotheby's. Besides these are Ogilby's and Hobbes', an Ossianic prose translation by Marpherson, and the more recent versions of Morrice (?) and Brandreth in blank verse. Of partial translations from one book to ten, the number is very considerable. A friend recently enumerated to us eleven, to which we were able to add five, and there is little doubt that the list might be still further extended. We have now in Munford's *Iliad* an American edition to the roll of competitors.

Chapman's (1600) was the first com-

plete translation. (Hale had published, nineteen years previously, the first ten books in *Alexandrides*, a translation of a translation.) After the appearance of Pope's Homer he lay unjustly in the shade for some time. He was restored to notice partly by the New School who favored irregular versification, partly by a very different style of critic, Wilson. Since then it has been fashionable to exalt him immeasurably above Pope, and extol him as the prince of translators. To do this is to talk very wildly: a cursory examination will show that his translation has serious defects. The most obvious is his breaking up the even flow of Homer's versification by constantly running his lines into one another. Now if there is any distinctive feature of Hexameter verse it is the full, rounded close of each line; to which Chapman pays no more heed than if he were translating the Horatian *Alcaic* or any other continuous stanza. His interpolations, too, are sometimes very annoying. On no point do Chapman's admirers lay greater stress than his fidelity as a translator; yet he has taken as great liberties with his author in *his* way, as Pope in *his*. Most of these additions may be brought under one head—forced conceit. Conceit was the vice of that time. Thus Marlowe's *Sestiad*, an exceedingly beautiful and luscious poem, is so disfigured by the quaintnesses in its first fifty lines that most readers are killed off there and unable to go further. The blemishes of a similar kind in Shakespeare are familiar to all. On opening Chapman at random (in the 5th book) we find examples of this on either page. "Who taking chariot, took his wound," and "bowed his knees to death and sacrificed to earth." All through Cooke Taylor's edition, which carefully discriminates the added matter, we find at the bottom of almost every page notes like these: "Not in the original." "This play on words is Chapman's, not Homer's." "No warranty for this expression in the original," &c. Other additions he makes for the sake of explanation, e. g., in describing the sacrifice in the 3d book.

"The true vows of the Gods (term'd theirs since made before their eyes.)"

"with which away he cut  
The wool from both fronts of the lambs  
which (as a rite in use

Of execration to their heads that brake the  
plighted truce)  
The heralds of both hosts did give the  
peers of both."

Where the words within parentheses are entirely his own. Some of his *expansions* such as Ἄϊδης (the Unseeing) into "that invisible cave that no light comforts," are more admissible as they help to bring out fully the author's meaning. Yet even these are too paraphrastic to please us.

But Chapman has also some great merits as a translator. In the first place he has hit upon the only English metre which will suit all parts of Homer. For though some passages may be *transfused* into blank verse as Elton has shown, what blank verse or what Iambic rhyme can adequately express the Descent of Poseidon, or such dancing verses as these?

"ἀλλ' ἂν' ἐμῶν ὀχέων ἐπιβήσοο ὄφρα  
ἴδῃαι  
οἳ τρώϊοι ἵπποι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίοιο  
κραιπνὰ μάλ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διώκεμεν ἥδε  
φρέσσειν."

Well rendered by Chapman,

"Come, then, ascend to me,  
That thou may'st try our Trojan horse,  
how skill'd in field they be,  
And in pursuing those that fly, or flying  
when pursued,  
How excellent they are of foot."

Except that τρώϊοι ἵπποι means "the Horses of Tros," not "Trojan Horses."

Next he expresses with much accuracy and felicity the Homeric epithets. Pope seems to have thought that because these epithets were constant, it was allowable, nay, preferable, to omit them, as they had lost their original definiteness. Now in some extreme cases this is true, e. g., φίλος comes to be simply equivalent to the possessive pronoun; but in general these adjectives give precision as well as beauty. In the English ballads "England is always Merrie England, Douglas always the Doughty Douglas; all the gold is red and all the ladies are gay." What should we think of a German translator who omitted these picturesque epithets?

Again, whatever freedom Chapman may have used in other places, he always in his similes follows Homer as closely as possible, laboring to carry all

his points of comparison without adding any others. Ever and anon, too, amid his broken verse we come across a magnificently swelling line equal to Pope in harmony and superior to Cowper in fidelity.

Many of Chapman's expressions are now obsolete; on which account, as well as that already mentioned, Cooke Taylor's edition of him is very valuable, as it contains a full explanation of all those words which would be likely to perplex an ordinary reader.

Ogilby's work was published with much splendor for that day, and adorned with elaborate engravings of belligerents curiously out of drawing. It is a rare book, not on account of its merits. There are a few copies in this city, but we have not been able to lay hands on one, which is no severe disappointment to ourselves or great loss to our readers.

Hobbes was past seventy when he began to learn Greek. Nevertheless his Thucydides is the best translation extant, not merely for forcible English, but for actual scholarship and comprehension of that very difficult author. But his Iliad reads like a Burlesque. It is as if he had really taken pains to vulgarize it. For instance, Zeus thus addresses the assembled gods;

"You Gods all and you Goddesses, *d'ye hear?*"

and the confirmation of his oath to Thetis is thus ludicrously narrated:

"This said with his black brows to her he nodded,

Wherewith display'd was his face divine,

Olympus shook at stirring of his godhead,  
And Thetis from him jumped into the brine."

His Odyssey is rather better.

Pope's Homer was extravagantly praised in its day, and by a natural re-action extravagantly disparaged since. Pope was a poet, and a great poet: whoever says he was not is simply an ass. We saw it coolly stated in print not long ago that "nothing could be worse than his translation of Homer." The individual who could make such an assertion deliberately should be condemned to read Sotheby and Munford straight through. The great merit of Pope's Homer is the perfect structure of his verse: its great defect, his utter misunderstanding or willful perversion of nearly all the similes.

Cowper, though "among the warmest admirers of Mr. Pope as an original writer," could not be satisfied with him as a translator. His own version is one of the closest possible. He pays great attention to the similes, the epithets, and what we may call the *refrain lines*. He presents Homer in all his simplicity, and nearly all his strength, but with scarcely a vestige of his harmony. For though sometimes successful in the onomatopœic lines, he is generally dry and unmelodious to a painful degree; for which reason his translation, excellent as it is in many respects, can never be popular.

The editor of the Knickerbocker will be glad to hear that Sotheby's translation has been published—some twelve years ago. It professed to combine Pope's elegance with Cowper's accuracy. How far this attempt was successful the reader shall have full opportunity of judging.

The same object was aimed at by William Munford, a Virginian, whose *Iliad* has been recently published; only he wrote in blank verse and Sotheby in rhyme. That a man should begin to translate Homer without having ever heard of Cowper's version is astonishing; that Munford should consider his own version superior to Cowper's is still more surprising. A translation of the *Iliad* into blank verse, at once accurate and harmonious, is not quite an impossibility, but it is by no means *εὖ εὐχόμενος*. Tennyson could achieve one, were it possible to wake him up out of cloud-land and inspire him with ordinary energy. Elton possibly might. We should be slow to trust any other man living, or that has lived for some time. Munford's performance is just such a one as any educated man might execute who would take the trouble; and has no possible value as an addition to the already existing stock of Homeric literature. Appended to it are various stale, stupid, common-place, congregational-country-parson-ish notes. Here, for example, is an original and brilliant one, containing some *recherché* information.

———"Priam's spurious son.

"The morality of ancient times was very

loose, in relation to indulgence with women. The kings and heroes had many concubines as well as wives. The Christian religion alone introduced, and enforced, by awful sanctions, a system of purity in this respect."

To prove our words we proceed to put Munford to the test—severe indeed, but one challenged by every new translator—of comparison with his predecessors. And we begin with

#### CHRYSES' PRAYER AND APOLLO'S VENGEFUL DESCENT.

"Ὠς ἔφαρ'· ἑδδασέν δ' ὁ γέγων, καὶ ἐστὶ  
θετο μῦθον. κ. τ. λ.—Lib. I. 33—49.

#### LITERAL VERSION.

Thus spake he: the old man feared and obeyed his word. And went silently along the shore of the loud-resounding sea. Then going apart the aged man prayed much to King Apollo, whom fair-haired Leto bore.

Hear me, God of the silver bow, who art wont to protect† Chrysa, and Cilla the divine, and who rulest with might over Tenedos; Smintheus! if ever I have built thy temple agreeably to thee,‡ or ever consumed to thee the fat thighs of bulls and goats, fulfil this my desire. May the Greeks atone for my tears by means of thy arrows.

Thus spake he praying: him Phœbus Apollo heard. And descended the heights of Olympus angry at heart; having upon his shoulders his bow and completely-covered quiver. And the arrows clashed on the shoulders of him enraged, as he moved. So he went on like the night. Then he sat apart from the ships and dispatched an arrow. And terrible was the clang of the silver bow.

#### CHAPMAN.

This said, the sea-beat shore  
(Obeying his high will) the priest trod off  
with haste and fear;  
And walking silent, till he left far-off his  
enemies' ear,  
Phœbus, fair-hair'd Latona's son, he stirr'd  
up with a vow  
To this stern purpose: Hear, thou God  
that bear'st the silver bow,  
That Chrysa guard'st, rul'st Tenedos with  
strong hand, and the round  
Of Cilla most divine dost walk;—O Smin-  
theus! if crown'd

\* If you prefer the Reuchlinian pronunciation *pōlissivēeo* you must translate "the many rippled sea."

† Primarily "walk about" Hence "guard."

‡ All the translators have misunderstood *ἐστὶ νηὶν ἔργα*.



With thankful offerings thy rich fane I  
 ever saw, or fired  
 Fat thighs of oxen and of goats to thee,  
 this grace desired  
 Vouchsafe to me: pains for my tears, let  
 these rude Greeks repay,  
 Forced with thy arrows. Thus he pray'd,  
 and Phœbus heard him pray;  
 And vex'd at heart, down from the tops of  
 steep heaven stoop'd; his bow  
 And quiver cover'd round, his hands did  
 on his shoulders throw;  
 And of the angry deity the arrows as he  
 moved  
 Rattled about him. Like the night he  
 ranged the host, and rowed  
 (Apart the fleet set) terribly: with his  
 hard-loosing hand  
 His silver bow twang'd.

This is not a favorable specimen. The  
 best lines of the original are cut up and  
 stowed away in odd corners of different  
 verses. "Hard-loosing hand," is a forcible  
 epithet, but "not in the original." All  
 we can find to commend here is,  
 "Thus he prayed and Phœbus heard him  
 pray," and "the round dost walk" for  
 ἀμφὶ βέβηκας.

## POPE.

The trembling priest along the shore  
 return'd,  
 And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.  
 Disconsolate, not daring to complain,  
 Silent he wander'd by the sounding main:  
 Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,  
 The god who darts around the world his  
 rays.

"Oh Smintheus! sprung from fair La-  
 tona's line,  
 Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,  
 Thou source of light! whom Tenedos  
 adores,  
 And whose bright presence gilds thy  
 Chrysa's shores:  
 If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred  
 fane,  
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;  
 God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,  
 Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks de-  
 stroy."

Thus Chryses pray'd: the favouring  
 power attends,  
 And from Olympus' lofty top descends.  
*Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to*  
*wound,*  
*Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts re-*  
*sound.*  
 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he  
 spread.  
 And gloomy darkness rolled around his  
 head  
 The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly  
 bow,  
 And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.

Here the second, third, and sixth lines  
 are utterly redundant. The brief com-  
 parison of Phœbus' approach is amplified  
 much to its injury. The italicized cou-  
 plet is a grand one, though the first line  
 is too much written for the second, as is  
 often the case in Pope's best couplets.  
 The numerous additions and alterations  
 it is needless to particularize more mi-  
 nutely.

## COWPER

He spake, the old priest trembled and  
 obey'd.  
 Forlorn he roamed the ocean's sounding  
 shore,  
 And, solitary, with much prayer his King  
 Bright-hair'd Latona's son, Phœbus, im-  
 plored.

God of the silver bow, who with thy  
 power  
 Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st su-  
 preme  
 In Tenedos and Cilla the divine,  
 Sminthian Apollo! If I e'er adorn'd  
 Thy beauteous fane, or on thy altar burn'd  
 The fat acceptable of bull's or goats,  
 Grant my petition. With thy shafts avenge  
 On the Achaian host thy servant's tears.

Such prayer he made, and it was heard.

The God,

Down from Olympus with his *radiant* bow  
 And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung,  
 Marched in his anger; shaken as he moved  
 His rattling arrows told of his approach.  
 Gloomy he came as night; sat from the  
 ships  
 Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the  
 cord  
 Dread sounding, bounding on the silver  
 bow.

Very close throughout. *Radiant* is  
 almost the only word unwarranted by the  
 original. "Full" is not correct for  
 ἀμυνησπέτα. "Encirclest Chrysa" is good.  
 The second line, with its succession of  
 open O's is very sonorous; probably the  
 most successful attempt ever made to  
 express the famous original.

Now let us have

## HOBBS

(Just for the fun of the thing.)

Frighted with this away the old man went,  
 And often as he walk'd on the sand,  
 His prayers to Apollo up he sent,  
 Hear me Apollo with thy bow in hand,  
 That honor'd art in Tenedos and Chryse,  
 And unto whom Cilla great honor bears,  
 If thou accepted hast my sacrifice,  
 Pay th' Argives with thy arrows for my  
 tears.  
 His prayer was granted by the deity.

Who with his silver bow and arrow  
 keen  
 Descended from Olympus silently  
 In likeness of the sable night unseen.  
 His bow and quiver both behind him hang,  
 The arrows *chink* as often as he *jogs* (!)  
 And as he shot the bow was heard to twang.  
 How cleverly he spoils or omits every  
 single point in the original! We give  
 also, as a curiosity, a specimen of

## MACPHERSON.

He, *frowning*, spoke; the old man feared  
 and shrunk from his high commands. *Sad*,  
 silent, *slow*, he took his way, along the  
 wide resounding main. *Apart and distant*  
 from the host, he poured his *mournful*  
 soul in prayer: he poured it forth to bow-  
 yer Phœbus, whom the long-haired Latona  
 bore.

Hear, bearer of the splendid bow!  
 Guardian of Chrysa, of Cilla, the divine!  
 Thou that o'er Tenedos reign'st with fame!  
 O Smintheus, hear my prayer! If ever  
 with wreaths I adorned, O Phœbus! thy  
 beauteous fane: if ever thine altars smoked  
 with offerings—from the flocks and herds  
 of Chryses: *if me thou regardest in aught*,  
 O Phœbus, hear my prayer! Punish  
 Greece for these tears of mine. Send thy  
 deadly arrow abroad.

He, praying, spoke. Apollo heard. He  
 descended, from heaven, enraged in soul.  
 On his shoulders his bow is hung: His  
 quiver filled with deadly shafts! which  
 harshly rattled, as he strode in his wrath.  
 Like night he is borne along: then darkly  
 sitting, apart from the host, he sends an  
 arrow abroad. The bright bow emits a  
 dreadful sound, as the shaft flies, *unseen*,  
 from the string.

Macpherson pretends to be quite liter-  
 al, but is sufficiently diffuse, as the su-  
 perfluous words which we have italicized  
 in the above extract show.

## SOTHEBY.

Hoar Chryses shuddering back his footstep  
 bent,  
 And by the sounding deep in silence went.  
 Till far apart the hapless father pray'd,  
 And thus invoked Apollo's vengeful aid—  
 "God of the silver bow whose sovereign  
 sway  
 Thy Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obey,  
 If e'er I wreathed thy splendid shrine, or  
 fed  
 Thy altars flaming as the victims bled,  
 Loose thy avenging shafts, bid Greece  
 repay  
 Tears of a father turned in scorn away!"  
 Thus Chryses pray'd: his prayer Apollo  
 heard,  
 And heavenly vengeance kindled at the  
 word.

He from Olympus' brow in fury bore  
 His bow and quiver's death-denouncing  
 store.

The arrows rattling round his viewless  
 flight

Clang'd as the God descended dark as night.  
 Then Phœbus stay'd, and from the fleet  
 apart

Launch'd on the host the inevitable dart,  
 And ever as he wing'd the shaft below  
 Dire was the twanging of the silver bow.

The fourth line is tame; the tenth line  
 strong and harmonious; neither of them  
 answer to anything in the original. The  
 twelfth is in the style of Pope's very  
 worst interpolations. The penultimate  
 line is evidently written for the couplet,  
 after the Popian precedent. "Inevita-  
 ble" and "death-denouncing" which are  
 meant to be *strengthening* epithets have  
 the very opposite effect.

## MUNFORD.

The old man trembled, and his word obey'd.  
 Silent he went, along the sounding shore  
 Of loudly-roaring ocean; but, at length,  
 Remote, he fervently implored the king  
 Apollo, whom bright-hair'd Latona bore.  
 Hear me, O thou, with silver bow adorn'd  
 Who guardest Chrysa with thy power  
 divine,

And heavenly Cilla! King of Tenedos,  
 Great Smintheus, hear! If ever I have  
 crown'd  
 Thy honor'd fane with wreaths, or ever  
 burn'd

The fatted thighs of bulls or goats to thee;  
 I pray thee now, accomplish my request!  
 By thy avenging arrows may the Greeks,  
 For these my tears, atone! So pray'd the  
 priest,

And dread Apollo heard him. And he, in  
 wrath,  
 Descended from Olympus' lofty cliffs,  
 Arm'd with his bow, and quiver well en-  
 cased.

His fatal arrows rattled, threatening death,  
 As fiercely he approach'd; and, dark as  
 night,

He came, *terrific*. From Achaia's fleet  
 Apart, his stand he took, and sent his shaft.  
 Shrill twang'd, with direful clang, the sil-  
 ver bow.

There is nothing particularly bad in  
 this version (except the peculiarly en-  
 feebling introduction of "*terrific*," nor  
 anything particularly good. Its proper  
 designation is *ordinary*. It is precisely  
 the sort of translation that nine out of ten  
 readers of Homer would have the ability  
 to write and the good sense not to pub-  
 lish.

Our next selection shall be

## THE GRECIAN MUSTER.

Ἦϊες ἰδὲ δῖον ἄλῳ, x. ε. λ.

Lib. II. 455—473.

## LITERAL VERSION.

As a destructive fire consumes an immense wood, on the peaks of a mountain, and the blaze is conspicuous from afar, so as they marched, the all-glittering gleam from their admirable armor went up through the firmament to heaven.

And as the many tribes of winged birds, geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans, in the meadow of Asius, around the streams of Cayster, fly hither and thither upborne, exulting on their wings, and the meadow resounds as they light-down-one-after-another. So of them the many tribes from the ships and tents poured forth into the Scamandrian plain, while the ground echoed terribly under the feet of themselves and their horses. So they stood in the flowery meadow of Scamander, innumerable, as many as the leaves and flowers grow in spring.

As are the many tribes of thickly-congregated flies which hover about the shepherd's fold in the spring season, when also milk moistens the pails; so many stood in the plain the long-haired Greeks against the Trojans, longing to destroy them utterly.

## CHAPMAN.

And as a fire upon  
A huge wood, on the heights of hills, that  
far off hurls his light,  
So the divine brass shined on these, thus  
thrusting on for fight:  
Their splendor through the air reach'd  
heaven: and as about the flood  
Caïster, in an Asian mead, flocks of the  
airy brood,  
Cranes, geese, or long-necked swans, here,  
there, proud of their pinions fly,  
And in their falls lay out such throats, that  
with their spiritfûl cry  
The meadow shrieks again; so here, these  
many nation'd men,  
Flow'd over the Scamandrian field, from  
tents and ships: the din  
Was dreadful, that the feet of men and  
horse beat out of earth.  
And in the flourishing mead they stood,  
thick as the odorous birth  
Of flowers, or leaves bred in the spring: or  
thick as swarms of flies  
Throng then to sheep-cotes, when each  
swarm his erring wing applies  
To milk dew'd on the milk-maid's pails:  
all eagerly disposed  
To give to ruin the Ilians.

The first two similes are most accurately rendered, δῖον ἄλῳ is the only omission; "spiritful" and "odorous" the

only insertions. Some of the expressions are highly picturesque—"Far off hurls his light;" "*Flow'd over* the Scamandrian plain," "*The din beat out of earth.*" The third simile Chapman has closed off in a hurry and injured by over-compression.

## POPE.

As on some mountain, through the lofty  
grove,  
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze  
above;  
The fires expanding as the winds arise,  
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the  
skies:  
So from the polish'd arma, and brazen  
shields,  
A gleamy splendor flashed along the fields.  
Not less their number than the embodied  
cranes,  
Or milk-white swans in Asius' watery  
plains,  
That o'er the windings of Cayster's springs  
Stretch their long necks, and clap their  
rustling wings,  
Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds;  
Now light with noise: with noise the field  
resounds.  
Thus numerous and confused, extending  
wide,  
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery  
side;  
With rushing troops the plains are covered  
o'er,  
*And thundering footsteps shake the sound-  
ing shore.*  
Along the river's level meads they stand,  
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the  
land,  
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects  
play,  
*The wandering nation of a summer's day,*  
That, drawn by milky streams, at evening  
hours,  
In gather'd swarms surround the rural  
bowers;  
From pail to pail with busy murmur run  
The gilded legions, glittering in the sun.  
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squad-  
rons stood  
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.

The first simile is here utterly misunderstood and misrepresented. Homer compares the sudden flash of armor to the immediate effect of a distant blaze. Pope gives us a gradual conflagration, and thus precisely destroys the point of comparison.

In regard to the second, though not agreeing with Taylor, "that Homer's design was to describe confusion of movement rather than confusion of sound," for we think it evident that both

are represented; we must admit with him that Pope's epithet "embodied" is introduced "with more than usual infelicity." One of the most prominent ideas in the original is the *successive* lighting of the birds, which Pope has entirely overlooked.

The simile of the flies Chapman takes as alluding to the *numbers* of the Greeks. We think him right. His editor refers it to their *eagerness for fight*, Pope seems to understand it of their *appearance*; on which Taylor justly observes that "the flies that swarm round milk-pails are remarkable for anything rather than their glitter."

"Ὠγῆσι γὰρ ἰσπῶν ἡ *Spring* not *Summer*."

#### COWPER.

As when devouring flames some forest seize  
On the high mountains, splendid from afar  
The blaze appears, so, moving on the plain,  
The steel clad host innumerable flash'd to heaven.

And as a multitude of fowls in flocks  
Assembled various, geese, or cranes, or swans

Lithe necked, long hovering o'er Cayster's banks

On wanton plumes, successive on the mead  
Alight at last, and with a clang so loud  
That all the hollow vale of Asius rings;  
In number such from ships and tents effused,

They cover'd the Scamandrian plain; the earth

Rebellow'd to the feet of horse and men.  
They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,  
Myriads, as leaves, or as the flowers of spring.

As in the hovel where the peasant milks  
His kine in spring-time, when his pails are filled,

Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing

Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swarm'd

An unsumm'd multitude o'er all the plain,  
Bright arm'd, high crested, and athirst for war.

Generally correct but wanting life and spirit—Cowper's usual fault.

#### SOTHEY.

As flames on flames spread far and wide  
their light

From forests blazing on the mountain height,

Thus flash'd the lightning of their arms afar,

And heaven's bright cope beam'd back the glare of war.

As feathery nations sweeping on amain,  
Flights of the long-neck'd swan, and silvery crane,

From Asius' meads by clear Cayster's spring,

Now here, now there, exultant wind on wing,

In gay contention strive, while long and loud

The champaign rings beneath the plumed cloud;

So from their camp and fleet the innumerable train

Pour'd forth their confluence on Scamander's plain.

Beneath the march of myriads earth around  
Thunder'd and rattling war-hoofs rock'd the ground,

In numbers numberless as leaves and flowers

That fill the cup of spring and robe her bowers.

As in fair springtime when the swain recalls

The lowing cattle to their wonted stalls,  
Eve's milking hour from æther downward draws

The flies' winged nations swarming o'er the base;

Thus Greece poured forth her multitudinous throng,

All burning to *avenge their country's wrong*.

Very pretentious and very bad. All the distinctive epithets are omitted. 'Αἰδῶλον, ἄσπετον, δεσπεσίοιο—not an attempt to express any of them, but instead a quantity of redundant and otiose adjectives in other places, "*silvery crane*" (Sotheby, like Pope, thinks the goose too vulgar to introduce and turns him into a showy embellishment for his crane,) "*clear Cayster's spring*" and a number of lines that have no connection with the original but are merely put in to make fine writing. Two of the most platitudinous we have italicized. "*Base*" to rhyme with "*draws*" is fearfully vulgar.

#### MUNFORD.

As raging fire consumes a wide-spread wood,

On some high mountain's summit, whence the blaze

Is seen afar; so, from their burnish'd arms,  
With radiant glories gleam'd effulgent light,

Flaming through æther to the vault of heaven!

And as unnumber'd flocks of swift-wing'd birds,

Geese, cranes, or stately swans with arching necks,

In Asius' meadow 'round Cayster's streams,  
Fly here and there exulting on the wing,  
And (while with clamor they alight) the  
fields

Their cries re-echo; so the numerous  
tribes

Of Greeks, from ships and tents outpouring,  
through'd

Scamander's plain. The ground, with  
dreadful din,

Sounded beneath the feet of bounding  
steeds

And trampling warriors. Numberless they  
stood,

Covering that verdant meadow, as the  
leaves

And flowers of spring, or as the countless  
swarms

Of restless flies that in a shepherd's fold  
At summer eve, when milk bedews the

pails,  
Play infinite! So numerous were the  
Greeks,

Ardent for battle, breathing dire revenge  
And death against the Trojans.

The first two lines are better than Cowper. The version is correct on the whole, except that *slavin'* is mistranslated, and the force of that important word, *εποικίζωντων* overlooked. The italicized lines are as tawdry as Sotheby's, but, in general, the fault is rather Cowper's—want of life.\*

We now turn to the Fourth Book, where

PANDARUS, INSTIGATED BY ATHENE,  
SHOOTS AT MENELAUS AND BREAKS THE  
TRUCE.

Ὡς φάτο' Ἀθηναίη· τῷ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι  
εἶδεν. x. ε. λ.

#### LITERAL VERSION.

Thus spoke Athene, and persuaded his mind, fool that he was! Straightway he drew from its case his well-polished bow [made of the horn] of a springing wild goat, which, as his wont was, he himself once hit under the breast, (having caught the animal in ambush as it stepped out of the rock), and pierced in the chest; so it fell backward on the rock. The horns from its head grew out sixteen palms; these a horn-polishing artificer arranged and fitted, and, having well smoothed the whole, put a golden tip upon it. And this he

[Pandarus] skillfully bent and made ready, while his brave comrades held their shields before him, for fear the warlike Grecian youths should rush up ere Menelaus the Martial, son of Atreus, was hit. Next he drew the case from his quiver and selected an arrow that had never been shot, winged, the foundation of dark pangs. Then swiftly he adapted the keen arrow to the string, vowing that he would sacrifice to Lycean-born, bow-renowned Apollo, a famous hecatomb of a hundred firstling lambs, if he returned home to the walls of sacred Zelia. Then he took and drew at the same time the notched end and the ox sinews; the string he brought to his breast, the iron point to the bow. Thereupon, when he had stretched the mighty bow to a circle, the bow twanged, the string sung mightily, and the sharp-pointed shaft bounded forth longing to fly among the crowd.

#### CHAPMAN.

With this, the mad-gift-greedy man, Minerva did persuade;  
Who instantly drew forth a bow, most admirably made  
Of the antler of a jumping goat, bred in a steep upland;  
Which archer-like, (as long before, he took his hidden stand,  
The evick skipping from a rock,) into the breast he smote,  
And headlong fell'd him from his cliff  
The forehead of the goat  
Held out a wondrous goodly palm, that sixteen branches brought;  
Of all which, (join'd,) a useful bow a skillful bowyer wrought;  
(Which pick'd and polish'd,) both the ends he hid with horns of gold.  
And this bow, bent, he close laid down, and bade his soldiers hold  
Their shields before him; lest the Greeks, discerning him, should rise  
In tumults ere the Spartan king could be his arrow's prize.  
Mean space, with all his care he choosed and from his quiver drew,  
An arrow; feather'd best for flight, and yet that never flew;  
Strong headed, and most apt to pierce; then took he up his bow,  
And nock'd his shaft the ground whence all their future grief did grow.  
When praying to his god the sun, that was in Lycia bred,  
And king of archers, promising that he the blood would shed

\* The very best translation of this passage is in "Alford's Chapters on Poetry," but alas! we have not seen the book for two years, and can only recall the opening lines:

"As deadly fire on mountain top a mighty forest burns,  
And all the country far and wide the spreading blaze discerns,  
So from the marching host below, the gleam of armor bright  
Shot upward through the firmament and reached the heavenly height."

Of full an hundred first ~~fallen~~ lambs, all  
offer'd to his name,  
When to Zelia's sacred walls, from rescued  
Troy he came;—  
He took his arrow by the nock, and to his  
bended breast  
The oxy sinew close he drew, even till the  
pile did rest  
Upon the bosom of the bow; and as that  
savage prize,  
His strength constrain'd into an orb—as if  
the wind did rise—  
The coming of it made a noise, the sinew  
forged string  
Did give a mighty twang; and forth the  
eager shaft did sing  
(Affecting speediness of flight) amongst  
the Achive throng.

Very spirited and dashing. The earlier  
lines are not very close to the original,  
but Chapman improves in fidelity as he  
proceeds. "Evick" seems to be a *ἀναξ*  
*ἀσύνετον*. Taylor explains it "the  
evicted," i. e. "doomed one." "ἄριστος  
is not "headlong," but quite the reverse.

## POPE.

He heard, and madly, at the motion pleased,  
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seized.  
Twas formed of horn, and smooth'd with  
artful toil;  
A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,  
Who pierced long since beneath his arrows  
bled;  
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,  
And sixteen palms his brow's large honors  
spread;  
The workman join'd, and shaped the bend-  
ed horns,  
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.  
This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior  
bends,  
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding  
friends.  
There meditates the mark; and couching  
low,  
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung  
bow.  
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he  
chose,  
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes.  
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown  
Apollo's altars in his native town.  
Now with full force the yielding horn he  
bends,  
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling  
ends;  
Close to his breast he strains the nerve  
below,  
Till the barb'd point approach the circling  
bow;  
The impatient weapon whizzes on the  
wing;  
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the  
quivering string.

These are fine rolling stanzas. But the  
fourth line is exceedingly weak; and all  
the *minutiæ* which so graphically de-  
pict the goat's capture are omitted. The  
last couplets are fine, though "impatient"  
is not strong enough to express all the  
personality conveyed by *κατ' ὀμίλου*  
*ἐκτεταγμέναι μεναιλινω*.

## COWPER.

So Pallas spake, to whom infatuate he  
Listening, uncased at once his polish'd bow.  
That bow, the laden brows of a wild goat  
Salacious had supplied; him on a day  
Forth issuing from his cave, in ambush  
placed  
He wounded with an arrow to his breast.  
Dispatch'd, and on the rock supine he fell.  
Each horn had from his head tall growth  
attain'd,  
Full sixteen palms: then shaven smooth  
the smith  
Had aptly join'd, and tipt their points with  
gold.  
That bow he strung, then, stooping, plant-  
ed firm  
The nether horn, his comrades hold the  
while  
Screening him close with shields, lest ere  
the prince  
Were stricken, Menelaus, brave in arms,  
The Greeks with fierce assault should in-  
terpose,  
He raised his quiver's lid; he chose a dart  
Unflown, full-fledged, and barb'd with  
pangs of death.  
He lodg'd in haste the arrow on the string,  
And vow'd to Lycian Phæbus bow-re-  
nown'd  
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,  
To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored.  
Compressing next nerve and notch'd ar-  
row head  
He drew back both together, to his pap  
Drew home the nerve, the barb home to his  
bow,  
And when the horn was curved to a wide  
arch,  
He twang'd it. Whizz'd the bowstring,  
and the reed  
Leap'd off impatient for the distant  
throng.

Marvelously accurate, save only the  
mistranslation of *ἵκαλον*. The closeness  
with which Cowper here follows his  
original, even in places not easy to ex-  
press in intelligible English prose, is  
really astonishing.

You have read three noble translations  
of a noble passage. Draw a long breath,  
and then attack

## SOTHEBY.

Thus spake persuasively the blue-eyed  
 Maid,  
 And thoughtless Pandarus her word  
 obey'd—  
 Swift from its case drew forth his polished  
 bow  
 Form'd of the wanton goat's broad-horned  
 brow,  
 Whom once, in ambush as the archer lay,  
 His shaft arrested on his mounted way,  
 And pierced beneath the breast *that bathed  
 in gore,*  
*The rock whereon he fell to rise no more.*  
 The horns *that proudly turreted his head,*  
 A wondrous growth of sixteen palms out-  
 spread.  
 The bowman there *terrific to behold,*  
 Had labored into shape and tipp'd with  
 gold,  
 That bow he strung, and where he couch-  
 ant lay,  
 His warriors closed their shields before his  
 way.  
 Lest unawares a Greek should forward  
 start  
 Ere the wing'd shaft reached Menelaus'  
 heart.  
 His quiver's lid he raised, an arrow chose  
 Fresh fledged, and pregnant with severest  
 woes,  
 Then fixed it on the cord, and loudly vowed  
 His flock's choice firstlings to the archer  
 god.  
 Whene'er from Ilion's wall returned again  
 His voice once more should hail Zeleia's  
 fans.  
 Now with the cord at once he backward  
 drew  
 The notch *that quiver'd ere the arrow flew,*  
 Strain'd to his breast the string, and ere to  
 part  
 Poised on the bow the steel that barb'd the  
 dart;  
 And when the horns, now near and nearer  
 strain'd,  
 With all his strength, an ampler arch had  
 gain'd,  
 Shrill twang'd the bow the cord with quiv-  
 ering sound  
 Whizz'd, and the dart flew eager for the  
 wound.

We have marked a few of Sotheby's most obvious amplifications. Comment on their *beauty* is unnecessary. We have another neat rhyme in "vow'd" and "God." The third and fifth lines alone are commendable.

## MUNFORD.

So spake Minerva, and his frantic mind  
 Persuaded. Forth at once he drew his  
 bow,  
 Of horn smooth-polish'd, of a lecherous  
 goat,  
 A wild one, which himself had in the  
 breast  
 Shot, as it issued from its rocky cave.  
 He, lying near in ambush, from below  
 Between the forelegs pierced it: on the  
 rock  
 It backwards fell outstretched. Upon its  
 head  
 Grew ample horns, full sixteen palms in  
 length.  
 These, bending to his purpose skillfully,  
 A workman shaped, and nicely polishing  
 The bow elastic, tipp'd both ends with  
 gold.  
 This bow he, stooping, rested on the ground  
 With sly contrivance; having strung it  
 well,  
 His watchful friends before him held their  
 shields  
 Protective, lest the Greeks should on him  
 rush  
 Ere he could shoot the gallant Spartan  
 king.  
 The leader of Achaia. He meanwhile  
 Removed his quiver's lid, and chose a shaft  
 Ne'er used till then, fresh-feather'd for its  
 flight,  
 Of black and bitter woes the direful cause!  
 Quick to the string that fatal shaft he  
 fix'd  
 But vow'd to bright Apollo, god of day,  
 Famed archer of the skies, to pay at home  
 A splendid hecatomb of firstling lambs,  
 Whene'er to Zelia's sacred walls return'd.  
 The arrow's notch and bow-string drawn  
 at once,  
 The string his breast, the point of steel  
 approach'd  
 The bow's great arch, and when its large  
 round curve  
 Was to the utmost bent, with sharp loud  
 clang  
 It sounded; shrilly twang'd the quivering  
 string,  
 Away the arrow flew among the crowd,  
 Eager to bathe in blood its thirsty point!

The spirit of his original has here put some life into our translator. The version is generally correct, except the wrong translation of *ἰχάλου* and the stupid, false quantity of *Zelia*.\*

\* Unhappily, this is not Munford's worst mistake of the kind. In looking for some mare's nest pointed out in one of his luminous notes, we stumbled upon

"With *Thalia* blooming in immortal youth."

This from a *Scholar* (?) and a translator of Homer (!!)

We now proceed to

THE MEETING OF THE HOSTS.

Οἱ δ' ὄρε δὴ β' ἔς χῶρον ἕνα κ. τ. λ.  
(Lib. IV. 446, sqq.)

LITERAL VERSION.

Now when, according to purpose, they were come into one place, meeting, they engaged their shields and their spears and the might of brazen-corseleted heroes; their bossy shields met each other, and a great uproar arose. Then was there mingled the cry and the exulting shout of men, both the slayers and the slain; earth flowed with blood. As when winter torrents, flowing down the mountains, combine-to-throw into a hollow-where-glens-meet a strong stream from copious sources, within a hollow defile, and the shepherd hears their din afar off among the mountains: such was their cry and their confusion while mingling.

CHAPMAN.

But when in one field both the foes her  
fury did content,  
And both came under reach of darts, then  
darts and shields opposed  
To darts and shields; strength answer'd  
strength; then swords and targets  
closed  
With swords and targets; both with pikes;  
and then did tumult rise  
Up to her heights; then conquerors' boasts  
mix'd with the conquer'd's cries:  
Earth flow'd with blood. And as from hills  
rain-waters headlong fall,  
That all ways eat huge ruts, which, met in  
one bed, fill a vall  
With such a confluence of streams, that on  
the mountain grounds  
Far off, in frighted shepherds' ears, the  
bustling noise rebounds:  
So grew their conflicts, and so show'd their  
scuffling to the ear,  
With flight and clamor still commix'd, and  
all effects of fear.

Not so successful 'as usual. The last  
couplet is very diffuse.

POPE.

Now shield with shield, with helmet  
helmet closed,  
To armor armor, lance to lance opposed,  
Host against host with shadowy squadrons  
drew,  
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,  
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous  
cries,  
And thrilling shouts and dying groans  
arise;  
With streaming blood the slippery fields  
are died,  
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful  
tide.

As torrents roll, increased by numerous  
rills,  
With rage impetuous down their echoing  
hills;  
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the  
plain,  
Roar through a thousand channels to the  
main;  
The distant shepherd trembling hears the  
sound:  
So mix both hosts, and so their cries re-  
bound.

The first couplet is a grand one, and the third meritorious. "*Shadowy squadrons*" is not very intelligible. The fourth line is a rather common-place addition, and the eighth has taken the one fatal step beyond the sublime. "Earth flowed with blood," but it is too much to make the "slaughtered heroes" swim about in it. As usual, the point of the simile is lost. Homer's torrents do not "roar to the main:" they meet in a narrow place among the glens (*μίσγ' ἄγχιαν*).

COWPER.

And now the battle joined. Shield  
clashed with shield,  
And spear with spear, conflicting corselets  
rang,  
Boss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.  
Then, many a yell was heard, and many a  
shout  
Loud intermix'd the slayer o'er the maimed  
Exulting, and the field was drench'd with  
blood.  
As when two winter torrents rolling down  
The mountains, shoot their floods through  
gullies huge  
Into one gulf below, station'd remote  
The shepherd in the uplands hears the  
roar;  
Such was the thunder of the mingling  
hosts.

Are only two torrents intended? We  
doubt it. Homer uses the plural, not the  
dual.

SOTHEY.

Host against host, now nearer and more  
near,  
Corselet on corselet clattered, spear on spear,  
Close and more close the bosses, shield on  
shield,  
Clash'd, and wide spread the thunder of  
the field,  
And shouts and groans, the slayer and the  
slain  
Mixed, as the blood dark-gushed along the  
plain.  
As, when the springs with wintry storms  
o'erflow,  
Two torrents dashing from the mountain  
brow,



Roar with conflicting floods that rush between  
The rocky windings of the rent ravine.  
Afar the shepherd, as the cataract raves,  
Hears on the cliff the clashing of the waves,  
Thus, as the hosts rush'd onward, rang afar  
The bray and thunder of the storm of war.

Another rhyme that don't rhyme! But this is the best we have had from Sotheby so far. The opening couplets are capital, and

"The rocky windings of the rent ravine," is an admirable line. The conclusion is too ambitious.

MUNFORD.

When now encountering, to close fight they came,  
Together met their shields, together flew  
Their javelins, hurl'd with utmost strength of men,  
Mail-clad, the bossy shields conflicting clashed,  
And loudly universal tumult rose.  
The doleful cry of dying men was there,  
The victor's joyful shout; earth stream'd with blood,  
As when two mountain torrents, swola with rain,  
Pour down from sources vast, impetuous floods,  
Which meeting in a narrow vale between  
Confining precipices, foam and roar:  
The sound, among the mountains far remote,  
A shepherd startled hears; such was the cry  
And such the terror when they battle joined.

There is nothing here to call for especial praise or censure. The ninth line is a tolerably good one.

We should like to quote the Hector and Andromache scene, for the sake of showing off Elton; but it is too long to extract. A few lines from the opening we must be allowed,

"Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη καρδαίολος  
Ἐκτῶρ. x. ε. λ.

(Lib. VI. 369, sqq.)

LITERAL VERSION IN HEXAMETERS.

So thus having spoken, the tasque-nodding  
Hector departed.  
Speedily then he came to his well-situate  
habitation,  
But he found not the white-armed Andromache there in her chambers;  
For she with her boy and her well-clad female attendant,  
Standing upon the tower, was wailing, ay,  
and lamenting.

Hector, then, when he found not his blameless spouse in the palace,  
Went to the threshold, stopped, and thus accosted the maidens:  
"Come now, tell me, ye maids, the truth unerring relate me,  
Whither went forth the white-armed Andromache, out of her chamber?  
Or to her brothers' sisters, or well-clad wives of her brothers,  
Or to Athene's fane has she gone forth, there where the other  
Fair-haired women of Troy are the dreadful goddess appeasing?"  
Then to his speech in turn replied the housekeeper careful:  
"Hector, since your command is strict the truth to report you,  
Nor to her husband's sisters, nor well-clad wives of her brothers,  
Nor to Athene's fane has she gone forth, there where the other  
Fair-haired women of Troy are the dreadful goddess appeasing. &c."

These beautiful introductory lines have not received so much care as they deserved at the hands of the translators, who have apparently been more solicitous to do justice to what followed. They are slurred over by

CHAPMAN.

This said, he went to see  
The virtuous princess, his true wife, white-armed Andromache.  
She, with her infant son and maid, was climb'd the tow'r, about  
The sight of him that sought for her, weeping and crying out.  
Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retired—  
Stood in the gate—her women call'd; and curiously inquired  
Where she was gone;—bade tell him true, if she were gone to see  
His sisters, or his brothers' wives; or whether she should be  
At temple with the other dames, t' implore Minerva's ruth.  
Her woman answer'd: Since he ask'd, and urged so much the truth,  
The truth was she was neither gone to see his brothers' wives,  
His sisters, nor t' implore the ruth of Pallas on their lives.

By turning the direct address and reply into an indirect narration, the whole force of the passage is destroyed.

POPE.

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart  
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;  
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain;

She, with one maid of all her menial train,  
Had thence retired; and with her second  
joy,

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy:  
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,  
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;  
There her sad eyes in vain her lord ex-  
plore,

Or weep the wounds her bleeding country  
bore.

But he who found not whom his soul de-  
sired,  
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty  
fired,  
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she  
bent

Her parting step. If to the fane she went,  
Where late the mourning matrons made  
resort;

Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?  
"Not to the court," replied the attendant  
train,

"Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's  
fane."

Here the answer is given, the address  
only mentioned. And while the minute  
inquiry and response are thus hurried  
over, whole lines of extraneous matter  
are inserted previously. For the simple  
and strong epithets of the original, "the  
well-situate dwelling," "the blameless  
wife," "the white-armed Andromache,"  
we have, substituted, such phrases as  
"with sad, presaging heart," "whom his  
soul desired," "the wounds her bleeding  
country bore," &c. Of the eighteen lines,  
six are entirely independent of the ori-  
ginal.

## COWPER.

So spake the dauntless hero, and with-  
drew.

But reaching soon his own well-built abode  
He found not fair Andromache; she stood  
Lamenting Hector, with the nurse who  
bore

Her infant, on a turret's top sublime.

He then, not finding his chaste spouse  
within,

Thus, from the portal, of her train inquired.  
Tell me ye maidens, whither went from  
home

Andromache the fair? Went she to see  
Her female kindred of my father's house,  
Or to Minerva's temple, where convened  
The bright-haired matrons of the city seek  
To sooth the awful goddess? Tell me true.  
To whom his household's governess dis-  
crete.

Since, Hector, truth is thy demand, receive  
True answer. Neither went she forth to  
see

Her female kindred of thy father's house,  
Nor to Minerva's temple, where convened  
The bright-haired matrons of the city seek  
To sooth the awful goddess."

## SOTHEYBY.

Thus Hector said, nor longer there re-  
mained,

But with swift foot his stately palace  
gained,

Yet—haply—found not there, more loved  
than life,

Her whom alone he sought, his beauteous  
wife.

She, with her babe and nurse, that mourn-  
ful hour,

Watch'd, steep'd in tears, on Ilion's top-  
most tower,

Then at the threshold, hastening to de-  
part,

"Where"—Hector cried:—"the wife of  
Hector's heart?

Sought she some sister's anguish to re-  
strain,

Or join'd the matrons at Minerva's fane?"

"None dares," the guardian of the house  
replied—

"None dares, thus charged, the truth from  
Hector hide," &c.

The excellence of Sotheby's second  
line awakens a hope soon to be disap-  
pointed. The omissions are as numerous  
and as bad as Pope's; the additions about  
as bad, though not so numerous.

## MUNFORD.

This said the chief of heroes, Hector,  
thence

Departing, soon his splendid palace reach'd,  
With rooms commodious; but he found not  
there

His white-armed princess, fair Androm-  
ache;

For with her child and maid, with grace-  
ful garb,

She stood in Ilion's tower, moaning sad,  
Weeping and sighing. Finding not within

His blameless wife, he on his threshold  
stood,

And of his servants thus inquiry made:

Be quick, and tell me truly, whither went  
My lovely consort, fair Andromache?

To any of my sisters did she go,

Or brother's wives, or to Minerva's fane,  
Where other Trojan dames with flowing

hair,  
That awful goddess by their prayers ap-  
pease?

His household's faithful governess replied:

O Hector, since thou bidd'st me tell thee  
true,

To none of all thy sisters did she go,  
Or brother's wives, nor to Minerva's fane,

Where other Trojan dames with flowing  
hair,

That awful goddess by their prayers ap-  
pease.

Particularly prosaic, throughout.

## ELTON.

Straight to his roomy palace Hector came,  
 But found not in the mansion her he  
 sought,  
 White-armed Andromache. She with her  
 son  
 And her robed handmaid stood upon the  
 tower,  
 Wailing with loud lament. But when in  
 vain  
 He sought within her house his blameless  
 wife,  
 Hector, advanced upon the threshold,  
 stood  
 And to the damsels spake, "Now tell me  
 true,  
 Ye damsels! whither from her home went  
 forth  
 The fair Andromache? Say doth she seek  
 Her husband's sisters or her brethren's  
 wives,  
 Or at Minerva's temple join the train  
 Of Trojan women who propitiate now  
 With offerings the tremendous Deity?"  
 The careful woman of the household then  
 Addressed reply: "To tell thee, Hector,  
 truth,  
 As thou requirest, neither doth she seek:  
 Her husband's sisters nor her brethren's  
 wives,  
 Nor in Minerva's temple join the train  
 Of Trojan women who propitiate now  
 With offerings the tremendous Deity," &c.

As close a translation as could well be  
 made, even to the nice distinction be-  
 tween *ἐνστέρων* and *γαλῶν*; and as  
 musical as Cowper's and Munford's are  
 unmusical.

There is one couplet in Andromache's  
 speech which Sotheby has translated ad-  
 mirably. She has lost all her kindred;  
 Artemis slew her mother; Achilles her  
 father and brethren.

"Ἑκτορ ἀτὰρ σύ μοι ἐσσι πατὴρ καὶ  
 πόντια μήτηρ  
 ἥδ' ἀδελφεὶς, σὺ δὲ μοι θαλερὸς παρ-  
 ἀσίτης.

"But thou, Hector, art to me father and  
 lady mother, and brother, and thou my  
 blooming husband.

## CHAPMAN.

Yet all these gone from me,  
 Thou amply renderest all; thy life makes  
 still my father be;  
 My mother, brothers; and besides thou art  
 my husband too.

## POPE.

Yet while my Hector still survives I see  
 My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.

## COWPER.

Yet Hector—oh my husband! I in thee  
 Find parents, brothers, all that I have lost.

## ELTON.

Thou, Hector, art my father! thou to me  
 Art mother, brother, all my joy of life,  
 My husband!

## MUNFORD.

Yet Hector, thou alone art all to me,  
 Father and honor'd mother,

He thinks he has made a point by in-  
 troducing *πόντια*, and doesn't know what  
 the word means.

Father and honor'd mother, brother too,  
 My husband dear and partner of my youth!

## SOTHEBY.

Yet thou, my Hector! thou art all, alone,  
 Sire, mother, brethren, husband, all in  
 one.

There are some lines of Yriarte, "Sin  
 reglas de arte," &c., which it might be  
 ill-natured to quote in reference to Sothe-  
 by's success, here.

Now let us leave earth for awhile and  
 ascend to the

## GODS' COUNCIL.

Ἦώς μιν προέειπεν ἐκιδόνατο πάσαν  
 εἶα' αἶαν. x. r. λ.

(Lib. viii. 1-27.)

## LITERAL VERSION.

The saffron-robed morn was spreading  
 over all the earth, when Zeus, the thunder-  
 loving, beld for himself an assembly of the  
 Gods, on the highest summit of many-  
 peaked Olympus. He in person harangued  
 them, and the Gods all listened attentively.

"Hear me, Gods and Goddesses all, while  
 I speak what the spirit in my breast bids  
 me. Therefore let no female nor any male  
 divinity endeavor to infringe this my com-  
 mand, but do ye all together approve of it,  
 that I may accomplish these actions as  
 quickly as possible. That deity whom I  
 recognize afar, willingly gone to assist  
 either the Trojans or the Greeks, shall re-  
 turn to Olympus, indecorously beaten; or  
 else I will seize and hurl him into gloomy  
 Tartarus, very far off, where there is a gulf  
 exceedingly deep under ground; where  
 the gates are iron and the floor brass; as  
 far below Hades, as heaven is above earth.  
 Then shall ye know how much the strong-  
 est of all the Gods I am. But come now,  
 try me, deities, that ye may all know. Let  
 down a golden chain from heaven and do ye  
 all, Gods and Goddesses, take hold of it:  
 yet let ye not draw down from heaven to  
 earth the supreme counsellor, Zeus; no,  
 not though ye labor exceedingly. But

when I too, on my part, shall be willing  
and eager to draw it, I will draw it up,  
earth, sea and all. Then will I bind the  
chain about the peak of Olympus, and all  
these things shall become suspended in air.  
So much am I superior to Gods and superi-  
or to men.

## CHAPMAN.

The cheerful lady of the light, deck'd in  
her saffron robe,  
Dispersed her beams through every part of  
this enflower'd globe,  
When thundering Jove a court of gods,  
assembled by his will,  
In top of all the topmost heights that  
crown th' Olympian hill.  
He spake, and all the gods gave ear:  
Hear how I stand inclined,  
That god nor goddess may attempt t' in-  
fringe my sovereign mind:  
But all give suffrage; that with speed I  
may these discords end.  
What god soever I shall find endeavor to  
defend  
Or Troy or Greece, with wounds, to heaven  
be, shamed, shall reascend:  
Or (taking him with his offence) I'll cast  
him down as deep  
As Tartarus, (the brood of night,) where  
Barathrum doth steep  
Torment in his profoundest sinks: where  
is the floor of brass,  
And gates of iron; the place, for depth, as  
far doth hell surpass  
As heaven, for height, exceeds the earth.  
Then shall he know from thence  
How much my power, past all the gods,  
hath sovereign eminence.  
Endanger it the whiles and see; let down  
our golden chain;  
And at it let all deities their utmost strength  
constrain,  
To draw me to the earth from heaven. You  
never shall prevail,  
Though with your most contention, ye  
dare my state assail:  
But when my will shall be disposed to  
draw you all to me,  
Even with the earth itself, and seas, ye  
shall enforced be.  
Then will I to Olympus' top our virtuous  
engine bind,  
And by it everything shall hang, by my  
command inclined:  
So much I am supreme to gods; to men  
supreme as much.

Nobly translated, and very faithful.  
Almost the only deviations from the  
original, are the introduction of "en-  
flower'd," the beautiful expansion of  
'*Hḗc*' into "the cheerful lady of the  
light," and the substitution of "virtu-  
ous (powerful) engine," for "chain,"  
(*στεινήν*.)

## POPE.

Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;  
When Jove convened the senate of the  
skies,  
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.  
The sire of Gods his awful silence broke,  
The heavens attentive trembled as he  
spoke:  
"Celestial states, immortal gods! give  
ear;  
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye  
hear:  
The fix'd decree, which not all heaven can  
move;  
Thou, Fate! fulfill it; and, ye powers!  
approve!  
What god but enters yon forbidden field,  
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,  
Back to the skies with shame he shall be  
driven,  
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of  
heaven;  
Or far, oh far from steep Olympus thrown,  
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,  
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen  
floors,  
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;  
As deep beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,  
As from that centre to the ethereal world.  
Let him who tempts me dread those dire  
abodes;  
And know, the Almighty is the god of  
gods.  
League all your forces, then, ye powers  
above,  
Join all, and try the omnipotence of Jove:  
Let down our golden everlasting chain,  
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and  
earth, and main:  
Strive all, of mortal, and immortal birth,  
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to  
earth.  
Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this  
hand,  
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land;  
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,  
And the vast world hangs trembling in my  
sight!  
For such I reign, unbounded and above;  
And such are men and gods compared to  
Jove."

"Dewy lawn" is weak in this con-  
text. The ninth and tenth lines are su-  
perfluous. The concluding couplets pow-  
erful. Why are the Goddesses left out?  
In Homer they occupy a conspicuous  
place.

## COWPER.

The saffron-mantled morning now was  
spread  
O'er all the nations, when the thunderer  
Jove,  
On the deep-fork'd Olympian's topmost  
height

Convened the gods in council, amid whom  
He spake himself; they all attentive heard.  
Gods! Goddesses! Inhabitants of heaven!  
Attend; I make my secret purpose known.  
Let neither god nor goddess interpose  
My counsel to rescind, but with one heart  
Approve it, that it reach, at once, its end.  
Whom I shall mark soever from the rest  
Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans  
aid,

Disgrace shall find him; shamefully chastised

He shall return to the Olympian heights,  
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulphs  
Of gloomy Tartarus, where hell shuts fast  
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen  
floor,

As far below the shades, as earth from  
heaven.

There shall he learn how far I pass in  
might

All others; which if ye incline to doubt,  
Now prove me. Let ye down the golden  
chain

From heaven, and at its nether links pull  
all

Both goddesses and gods. But me your  
King,

Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw  
To earth from heaven, toil adverse as ye  
may.

Yet I, when once I shall be pleased to pull,  
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you  
Will lift with ease together, and will wind  
The chain around the spiry summit sharp  
Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved  
Shall hang in the mid heaven. So far do I,  
Compared with all who live, transcend  
them all.

Very nervous and remarkably close;  
sometimes even too literal, *e. g.*, he  
misses the idiom in *δυσὴ γαίῃ αὐτῆς τε  
θαλάσση*.

#### SOTHEBY.

Morn, golden-robed, had earth illumed,  
when Jove

Convened in council all the powers above,  
And on Olympus' many-mountained crest  
The attentive synod of the gods address'd;

"Hear, all ye gods! ye, every goddess,  
hear

The word I speak, and what Jove speaks,  
revere.

Let none—'tis vain—the will of Jove with-  
stand

But all approve, so perfect my command,  
Whoe'er, apart, what god may dare descend,  
And heavenly aid to Greek or Trojan lend,  
Shall by unseemly wounds on his return  
The force and fury of my vengeance learn.  
Or I will hurl him to Tartarean hell  
Down the far depth where night and horror  
dwell,

The abyss that underneath dark Hades  
lies

Far as yon earth below the ethereal skies;  
Profoundest gulf of ever during woes,  
Where iron gates the brazen floor enclose—  
There shall he know how far all gods  
above

The unimaginable might of Jove.

Gods! all your powers concentrate; try the  
proof;

Loose a golden chain from yon celestial  
roof,

There, all in counterpoise all heavenly  
birth

Strive from my throne to draw me down  
to earth.

Vain toil—while I at once uplift each god  
With all the world of waves and man's  
abode:

Then round the Olympian crest the chain  
enwreath,

Centre of all above, around, beneath,  
Where all sublimely poised at rest remains  
While Jove's omnipotence the whole sus-  
tains.

"Morn, golden-robed had earth illum-  
ed," is as stiff and had a translation as  
could well be made. The emphatic con-  
clusion of Zeus, "So much am I above,"  
&c., is most infelicitously omitted. The  
matter intervening between this unfortu-  
nate commencement and conclusion, is  
not much better. The eighth line is  
hardly intelligible, and the redundant  
construction in the ninth very awkward,  
to say the least. "Shall learn on his  
return," is wrong. Zeus did not intend  
to wait for the delinquent's return, but  
meant to take summary vengeance on  
him.

#### MUNFORD.

Morn, saffron-robed, now shone o'er all the  
earth,

When Jove, rejoicing in his thunderbolts,  
The gods assembled on the topmost height  
Of all the summits of immense Olympus.  
He spoke, and they with awful reverence  
heard;

Hear, all ye gods and all ye goddesses,  
The sovereign mandate by my mind ap-  
proved.

Let not a male or female deity  
Attempt to contravene my sacred word,  
But, all assenting, be it straight fulfill'd.  
If I shall any of the gods perceive  
Withdrawing from the rest, with rash de-  
sign

To give the Trojans or Achæians aid,  
That god, with wounds disfigured, shall  
return,

Or headlong, by my forceful arm be hurl'd  
To the deep gulf of gloomy Tartarus,  
Where, far remote, beneath the ground  
descends

The dark abyss; a dungeon horrible,  
With gates of iron and with floors of brass,

As far below e'en Hades as the space  
Between earth's surface and the starry sky!  
By proof then, shall he know, how far in-  
deed

My matchless might surpasses all the gods.  
But come, ye deities, if such your wish,  
The trial make! Suspending from the  
skies

Our golden chain, let all the powers of  
heaven  
Confederate, strive to drag me down to  
earth!

Yet never would your utmost labor move  
The strength invincible of Jove supreme.  
But when my sovereign will would draw  
that chain,

With ease I lift it, e'en with earth itself  
And sea itself appended! Firmly then,  
I bind it, round Olympus' cliff sublime,  
And earth and ocean raise aloft in air!  
So far do I both men and gods transcend!

*This is Couper and water.*

The comparison of the Trojan watch-  
fires to the stars on a clear night, intro-  
duces a brief and beautiful description of

#### MOONLIGHT.

Ἦς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα. x. ε. λ.  
(Lib. viii., 555-559.)

#### LITERAL VERSION.

As when in heaven around the brilliant  
moon the stars appear very conspicuous;  
when also the air is free from wind; all  
the cliffs and high headlands and valleys  
appear out: the immense mist\* breaks up  
from heaven: all the stars are seen, and the  
shepherd rejoices at heart.

#### CHAPMAN.

As when about the silver moon, when air  
is free from wind,  
And stars shine clear; to whose sweet  
beams, high prospects, and the brows  
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up  
themselves for shows;  
And even the lowly valleys joy, to glitter  
in their sight,  
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to  
disclose her light,  
And all the signs in heaven are seen that  
glad the shepherd's heart.

This is hardly to be surpassed for

beauty and fidelity. Yet many prefer  
the elaborate paraphrase of

#### POPE.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of  
night!

O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her  
sacred light,

When not a breath disturbs the deep  
serene,

And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing  
pole,

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect  
rise,

A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;  
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the  
sight,

Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful  
light.

Few passages in Pope are oftener  
quoted or more admired than this. Of  
its beauty as a description there can be  
no doubt. Its merits as a translation are  
another matter. Respecting them, we  
must "say ditto" to Elton.

"In the first line we are informed that  
the moon is 'the refulgent lamp of  
night.' 'Sacred,' in the second, is a cold,  
make-weight epithet, and adds no sensi-  
ble image: 'the solemn scene' is general,  
where all should be local and particular:  
the simple reality of moonlight is im-  
paired by the metaphor and personifica-  
tion in the words 'around her throne.'  
A flood of glory not only verges on bom-  
bast, but conveys nothing distinct: we  
receive no clear impression of the bound-  
less firmament opening on the vision by  
the breaking of the mist overhead, nor of  
the multitude of stars that are taken in  
at once by the scope of sight; and the  
mountain shepherd looking up at the  
moon from among his flocks, with a sud-  
den sensation of cheeriness in his soli-  
tude, is displaced by a vulgar company  
of swains *eyeing* the blue vault and  
*blessing* the light because it is useful."

(Preface to the "Specimens.")

\* *αἰθήρ* here has generally been taken for "sky," whereby all the translators have stum-  
bled. In Chapman's first version we have—

"And lets a great sky out from heaven."

## COWPER.

As when around the clear bright moon, the  
stars  
Shine in in full splendor, and the winds  
are hush'd,  
The groves, the mountain-tops, the head-  
land-heights  
Stand all apparent, not a vapor streaks  
The boundless blue, but æther opened  
wide  
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is  
cheer'd.

Simple and stately: but there is a redundancy in the "clear bright moon." Shining brilliant, would be better; or even shining: this latter would preserve the resemblance between *φανήν* and *φαίετο*. "In full splendor" is very good for *ἀνὰ πάντα*.

## ELTON.

As beautiful the stars shine out in heaven  
Around the splendid moon, no breath of  
wind  
Ruffling the blue calm æther; cleared from  
mist  
The beacon hill-tops, crags and forest dells  
Emerge in light; the immeasurable sky  
Breaks from above and opens on the gaze.  
The multitude of stars are seen at once  
Full sparkling, and the shepherd looking  
up  
Feels gladdened at his heart.

"Splendid moon" we don't like. "Calm æther" is superfluous. "Beacon hill-tops" and "forest-dells" are legitimate expansions to give the full force of *δορυς* and *νάρις*. The concluding lines are more diffuse than is Elton's wont.

## SOTHEY.

As when in heaven the stars at night's still  
noon  
Beam in their brightness round the full-  
orb'd moon,  
When sleeps the wind, and every moun-  
tain height,  
Rocks, cliffs and groves, shine towering up  
in light,  
And the vast firmament, immensely riven,  
Expands for other stars another heaven,  
Gladdening the shepherd's heart.

"At night's still moon," is no part of the original specification. The second couplet is a decided case of *anacoluthon*. The sonorousness of the third only makes its want of meaning more conspicuous.

## MUNFORD.

As when, in heaven, around the full orb'd  
moon  
Resplendent shine the stars, (the clear blue  
sky

Unruffled by a breeze); when all the cliffs  
And mountain tops, and shadowy groves,  
though dark,  
Distinct appear; then, through the parting  
clouds,  
Unbounded æther bursts upon the view,  
And every star is seen; the shepherd's  
heart  
Rejoices at the sight.

Like Cowper he has given both translations of *ἀλόη* to be sure of having the right one. The insertion "though dark" and the two parentheses are very stupid. Now let us step over four books—nearly as long a stride as Poseidon's when he stalked down to Ægæe—and mount his chariot with him.

βῆ δ' ἰλάαν ἐπὶ χυμῶν', x. τ. λ.  
(Lib. xiii. 27-31.)

## LITERALLY IN HEXAMETERS.

Over the waves he proceeded to drive;  
the whales underneath him  
Leaped on all sides from their pits, nor  
failed their king to acknowledge,  
While for delight asunder the sea stood:  
so they flew onward  
Rapidly, neither beneath was the brazen  
axletree wetted.  
So then his swift-springing steeds him bore  
to the ships of the Grecians.

## CHAPMAN.

And then the god begun  
To drive his chariot through the waves.  
From whirlpits every way  
The whales exulted under him, and knew  
their king; the sea  
For joy did open; and his horse so swift  
and lightly flew,  
The under axletree of brass no drop of  
water drew;  
And thus these deathless coursers brought  
their king to the Achive ships.

Glorious lines these. To be sure, *ἄν-  
χαρῶμαι* does not mean "deathless."

## POPE.

He sits superior, and the chariot flies:  
His whirling wheels the glassy surface  
sweep;  
The enormous monsters, rolling o'er the  
deep,  
Gambol around him on the watery way;  
And heavy whales in awkward measures  
play.  
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,  
Exults and owns the monarch of the main;  
The parting waves before his coursers fly:  
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

Pope is continually spoiling Homer's gold by trying to gild it. Hence the "glassy surface," "enormous monsters," "wondering waters," &c. The ideas of

*subsiding and exulting* are not very consistent.

## COWPER.

He o'er the billows drove; the whales,  
Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all  
sides

Around him, not unconscious of their  
king;

He swept the surge that tinged not as he  
pass'd

His axle, and the sea parted for joy.

His bounding coursers to the Grecian fleet  
Conveyed him swift.

The rapid movement of the original is  
lost, as indeed it must be in any blank  
verse. "The sea part'd for joy" halts  
sadly.

## SOTHEBY.

And onward urged his car  
That smoothly glided, while along the  
waves

From the deep darkness of unfathomed  
caves

Huge whales on every side with gamboling  
bound

Leapt, conscious of their king, his steeds  
around,

The sea with joy dividing smoothed the  
way

Where 'mid the glassy main his passage  
lay.

There as they flew, his steeds no brine up-  
cast,

Nor ocean bathed his axle as it passed.

## MUNFORD.

O'er ocean's waves the winged coursers  
flew;

Huge whales unwieldy left their secret  
caves,

And joyfully around him gambol'd, all  
Acknowledging their king, the gladsome  
sea,

Subsiding, gave him way; the coursers  
bore

So rapidly the smoothly-gliding car  
That not a briny drop of billowy spray

Bedewed the whirling axle. To the ships  
They bore their lord.

Two more attempts at improving on  
Homer by the use of fine words.

We now proceed to where

APHRODITE LENDS HER GIRDLE TO HERE,  
BY WHICH SHE CAPTIVATES ZEUS.

Ἡ, καὶ ἀπὸ στήθεσφι ἐλύσατο χεστὸν  
ἱμάντα, κ. τ. λ.

(Lib. xiv. 214-217—346-351.)

## LITERAL VERSION.

She spake, and loosed from off her  
breasts her brodered, varied band: in it  
were all her charms. In it was friendship,  
in it desire, in it beguiling converse, that

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*deceives men's minds, very wise though  
they be.*

The son of Cronos spoke and clasped  
his wife in his arms. Beneath them earth  
divine, caused-to-spring-up fresh verdant  
herbage, dewy lotus and crocus and hya-  
cinth, thick and soft, which lifted them  
up from the ground. Amid this they lay  
down, and were girt by a lovely golden  
cloud: bright dews distilled from it.

## CHAPMAN.

She answered: "Tis not fit nor just thy will  
should be denied,

Whom Jove in his embraces holds. This  
spoken, she untied

And from her odorous bosom took her  
Ceston, in whose sphere

*Were all enticements to delight, all loves,  
all longings were,*

Kind conference, fair speech, whose power  
the wisest doth inflame.

This resolved, into his kind embrace

He took his wife; beneath them both fair  
Tellus strew'd the place,

With fresh-sprung herbs, so soft and thick,  
that up aloft it bore

Their heavenly bodies: with his leaves  
did dewy lotus store

The Elysian mountain; saffron flowers and  
hyacinths help'd make

The sacred bed; and there they slept;  
when suddenly there brake

A golden vapor out of air, whence shining  
dews did fall.

## POPE.

She said. With awe divine the queen of  
love

Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove;  
And from her fragrant breast the zone un-  
braced,

With various skill and high embroidery  
graced.

In this was every art, and every charm,  
To win the wisest and the coldest warm:

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,

*Persuasive speech, and more persuasive  
sighs,*

*Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.*

Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,  
His eager arms around the goddess threw.

Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom  
pours

Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers;  
Thick newborn violets a soft carpet spread,

And clustering lotos swell the rising bed,  
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,

And flamy crocus made the mountain glow,  
There golden clouds conceal'd the heaven-  
ly pair,

Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfused with  
air;



Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,  
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia  
round.

This is one of the most favorable specimens of Pope; a beautiful imitation of a beautiful original. The additions are so gracefully expressed that it is impossible to find fault with them.

COWPER.

So saying, the cincture from her breast she  
loosed  
Embroider'd, various, her all-charming  
zone.

It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete  
With love, desire, soft intercourse of  
hearts,  
And music of resistless whisper'd sounds  
That from the wisest steal their best re-  
solves.

So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse  
Fast lock'd within his arms. Beneath  
them earth

With sudden herbage teem'd; at once up-  
sprang

The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew,  
And the crisp hyacinth with clustering  
bells;

Thick was their growth, and high above  
the ground

Uppore them. On the flowery couch they  
lay,

Invested with a golden cloud that shed  
Bright dew-drops all around.

This passage really seems to bring out  
our translators in their full strength.  
These three versions, each in its way,  
are most excellent. But alas! for

SOTHEBY.

Then from her breast unclasp'd the em-  
broider'd zone,

Where each embellishment divinely shone;  
There dwell the allurgments all that love  
inspire,

There soft seduction, there intense desire,  
There witchery of words whose flatteries  
weave

Wiles that the wisdom of the wise deceive.

This is not so bad, but wait a moment.

He spake, and clasp'd his bride, the joy-  
ous earth

Burst into bloom of odoriferous birth;  
There the blue hyacinth, gold crocus rose,  
And the moist lotus oped its cup of snows;  
There underneath them their soft broidery  
spread,

'Swell'd gently up and formed their fragrant  
bed;

And as the gods lay there dissolved in love,  
Resplendent dew-drops *gemm'd their gold  
alcove* (!)

This is rather too much. Zeus and  
Here in an *alcove*! He should have put  
them into an *entresol* in the *Rue Richelieu*  
at once.

MUNFORD.

She said; and from her breast a zone  
unclasp'd,

Embroider'd rich with variegated dyes.

That girdle all her sweet enticing arts  
Contain'd. There fondness dwelt, there  
tender looks,

Attractive, soothing speech, and flattery's  
charms,

Which steals the wits of wisest men away.

The son of Saturn spake, and in his arms  
His consort clasp'd. For them the sacred  
earth,

Spontaneous, herbage from her bosom  
pour'd,

With new-born flow'rets; lotus, dewy  
moist,

And ruddy saffron, purple hyacinth,  
Thickly bestrew'd and soft, a fragrant bed,  
Which, swelling, raised them high above  
the ground.

There they delighted lay, conceal'd within  
A beauteous golden cloud, which glittering  
dews

Around them shed.

We had some more passages marked to  
extract, but by this time the reader must  
be ready to unite with us in the question,  
*Why did Munford translate the Iliad,  
and why did his friends publish his trans-  
lation?*

There are three men living who could  
translate Homer well, Elton, Tennyson  
and Aytoun; but the first is too old, the  
second too lazy, and the third too busy.

## ZADEC'S STORY.

## THE MAGICIAN.\*

You, Diotima, know that I am a Phœnician, by birth, of Sidon; though my father was a Cretan, and my mother a woman of Egypt. You see, then, by my birth and my parentage, I should be an inventor of improbable tales; but, rely upon it, the thing I mean to tell you is a truth; I call Hercules to witness.

It is now a year only, since I returned out of Bactria by the way of the desert, in the train of a caravan bringing merchandises from Sericana, a region far removed toward the east, wonderful, as I can affirm, for the ingenuity and innocence of its people, who are indeed the best of barbarians.

In this caravan there was a very aged man, a trader, whom you would have taken by his countenance for an Egyptian. He seemed to be the careful owner of a small but valuable stock of merchandise, which he carried before him, in a small bag, on his saddle.

On the day of our departure from the capital of Bactria, called by the Persians, Zariaspa, this merchant's horse fell lame, and but for a led horse of my own, which I instantly gave him, he would have been left behind in the wilderness, to contend with thirst and savage beasts; an event so common to those who follow the caravans, no one seems to have the least pity for the sufferers. Indeed, the traders who compose these troops are most part the cruellest and wickedest of men; such being the effect of their wandering and fraudulent lives. Without a home and some one to love and befriend us we easily become wicked.

The old trader thanked me for my courtesy: "Friend," said he, "thou hast a good heart, and the gods will not neglect the care of thee." I would have prevented his gratitude, by representing to him that I had no use for the horse, and must have left him behind had he not taken him; but he stopped my mouth with a proverb; which implied, that as I had none the less desire to do good, the smallness of the means I used was not to be taken into the account. "Come," said

the trader, "let us befriend each other: you saved my life at a trifling sacrifice. I will make you happy at a small expense."

"I am happy enough, good sir," said I, with a laugh; "all I desire is to be protected against mischance in my business."

"There is nothing more injurious to mortals," replied the old man, "than security. I will not gratify you in that particular. It is enough for you to have a good hope."

"You speak, sir," said I, not concealing my surprise at hearing such a strain of remark from a man of his appearance, "as if you were one of those wiseacres who pretend to divination, and predict future events. I have no faith in any such persons. If any man would convince me of his ability in this kind, it must be by something more than a mere assertion. I have known those who boasted they could see through stone walls, and be in two places at once; but to me they never gave any proof of their skill, and I think of them as of cheats and idle impostors."

"Friend," said the trader, with a smile, "I perceive thou art ignorant of the art of divination, and that no one who truly understood it has ever conversed with thee. For one master of it there are hundreds of pretenders; just as, for one true physician, there are an hundred, nay, a thousand quacks."

"I am the more incredulous," I answered, "because of all the celebrated names in that art, none have been famous for any thing but knowledge. They are either liars, I think, or the devil their master will not let them reap any enjoyment of their power. They are always poor, abject, and despised; objects of terror, or of pity, but never of love or of admiration: I would not for the world have any knowledge of their accursed science."

"Thou dost not consider, my son," replied the old man, "that there is a pleasure of knowledge, which is different from the pleasure of riches. To pursue both at once is not possible for a mortal. The art of

\* From an unpublished volume, entitled "The Banquets of Diotima;" a series of Tales, Conversations and Sketches, descriptive, satirical and romantic.

a diviner, or of a magician, cannot be attained by any person who means to make it an instrument of wealth. His spirits will not obey him if he uses them for base ends. Only to gratify a grand ambition of knowledge and of power, will they serve him; if he employs even the most abject devil of hell as an agent of his lust or his avarice, or in any way to confirm and stay his existence in the flesh, they rebel and will not obey: nay, they will delude him with empty shows, and leave him at the instant of peril. The true magician is he who nobly commands the spirits, not he who uses or is used by them, for selfish and abhorred intents. He is a worker of good, and the friend of good genii; whom he persuades by force of meditation and self-discipline to reveal themselves to him, and impart a knowledge of the distant and the future."

This discourse of the trader did not convince me. "I see, friend," said I, "you have the art of an orator, as well as the science of a magician. I tell you, nothing shall convince me of the truth of this science, but some proof of power presented to my senses."

The old man kept silence for several days after this conversation, but did not show the least anger. Indeed, his affection for me seemed rather to increase; and if any trifling comfort fell to his share, he forced me to partake of it. One evening, while we were seated by a spring, under the shadow of a very steep mountain, I began to complain of the closeness of the view, for the caravan had been several days winding through a pass in the mountains. "To-night," said the old man, "while the others are asleep, let us ascend this mountain, and gratify our eyes with the prospect."

"Sir," said I, "it will no doubt be a very hard feat for me, who am young and active, to ascend this hill; but for you I think it impossible, unless I were to carry you on my shoulders."

"Let us try," said he, "and see who is the nimblest."

Accordingly, about midnight, while the caravan lay asleep, the old man roused me; and taking weapons in our hands, we set off at a good pace toward the declivity. As we began to ascend, the moon rose upon our left, as we had expected, and shooting her beams along the valley and the slope, made us a light and open way. But now I began to be astonished at the agility of my com-

panion; for, though I used my greatest efforts to surpass him, as if in sham of his age, he made sport of it, and leaped up the rocks like an old buck, which has often fled before the hunters, and now takes a pride in distancing the chase. After an hour of this toil, when we had surmounted the first declivity, I threw myself down at full length, and gasped for breath; at which my companion laughed: "How is it," said he, "that you, Zadec, in the vigor of your youth, cannot better endure than an old fellow like myself?"

"I begin to think," I replied, "that you are a magician, and have your familiar spirits to ease you up the mountain; for never in my life have I seen such a climber; no, not among the Carduchi, or the Ethiopians."

"Here," said the old man, taking out a small phial, "is a curious liquor which I made myself, and which has the wonderful property of giving and restoring strength; taste of it, and you will feel a sudden vigor returning through your limbs."

I took the phial from the trader, not without some fear of his intentions; but being unable to imagine any cause why he should do me an ill turn, I put it to my lips, and was astonished at the flavor and richness of the draught. It was not wine, but might have been a subtle soul of wine, extracted by magical art. I drank of it, and instantly felt a fresh and wonderful life in my limbs; I could have leaped into the clouds, or coursed with ostriches.

The effects of the liquor convinced me of the magical knowledge of my companion, and as it lightened my step, it sharpened my sight in a manner perfectly extraordinary; for I now perceived a halo of bluish light surrounding his head, and his withered features wore a look of indescribable acuteness.

When we were near the summit, and could now see the first streak of morning on our left, suddenly a great wolf came upon us, scrambling down the declivity. I saw the flashes in its eyes, and full of apprehension for my companion, who was a few steps in advance of me, I drew my scimitar and rushed forward to defend him; but he had no need; for at the instant I saw fire issue from his right hand, followed by a blue smoke and a clap of thunder, and the savage fell headlong before us, without a visible wound, as if struck by a thun-

derbolt. You may fancy my astonishment at this miracle; but it will perhaps surprise you more to learn, that such was the effect of what I had swallowed from the phial, I felt not the least fear, but only a kind of stupid amazement. I did not even exclaim, but silently took my way and sat down beside the magician on the highest rock of the summit, where we both waited for the morning to appear. While I sat in this amazement, surmising by what means this wretched old trader could have attained such a mastery of magic, he suddenly arose, and going to a little distance, I saw him beckon me with singular gestures. His form dilated, and underwent a terrible transformation. A pair of vast wings seemed to shoot out from his loins and shoulders, and his countenance took the face of a griffon. In a voice like thunder, but still not harsh or displeasing, he bade me arise and come to him; which I did, though with prodigious difficulty, for my limbs, with the effect of wonder, seemed fastened to the earth.

As I approached the phantasm, continued Zadec, it receded, beckoning, and fled before me, towards the east; but, though I fear to make so great a trial of your confidence to tell you this, I followed, treading upon air and swimming like a bird among the mists of the morning, over the earth and over the sea. I saw the sun rise swiftly, and the mountains and green vales, with their silvery rivulets, whirled away westward, and lessening as we rose. The skirts of my mantle slipped from my girdle, and unfolded into wings like the film of a bat; and soaring with ease, I soon left the world beneath me, half dark and half lighted by the coursing dawn. Dimmer and dimmer grew the mountains, smaller and smaller the regions. The shores of the seas shone like the edges of a fish's scale; and by-and-by I saw the earth hanging in mid air, a pendulous ball, bright on one side, and on the other scarce distinguishable from the blackness of the firmament. Then saw I the three orbs of earth, moon, and sun, equal in size, like as many silver balls, tossed into a black air, and there hanging.

The magician, continued Zadec, did not cease to beckon me, and I followed him, by I know not what power drawn upward; when, on a sudden he disappeared, the ball of the earth began moving towards me, and swelled and rose to my feet, until I could alight upon the

very spot whence I arose. The magician re-appeared at once, sitting by me as before, and with his usual look. "Friend," said I, "we have had a great voyage."

"What voyage?" said he, smiling; "surely you dream; we have not stirred from here these five minutes past. But for you, I never saw any person behave in so antic a manner. You spread out your arms, stared absurdly into the air, thrashed my face with the skirt of your robe, and made a seeming effort to leap from the rock."

Seeing the magician chose to deceive in this manner, under pretence of a dream, I said no more, but only thanked him for the pains he had been at, to show me so divine a sight. "This," said I, "is the view you proposed to entertain me with, ascending into the heavens, and beholding the earth dwindled to a silver ball. I thank you heartily; I am made happy indeed; my soul has grown wiser, and now the splendors of yon sun, pouring his yellow glory over the snowy steeps of the Caucasus, and adorning those far-stretching green vales and rocky hills with the beauty of his beams, shows only a faint picture, compared with what we but now saw, when we flew under the moon."

This rhapsody of mine moved nothing but laughter in my companion.

"Come," said he, taking me by the hand, "let us fly; we shall be bewitched in this dangerous mountain. It is some hill sacred to Hecate, and the sprites that haunt it are making sport of us."

So saying he arose, and taking our staves we hurried down the slopes, and found the caravan on the point of moving.

The next night, continued Zadec, I questioned my companion touching his art, and besought him to impart to me some of his secrets.

"I see," said he, "friend Zadec, you are still of opinion that what you saw upon the mountain was a work of magic. I will not deny, indeed, that there was a magic in it; nay, I confess it was partly my work, aided by a powerful demon, who shall be nameless, but who is able to work much greater marvels. I have often been abused by his delusions, though I am more powerful than he; I have control over the demons of the earth; I can summon to my aid the genii of fire. I can divide rocks, shoot arrows over mountains, destroy at a blow whole

armies, throw down the walls of cities by the power of my demons, whom I am able to confine in phials and copper vessels, sealed with the seal of Hermes."

"I believe you, Manu," said I, answering him by his name, "and there is, I think, nothing too hard for you to accomplish. Doubtless you are invulnerable; and what a fool was I to offer you a horse—you who can flit through the air like a griffon or an eagle, bearing thunder in your hand!"

The magician did nothing but laugh while I addressed him in this strain; and when I said his jocularly suited ill with his wisdom and his years, he did but laugh the more. But when I regretted having given him my horse, he assumed an instant gravity.

"Friend Zadec," said he, "I should be a wretch indeed if the opinion you have of my power should prevent your aiding me in case of danger; I told you the conditions of my art, that it would not prolong my own life, or do me any proper service. There is a measure of justice in all men's lives, and if they seek happiness in one path, they find it not in another. I have the happiness of knowledge, but not that of security. If you see me in peril, defend me as you would your friend."

I could not be persuaded, continued the Phœnician, that the magician meant more than to banter me by such a request; nor would any protestation of his have moved my belief in his invulnerability. But, says the proverb, "Occasion brings out the secret;" we were set upon soon after by a band of Hyrcanians, from the Caspian. They came upon us in a narrow pass, and soon putting the guard to flight, fell upon the body of the caravan. We defended ourselves well, and drove back the robbers, but with the loss

of half our company, among whom was Manu the magician, who fell by an arrow in the first attack. In his precious wallet, which he had intrusted to my care, I found nothing but a few pieces of gold, a change of linen, and a copper cylinder wrapped with a scroll of old papyrus, marked over with hieroglyphica. In the fold of his robe was a phial of white powder, which I threw away, fearing it might be a devil.

Here Zadec made an end of his story.

"Pray," said I, "have you Manu's scroll in your possession?"

"I wear it," he replied, "as a talisman, and I am persuaded of its efficacy; but the figures are illegible." Then taking a small copper cylinder from his bosom, he unrolled the scroll and handed it to me. With great difficulty I deciphered a portion. It ran thus:—

"I, Manu, the Ethiopian, educated in the knowledge of Phtha, have been favored in my life by the deities. Horus lent himself to me. Thoth, the miracle worker—he gave me power over the earth spirits, which pervade all things, and work his illusion. He speaks, and they thunder; he calls, and all things are drawn together. Great is Thoth, and wonderful his demons. Great is sulphur, and the yellow vapor of the sea, and the black coal, and the scum of the Dead sea. All these are spirits, and they are everywhere present; but his illusion makes them appear to us here and there, and the ignorant know not their power. I, Manu, am able to convert a diamond, through the aid of Thoth, into a vehement demon, irresistible—"

Here ended the legible writing of the scroll. The remainder resembled an apothecary's writing of receipts for ointments.

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## NOTES BY THE ROAD

## NO. II.

## HOW ONE LIVES IN PARIS

OUR readers will remember, in the February No. of this year, the first chapter under the above title. We waited with some anxiety—doubtless the reader has done the same—for a continuation, as they were very plainly the observations of a curious and pleasant-minded observer. Subsequent continuous wandering in Scotland, over the central part of Europe, and by the Mediterranean, seem to have rendered it difficult for the writer to transmit any new chapters; and it was only upon the ocean, returning home, that a portion of his way-side notes could be put into a publishable shape. We have the promise of others to follow, falling by the road where they may happen.

ED. AM. REV.

A VERY great many have written down their opinions,—published them too,—in respect of the morals, the political rule, and the general appearance of the great Continental Capital. Yet there may be, and doubtless are, many curious people, who, however well satisfied on these points, still would be glad to know what provision there may be made for the material wants, in the French metropolis, and how a stranger is to avail himself of the provision; in other words, what a man eats at Paris—where he eats it, and what he pays for it. Having run over with the reader,—though near a year has slipped away since,—the inns, pot-houses, and country roads of England, we will now renew the acquaintance, in arming it together on the Boulevards, and in the crowded alleys of the cité.

With just so much of French on your tongue, as will enable you to pronounce intelligibly *Hôtel Maurice*, and so much understanding of all the questions that are addressed to you, whether “*Où logez vous?*” or, “*Combien de malles avez vous?*” or, “*Votre passeport, Monsieur?*” that you reply to one and all, with the air of a man who know very well what you are talking about,—“*Hôtel Maurice*,”—with such stock, I say, of ready conversation on hand, you find yourself some warm noonday of French summer-time crossing the last bridge over the Seine on the railway from Rouen to Paris, in a first class car. Had you been longer in the country, you would in all probability have taken a lower priced carriage, where you would have found a seat equally comfortable, and a better position for viewing the country; as it is, you are shut up in a carriage for six, which con-

tains besides yourself a red-faced Englishman, in the corner, whose air and dress have formed all along the subject of your speculations, and you have congratulated yourself on so good an opportunity for observing the bearing of a French gentleman. He, good soul, enjoying the privation of talk, wraps himself in his own contemplations, imagining you, all the while, to be some conceited booby of a Frenchman. Had you unfortunately possessed knowledge of enough French words to venture a trifling remark, you would have received in reply only an ominous shake of the head, that would have made you inwardly curse your awkward pronunciation, and envy the superior knowledge of your companion; who is—five to one—ten times more ignorant than yourself. If, unfortunately, you should at such repulse, take a sly peep into your phrase-book, and practice a little upon a short query, under breath, and so, with a good deal of confidence, make a second venture, you will meet with a shake of the head still more ominous, and a repulsive gesture of the hand. At this, you may well give yourself up to despair; and John scowls, and curses the garrulous Frenchman. Nor do you find him out, till you hear him muttering a string of good English oaths, at the *Douaniers*, who insist upon overhauling all his baggage for the third time.

Later experiences would teach you, that a first class carriage is no place to study French habits, for the reason, that French travelers in general are better consulters of economy and convenience, than to ride in them: and further, that nine out of ten first class passengers are English, who will not speak French—often be-

cause they cannot—and who do not speak English, because they will not. Can stronger reasons be imagined?

But to return: You cross the heavy, but shaking timber bridge—you drive through the bellowing tunnels, and you come to a stop within the walls of the station of Paris. You find your luggage upon the bench of the officers of the Octroi; you unlock, wonderingly; their long fingers probe it to the bottom.

"C'est fini, Monsieur; quelque chose—a votre discretion," says the Examiner.

"Hôtel Meurice." The Examiner turns up his nose at you as an incorrigible dog. The porter has caught your destination, and puts your portmanteau upon the omnibus, and he has shown you a seat, and says, "Le facteur, Monsieur—quelque chose—pour-boire?" "Hôtel Meurice."

The coachman cracks his whip, the conductor takes his place. "Mais, Monsieur," says the pleading facteur; "quelque chose—quelque—argent."

The thought occurs that your pronunciation may be still misunderstood,—and to be lost the first day in Paris! You seize your pencil, and write in plain characters "Hôtel Meurice." You beckon to the panting facteur; he gathers new energy; he reaches up his hand; you put in it the slip of paper.

"Sac-r-r-e," says the man—you turn a corner, and the poor facteur has vanished. Our companions of the omnibus are strangely disposed to smile. How uncomfortable to be alone for the first time in Paris!

What strange wax floors are these in the sixth story of the Hôtel Meurice, and what odd little beds, in which a short man cannot lie straight, and what a view into the square court—on every side windows, and in the middle a traveling carriage or two, and a strolling courier with a gilt band upon his hat. Below, in the office, are three or four men writing violently; and in the outer court, strolling from smoking to coffee room, are little knots of men, the like of whom, in appearance and language, might be seen all over England. At the table d'hôte you see only English faces, and you hear only English voices. Flowers and fruits in very pretty array stretch down the table, and the dishes, surprisingly small to one accustomed to American habits of abundance—are served by English-speaking waiters. After *dessert*—for there is little sitting over wine at a French table—we lounge into the coffee or smoking rooms,

or out under the arches of the Rue Rivoli, or across the way into the garden, among the throngs that are wearing out the after dinner hour in gossiping under the lindens, and among the oranges. Nursery maids with flocks of children—old ladies with daughters, old women with dogs, old men with canes—are walking, sitting, laughing, reading—for the sun is yet a half a degree above the top of the distant Arc de l'Etoile.

At our left, upon entering, is a long, low, verandah-looking building, with swarms of people at little round tables in front of it, where they drink a half cup of black coffee and a thimble full of brandy,—mixing them together,—and so dissipate an hour, at the cheap rate of half a franc. We will sit down too, for an ice, or a bottle of the light-looking beer that some are drinking; and so watch the swarms of passers grouping away into the shadows of the trees, and the vast extent of the palace, lengthening away into obscurity, as sombre and thought-stirring—seen thus for the first time, in the dusk of evening—as has been its history. Here are journals scattered over the tables, if there were not richer interest in observing than in reading; and the evening drums are beating, as the battalion moves down from the Place Vendôme, and they die upon the ear as they scatter over the city. The loungers lessen at the little tables, the crowd go out of the iron gates one by one, and none come in; the lamps of the café are extinguished, the white aproned waiter gathers up the journals, and it is night in the garden, though in the city, it has hardly begun.

The heavy voitures for Neuilly and Passy, and the Barrier de l'Etoile, with their red, green and blue lights, are thundering by. And at going out, is a man with a strange tin temple upon his back, covered with crimson satin, and from under each arm are peeping out silver-tipped water spouts, like the keys of a Scotch bagpipe, and he tinkles a little bell, which means, (for he says nothing,) that for a couple of sous, he will draw you from his temple, a glass of what he has the assurance to call lemonade. Perhaps an old woman is hanging off a yard or two, with a tray of very indigestible-looking cakes, which will be needed by whoever ventures the lemonade, and the last doubly needed by whoever favors the old lady's cake. There is an understanding between the dealers. Gateways are favorite stations for them, and at all the

gateways in Paris you will find them: sometimes one saunters up the Boulevard des Italiens, sometimes under the Obelisk of Luxor, and between the fountains; and on occasions they are adventurous enough to appear within the aristocratic precincts of the Place Vendôme. Their customers are, in general, work people in blouses, small and unruly boys, who are led about by nursery maids, and families of provincial tourists.

We, of course, as strangers, and not knowing but so strange a receptacle may contain some stranger liquor, and still further ignorant, but that our smallest coin may over-pay the vender, regard not the bell, adopting the surer method of paying our two francs for an execrable punch compounded at the hands of an English factor on the corner of the Rue des Pyramides.

Among the first, and most interesting acquaintances, which the stranger finds at Paris, and they may be found in most of the other capitals of Europe, are the *valets de place*. The court and neighborhood of the Hôtel Meurice, are, we are able to say from experience, particularly favored in this respect. They talk English to a charm—they can understand the very worst of French, and say with an air that goes quite to the heart—“*Monsieur, parle fort bien; sa prononciation est vraiment, charmante?*”

How is there any resisting the advances of such a man? Beside, he knows the town throughout—the best eating-houses, the best shops, and the churches, to a fault. His conversation is piquant; he overflows with a fund of light and lively anecdote; he is a perfect chronicler of dates and events—not barely those commonplace ones which have crept into printed histories, but his observations are more recondite; what, forsooth, cares he for such notable truths as that in 1770 a thousand persons were crushed on the Place de la Concorde, and that in the time of terror the blood ran down the ditches, and tumbled through the parapets, red and sparkling as wine, into the muddy Seine? But when he tells you, with all the energy of inspiration, some private details of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or that the surgeons in the Hôtel Dieu cut off regularly two legs a day before breakfast, and gives you sundry memoirs of the dead bodies at the Morgue, you may well congratulate yourself on finding so efficient an aid for exploring the wonders of Paris. What

is five francs a day to a man of such resourceful spirit? You want a book; who can do without Galignani's Paris Guide? He takes you to the nicest shop of the town, and at the naming of the price, your valet whispers you, in an under tone, and confidentially, “fery sheep—fery sheep, indeed.”

Meekly you pay the price, and as you go out, our shopkeeper puts a franc or two in the hand of the valet—which is neither here nor there. Whatever may be wished, you will find the same obliging willingness on the part of the valet, and the same business knowledge of localities. You may find, indeed, from some good-natured friend or other, who knows the city better than yourself, that you have been paying double prices, no small part of which was in commissions to your valet, and that you have been listening to a great many cock and bull stories; but all this only adds to your lively experience of the gay capital, and should neither put you out of humor with yourself, nor your worthy domestic; for to be out of humor with one's self is always profitless, and to be out of humor with your conductor, would only give scope to renewed politeness in the form of apologies on the part of that individual,—afford him some private amusement, and in no way lessen his disposition to pursue a profession in which he is duly educated, and for which he has been duly licensed.

Whoever passes three days for the first time in Paris, without being thoroughly and effectually cheated—so that he has an entire and vivid consciousness of his having been so cheated—must be either subject to some strange mental aberration, which denies him the power of a perception of truth, or he is an extraordinary exception to all known rules. And the sooner a man learns this, and learns to take it good-naturedly, the better for his sleep, and the better for his appetite. It is done with good grace, and were better received with good grace.

Fancy the absurdity of a man, with a minimum of bad French, getting red in the face, and disputing prices, with a Parisian shopkeeper!

“*Trop cher! Mon Dieu!*” says the dealer. “*I think you pay vorty times so much at Londres: tenez—voyez-vous—ah! c'est magnifique!* You ish long at Paris? *C'est une ville charmante. Ah! sacre—quelle etoffe! la meilleur fabrique de la France. Trop cher! ah, c'est une*



*plaisanterie, Monsieur—j'y perds, parole d'honneur, Monsieur, j'y perds."*

But if it is good philosophy to bear meekly with the cheateries of the shopkeepers, it is doubly so with the shop-girls. The high-heeled shoes, and high head-gear, that turned the good-natured soul of poor Lawrence Sterne, are indeed gone by; but the grisette presides over gloves and silks yet, and whatever she may do with the heart-strings, she makes the pure-strings yield. You will find her in every shop of Paris,—except the exchange brokers (where there are fat middle-aged ladies who would adorn the circles of Wall street)—there she stands, with her hair laid smooth as her cheek, over her forehead, in the prettiest blue and muslin dress imaginable,—a bit of narrow white lace running round the neck, and each little hand set off with a bit of the same, and a very witch at a bargain. With what a gracious smile she detects and receives the poor stranger. There may be two at a time—there may be six—she is nothing abashed. You may laugh, she will laugh back; you may chat, she will chat back; you may scold, she will scold back. She guesses your wants: there they are,—the prettiest gloves in Paris. She measures your hand—" *Quelle jolie petite main*"—and she assists in putting a pair fairly on; and "how many pair does Monsieur wish; a dozen—two dozen?"

"But one! ah!—Monsieur is surely joking. See, what pretty colors, and so nice a fit. Only two—ah, it is indeed too few, and so cheap; only fifteen francs for the six pair—which is so little for Monsieur"—and she rolls them in a paper, and there is no refusal. And you slip the three pieces of money upon the counter, and she draws them like magic into her little drawer, and thanks you in a way that makes you think as you go out, that you have been paying for the smiles, and nothing for the gloves.

Meantime how and where are we living at Paris? We remember crowding our way into a tent-booth, on a fair day at Strasburg, and waiting inside until an Amazon in short petticoats had finished a fencing match with a soldier of the garrison, to see a panoramic view of the chief cities of the world—among which were New York and New Haven. And on comparing the canvas with our recollections, we think the burghers of Strasburg may have very like as correct an idea of those American cities as the

stranger may have of Paris, who makes his point of observation the Hôtel Meurice, and employs as exponents of the scene (corresponding to the magnifying glasses of the panorama) the English speaking valets de place.

What, pray, will he know of all the hôtels garnis—which make up the living quarters of all thorough-bred Parisians? Or what, of the families of concierges living ten souls in a ready furnished room, six feet by nine? or what of the world within a house—each floor a country, each suite a town, and frequently each room a neighborhood, as unknown to the next, as if one were in Yucatan, and the other in Mexico? What knows he of the whole world of restaurants, scattered up and down, in which prince and peasant finds his dinner; and where he may pay two sous, or as many napoleons?—and the cafés, from those brilliant with gold and mirrors to the dingy salons of St. Antoine? What knows he of the eccentricities of cabmen, and the dealers in wines and small stores—or of the students' dinners, and the garden of the Luxembourg—of the intricacies of the Palais Royal, or the Bal Montesquieu? He knows nothing of the omnibus, but its noise—of the Boulevards, but its crowds—of the shops, but their prices—of the Chatelet, but its height—of the Latin quarter, but its mud—or of Montfaucon, but its smells.

Abjure the valet, and take instead the map, the dictionary, the grammar, or a pocket history. If there be possessed no knowledge of the language, let us prescribe a garret on the sixth floor, looking upon a small court—late hours (at home) and close study. Without a speaking acquaintance with the language, one meets (experto crede) with almost innumerable vexations. A modicum will suffice for negotiation with the garrulous old mistresses of *maisons garnies*, who toil up, puffing, long flights of stairs, turning round at each step to tell you how easy is the ascent, and to direct your attention to the charming views through the back windows. What visions of dimity curtains, and waxed floors, and winding escaliers, and dark courts, and little conciergeries, and fat women with huge bunches of keys at their girdles, come up to our mind's eye, in recalling a day's search through the *maisons garnies* of Paris! On the Quay, in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comedie, the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Faubourg Montmartre: here a busy valet de

chambre, with a white apron, who takes six steps at a jump, and insists upon the *bon local*: there, a prim little daughter of the concierge, who trips a long way before you, and insists upon showing you every vacant room in the house, and laughs at your bad French, in a way that makes you talk infinitely worse, and throws open the window, and pulls back the muslin curtains, descanting all the while in the prettiest possible language upon the prospect: then, again, obstinate old women with spectacles, who put down their knitting-work and drop tremendous curseys, who would be charmed to have Monsieur for a lodger—who give the best of linen, and who, say what you will, insist upon understanding you to accept their terms unconditionally; and when you would undeceive them, overwhelm you with explications, that only make matters worse, and you are fain to make all sorts of excuses to be fairly rid of them. What array of broken promises and prices, of subterfuges and solicitations, throng over the memorial of a single day's search for lodgings!

And what a happy rest from all of them in the little, wax-floored, white-curtained chamber, on the *deuxième étage* of a *maison particulière* under the shadow of the Cathedral of San Roch! What a quiet old lady in the concierge—who made the bed, and brought up the water, and kindled the fire! And the corset-maker next door had all sorts of visitors; and in the mourning shop opposite, every day the shop girls new arranged the laces, and caps, and cross-barred muslins, so that we came half to be a connoisseur of modes. Many a quiet afternoon, too, have we leaned out of the window, watching the goers in at the cathedral—up the same steps where was gathered in the unfortunate days of France, the ruthless rabble, to see poor Marie Antoinette go by to execution. And the loud, full sounding bells, high over the weather-stained front, chiming at midnight over the silent city—what memories in the sound—what sounds in the memory of them!

“fra le più care  
Gioje del mondo, è 'l suon delle campane.”

The old Italian had listened to the Florentine bells, and we have dreamed under those of San Giovanni, and of San Roch.

There attach other recollections to other neighborhoods, in which we have

been dwellers. Who can forget the happy Madame C——, in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, who serves her lodgers with coffee up six pair of stairs, sometimes at the hand of the little mischievous Pierre in the blue blouse, and sometimes by the stumpy little girl who called her “Ma tante?” Then there was the short, stiff-haired concierge of the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, who skated over the tile floors with wax brushes to his feet, grinning and chatting as he moved; and the good-natured soul his wife, with horn spectacles in the box at the door, and “La Maitresse”—a prim old body who wore a white cap to cover her gray hairs, and whom the concierge dignified with the title of Mademoiselle. There was beside, the happy-looking shoemaker in the dark court of one of the many hotels of the Rue de Seine, and the little iron gate with the tinkling bell, and the crooked and dim corridor, and the cheerful Abbé G——.

But such recollections do not enough show how one lives at Paris. Next to beds, which are always good, comes breakfast. He who takes it at home, or his Hotel, sees not one half of what is to be seen in the Parisian world; and who does not prosecute a full acquaintance with the cafés of the French capital, has not half invested himself with French habitude. The Parisian takes there his *café au lait* and his journal—his *demi-tasse* and his *segar*—his mistress and his ice; the provincial takes his *dejeuner à la fourchette* and his National—his *absinthe* and his wife: even the English take their Galignani and their eggs, and the German his beer and his pipe. It is the arena of the public life of Paris; what the Exchange is to London, the cafés are to the French capital. There the politics and amusements of the day meet discussion, but no general discussion: each table has its party, and so silently conducted, that the nearest neighbors are not disturbed. At one, the two in the dress of the National Guard are magnifying M. Thiers, and the old gentleman at the next table, with gold spectacles and a hooked nose, is dealing out anathemas upon his head.

Opposite the Porte St. Martin, whose “foot ran blood” in the three days of July, is the Café de Malte: there are more stylish cafés, but nowhere do they make better coffee between the Madeleine and the Fountain of the Chateau. There G—— and myself breakfasted

many a morning, strolling down from the Rue de Lancry a kilometre upon the Boulevard—turning in at the corner door upon the Rue St. Martin—touching our hats to the little blue dressed grisette at the dais, who presided over spoons, sugar and sous—and took our seats at one of the marble slabs upon the crimson cushioned seats. We were, in general, but two of the forty frequenters of the Café de Malte. Beside us would be some lieutenant in scarlet breeches, blue coat, and ugly cap, very like the tin pail in which New England housewives boil their Indian puddings—with his friend, some whiskerado, who is tickling his vanity by looking at his epaulettes, and listening applausively to his critiques upon the army in Algiers. They are drinking a dose of absinthe to whet their appetites for dinner: a thing only to be accounted for, from the fact that the officer dines at mess, and so cares little how much he eats; and that the whiskerado has an invitation to dine with a friend, and so wishes by double eating to do away the necessity of dining to-morrow. On another side of us, is perhaps an old man of sixty, who wears a wig, and looks very wisely over the columns of the *Presse*, and occasionally very crossly, at a small dog, which an old lady next him holds by a string, and which seems to be playing sundry amusing and innocent tricks over the old gentleman's boots. The lady, his neighbor, looks fondly at her dog—sipping now and then at her chocolate—throwing bits of crumbs to her canine companion—all the while looking anxiously at every new comer through her glasses—possibly watching for some old admirer; for no circumstance, nor age, nor place, nor decrepitude, can dissipate a Frenchwoman's vanity. Another way are three talkers, each with his *demi-tasse*, discussing the *National*. There are ages from twenty to eighty. There are characters, from the impudent *sans culottes* to the dignified scowl of the Girondist. Here is a man opposite, with dirty hands, dirty nails, uncombed hair and dirty beard, who has finished his coffee, and is poring over a bit of music—altering notes, humming a tune, and drumming on the table with his fingers. He is doubtless an *employé* of the orchestra of the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin opposite. We, meantime, over our *café au lait*—rich as nectar—a little pyramid of fresh radishes, a neat stamped cake of yellow

butter, and bread such as is comparable with nothing but itself, are employing the intervals in study of the characters about us, or glancing through the windows, upon the roar of carts, and voitures, and omnibuses, and soldiers, and porters, and market-women, and gliding grisettes, all of which suck like a whirlpool round the angles of the Porte St. Martin.

Even now, the reader has not half so definite an idea of a Paris *café* as we could wish he had—of the mirrors multiplying everything to infinity—of the gilt cornices—of the sanded floors—of the iron-legged tables—of the German stove with its load of crockery—of the dais, with its pyramids of sugar—of the garçons in their white aprons, and shouting to the little woman at the desk, “*dizneuf—quarante : treize—cinq franc—vingt et un—vingt-cinq.*”

Who knows not the *Café de Paris*—at least its outward show of a summer's evening, when the Boulevard before it is full of loungers, and the salons full within; and the *Café Anglais* on the corner, and the *Vefour* and the *Rotonde* of the Palais Royal? We see before us now—the blue ocean water is tumbling around, and nor land nor sail in view—the nice-looking, black-haired French girl of twenty, who used to come in with her mamma, every morning at eleven precisely, to the *Vefour*, and hang her mischievous-looking green sherd bonnet over her head, and arrange the scattered locks, and smooth the plaits upon her forehead with the flat of her delicate hand—giving, all the while, such side looks from under it, as utterly baffled the old lady's observation. Do they take their coffee there yet? or does the middle-aged man with the red moustache bow as graciously as ever to *Mademoiselle* last, and *Madame* first? And does he steal the sly looks over the upper columns of the *Constitutionnel*, as if all the news were centred along the top lines, and as if we were not watching between the rim of our coffee-bowl and eyebrows, for just such explications of Paris life? And does the little cock-eyed man at the *De Lorme*, who breakfasted on two chops and coffee, still keep *Galigani* till every English reader, and we among them, despaired?

If one wants coffee at near sunrise, or on to six or seven, he must not look for it in the places we have named; he must find his way to the neighborhood

of the diligence bureaux, or the Chemin de Fer; or he must dash boldly into the dim salons of St. Antoine, or beyond the Pont St. Michel, or round the Halle au Blé, or Marché des Innocens. There he will find men in blouses—mechanics—country people, cab-drivers, and journeymen tailors, discussing the news of yesterday, or perhaps six looking over the Constitutionnel of to-day. Such men count by the thousands, and make up the tone of popular feeling, with influence that is derided in the salon, and felt in the government—an influence which, when inflamed, brought to execution a Queen, who said, when told the people were starving, “Mon Dieu! why do they not buy some of those nice little rolls?” and an influence which saved, amid the iconoclasm of the revolution, the statue in the Pons Neuf of Henri III., because the old king had said “Every workman ought to have a chicken in his pot for his Sunday’s dinner.” But we have nothing to say but of the coffee, which is near as good in one place as another—that is to say, none is bad. One may bargain with the concierge for a morning dish, and take it hot in his chamber; and they will need it, who at first sight of a wet winter’s morning, must tramp along the muddy rues of the cité and the quay, where rises the loathsome Morgue, to follow the electric movements of M. Roux and his crowd of students, through the wards of the Hotel Dieu. And how good after it all,—the hot, close air of the lecture room, and the combined smells of sick beds and drugs, —a fresh *pain, viennois*, and a luscious bowl at the Café Voltaire!

After mid-day, the *demi-tasse à l’eau de vie* gains upon the *café au lait*, and for three hours after noon, there is a sensible falling off of visitors, and the trim *president* leaves her place to dress for the evening: And how many sorry old single men, and quarreling married men, to say nothing of such idle observers as we, will not a fresh-faced, bright-eyed, neatly-dressed fair one, draw to her salon? Whoever has loitered up the Boulevard as far as the *terrasse* by the Porte St. Denis, will remember the knot that used to gather summer forenoons before the windows of the Café Maure, and will remember seeing the two splendidly dressed Moorish damsels in the dais. What swanlike necks, and grace of posture, and splendor of plumes! Who could resist the temptation of drop-

ping in for a *demi-tasse*? The girls were forbidden to look toward the street; unfortunately, the manager could not arrange their looking two ways at once; had he been able, his custom might have continued—as it was, those who entered once, did not enter a second time; and the other day we noticed that the windows were closed, and an *à louer* posted on the door.

Such are the Parisian breakfast houses, and at Parisian breakfasts, eating is the least that is done. Fat old bourgeois from Lyons, or wool merchants from Chateauroux, or apple sellers of Normandy, are not content with such mimicry of the provincial *dejeuner à la fourchette*, whose abundance would rival a German dinner. Such—and American breakfast eaters, would come within the same category, until Paris air has supplied Paris habits—must give their orders at home, or eat at a *Pension*, or step into the Restaurants within the purlieus of the Palais Royal, where *dejeuners* of two dishes and dessert, and half a bottle of wine, are eaten for a franc and thirty centimes; and down the Rue St. Honore are “real English breakfasts” for the same.

Does F— remember the bread that used to stand on end like a walking-stick in one corner of the salon, at the *Pension* in the Rue Beaurigard, and the sour wine, and the old Madame with her snuff-box at her elbow, and her fingers and nose browned? And what a keen eye hid under her spectacles, and what blue-looking milk, and what sad, sad chops, and what a meek Monsieur for helpmeet? Yet it was passable, for there was Mademoiselle blithe as a cricket all the day; but there are better *pensions* than that in the Rue Beaurigard. *Par exemple*, la Rue de Bussy. How neatly little Marie arranges the rooms, and for management who can surpass Madame C.? Still, who wishes to see Parisian life in the morning, must frequent the café. It would make a very curious subject of inquiry to trace the pursuits of the Parisian world between café and dinner; the stranger dreams it away at the shrine of some of the glories of the Louvre, or in the rich walls of palaces, or under church roofs, or before shop windows, or in the sunshine of the garden of the Tuilleries. But what on earth becomes of all the straight capped lieutenants, and middle-aged women, and lap-dogs, and old men who spend an hour over the Debats, and men who smoke, and read Charivari?

It would not be impossible to trace them out, and some time we may do it; now for dinner. Between dinner and bed, the Parisian talks about *Le Theatre* and *Le Roi*; between getting up and café, he talks of *L'Argent* and *Le chemin de fer*, and thence till five, his talk is of *diner*—where he shall get it, what he shall get, and how much it shall cost. The rest of the world are no wiser; they arrange them for the year; the Parisian arranges for the day. One whose means know no limit will perhaps dine in his apartments, and give his orders to the *Fournisseur du Roi*, in the *Palais Royal*, before whose windows a crowd of little soldiers in crimson breeches, and of men in blouses, are always looking in upon the swimming terrapins, and the salmon, and the fruits of every name and country. We have, however, nothing to do but with that phase of the Paris life which is presented to every stranger's observation. Turn we then to the *Trois Freres*, where go such misguided peers as would seem rich, and such rich as would seem peers; where go, indeed, all who, by paying high, wish to seem of the *élite*. No window in the *Palais Royal*, unless that of *Vefour*, shows a richer stock of game, or meats, than the *Trois Freres*. Twenty francs will pay for an exceeding good dinner; besides, one has the honor of looking upon men with red ribbons in their button-holes, and ogling the clean dressed *grisettes* in the dais. As good dinners may be had elsewhere, but the *éclat* of extravagance belongs to such as the *Café de Paris* and *Trois Freres*. It is surprising how much it aids a man's good opinion of himself to be the envy of the small boys with paper parcels, and hungry looking newspaper readers, who see him coming in or out of those brilliant restaurants. And the cooking is superb—"they will make you five different dishes from a nettle pot, and twice as many from a frog's haunches." There are two or three along the Boulevard which rank little lower, and there is the British Tavern, where mock turtle is always ready, and where English ale may be drank, and English mustard eaten on English steaks—saving only the horse-radish. The Parisian is never too aristocratic to economize, and even at the *Café de Paris* have we seen a dinner for two, ordered for five living souls, mother, father, maid, and children. How the five quotients out of these two dividends, with a hungry man for divisor, satisfy five

stomachs, is a matter which one who knows Paris better than we might be puzzled to answer. The steaks are none of the largest, every man who has walked the Boulevard for an appetite very well knows; indeed we are inclined to think that the higher the dinner ranks in fashion, the less it will rank in the scales. Where do they give more heaping platefuls than at Martin's, under the shadow of the Odeon? And there a man may fill himself for his eighteen sous, and enjoy the society of professional men, at least the neophytes, who cut into the *fricandeaus* in a way that would do credit to the dissecting-room. True, the wainscoting is not of mirrors, and the cloths do not "smell of lavender," and the wine is neither *vieux macon* nor *madère*, and the stews of rabbit are of doubtful origin, but here, as everywhere else—

"Il saper troppo quasi sempre nuoce."

Green-eyed persons say the same of Tavernier's stews, but it can hardly be credited. Madame T. thrives too well to have thriven on cat's flesh; and there is surely nothing of the Grimalkin about the sparkling *Mademoiselle* who presides over apricots and oysters. It is a splendid saloon, *au premier*, in the *Palais Royal*, overlooking the whole court, with its crowds of loungers, and lime-trees, and sparkling fountains, that has over its doors the name of Tavernier. We have eaten a great many two franc dinners at its neat little tables—of soup, three dishes, dessert and wine; we wish we had by us a bill of fare to copy some among its hundred dishes. Still more, we wish there were some Cruikshank to drop in an illustration of the brilliant interior of that *Palais Royal* restaurant, on a December evening at 5. How nicely would come into the foreground those two old Cheery-ble brothers, who have dined at the same table, at the same hour, and on nearly the same dishes, for a year! One is as precise as a *mademoiselle* of sixty; and the other, with a happy, careless look that never became soured under a wife's regards. One tucks his napkin, carefully unfolded, in his vest; the other wipes it with both hands across his mouth, and drops it carelessly in his lap. One eats weak broth, and the other pea-soup. What a group would that long family of English make! There is a boy in jacket, with a collar that covers his shoulders, and a red-faced miss who is by half longer than

her dress, and talks execrable French; and the young man who manages the purse—was there ever such a hat seen on the head of a Frenchman, and coat with a waist that pinches him under the arms? "Sacré!" whispers the thick moustached man at the next table; "quel Anglais? quel chapeau! quel habit! Mon Dieu!" With what an air of calm dignity the manager paces up and down, with his napkin, white as snow, laid over his left arm, and with what infinite grace he meets the salutations of every new comer!

There is, not far away—perhaps on the opposite side—"Le Grand Vatel." It is, we fancy, a shade lower in price, but there is veritable romance in eating under the name of such a patron of the *cuisine*.

Vatel\* lived in the time of Louis XIV., when flourished everything that could quicken appetite and excite desire. Poor man! he did not see the end of it! He had gone to Chantilly to prepare a fête; the King arrived; the supper was served; by a mistake, two tables were without roasts. It cut Vatel to the quick. "My honor is ruined," said he. Fortunately, the table of the King was served. This restored courage to poor Vatel. Still, for twelve nights he did not sleep. He told his friend Gourville, and Gourville told the Prince. The Prince came to console Vatel. "Nothing could be finer," said he.

"Monseigneur," replied Vatel, "your goodness overpowers me; but I know very well that two of the tables had no 'roasts.'"

The morning came. Le Grand Vatel was up at four. All were asleep, except one fish-dealer who brought two parcels of *marais*.

"Is this all?" said the great Vatel.

"Oui, monsieur," said the man, who did not know orders had been sent to all the ports of the coast.

Vatel sought his friend. "Gourville," said he, "*mon ami*, I shall never survive this."

"Pooh!" said Gourville.

Vatel went to his chamber, and placing his sword against the door, he pushed it through his body; *il tombe mort*.

La *marais* arrive. They search for Vatel; they go to his chamber; they

knock; they break open the door. They find him bathed in blood and stone dead!

"Pauvre Vatel!" said the Prince. And now they sell dinners for a franc and fifty centimes at the sign of Le Grand Vatel. We ate of *marais* at the little tables, but it was not fresh.

Browne, the philosopher, says, whatever may be a man's character, or complexion, or habits, he will find a match for them in London. Whatever may be a man's taste or his means, he may find the gratification of them, at some rate, at Paris. If the Palais Royal, from the little tobacco women to the *fournisseur du roi*, be too extravagant for one's means, if he can neither pay two sous for his chair under the windows, nor take a six sous *demi-tasse* at the Rotunda, nor a dinner at such as the Grand Vatel, he finds another neighborhood that ranges lower; but be sure, he will indulge, on a Sunday afternoon, on the stone benches along the borders of the court, and, ten to one, luxuriate in a sou cigar. Other days, he may be seen stealing his way cautiously down the Rue St. Honore, and turning into some of those streets that branch off toward the Quay, or the other side of the river. He knows every alley that ramifies from the Rue de l'Ecole de Medicin, and may even venture, on fast days, into the neighborhood of the long shadowing Pantheon. And there may be picked up dinners, such as they are, for twelve sous and eight sous, not a stone's throw from the towers of St. Sulpice. And what shall be said of the chop-houses of St. Denis and Montmartre? Curious looking chops, sure enough, with queer shaped bones, that would puzzle a Cuvier to work into the skeleton of a beast that bleats or grunts, but cheap for all that; a potatoe and bread, for five sous. There may be seen luscious dinners at five, not far from the Pont St. Michel, and in the neighborhood of the Halle au Blé. And in the Faubourg St. Martin—the number escapes our memory, but the police will direct the curious, and the savory smells will guide the hungry—there is a huge pot boiling from 12 to 6, filled with such choice tit-bits as draw, every day, scores of adventurers. A huge iron fork lays

\* Madame de Sevigne tells pleasantly the story of this mishap of Le Grand Vatel, "*dans sa bonne tete etait capable de contenir tout le soin d'un etat*." The cooks of the present, guard as scrupulously their honor, as in that luxurious age; and there are many unquiet souls, beside those who eat of the fruits of French culinary skill.

across the mouth of the pot, and whoever wishes to make the venture, pays two sous for a strike. If he succeeds in transfixing a piece of beef, (or what passes for beef, in the dialect of the *quartier*), he has achieved his dinner, and at a low rate—albeit he has it in his fingers without sauce or corrective. Unfortunately, however, many poor fellows ruin their hopes by striking too strongly and dashing all before them, and they are mortified at seeing the fragments of some huge bit of meat, which their energy has shattered, floating in savory morsels to the top. *On dit*, that once upon a time, there came up upon the tines of the fork, after a vigorous thrust, a heavy, black looking substance, which proved to be the front of a soldier's cap. It came to the ears of the authorities. A posse of police came down upon the luckless restaurateur, and made seizure of all the bones about his establishment. Thorough inquiry was instituted at the various caserns, to ascertain if any soldier was missing. Fortunately, no human bones were found in the restaurateur's collection, and with suitable admonition, his effects were restored; and to this day the pot boils. It is not strictly reputable to be seen venturing one's chance for dinner at such places, and we are creditably assured that some medical students and barbers have lost caste with their profession, for cultivating too great familiarity in such neighborhoods. Better dinners, and safer, as a whole, may be had in the great square of the *Marché des Innocens*. What more glorious salon? The bright blue sky of a Paris summer overhead—tall old buildings lifting their quaint gables, mingled with elegant modern fronts on every side—the great fountain pouring over in floods its bubbling and sparkling torrents, making the air cool, even in the heats of July; and around, rich stores of richest vegetables, and fruits of every hue and shape, from the fine gardens of Normandy; and among the stores, the picturesque costumes of Brittany, and queer caps and petticoats, and honest, ruddy faces that have ripened on the sunny banks of the Loire. A dinner place for a poet, and as a poet's dinner ought to be—"dog-cheap." Just around the edge of the basin, that catches within its lips of stone the waters of the fountain, are arranged some half dozen deal tables, and at one side, here and there, pots are boiling, and bowls and spoons in readiness, and an old lady, with a huge handkerchief upon her head,

to serve you. You may find beans, or potatoes, or meat, and you may have a bowl of either of the two first for a sou, but bread and salt are extras; meat ranges a trifle higher; and few but the aristocrats of the place, or strangers, presume upon the meat. No better place, for the price, can be found in Paris; we have pursued investigations so far, with the good Abbe G., as to feel assured of this fact. If it rains, of course an umbrella must be carried, or the broth, which is not the least part of the dinner, will become cool. One may end with a handful of the richest plums, and as cheap as the broth.

Outside the Barriers of the Octroi, up and down the Seine, and at the Barrier du Trône, are restaurants for such as choose to walk further and pay less, or who prefer a poor rabbit to a fat cat. Little stands of fruit, and wine and cake abound, where they escape the tithe of the douanier; and how cheap a good dinner may be got at such suburban towns as Corbeil, or St. Denis, will belong to other notes than these of Paris.

Nor have we yet done with dinners within the limits of the capital. Many a poor fellow is, at this very hour, 5 of the afternoon, perspiring over a chafing pan of coals, whose fumes escape at a broken pane of glass, and over which is sissing and steaming a little miserable apology for a rump steak. These are the single men who wish to keep up appearances, and you might see one of them upon the Boulevard, and never guess but he was a diner at a reputable restaurant; except you might observe that his wristbands were turned carefully up out of sight, and his shirt-collar covered with a black cravat. Poor fellow, he has no shirt!—though the coat is a good one in its way, and so with the hat. On fête days he shows linen, and calls for a bottle of ordinary beer at one of the cafés up the Champs Elysées. On other days, as we say, his means oblige him to cut the restaurants, and take a small cut of the butcher off the fore-quarter and near the knuckle. Sometimes he takes the knuckle itself for a bit of soup, and with a little potatoe and parsley and salt, followed by a piece of bread, it really makes a palatable dinner.

There are poor artists, and American ones among them, who, for worthier motives than occasional dress, eat their dinners thus, rather than risk the doubt-

ful meats in the lower class of restaurants. No dinner of ordinary bulk, ranging much under two francs, can be eaten in Paris without suspicion; unless, indeed, it be of those vegetable potages which are served up under the rich old fountain of the *Marché des Innocens*. None understand the economy of eating better than the French: a knuckle will serve them further than a haunch an ordinary man. All the arts of securing nutrition from that which chemists might, by the weak tests of their laboratory, declare to have no nutritious matter at all, belong peculiarly to the alchemy of French cookery. There is no part of the brute structure but yields something in the form of digestible dishes to their rigorous investigations. Whatever will season a soup, or flavor a pudding, in the vegetable world, is known. It has been submitted to their kitchen analysis; and the *Synthesis*—to use the language of the schools—is even more wonderful than the strange results of their analysis. Compounds without number—amalgams of qualities as opposite as nature could form them—combination heaped upon combination, and a name for each successive product, chosen with the same skill that directs the formation of the quality to be named: so that poor as the French language is in general terms, none is richer in table vocabulary, and their *omelette* and *fricandeau* pass muster in nearly all the languages of Europe.

But simplicity is no part of a French cook's study, and a plain done sirloin of beef would give a shock to a Parisian Vatel that a month's diet upon fricasees and patés could hardly repair. Just as inane speculations become the result of close pursued metaphysical inquiry and "mist—the common gloss of Theologians," these Messieurs fancy that, without employing every refinement of their art, nothing can result from it to their honor. There was an old lady, English, who cooked roast beef and made plum-pudding under the west side of the *Madeleine*, and her tables were always full; the only real English beef in Paris, we found there; they pretend to it at the Royal, and the British Tavern, but the beef has no smell of the shambles. We give the palm to the old lady. We have, however, no great cause to remember her little rooms with favor, since we lost there a fair made bet for a couple of bottles of Chablis. We declared to our friend G——, that the red-faced man

opposite us was an Englishman. Our evidence was—he ate mustard with his roast beef, and called for a hot plate. Could there be better?

G—— said no, and thereupon we staked the wine, and appealed across the table. We lost our bet, but the man had lived fifteen years in England!

We must not linger longer at dinner, but close with one look at the Paris world an hour after. The cafés are full—lounging, talking, sipping, reading, are the after-dinner employments. Perhaps, one more energetic than the rest smokes a cigar, and saunters up the court of the *Palais Royal*; and what throngs are strolling under the glass roof of the *Galerie d'Orleans*! The shop girls, who, we should have said, take their dishes behind the counter, are idling, gazing, chatting; hurry is written on no one's countenance; the omnibuses are at the fullest, but only because the after-dinner world is too lazy to walk. The chairs in the court of the *Palais*, and up the garden of the *Tuilleries*, and all along the *Champs Elysées* are filling. The stone seats along the *Boulevard* are full; the *Place de la Bourree* is empty—save that a knot of men, sprinkled with two or three serjeants de ville, who are crowding at the door of the *Vaudeville*. The *Entr'acte*, and programme sellers are noisy in the corner of the *Palais Royal*, and season-ticket sellers are on the look out at the opera and at the *Ambigu Comique*.

'*Le marchand d'habits*' is silent. '*Les haricots verts*' are sold; '*le decrotteur*' has slunk from the thoroughfares into the neighborhood of the theatres; the lemonade seller, and gingerbread woman have taken their stand at the gates of the garden, and the carriages are thronging in and out of the *Barrier de l'Etoile*.

The wine-shops are doing a fair trade; ices are in demand and glisten along the *Boulevards*, but the best are at the *Glacier de Nâple*, in the *Rue de Rivoli*; the little widow lady, with her English ale and beer, is pushing brisk bargains with red-nosed men, who find with her the only place where one can revive the times of the tankard and the pipes. The trees that skirt the canal under the *Angel Column* of the *Bastille* are shading little troops of women and children; and servant girls have stolen a moment to sit at the *Café* opposite for a bottle of five sous beer; the *Place Royale* has its coteries of broken-down old men and fidgetty old women, and as evening sets in, they stroll



off under the dim arcades. The gardens of the Luxembourg are full, and the fountains are pouring into the air; and under the walls of the great caserne upon the Champs de Mars, you may hear the laugh of the cavalry men, as they give their horses the night's grooming; the crippled invalids are stumping it with short pipes and wooden legs, in front of their grand caravanserie. Even in the narrow streets of the cité, there is comparative quiet; the Rue des Mauvais Garçons is still; and at the sixth story windows of the Hotel Dieu and La Charité, you may see the convalescents sunning themselves in the last beams of day—puffing away in their queer long caps.

Our paper is full, or how we would love dearly to follow this strange Paris life still farther—to stroll through the rich old doorways of Notre Dame, when the sun is saying his evening prayers in glorious colors upon the pavement, (we are sure we are not irreverent in ascribing the splendor of heaven's light to the glory of its Creator,) and what pleasure to watch the evening

worshippers dropping silently on their knees, and praying "as the night cometh!" And we might follow, not without instruction, this volatile world into its places of amusement. What array of theatres, from the little Comté and Montmartre, to the Academie Royale! And the booths and puppet shows, and dioramas, and the swinging boats, and Bals Mabib, and Ranelagh,—what faces, what dress, what wonders!

"Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il le croit."

—a true Gallic saying, but not without its applicability the wide world over. Take away from the continental capital its amusements, and what would be left? Not so much as of old Rome, between the Piazza del Popolo and the capitol. We, then, dear reader, as wishing to know, not what Paris ought to be, but what it is, will some other month resume our march together, making our starting point the ticket box of the Theatre de la Porte S. Martin. CAIUS.

### TALFOURD AND STEPHEN.\*

THE English press has furnished within the last few years some of the most brilliant examples of essay-writing that can be found in any language, whether ancient or modern. Indeed, since that bright constellation of Poets, which, within the memory of the present generation, conspicuous in the heavens, has passed from the view of mortal men, until now, Wordsworth is the only remaining star—literature is almost entirely merged in this species of prose: Sometimes it assumes a didactic form, sometimes attempts to collect and tie up the broken threads of history: now it draws out with greater minuteness the nice details of biography, and now again it grasps the pruning-hook of the critic, and cuts away the superfluous branches of many an author.

This last occupation, however, has softened its features a good deal within the last few years.

Criticism, from being the heartless censor, and sometimes the mortal enemy of genius, has come at length to be its guide and traveling-companion. Rome will never shelter the ashes of another Keats, leaving his native country disappointed and wasted, to die of his wounds among strangers. It is not likely that another race of Broughams and Geoffreys will ever have unbridled range of the realms of criticism, hovering like buccaneers upon the high seas about the shrouds of many a luckless author, to send his little craft to the bottom from the mere love of enterprise. This change, so obvious to every reader, in the tone of review-essays, was owing, in a good de-

\* The modern British Essayists. Published by Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

gree, among other causes, to the unexpected and terrible resistance of Lord Byron, one of the early victims of the *Edinburgh Review*. That a young nobleman who had scarcely yet attained to years of majority, should turn upon his pursuers with such a determined energy; that he should follow them so up closely, and involve them so remorselessly, as if in the folds of a serpent, whose power to crush their puny frames was only equalled by the malignant venom of his bite, was so unexpected and appalling that they shrunk away in terror and utter discomfiture. The young poet had been so much more severe upon his cotemporaries than any mere prose critic could be, that they gave over the chase in despair.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.—The author now principally under consideration is one of the most remarkable men of his time. Rising as he has done from a station comparatively humble, with no rank or prerogative save that deep impression, where nature and genius have set their seal, he has come gradually by patient application and elaborate art, to fill a niche among the highest of earthly fame. Self-knowledge seems to be a characteristic of truly great minds; and no man understands himself better than Talfourd. In that beautiful dedicatory preface to his tragedies, he has given to the world a more perfect analysis and accurate delineation of his own mind than the hand of any stranger could ever have noted down. He there gives the readers, by a few happy strokes of the pen, a complete history of himself. Who could have thought, had not the writer himself told us so, that the beautiful Ion, with its happy disposition of parts, its delicate pencilings, its chaste images, its nice finish of thought, and above all, the accomplished characters that figure in it—who could have thought, that with all its freshness and bold freedom, it could have remained concealed in the author's mind from boyhood to ripe manhood, gradually shaping itself by constant accretions, into symmetry and beauty, like the crystallizations of some mountain cave? Who could have imagined, but for the information thus communicated, that this graceful structure, so fairy-like that it might seem to be frost-work, was attempted, and thrown aside again and again, until the author seemed to stand like an anxious architect amidst the scattered marble-blocks of some ancient

ruin, that were about to assume proportions entirely different from the old, under his plastic hand? And yet chiseled, artistic as it is, it is a work of genius. It stops short at no "tame, trite medium." Ornate and classical as it presents itself to the eye, its massive pillars are so deeply imbedded in the earth, its arches rise with such well-adjusted curves, that the beholder cannot fail to be impressed with the idea that it must endure for ages.

In this business-like age, when men are hurried from place to place, and object to object, with the haste and precipitancy almost of waters taking their plunge from a headlong precipice, it is almost like the discovery of a new planet in the heavens, to find in this floating waste one little island sequestered to poetic feeling and calm contemplation. Still more remarkable is it, and worthy by way of pre-eminence, to pass almost for a miracle, that there should be found a man, in the very midst of all this hubbub and restlessness, who could carry for years, wrapped up in the dusty files and scant briefs that fill the brim of a practising lawyer, the germ of the most perfect drama. A poetic lawyer—a dramatic practitioner in the Queen's courts. Truly this is a marvel reserved peculiarly for the nineteenth century! Why, did not that very profession compel Sir William Blackstone to bid a final farewell to his Muse?—did not its forbidding features repress the literary taste of Lord Eldon?—did it not fold in its stiffening embrace, the elastic imagination of the more accomplished Stowell? Did not even Sir Walter Scott, sometime sheriff of Selkirk, and clerk of the Sessions court, find it necessary to choose, at length, which he would serve—whether the wild genius of border-chivalry, or the grave Themis of the Scottish bar? Surely, had Talfourd only united these two most incongruous elements, it would have been enough to keep his memory bright, and his name distinct from all other men of the present generation.

But the little volume before us, bearing the title of "*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of T. N. Talfourd*," shows unequivocally that his attention has been long and patiently directed to the higher orders of prose composition. In this department the same unpretending, modest demeanor distinguishes the man. He does not try to say grand or startling things, he never strains after paradoxes,

or goes out of his way to gather knots of flowers; but contents himself with unfolding to the reader's eye the quiet landscape of his own thoughts, fields in highest culture, gentle undulations, and fertile intervals covered with crops, and interspersing trees, with here and there a majestic mountain, uplifting itself in the distance. You see nothing that is tame, barren, or trite, but art and nature smiling and contented in each other's arms. He does not seize you by main strength (as Carlyle sometimes seizes some of his readers), and force you away to the summit of some Alpine peak, where your ears are stunned with the din of waterfalls, and your head made dizzy by looking into unfathomable depths; nor does he, like the same gigantic author, have you away before resistance is possible, to the gloom of interminable German forests, where every stream that you meet is liable to start up at any moment, a mischievous disturber of your journey, and where the very caves of the earth are luminous with the eyes of goblins of various characters, some beckoning you towards them, some vociferating their curses in unearthly accents, and some curling their lips in bitter, though uncouth irony, at you and your benighted condition. Carlyle, though an excellent moral teacher, has so little patience with the faults of others, there is so much of the scorner in him, that his best friends are apt to wish that he would try to learn forbearance. Talfourd, on the other hand, is gentle as summer. The one is colossal, the other has also his colossal proportions, but they are relieved by the mild and softening effect of distance.

We have already alluded to the gradual growth of Talfourd's mind. This is another of the characterizing traits of genius. Whoever takes up his volume of prose compositions, cannot fail to be struck with the steady progression that marks the several offspring of his mind. In his article entitled "Recollections of Lisbon," there is a diffuseness of style, a tendency, I had almost said an effort, to spread himself over a large surface, that gives anything but a favorable impression of the writer's powers. It is impossible to discover from the volume when

this piece was written, but it must have been either at an early period, or if lately written, the author had certainly fallen back into the style of his youth on recurring to scenes which he visited so long ago. It is so different in style and conception from the article "*On the profession of the bar*," that the most careful examination can scarcely detect that they sprang from the same fountain. His speeches in Parliament on the "Law of Copyright"—his powerfully adroit defence of Moxon, prosecuted by the Queen, for a libel against God and Religion, in the publishing of Shelley's works, in which he weaves over the subject a web of sophistry, artful enough to have done honor to Cicero—are among the most splendid exhibitions of his oratorical genius, in its ripest maturity and highest stretch of invention.

He is essentially a delightful moralizer as well as a respectable politician, a successful lawyer, and a poet, in one department at least, the most accomplished of his time. Witness that sweet fugitive "Chapter upon Time," where the author's imagination soars upwards as if by its own natural flight, until the reader, in following him, is lost behind the curtains of other worlds. The other essayist, who is bound up with Talfourd, in the present volume, has been long before the public, and the name of James Stephen is not among the last that are of note among British essayists. Even Talfourd need not be ashamed of such company. One word more upon our favorite and we will bid him adieu. He possesses that happy combination of domestic qualities, so rarely to be met with among men of genius, which endears him to a large circle of friends, and gives to the roof-tree and the hearth-stone the sacredness of a father's superintending love. Sweet poet, kind, yet formidable critic, a prop of the constitution, and a pillar of the throne, his head crowned with a chaplet, woven from the best virtues, public and private, that ever graced our common nature—may that calm lip and contemplative brow long linger with us, like a summer twilight, and that gentle, though heroic spirit, breathe itself out at last like that of its own Ion, upon the altar of his beloved country!

## NUMA AND EGERIA.

CLASSICAL BALLADS.—NO. I.

Ἴζον δὲ σπείρος γλαφυρὸν θεὰ ἡδὲ καὶ ἀνὴρ.

ODYSSEY v. 194.

'Twas far in Eld, the youth of Time,  
 Wise Numa long and warless reigned,  
 Where Right and Worship conquered crime,  
 Nor Peace was with red slaughter stained;  
 And where by shady grot a spring  
 Went wimpling through a high dark grove,  
 Alone, the just and pious king  
 Would seek a Nymph—no mortal love!

When Eve o'er Rome's mild landscapes falling,  
 Flushed wood and mountain darkly red,  
 And solemn trees heaven's winds were calling,  
 She, Goddess, came with airy tread;  
 And all Night's starry hours of sleeping  
 Sat they communing side by side—  
 One sweet and holy love-watch keeping,  
 That earthly man and heavenly bride.

She whispered in his tranced ear  
 Of glorious truths—mysterious things;  
 His sight to grander views made clear,  
 And lent his soul her seraph wings:  
 Her sister Muses came and sung  
 Their warblings of unearthly word;—  
 Such strains as touched no other tongue,  
 And erst, rare mortal ear had heard.

And men revered the Sage who brought them  
 Pure draughts of Wisdom's sweetest dew;  
 All, in Egeria's name he taught them,  
 And ruled as none else, old or new.  
 To Faith and Heaven rich fanes he builded;  
 Led men to feel the laws divine;  
 And Love and Awe that dark grove shielded  
 A hallowed ground, the Muses' shrine.

And round the spot as small first-flowers  
 Came o'er the cool sward's mossy green,  
 And voices hymned of hidden Powers,  
 Who made their haunt that sylvan scene;  
 Each year, in slow, solemnial train,  
 Pontiff and vestal Maids would throng,  
 And pay their worship and the strain,  
 To sacred Faith and starry Song.

So Sage and Bard, sublime of feeling,  
 Will oft from strife retire alone,  
 Wooing calm Thought great truths revealing  
 From higher Worlds to light their own.  
 And such, the Nymph coy Contemplation,  
 Seeks every pure and pensive mind,  
 And Her in holy meditation,  
 His Love, his Bride of Heaven shall find.

PHILALETHES.

## THE CHINESE.

CHINA, although it has been long known in its general features, has recently, from the concurrence of circumstances, attracted to itself the special attention of foreign nations. Occupying, with Tartary, a territorial domain more extensive than the whole of Europe, and embracing within its jurisdiction a population, which, notwithstanding the conflicting statistical calculations that we derive from various sources, may be estimated at about four hundred millions; its actual condition involves the fortunes of one-third of the human race. So great an interest has, in fact, been manifested regarding this extraordinary nation, that collections have been brought into our own country which were made at a great expense in various parts of the empire, exhibiting the costumes of various ranks, the mansions, vessels, temples, tombs, bridges, shops, paintings, utensils, and manufactures of the country, and indeed of everything which shows the real character of the people. A museum of this kind was opened in Philadelphia, in the year 1839, and after being exhibited there for a short time, was removed to the city of London. But the magnificent cabinet of this sort which is now in Boston, is probably the most extensive in the world, and contains everything of importance relating to that singular nation. There is another consideration which makes the condition of China an interesting topic to us at the present time, and this is the negotiation of a commercial treaty between our own government and that empire, placing the commerce of the Union, that has been heretofore subjected to capricious and oppressive exactions in the Chinese ports, upon an equal footing with that of the most favored nations. It is our design, in the present article, aided by numerous works which have been published upon the subject, to enter into a somewhat extended consideration of this nation, the condition of the people, and the character of the institutions.

The territory of China is divided into eighteen provinces, extending from north to south a distance of about twelve hundred geographical miles, and but a little short of that distance from east to west.

Peculiarly favored in point of climate, it is to this circumstance that we may attribute the fact, that the people are admitted to be the most industrious, well-ordered and intelligent, of any of the Asiatic nations. It is watered by two principal rivers—the Yang-tse Keang, and the Yellow River—which flow through the central part of the territory and its most salubrious climates, and being inferior in size only to the Amazon and the Mississippi, they are peculiarly favorable to navigation by steamboats. Besides the position of the eastern part of the empire upon the sea-coast, which affords to that portion a foreign commerce to an almost unlimited extent, it possesses a vast inland trade, which is prosecuted upon the Imperial Canal, extending from a point near Pekin through the interior for a distance of six hundred geographical miles, and the various waters by which the country is intersected. Its soil although unequal in fertility is sufficiently productive, with industry, to maintain its teeming population, and it is understood that about two-thirds are under cultivation. The principal agricultural staple is rice, which is the chief support of the population—the soil, by artificial forcing, being made to produce two or three crops during the year. The common garden vegetables in use with us, may also be produced, but little attention is expended upon their cultivation; it yields also, to some extent, the species of cotton for which the country has been long celebrated. Silk, another principal staple of the empire—although of course not an agricultural product, yet deriving its existence in a great measure from the soil—has long been produced, as is well known, to a considerable amount, the provinces of Che-keang, Keang-nan, Hoope and Sze-chuen, being peculiarly favorable for the production of fine silk.

The actual condition of China appears to have been but partially known to the people of ancient times. The Arabs first gave us a distinct account of the country, but it is to Marco Polo, a Venetian, who visited the court of *Cublai-Khan*, the Sovereign of the Tartars and Emperor of China, about the year 1271, that we derive the most satisfactory information of the empire—this traveler being re-

garded as the most authentic writer of his age respecting that region. The Catholic missionaries, who—whatever may have been their motives, and we do not design to discuss them here—appear to have been the advance-guard of civilization in our north-western wilderness, early penetrated to the interior of the empire, even to Peking; and from their urbanity and practical acquisitions, were received into imperial favor, and some of them resided within the circle of the court. It is from the journals of these missionaries that we obtain our most satisfactory knowledge concerning the early condition of the government; and we are designing to draw some important light from that source, during the progress of the present paper.

During the year 1546, the Portuguese made their first appearance in Canton, for the purpose of trade; and about the middle of the sixteenth century they established themselves at Macao, with the privilege of self-government, for the consideration of five hundred taels per annum, by the way of ground-rent—a residence which is continued to the present time.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth in 1546, the English also first made an attempt to establish a permanent trade with China, but the vessels which they dispatched were wrecked on their way out, and in consequence of the intrigues of the Portuguese, their commercial projects, as well as those of the East India Company, were unsuccessful, until somewhere about the beginning of the last century.

The gradual increase of the trade of China with Great Britain, until it finally exceeded that of any other nation, at length induced the Embassy of Lord Macartney, which was dispatched from England during the year 1792, in the *Lion*, a sixty-four gun ship. It was the design of this expedition, to extend if possible the commerce of Great Britain with China to other ports besides Canton, to rescue it from the exactions which it had endured from the caprice of the local officers of the sea-ports, and to place the interests of British trade upon a more liberal, certain, and solid footing, in reference to the local government of Canton, which maintained the same oppressive and capricious policy that has marked their course down to the last invasion of their territory by a British fleet. This Embassy, which succeeded in advancing to Peking, and in conciliating the local government, was upon the whole attend-

ed with favorable results. It was followed up soon after by a letter from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor, with presents; and with letters and presents also from the Ministers and from the Chairman of the East India Company to the Viceroy. Notwithstanding that Embassy, however, interruptions to British commerce were resumed, in consequence of the caprice or corruption of the local government. The continuance of the obstacles which were presented in the port of Canton to fair trade, induced the Embassy of Lord Amherst, which was dispatched in 1816, but having proceeded to the interior, it appears to have been suddenly checked in consequence of the refusal on the part of the British Ambassador to perform the prostrations which were required—a point either of etiquette or of homage, which has been generally strenuously exacted by the Court from the Envoys of foreign nations.

Meanwhile our own commerce with China was commenced in 1784, and it has been gradually increasing, so that at the present time the number of American vessels employed in the trade is second to that of Great Britain only.

The mode in which China was first colonized is unknown. According to the opinion of Sir William Jones, the Empire was originally peopled in part from India; but that opinion appears to be entirely conjectural. The Tartars, who now comprise a considerable part of the population, have recently become more especially mingled with the original Chinese inhabitants since the accession of the Mantchou Tartar dynasty to the imperial throne. In forming a judgment respecting the character of the people, it must be remembered that they are not to be estimated by those tests which we apply to the civilized nations of the West. They are distinct in their principles, character and institutions. They are in their essential traits, Orientals—the loyal and self-satisfied subjects of an Asiatic despotism—idolators in religion, recognizing in no form the system of Christianity as a nation—docile, quiet, pacific, and effeminate, with habits of industry and even ingenuity in material enterprise, not common among more civilized states—vain of their empire as the most ancient and populous upon the globe, and from long habit regarding all other nations as subordinate to them in dignity and power.

In the first place, the social divisions of the population are peculiar, and indicate

a political system entirely different from that of any other nation of modern times. The learned are held in the highest estimation—husbandmen, or rather agriculture, follows, for it would seem that the respect is paid to the importance of the *art* rather than to those who are employed in its exercise—manufactures rank next, and merchants come last—an estimate, which, however just in the primitive state, could hardly prove so, in an advanced stage of civilization.

The political structure of the empire exhibits the features of a full and complete despotism. So far as the powers which are conferred upon him are concerned, the Emperor is invested with all the attributes of an Oriental despot. He is deemed by his subjects the Son of Heaven—he is the sole fountain of honor and office, and he is worshiped with divine honors and with a homage which would seem to belong only to the Deity. His edicts are law, and the persons of his subjects, if not their property, are at his disposal. Those edicts, when addressed to the proper tribunal or other authority, are promulgated in the Pekin Gazette—a sort of Court Journal, containing reports to the Emperor, or mandates from him. Enthroned in that vast city, Pekin, the most populous metropolis in the world, he preserves around him all the pageantry and magnificence of a Court, and he alone, of all the people of the empire, sacrifices to Heaven with incense and victims, which are heaped around the temples there erected for this purpose. His interior Council Chamber consists of four chief counselors, two of them Tartars and two Chinese. Subordinate to these is a number of assessors, who with the chief counselors constitute the great Council of State; those ministers being derived from the Imperial College or National Institute of the Han-lin. There is also provided for occasions when great secrecy or unusual dispatch is required, a body of Privy Counselors, who act upon such occasions as an extraordinary tribunal. The only rank, *beside* the Emperor, hereditary in the state, are the descendants of the Manchou Tartar family, of the race of the imperial line, who have small revenues allowed them for subsistence, but who possess no effective political power, and whose principal province it is to swell the pageantry of state. There are two lines of this imperial kindred, the first being descended from the Emperor, and the second in the

collateral line—the former of whom are invested with the right of wearing the yellow, and the second the red girdle. Their dress and equipage, their establishments and retinue, are each regulated by minute rules—some possessing the privilege of the decoration of the peacock's feather, and others that of the green sedan. These constitute the only hereditary aristocracy of China, although the lineal descendants of Confucius, the grand founder of the present etherial system of the empire, are entitled to hereditary honors. But the Emperor is, after all, in point of fact, the sole director of the nation; and from his office all the streams of political honor flow; he wields an irresponsible power, and has the right of appointing his successor, even out of the circle of the imperial family.

Besides the Emperor and suite, the official aristocracy of China is composed of those individuals who are selected from the body of the empire for their literary talent, and they consist of the viceroys who are the governors of the several provinces, and the civil and military mandarins, besides numerous other subordinate officers. The administration of the government is chiefly confined to these official persons, while the great bulk of the people not in official positions, are employed in the different departments of pursuit connected with agriculture, internal, coastwise and foreign commerce, manufactures, and the various arts and trades. From a view of their pursuits, it is obvious that the Chinese are much further advanced in those material improvements which are connected with the mechanic arts, and in the ordinary refinements of civilized life, than in those principles of liberal science and pure morals which constitute the essential glory of modern civilized nations. The women are distinguished for many amiable traits, suffering without complaining, although down-trodden by a base system of oriental tyranny, in a country where the infamous practice of concubinage prevails. They are accomplished in a certain degree, receive instructions in embroidery and in painting on silk, and music is with them a favorite accomplishment. The dress of the female part of the community is also peculiarly modest and becoming, and among the higher classes is distinguished for its costly richness, being frequently adorned with a profusion of gold and jewels.

The costume of the Chinese is probably familiar to most of our readers. The shaven head, from the top of which—according to the custom that has been introduced since the Tartar ascendancy—the tails depend; the long, loose gown of silk gauze or linen, with large sleeves, sometimes gathered around the middle by a girdle of wrought silk, and which is fastened in front by a clasp of agate or jade stone; the worked silk fan-case suspended from the girdle; the small leather or silken bag containing the flint and steel for the purpose of lighting the pipe; the embroidered tobacco pouch; the large trowsers and high-soled shoes; the summer cap, composed of the woven filaments of the bamboo or of chip, surmounted at the apex by a red, blue, white, or gilded button, indicating the rank of the wearer, from which descends a fringe of crimson silk or red horse hair, and in front of which is sometimes worn a single large pearl; constitute an ordinary costume, which is daily becoming more common to our sight, in the shop-windows of our principal commercial towns. The dress worn in winter is somewhat different from that of summer. It consists of a larger gown of silk or cape, reaching nearly to the ankles, and over this is worn a loose spencer descending to the hips, composed entirely of fur or silk, or of broadcloth which is lined with skins. The neck is in winter protected by a narrow collar of silk or fur, the loose dresses folding over to the right breast, and fastened with gilt or crystal buttons. The winter cap fits close to the head, and the brim being turned up all around, consists of black velvet or fur, while the top is surmounted by a button from which is suspended a bunch of crimson silk. Woven cotton or silk stockings are also common among those who can afford them, and boots of cloth, velvet, or satin, with the well-known thick white sole, are worn by the more opulent class.

The Chinese dresses of ceremony, although they appear somewhat gaudy and meretricious to a cultivated taste, are in some respects exceedingly splendid; and indeed the relative degrees of rank are sometimes designated by the various costumes. The color of the ball upon the cap, whether red, light blue, dark blue, crystal, white stone, or gold, serves to distinguish the nine ranks, civil and military. Each of those balls is accompanied by a corresponding badge,

consisting of a piece of silk embroidery about a foot square, with the representation of a bird, or other device, wrought upon the breast or back. To this is added a necklace of large court beads, which descends to the waist. In the ceremonial dresses, the color of the spencer is of dark blue or purple, and the long gown is usually of a lighter hue, which, on state occasions, is wrought with dragons and other devices embroidered in silk and gold. We are informed, that when the crowd of mandarins with their embroidered robes, crimson caps, and various colored balls, are in full court dress, they present a very imposing appearance, which is often contrasted with that of the Emperor, who, during the Embassy of Lord Macartney, appeared in a plain brown silk robe, and a black velvet cap adorned with a single pearl. Yet he occasionally presents himself among the mandarins of his court, in a yellow dress, that is the imperial color, upon which the five-clawed dragon is embroidered in gold.

The ordinary costume of the females consists of a robe of silk or cotton with large sleeves, which is worn over a longer garment. Under these are loose trowsers fastened around the ankle above the deformed and cramped foot, the sleeve of the robe covering the hand, the whole being modest and becoming. It is not our purpose, however, to enter into the minute trifles of the toilet, but to exhibit the more general, political and moral features of the empire.

It is the machinery of the government, which, after all, more directly indicates the actual condition of the country, as well as the character of the people over whom it is exercised. The government itself being a despotism, the Emperor with the interior Council Chamber and the great Council of State, constitute the grand source whence its administration in all its branches flows. The eighteen provinces into which the empire is divided, are placed singly under the jurisdiction of a governor, or two provinces are made subject to a general governor, who has the power of appointing governors under him for each province. Such is the political organization of the provinces of Canton and Kuang-sy, adjoining, which are made subject to a general governor who is entitled the Viceroy of Canton. For each government a chief criminal judge, as well as a treasurer, are appointed; the latter hav-



ing cognizance of civil suits, and the charge of the territorial revenue, and the former, of course, a criminal jurisdiction. The central government at Peking having reserved for itself the monopoly of the necessary article of salt, that department is placed under the management of an officer who is denominated the Salt Mandarin. Each district and city of the provinces of a certain grade, is placed under the charge of its respective magistrate, whose rank is determined by the city which he governs, and the total number of officers in the empire is about fourteen thousand. From the importance of the trade at Canton, a General Commissioner of the Customs was appointed formerly, called "the Hoppo," who was probably a special favorite of the Emperor, and who was accordingly selected by him for the purpose of permitting the Commissioner to make his fortune by the foreign trade. While the Hong monopoly lasted, it appears that the "Hoppo" exercised a rather despotic jurisdiction over the Hong merchants.

There are some searching exactions in the administrative policy of the empire, for the purpose of preventing corruptions in office. No individual can hold a magistracy in his native province; and in order, as is alleged, to prevent corrupt connections, the public officers are changed periodically. Nor can any individual hold an office under his near relative. Once in every three years, the viceroy of each province forwards the name of every officer within his jurisdiction down to a *hien* deputy to the Board of civil appointments, with remarks upon his conduct and character, and each officer is advanced or degraded according to the tenor of this report. Each magistrate is likewise obliged to state in the catalogue of his titles, the number of steps that he has been thus degraded or advanced, which may serve to constitute a pretty accurate test of merit. Imperial commissioners are specially appointed to try the offences of prominent officers, and the viceroy of each province is made responsible for every disturbance or rebellion which may occur within his jurisdiction. But the more active and energetic officers of the empire, consist of the Mandarins, who appear to constitute the grand imperial police. It is they who may be found presiding over the judicial administration of the government, or as a police, guarding the public order in the various

parts of the empire. A red book, or Court Calendar, which is named from the color of its cover, and whose design is similar to the blue book of our own country, in six volumes, is printed quarterly, by authority, and it contains the name, birth-place, and every circumstance important to be known respecting each official person in the empire.

The system of political policy which is there adopted, is planned by six grand boards. These are composed first of the board of official appointments, which takes cognizance of the conduct of all civil officers; the board of revenue, which regulates all fiscal matters; a board of rites and ceremonies, whose business it is to prescribe the court ceremonial, and the forms upon all occasions of public ceremony or worship, and the costume of all orders and both sexes, around the imperial palace; the military board which possesses jurisdiction of all the military operations of the empire; the supreme court of criminal jurisdiction, and the board of public works. Attached to each of those boards are subordinate officers, the astronomical board being connected with that of rites and ceremonies, since the calendar regulates the ritual.

The office for foreign affairs denominated the *Lufan-Yuen*, has charge of the external relations of the empire, and its members generally consist of Mantchou or Mongol Tartars. Besides these is an office of censors, of which there are two presidents, a Tartar and a Chinese, and the members consist of about forty or fifty, many of whom are sent into the different parts of the empire, as inspectors of the actual condition of things. These inspectors, from the nature of their office, are privileged to present advice, or even remonstrances, to the Emperor with impunity. Such are the prominent features of the extensive machinery of the Chinese government, and it is obviously a system of centralization, which, acting from the despot who is the fountain-head, down to the most subordinate magistrate in the realm, has continued the government together in its essential features, through a period of more than four thousand years. There are, doubtless, minute springs of state policy, which it is not easy for foreigners fully to understand; but, notwithstanding the gross defects in the political organization of the country, the affairs of the empire seem to have been managed, at least so far as the conduct of the Em-

peror is concerned, in a beneficent spirit in many respects, and with remarkable judgment and discretion, when we consider the Asiatic character of the people.

There is one peculiar circumstance which indicates the pacific tendency of the government, and this is the fact, that the military is subordinate to the civil power. The system of police is conducted upon the same plan throughout the various cities and towns of the empire, and its searching influence springs, in a great measure, from the principle of responsibility, each town being divided into tithings of ten houses, which are themselves combined in wards of one hundred. The viceroy is thus made to answer for the order of his own district, the hundred and tithing man each for their respective charge, and the householder for the conduct of his own family.

Another feature of the Chinese government is the patriarchal character upon which it is based. The subordination which is preserved by a father over the members of his family, and the aged over the young, is extended to the relations of the Emperor over his subjects, he being deemed the father of the empire. This spirit is inculcated in their ancient books. Submission to parental authority is in fact, the type of all the political relations which exist, and it is probably the discipline which this state of things inculcates that produces general mildness of manners, a pacific spirit, as well as docility and subordination.

The jurisprudence which prevails throughout the realm also exhibits a system of policy, marked by some of the benefits of the common law, and at the same time with objectionable features, yet upon the whole, much superior to that of other Asiatic nations. The penal code is extremely simple and clear, the first head being composed of definitions and explanations in reference to the whole code, and the six following relating to those subjects, which correspond with the six supreme boards of Peking. In this code are considered, the system of government, the conduct of officers, the enrollment of the people, lands and tenements, marriage in its statistical relations, public property, duties and customs, private property, sales and markets, and ritual laws, under which are included, sacred rites and miscellaneous observances. That portion of the code which treats of military laws in-

volves the consideration of the protection of the palace, the regulation of the army, the guard of the frontier, military horses and cattle, expresses and public posts. The next embraces criminal laws, and comprises eleven books, the principal heads of which are treason, robbery, theft, murder, homicide, criminal intercourse, 'disturbing graves, quarreling and fighting, and incendiarism; while the last division treats of public works, and contains two books relating to public buildings and public ways.

The character of the Chinese laws is as equitable as might be supposed, from the circumstances which have marked the progress of the empire. In the case of treason, not only does the traitor undergo the punishment of death, but all the members of his family. The capital punishments are strangulation, decollation, and for treason, parricides, sacrilege, and other crimes of such character, a lingering death is required;—the heads of murderers and robbers being publicly exposed in a cage which is suspended upon a pole. The Chinese prisons are likewise very severe; although women, in ordinary cases, have the privilege of being placed in the custody of their nearest relatives. There are also sometimes exercised certain modes of torture in forcing evidence, and these consist in squeezing the ankles or fingers between three sticks, tied triangularly. Oaths are never required in judicial proceedings, but severe punishments are attached to false evidence. A species of king's evidence is permitted in some cases, and there are ten privileged classes who cannot be tried and punished, without a special reference to the Emperor!—the exemption being based upon public station, or upon relationship to the imperial line. All persons under fifteen years of age, and over seventy, are permitted to redeem themselves from punishment by a fine, in those cases which are less than capital, and relatives and servants who live under the same roof, are usually held innocent, although they conceal the offences of their fellow inmates, or even assist in effecting their escape.

In order to spread a knowledge of the laws throughout the empire, it is enacted that those private individuals, who are able to explain their nature or to comprehend them, shall receive pardon for all offences which result from accident, or that are imputable to them in consequence of the guilt of others, provided it

be the first offence, and is not implicated with any act of treason or rebellion. A part of the code is also devoted to providing for justice in the administration of legal punishments, and in establishing what are considered 'proper safeguards of the subject. There are severe punishments denounced against officers of government for unjust imprisonments, delays of justice, cruelty, and such misdemeanors. In cases of sickness, a species of bail is allowed to minor offenders, and they are exempted or released from imprisonment on sufficient security being given for their return. Torture is prohibited to be exercised upon all persons who are under fifteen and over seventy, as well as upon those laboring under permanent disease. Women can never be imprisoned excepting for capital offences or for adultery, nor can torture or death be inflicted upon a pregnant woman, until one hundred days after her confinement. Slavery exists in China to a considerable extent. For a slave to kill his master is punishable with a lingering death, while the converse is not capital. Yet for some offences servitude is visited upon a whole family, and personal service is frequently levied by the government upon the lowest class, or that which has only its labor to contribute. Robbery with offensive weapons is punishable with death, and if a burglar is killed by one whose house he invades, it is deemed an act of homicide which is justifiable. Stealing is punished with the bamboo or with exile, which is proportioned to the magnitude of the offence, while theft among near relations is visited with a less punishment than ordinary theft. The Chinese law of homicide is somewhat extraordinary. Affrays are treated with great severity: killing in an affray, and killing with a regular weapon without intent, are punished with strangling, and killing by pure accident is redeemable by a fine of about four pounds sterling to the relatives of the deceased. When a person is wounded with the hands or a stick, twenty days constitute the term of responsibility, after which the death of the sufferer does not make the offence capital. With a sharp instrument, fire or scalding water, the term is extended to thirty days; gun-shot wounds, forty days; broken bones or violent wounds, fifty days.

Parents have virtually the power of death over their children; for even if they kill them intentionally, they are

subject only to the punishment of the bamboo and a banishment of one year, and if struck by them, to no punishment at all. The penalty for striking parents, or for cursing them, is also death. The law of China is, it appears, very tenacious of social order—so much so, indeed, that a punishment is inflicted upon the act of striking another with the hand or foot, that being made a public offence in order to prevent the chances of death by quarrels. The law also provides a punishment for opprobrious language, on the ground of its having a tendency to produce quarrels and affrays. In reference to the subject of debt, a period is allowed by law, on the expiration of which the debtor becomes liable to the bamboo, if his obligations are not discharged; and a creditor sometimes quarters himself and his family upon his debtor, and provided this is done without violence and tumult no relief is granted for such act by the civil authority. In the light of the Chinese law it is deemed a much greater offence to owe money to a foreigner than to a native, and a banishment to Tartary was formerly inflicted upon insolvent Hong merchants. The scrupulous jealousy with which the government regards indebtedness to foreigners is based upon the fact that there were frequent embarrassing claims and demands made by strangers for debts which were thus incurred.

The civil code of the present imperial dynasty of China is composed of not less than two hundred and sixty-one volumes! and it contains an account of the changes and modifications which have been made in the laws by successive emperors since the conquest in 1644, frequently the reasons assigned for the repeal of the old laws and for the enacting of the new, as well as the entire body of the existing laws. It is divided into nine parts, the first containing all the regulations concerning the imperial house now reigning, with the privileges of the descendants of the Tartar conquerors in the direct and collateral lines. The second part relates to the palace and its regulations. The next six parts refer to the six boards to which we have before referred, among which the duty of regulating the details of the government is distributed; and under the ninth division are included all those laws relating to public education, the examination of candidates for public offices, as well as those peculiar laws which concern the Tartar dependencies

and the courts which take cognizance of their affairs. In the part which relates to the first of the six executive boards—that of civil officers—is an accurate list of all the appointments in the empire, the relative rank of each officer, and the regulations which govern them. In the arrangement of public officers, there is kept in view a comparison of the merits and demerits of each, and a record of this merit is preserved and consulted, with a view either of degrading or of promoting the incumbent.

In a country so densely populated as China, where the pursuit of agriculture must from the nature of things supply the essential means of subsistence, it holds the first rank among the useful arts. It is in itself deemed second only to literature; and we can scarcely wonder at the homage which it receives from the Emperor himself, who, with the princes and officers of the court, repairs every year to the temple which is dedicated to the inventor of agriculture, to plough the land as well as to offer sacrifices. Without equaling the most advanced European nations in husbandry, it must be admitted that the Chinese exceed all the Asiatic nations in the excellence to which they have carried this useful pursuit. The principal object of culture is the rice, which supplies a great proportion of the food to the inhabitants; and two crops as well as one of vegetables are produced upon the same spot of ground during a single year. The farms are small and without fences, but are usually guarded with ditches, and the low wet lands, where the rice is cultivated, are divided by narrow embankments which are used as walks. Most of their agricultural implements are simple; and it is alleged that we are indebted to them for the winnowing machine which is now used in our own country. From the over-crowded population of the empire, space is greatly economized, and the terrace cultivation has been long an object of admiration to travelers. Garden vegetables, such as cabbages, pease and potatoes, grow abundantly at Macao; but these were formerly, and we presume are now cultivated only for the supply of the European and native Portuguese population at that place. There is however one ornate branch of agriculture in which the Chinese peculiarly excel, and this is the department of landscape gardening. The construction of artificial ponds, streams, and rustic work, and the

disposition of grounds, woods, and lawns, are calculated to heighten the beauty of nature by the aid of art, at least so far as Asiatic taste is concerned. The landscape gardening of the Chinese, although conspicuous in most of the more elegant country houses within and around the principal cities, is most conspicuously displayed in the grounds around the imperial palace of Peking, and in those extensive parks called Yuen-ming-yuen, which are decorated with all the elegant embellishments that are calculated to gratify imperial pride.

In the manufacture of certain articles, it is well known that China formerly excelled all other nations, especially in their porcelain and silk, lackered ware, carved work in wood, ivory, and other materials. They were the first who manufactured porcelain, for which they have been long celebrated, and other nations who have borrowed the art from them, although they excel them in the painting and gilding of the surface, have not attained the art of making it so hard, in the resistance which it offers to the heat without cracking, or in composing so well the substance of the material. They can also boast of the silk manufacture as an original invention. Silk has long been an article of extensive use in various parts of the empire as well as a principal staple of export, and its culture has received the principal care of the court, the empress according to authoritative tradition, having originally planted the mulberry tree. With looms of simple construction they imitate the choicest patterns of the silk both of England and France, and they produce elegant specimens of damask and flowered satins. The crape manufactured by them is also of a very fine quality, and they make also a species of silk called in Canton *ponge*, which washes and is highly prized. The agricultural staple which now forms the principal article of export from China to foreign ports, will be but briefly considered. It would be unnecessary to describe the various kinds of tea which are produced in the different parts of the empire, or their mode of preparation; but as is known to most of our readers, it is yielded in vast quantity in the interior provinces, and is transported by water in the boats which crowd the rivers and canals to the seaboard—principally to Canton—where the greater portion is shipped to Great Britain and the United States, and more recently to other parts

of Europe. Innumerable smaller articles of curiosity or use, are also produced to a considerable amount in various parts of the empire, and are either sold for domestic consumption, or they are exported abroad.

The foreign commerce of China is, however, inconsiderable in amount, when compared with the vast internal trade of the empire. Their trading junks are extensively employed in the coasting trade, although it is the policy of the government to lay restrictions upon the commerce which is prosecuted by their own people from their own shores. Those junks are, however, notwithstanding these restrictions, found sailing to the north as far as Japan, to the Luconian Islands upon the east, to Batavia at the south, and to the west they advance to the Straits of Malacca with silk, piece goods, china-ware, sugar, rhubarb, ginseng, sandal wood, and products of this sort, returning with areca nuts, rattans, edible birds' nests, pepper, and similar productions. The internal trade of the empire by means of the imperial canal and neighboring waters, is immense. These watery arteries of inland communication are almost ever crowded with boats, which it is said contain a population nearly as large as that of the land. The diversity in fact, which exists between the productions of the different provinces of the empire, and the markets which are provided in each for those of the other, render a vast inland transportation absolutely necessary. Rice and sugar are yielded in the provinces of the south, silk, cotton, and tea, are produced in the east, the west furnishes metals and minerals, and furs and drugs are produced by the north. It is obvious that the dense population of the interior, with wants to be supplied as connected with the products of the various parts, must originate a vast inland trade. The foreign trade in leading articles of Chinese production, which until the last treaty, it is well known, has been confined to Canton, was formerly in a great measure in the hands of the Hong merchants. This body of men, as is well known, were formerly appointed to conduct the commerce of the port of Canton, and to guaranty the good conduct of the crews of the vessels with which they traded, as well as the payment of their duties to the government, themselves being liable for the debts incurred by one or all of the body. In turn they were subject to such

exactions from the imperial officers as to make the office anything but desirable. This monopoly has now become abolished, and so has the Consol fund, from which the creditors of many of them drew their payment, the fund being raised by a levy of about three per cent. upon foreign exports and imports, through the agency of the Hong merchants. Several port officers such as the "Hoppo" or Commissioner of Customs, the "Comprador" or purveyor of provisions, and the "linguist," were also connected with the ports before the late treaty, whose duty it was made to compensate themselves by exorbitant exactions from their subordinates in office.

It will hardly be denied that the Chinese eminently excel in the useful arts. To them we may justly credit the early discovery of the art of printing upon moveable types, which was there in use in the tenth century. And there is satisfactory evidence to convince us that they also discovered the art of manufacturing paper as early as the year 95. They also used gunpowder in fire-works at a very ancient period; and if they did not invent the mariner's compass, it was at least in early use by them. Their ingenuity in manufacturing numerous articles of light work, such as vases, dishes, cups, domestic utensils, and parlor ornaments, various species of embroidery, metallic mirrors, and carved and lathered ware, will hardly be doubted. Yet they do not appear to excel in the fine arts. They are somewhat deficient in drawing and painting, although the birds, insects, and flowers, which adorn their articles of taste are accurately portrayed, yet they fail in shading and perspective. They are likewise deficient in the kindred art of sculpture, or the cutting upon stone; but they are somewhat apt in the modeling of clay. Nor have they made great progress in music. Their instruments of music, although quite numerous, consisting of several species of lutes and guitars, flutes, fiddles, and harmoniums of wires, touched by two slips of bamboo, as well as the various sorts of gongs which are familiar to us, are comparatively rude, and would seem to belong to a people who have not advanced to a very high state of civilization.

Another peculiar feature of Chinese institutions, is the general diffusion of education. Extraordinary as it may appear, it is not the less true, that a system of general education exists throughout

the empire of China, where almost every town possesses its public place of instruction, and each wealthy family possesses its private tutor. It appears to be the object of the government to endeavor, by diffusing the means of education, to seek out the genuine ability which exists in the community, for the service of the state. As we have before remarked, the distribution of state offices is granted to approved talent and learning, and the proportion of the community which is devoted to letters is very great. Under such circumstances it is obvious that literature, or the number of printed books, is extensive, embracing voluminous works upon jurisprudence and ethics, statistics, the drama, poetry, and indeed everything which goes to form the body of literature among civilized states. Extensive libraries are common, and include volumes connected with the various branches of knowledge relating to the above departments. The statistical works which they possess concerning the country, are indeed very voluminous. The principal of these, containing a complete account of the empire, embraces two hundred and forty volumes, describing the population, geography, revenues, magistracy, and other details, of every province of China, and also the actual condition of Chinese Tartary. Besides this general volume, each province has its own history, including an account of its productions, manufactures, eminent persons, as well as other matters throwing light upon its actual condition.

The state religion of China is derived from the system of Confucius, whose works are a mingled body of ethics and politics. The state worship is divided into three classes: the great sacrifices, the medium sacrifices, and the lesser sacrifices. Under the first are worshipped the heaven and the earth; the adherents of Confucius appearing to believe that there is an animating intelligence presiding over the world which rewards virtue and punishes vice. There are also other objects of worship, as the gods of the land and grain, and in almost every street altars are seen, upon which is a rude stone with matches of incense burning before it; the sun and moon, gods, genii, sages, fabled inventors of letters, agriculture, manufactures, and the useful arts, spirits of deceased statesmen, eminent scholars, martyrs, the clouds, rain, wind and thunder, military banners, and other objects, also receive divine homage. The sovereign, who is

deemed the high priest of the empire, worships heaven, while the priests of the state religion, subordinate to the emperor, are the distinguished personages who are connected with the court. Besides the system of Confucius, which may properly be denominated the state religion, is that of Buddhism, the five principal precepts of which are a prohibition from putting living creatures to death, stealing, marrying, falsehood, and the drinking of wine. The priests of this religion are associated in monasteries, which are attached to the Temple of Fo, and to the nine and seven-storied pagodas which are scattered through the empire, and are connected with this worship. But this religion appears to be declining and its temples are going to decay. The Taou sect, another species of worship which has become established in China, so far as can be learned from its doctrines, inculcates a contempt of riches, honors, and all worldly distinctions, and aims at that epicurean philosophy which seeks to subdue every passion that is calculated to interfere with perfect tranquillity. This sect, however, gradually degenerated into a body of alchemists who profess to deal in magic.

From this brief view of the religion of China it is perceived that the great body of the people are idolators, without possessing any solid and clearly defined system of Christian faith. Notwithstanding the former opposition to the Catholic Church by the Emperor, we perceive that by our late treaty with the government, we are permitted to build houses of Christian worship within the boundaries of China, and by a recent decree of the imperial court, the worship of Christianity is tolerated throughout the empire.

The amusements of the Chinese are varied—gambling is frequent, conjuring and sleight of hand, shuttle-cock, kite flying, in which they peculiarly excel,—these aerial implements being sometimes constructed with great elegance—and even old men participate in the amusement; fireworks of unusual splendor, and theatrical entertainments are quite common. The dinners are also attended with much ceremony, and with a scrupulous adherence to those forms which constitute the etiquette of such entertainments in polished life. The courses are frequent, consisting, among other things, of sharks' fins, deer sinews, dogs, rats, earthworms, and other dishes, at which an European would shrink, yet these are sometimes served in fine porce-

lain, with, occasionally, silver covers and wine cups of silver gilt. The new year is the period in which presents are usually exchanged among friends, and they commonly consist of delicacies, such as rare fruit, fine tea, silk stuffs for dresses, and ornaments of various kinds, which are accompanied by a list inscribed upon a red ticket. But one of the most distinguished festivals of China is the feast of lanterns. It is noticed that among the principal ornaments of the Chinese are the lanterns of various colors, which adorn their public buildings and private mansions, and also decorate their festivals and processions. Some of these are constructed in curious figures of animals, and being composed of silk, varnish, horn, paper, and glass, they are made effectually to represent different objects. Moving men, galloping on horseback, fighting or performing various feats, representations of beasts, birds, and other animals, in full motion, the circular movement being communicated by fine threads attached to the figures, are quite common, the whole indicating an effeminacy of taste which is peculiar to Asiatic nations.

The public works of the Chinese, their imperial canal, running a distance of six hundred miles through the centre of the empire, the walls of their cities, and their bridges, exhibit the evidences of extraordinary thrift and forecast, as well as effective industry. The imperial canal constitutes a safe avenue for a vast amount of inland transportation between the remote points of the empire, and serves also as a drain to an immense extent of swampy country. The bridges, many of them, consist of solid masonry, evincing considerable skill in this species of architecture, and the great wall, stretching a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles upon the northern frontier of China proper, and which was originally constructed as a bulwark against the Tartars, is probably the most stupendous monument of human labor to be found upon the globe. The architecture which prevails throughout the various parts of the country is very uniform; it is light, the houses are low, the tent-like roof is supported by slender wooden columns, and the ornamental gateways which adorn the streets, together with the pavilions in the gardens of their country houses, sometimes surrounded by sheets of water running by rock work and crossed by wooden bridges, with their painting and abundant gilding, produce upon the whole a very pleasing effect;

although from the mode of construction, and the materials of which they are built, they all evince a want of solidity and permanence in their general aspect.

The cities of China, from their size, constitute objects of great interest, and as is probably known, the largest in the empire is Pekin, the place of the imperial court. With a population which is estimated at about three millions, it is the centre of all that is most magnificent in the nation, being connected with the residence of the royal sovereign. Surrounded by walls, and embracing so large a population, and so many objects of interest, it could hardly be expected that it could be described within a very brief space. That part of the city which is more immediately connected with the imperial residence is, of course, the most imposing. The walls of the imperial grounds inclose extensive parks, which seem to have been made into artificial hills and valleys, containing sheets of water. These are studded with small islands, themselves adorned with fanciful edifices, interspersed with trees. From these ornamented grounds arise heights upon which are erected imperial palaces, that seem like the work of enchantment. Eight miles north-west of Pekin is the park of Yuen-ming-yuen, which contains, according to popular belief, thirty distinct places of residence for the emperor and his numerous suite, each of which constitute a village. The landscape of this garden appears to be diversified with woodlands and lawns, rivulets, lakes, and canals, a part of which is artificially adorned, while a portion is left in its original wildness.

Nankin was formerly the seat of the imperial court, but now, it appears, is in a state of comparative dilapidation. Its proximity to the Keang, as well as its favorable climate, render it a populous place, with a considerable trade, although it has of late years somewhat declined. Even now it is distinguished for its silk manufactures, for the Nankeen cotton which bears its name, as well as for the production of that singular substance which is called rice paper, and composed from the pith of a plant. We are informed that the present dilapidation of the city is owing, in a great measure, to the Tartar conquerors of China, who demolished the imperial palace and the most sacred monuments during the rage of war.

The city, however, to which, as is generally known, the European and Amer-

ican trade is principally confined, is Canton, and it is here that most of the foreign vessels are anchored. The streets are narrow, being only calculated for foot-passengers, and the passage of sedan-chairs, and are paved with flag-stones, while the houses, like those of the other Chinese cities, are low. They are occasionally ornamented with gate-ways, which are decorated in memory of distinguished individuals. That part of Canton which contains the European factories, is not unlike the other portion. In those shops which are devoted to Chinese customers, the fronts are opened to the streets, while those which are employed in the European trade are closed. The various streets are occupied by the different trades, with names according to the kinds of merchandise which are sold. Upon the side of each shop is suspended from on high, a huge ornamental label of varnished and gilded wood, upon which the particular occupation of the tenant, and the name of the merchandise in which he traffics, are inscribed. These labels being hung with the edges toward the street, and highly gilded and varnished, exhibit a vista which is very gay in its appearance. It would also seem that the principal shops connected with European and American trade, were formerly occupied by dealers in silks, lackered and carved ware, and other lighter articles, to the exclusion of cotton, tea, and other commodities; these being, at that time, restricted to the Hong merchants, whose monopoly, as we before intimated, has been abolished.

In this view which we have taken of the Empire of China, we perceive that the Chinese have already attained a considerable advance in the useful arts, and in their crude form of literature, but science is there still in its infancy. They may indeed be considered in some respects a refined people, if refinement consists in a scrupulous adherence to the minute forms of etiquette and the ceremonials of civilized life; yet in much of their moral system they have not progressed much beyond mere barbarians. To suppose that they are destitute of political shrewdness and discretion in the management of the government, we think indicates an ignorance of the nature of their institutions; for they pursue, in their jealousy of strangers, such a policy as is calculated to prevent the interference of foreigners with their institutions, and which has continued the most populous

empire upon the earth under one government for many ages. Their legal system, likewise, has the color of justice, although it is in many respects objectionable. The influence of wealth is there less regarded than in European states, while the Emperor is invested with the power of a despot, having the right of appointing his successor even out of the circle of the imperial family. The Chinese portion of the population are a quiet and tractable race, although false and distrustful, especially upon the sea-board, where a large body of Ladrões or pirates, together with the lowest class of the population, are accumulated. Yet, with all these faults, they possess, as a nation, some very estimable qualities, and are, perhaps, as conscientious as we might suppose Asiatic idolators would be, from the character of their education.

In some points of civil polity, it must be admitted, however, that they are extremely deficient, and this deficiency is especially obvious in their military establishment, which was most strikingly exhibited in the recent contest with Great Britain, in reference to the opium trade; when a comparatively small British fleet was found sufficient to bring a nation of four hundred millions of people to terms, and to compel them to the execution of a favorable treaty, granting all which the invaders required. We do not propose, however, to discuss the merits of this controversy.

"Non nostri inter vos tantas componere lites."

The Chinese army is large, consisting of a regular Tartar military force, composed of about one hundred and sixteen thousand men, numbering Mantchoue, Mongols, and a few Chinese, who joined the Mantchou army during the close of the Chinese dynasty. To these may be added a force of six hundred and twenty-five thousand regular Chinese troops, and five hundred thousand Mongol cavalry who do service upon the frontiers like the Russian Cossacks. Indeed, the pacific character of the Chinese is strongly contrasted with the more active and warlike Tartars, who constitute the principal military officers, and maintain a predominant influence at the imperial court. Besides, their weapons of war are extremely rude and ineffective, even were there an abundance of military skill and courage to wield them with success.

The commerce of the United States



with China has already attained considerable importance. We now have about seventy vessels engaged in the China trade from our own ports, employing a capital of about seven millions of dollars. China exports to foreign countries, annually, about fifteen millions of dollars worth of different kinds of teas, treasure to the amount of fourteen millions, raw silks, silk thread, and silk goods, to the value of nearly six millions, and a considerable amount of cassia, sugar, sugar-candy, lackered ware, carved work, matting, fans and porcelain, the whole amounting to about forty-six millions of dollars. A considerable proportion of these products finds its way to this country. The imports are about equal in value to the exports, and are composed, besides other articles, of opium, rice, treasure, pearls, raw cotton, ginseng, cotton manufactures and cotton yarn, woollen manufactures of various sorts, various kinds of metals, betel nut, becho de mer, and birds' nests. The goods that we buy from that country are paid for in cotton goods, ginseng and lead, and by bills of credit which are drawn on London bankers. Besides the payment by the English for their teas, silks, and other exports from China, by their cotton goods, they also draw a large amount of the precious metals from the empire for the opium which is now cultivated to a considerable extent in their East India possessions, and they now have about two hundred vessels which are employed in the China trade. But the foreign trade, as we before remarked, bears but a small proportion to that which crowds the inland waters of the empire. The canal-boats, junks, and flower-boats, the Hong and mandarin boats, which abound in the harbor of Canton, and indeed in almost every place of trade, contain a very large and active portion of the Chinese population.

The late treaty which has been negotiated with China by our own government, if it does not extend our privileges to a greater extent than those which were granted to us by the British treaty, at least defines the relations which our commerce will hereafter sustain toward that empire. The commerce of the Union, like that of the European nations, has long been subjected to arbitrary and capricious exactions, springing perhaps as much from the corrupt administration of the underlings of office in the Chinese ports, as from the absence of an uniform

and enlightened system of trade by the Chinese government, which, in its commercial intercourse with other nations, has heretofore been regardless of the principles of international law. By the late treaty, the commerce that was formerly limited to Canton, is now extended to five other ports, and it places on a clearly defined basis, the commercial relations which we sustain toward the government, regarding all which appertains to the spirit of fair trade.

There are, doubtless, substantial evils connected with the system of the Chinese government, which is a vast contraband despotism, acting through the agency of constituted boards and carefully collected statistical knowledge, with inspectors, spies and executive officers, distributed through every part of their empire. That, as a nation, they are vain and exacting, has been often demonstrated, but this spirit has been the result of their isolated position—superior to the surrounding nations, and with little opportunity to compare their real acquisitions with the more civilized countries of the world. Their religion is the spirit of a false and mystical philosophy, whose worship is in mythological idolatry, and not the spirit of genuine Christianity—a fiery exhalation from a pestilential and stagnant bog, and not the effulgent beams of the sun of heaven. We perceive the influence of their system in a loose and fluctuating, if not a corrupt administration of the government, not on the part of the Emperor, for he appears to be honest, but through the inferior officers, whose acts are obliged to travel a long distance before they meet the royal ear, and at last reach it, colored and distorted. We perceive the same influence in the concubinage which prevails throughout the empire, and in that foulest of crimes, infanticide, which is tacitly permitted, since the laws are silent upon the subject. It is probable that the more intimate connection of the empire in trade with modern civilized nations, will eventually work out a reform upon those subjects. We are not prepared to say that the soil of China will be soon intersected by railroads, or that the Kiang and other navigable rivers will be traversed by steamboats, within our own age: because the policy of the government is opposed to innovation of all sorts, and to the introduction of any agency that will diminish the necessity of individual labor in that over-populated country.

## LITERARY PHENOMENA.

THERE are several noticeable characteristics of American letters at the present time. Many old things, we believe, are passing away under the influence of a general law by which the intellectual advancement of the country bears some proportion to its physical increase, and the development of refinement and civilization. Given a quick, active, ingenious people, speaking the language of one of the noblest literatures in the world, placed under circumstances favorable to the growth of individual character, free in government, candid and frank in manners, just beginning to feel the impulses and healthy rivalry of a concentrated society in large cities, a people not infidel in religion or alien to art, and the prediction is inevitable that noble thinking will be the evidence of noble living, that the poet and philosopher will come forth, that the sentiment and life of the nation will be written in books. By the operation of Time alone, with the servants Time in this country brings with him, the cause of literature will advance. Those who think most humbly of our letters must yet admit that, comparing our present school of writers with those of the days of the Dwights and Barlows, we have both in number and quality a far better representation of national authors at this day. While the rise of numerous original authors, at least in the minor departments of literature, is taken into consideration with the growing feeling of dissatisfaction with what is false and unworthy, everywhere expressed in conversation, if not always as yet asserted, as it should be, in print, we may argue with confidence of the future state of our letters. The first evidence of strength is humility. The vain-glorious boaster and pretender having acquired that which he only assumed, can afford to throw away his burdensome cloak and leaden hood of hypocrisy. The ease and freedom of manhood and of candid speaking should be the especial qualities of those who tread this American soil.

If in this article we seem to speak with some levity of the false pretensions set up in the literature of the day, we trust it will not be regarded as irreverence towards the good, or want of faith in the true. We hold that there is a

time for worship and a time for laughter, loud as "the multitudinous laughter of the gods," and we have observed that they who laugh the most vigorously on fit occasions, pray the best on all others.

It is time that our reviews and journals should have the confidence to tell the public the truth in matters of taste, and criticism, and the morality of thinking and living which grows out of them. Is all English manliness and plain speaking to be reserved for the island of Great Britain that we must be taught and schooled for ever by foreign reviewers? Such has been too much the case; that it has been gradually becoming less for the last few years, cannot have escaped the most careless observer. The latest traveler among us, Von Raumer, exculpates us from the common charge of being a vain-glorious and boasting people, and says that he found us quite the reverse. Certainly a spirit of frankness and candor is on the increase. It is to be met with in all places in society, it will of course find its way into literature.

With much to pull down there will be found much to preserve. There are more than the ten righteous men to save the state. In professional literature of the pulpit, the bar, and medicine, in the literature of the sciences, we have honorable names; in philosophy, proceeding from our colleges, there are living voices going forth which will not soon die away into silence; in poetry and fiction there are names the country will stand by; in art we are beginning to hear of representative men who stand forth before the world in behalf of the nation. Honor be to them for ever. Let the critic be the guardian of their good fame; perpetually renewing the laurel, keeping it ever fresh. But before the good can be honored, the vain and noisy evil ones must be removed. The rubbish must be cleared from the temple before we can see the beauty of its proportions. Remove the bulk of scaffolding which seems to add to the size of the structure, and instead of being diminished it actually appears larger.

One of the glaring tawdry weeds to be rooted out of this overgrown field, is that which blazons everywhere around in the passion for notoriety—the unseemly

facility and readiness, the indecency with which what are called reputations are made—

"A breath can make them as a breath has made."

Fame is no longer the Fame of Milton—

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil,  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor  
lies,

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure  
eyes,

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy  
meed—"

but an impudent, pretentious, coarsely painted harlot rather, a woman of the streets, not of the sanctuary and the fire-side; bare, naked, and brazen, in alliance with craft and deception; hating and hated by the good. A poor barren thing, this notoriety, sickening to the soul.

A newspaper reputation can be made in a day, and by pickling and ordinary care may be made to last like the gravedigger's tanner, "some eight year or nine year," or it may be caught like the mesmerized M. Valdemar in *articulo mortis*, by a special conjuror six months longer, till it falls to pieces, "a nearly liquid mass of loathsome, detestable putrescence." This is its fate at last, but who delights to witness the operation? An office for the sale of reputations might be opened, or a mutual insurance with a graduated set of prices. An American Hemans might be made cheap, and guaranteed for a month, though not more than a dozen policies to be out on this head at a time; an American Tennyson is worth a higher premium; the price of a Dickens would vary in the market as a "Martin Chuzzlewit" or a "Christmas Carol" happened to be his last English production; an American Coleridge probably cheap as the demand is considerable. We have known several. An American Scott should be paid for by at least a dozen champagne suppers.

Seriously, this is a nuisance not always chargeable upon the authors whose names are handed round with their appendages. Mr. Cooper has rebelled lustily against the American Scott. Mr. Emerson stands alone without leaning on Carlyle, and Rufus Dawes is not guilty of taking the name of Coleridge in vain, though it has been rather too kindly and officiously done for him. This is an impertinence resorted to by weak authors

and poverty-stricken critics, who seem fond of the play of "High life below stairs" and a masquerading American literature. Perhaps, like poor Goldsmith, they mistake the footman for the lord.

This is, in truth, a grave matter, for nothing can be graver than truth and falsehood confounded. Reputation is a nice matter, a sacred thing to be held in reverence. It is the flower of virtue and of good deeds, and a delicate flower too, though born in a wintry climate and in rugged scenes, like the blue heather of the storm-swept mountains. It is not a gaudy plant, gay, rank, and unwholesome, but resembles the leaves (as of the oak) which are supported by a rough gnarled trunk and branches. There is much more showy foliage nearer the ground.

The facilities for puffing and detraction, twin companions, have reached a height where in the nature of things they must overleap themselves. Falsehood, unveracity—to translate it at once into downright English—lying may be carried to such an extent, as absolutely by force of intensity to trumpet forth the truth as cold, in Milton, "performs the effect of fire." The excess of dishonesty among thieves leads to the recognition, at least, of thieves' honor. To have very little said about a man has got to be almost the sole truth-telling indication of merit. "The post of honor is a private station." If you would learn the true men, in the spirit which should characterize an American literature, or any honest literature whatever for that matter, you must seek them out in retirement. The Cordelias of our literature are, indeed, scarce, but they are to be found with a lanthorn.

Detraction is the twin brother of flattery—though unlike, yet of the same family. Of this our literature may boast enough. Part of it is special, mere interested malignity. Willis cleverly says, in one of his sketches, (the saying is worthy of Sheridan himself in his comedies,) that a literary reputation is to be built up at this day like the walls of Jerusalem, with a trowel in the one hand for plastering friends, and a sword in the other for smiting enemies. Of these Ben Jonsons of literature, brought up to the use of the trowel, there are rare specimens to be met with of different finish and execution. Some use mortar by the hod, others can ornament a cornice with a penknife. There are not wanting enough, who, like worthy Ben

himself at Hawthornden murdering reputations, can use the sword very effectively. Abuse has, in fact, been reduced to a science. Given a few newspapers, *en rapport*, a large stock of queries, a plentiful supply of italics, a thumb and finger of exclamations, and a dash of small caps., they are the only tools wanted, lies to work upon of course included, and the infernal machine is complete. It would be dangerous were it not farcical. A little laughter will spike the whole battery. There are adepts in the trade, and there are bunglers who work with various degrees of success, but for the most part the thing is pitiable and ridiculous enough.

When a matter has grown ludicrous reason may be wasted upon it, but there is a general spirit of misconception and distrust among the *literateurs* of the country which is worth accounting for by a simple suggestion. Letters are usually supposed to exist under the government of a republic. They would seem to be here in a state of anarchy—all is noise, babble and confusion, like the concert in Hogarth's enraged musician, where the soft flute of puffery is invaded by the knife-grinder, busy for "cutting up;" a sweet milkmaid that good Izaak Walton might have kissed, and a wailing cat on a chimney. Whence this clamor? In Europe there is said to be a feeling of fraternity among literary men, they are distinguished by their courtesies, mutual interchange of compliments, learned societies; they do not like slaves take the names of their masters, or play in the Literary Masquerade; they are not all great authors, but they are respected and loved according to their merits and their virtues. They do not perpetually black-ball each other. Their good name is safe in one another's keeping. No one, to be sure, believes that the good fellow who writes a song is thenceforth a Moore or a Berangér, but he has his chair, and his welcome, and his appropriate niche on Parnassus, and share of the bays though they may not

entirely, like those of Cæsar, conceal his baldness. Among American literary men, on the contrary, there is a great deal of very desperate, melodramatic scorching and damnation. An author "not in the present company" is a dish to be grilled and served up for something spicy. It even invades the press. A man who has the misfortune to write is in no danger of want of excitement if he reads the newspapers. He will soon find how scandalous and wicked a thing it is to have written a book, especially if it be a good one. Private malice is not enough to account for the general *mêlée*. There is a wheel wanting somewhere in the machinery; a sun in fact is wanting to the solar system! What the great central luminary is to the harmony of the planets, great authors would be to our flighty disorganized literature. A few accredited undoubtedly great authors would still the tumult. Under the shadow of their roof trees the little birds might pick, and flutter, and show their wings only with admiration. But while little birds are called eagles, while asses are passing for lions, microscopes must be expected to be used, and false skins to be plucked at, and ears to be measured. We need a monarch to control the subjects and give laws to the court, or at least a President for the Republic. We predict that there will continue to be a great deal of carping and backbiting till all pretensions are settled.

Much of the literature of the country—the poems that should elevate, the essays that should interest, the biographical articles which should be true and candid, that they might as well warn by the exhibition of errors as encourage by good example, the criticism which should purify the taste—most of what is read by the people still continues to be furnished in magazines illustrated with plates of the fashions and engravings, bad copies from the bad tawdry originals of the English annuals.\* The purest literature flowing through such a channel must take its

\* By the way, a letter writer (Mr. Dix Ross) in a late number of the Boston Atlas, speaking from London, says, "Ackerman the publisher says, that he looks more to his American and Indian sale for his annual than to England; for the rage for these pretty picture books has nearly passed away here." This sounds like the talk of the early discoverers of the country, who provided glass beads and baubles for the American natives. That the people of this land should furnish a market for the cast-off picture books of Europe is a not very honorable imputation, and one in which we would gladly convict Mr. Dix Ross of error. "Importing annuals" in truth of late years has been a costly experiment, on the part of the booksellers engaged in it, upon the credulity and bad taste of the public. Importers are turning their capital as well as English publishers, in a different direction. We have had our full share of *that stuff*, and begin to call for something better. The popular books

tone, in some degree, from the adjacent soil. Good literature by such a contact will either be corrupted or checked in its onward course of improvement. There can be no inspiration gained from the milliner's figures in the frontispiece or the milliner's literature inside. The contributions of good writers may be bought, if well paid for, and be made to sanction the imposition upon the public, but such writers will take good care to let the public see that though their pockets may be interested in the matter their hearts are not. They will sell their names and a loose unemployed sheet from their portfolios, but they have not "the virtue to be moved" in such company. Mr. Dana's name was thus for a while employed on the cover of one of the "lady's and gentleman's," but a few trifling stanzas were all which proceeded from his pen. Mr. Cooper, too, published a series of historical biographical sketches, but they were in the magazine, not of it—just as one of his fastidious English gentlemen moves among a crowd of the unrefined in a packet ship. Mr. Emerson was also promised as a contributor, but this was a humiliation, not to him but to our literature, from which it was somehow happily preserved.

It is in vain to say that these are but ephemeral trifling affairs, and that they form no proper portion of the literature of the country. They must be judged by their unchecked pretences, by their number and circulation. What are called lady's magazines, with plates of the fashions, do not generally indeed enter into an estimate of a national literature. We do not find Hazlitt in his *Spirit of the Age*, or Horne in his continuation of the work, or Jules Janin in his sketches of French literature, or the graver historians of letters, Hallam, Sismondi, or Bonterwek, devoting a chapter to *La Belle Assemblée*, the *World of Fashion*, *Le Follet*; nor are the vivid embellishments of these works included in the histories of art, but Mr. Griswold's national monuments are built of materials from these quarries, and even the fastidious Mr. Longfellow gathers his sheaf for a hot-pressed volume from this flaring poppy field. We are conveying no cen-

sure upon the contributors to, or the conductors of, these works. It is to the honor of the publishers that they have paid considerable sums to good authors, and authors are right in selling their productions, as a merchant does his wares, where they will get most money for them. We are simply stating a fact, discreditable in itself to the country, a fact which should be felt to be so, and from which those concerned should extricate themselves in the best and speediest way possible. With all the apologies that can be made for conveying literature to the public through this medium, we think it has had its day. The old story of the erudite and philosophical caterers of those splendid dainties, that a magazine to be popular must be poor, will do no longer. There may be some truth in the proverb, "too good to live," and good books may be "caviare to the general." Newton's *Principia* is not a work to be read while a man runs, nor is Bishop Butler a companion for the centre table. But there are degrees of merit, steps on the intellectual ladder, quite out of sight of "Graham" and "Godey," which it is believed the public may reach in safety. In the name of a great continent, gentlemen, let us have a few higher rungs of the ladder, a little farther range of vision than the old poppy field.

A true respect for the American people will lead critics, not to apologize for what is an outrage to common sense and decency to sustain a bare-faced interested system of puffery, but to seek and demand that the nation shall be as great in thought and feeling as nature has intended her to be in action; that the people of a continent shall not dream and simmer in the petty dialect of a province; that the men of every active virtue, of good right arm and sturdy will, shall not be exactly dependent for their intellectual cultivation and entertainment upon Ackerman's "English picture books for the American market," that humbug of various sorts, having been tried long enough and been reduced to a science, may be made content to die and have its history written, and give place for a while to Truth and Candor, never forgetting Love and Reverence. D.

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of the present season both English and American, are beautifully printed editions of standard authors, with *original* illustrations, which will be remembered in the history of the Fine Arts. The illustrated Moore's *Melodies* by Macise, Goldsmith's *Poems* by the Etching Club, the books of Christmas Carols from the old Missals, and Carey and Hart's Philadelphia edition of Longfellow's *Poems*, with designs by Huntington, and Bryant's collected writings, illustrated by Leutze, are all books of the last few months that will live. The *Gift*, as a means and evidence of the advance of the art of Engraving, was far superior to the contemporary English annuals.

## A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

THERE once was a time under Tariff misrule,  
When the rich and the poor sent their children to school;  
When toil was rewarded and genius repaid,  
And little we thought of a happy Free-Trade.

When the laborer cheerily worked at his loom,  
We were honored abroad and contented at home;  
And the sails of our commerce, that caught every breeze,  
Did not follow the wake of the "Queen of the Seas."

But, alas! we are likely, o'erburdened with cares,  
To witness a gloomier state of affairs,  
With want, the unwelcome successor of plenty,  
The march of improvement, a *Festina Lente*.

For our Solons in Congress, true Democrats bred,  
Have given our system a rap on the head;  
And doubtless they think it a capital plan,  
That folly should finish what wisdom began.

"Down, down with Protection!" the demagogue cries,  
And straight at his bidding Prosperity dies;  
And the hum of the spindle, machinery's roar,  
Will be heard in the waterfall's music no more.

Yes, the Party have triumphed. An anthem of praise,  
The chivalry loudly to Dallas shall raise;  
And the "lower ten thousand" that anthem shall know,  
From Rynders the Captain, to Hickman the Beau.

Now joy unrepressed throughout Britain prevails,  
In the workshops of England, the forges of Wales;  
And the LEAGUE shall their gratitude quickly repay,  
To Viscount McDuffie and Baron McKay.

As for poor Pennsylvania, derided, betrayed,  
Let her mourn the disaster her suffrages made;  
For once under good Democratic control,  
Already the iron has entered her soul.

When the proud ship of State shall be wrecked on the strand;  
When ruin shall brood o'er a desolate land;  
When the grass shall grow up in the streets of our towns,  
And the sunshine of Fortune give place to her frowns;

When we cling to the shadow of fugitive Fame;  
When Wealth is a fable, and greatness a name;  
And men of all classes the burden shall feel;  
Let us hope for a saving Relief in REFRAH!

T.

## MR. SECRETARY WALKER'S AGRICULTURAL PROJECT FOR THE UNITED STATES.\*

MR. WALKER SAYS: "We have more fertile lands than any other nation, and can raise a greater variety of products, and, it may be said, could feed and clothe the people of nearly all the world. Agriculture is our chief employment. It is best adapted to our situation. We can raise a larger surplus of agricultural products, and a greater variety, than almost any other nation, and at cheaper rates. Remove, then, from agriculture, all our restrictions, and by its own unfettered power it will break down all foreign restrictions, and, our's being removed, would feed the hungry and clothe the poor of our fellow-men, through all the densely peopled nations of the world. . . Foreign nations cannot for a series of years import more than they export."

This is a great country—is it not? Big enough to let all the rest of the world sit down, or play. We can feed and clothe them all—why not? But Mr. Walker forgot one country—*Utopia*—where one would think he was born and educated; and where, it might be supposed, he had been intimate with their greatest sages, brought away the cream of their philosophy, and must know how much of our agricultural products they will want. He should have added this to the sum of benefits we are to receive by adopting his *Utopian* theory.

Alas! to be obliged to hold controversy with an immigrant sage from such a country! It is hopeless, more because, by his flying so high, so fast, and so far, he is hard to catch, and when caught, hard to hold still, by any logic which ordinary men are used to, than from any other cause. What can the man mean?

But, coming down from this loftiness, and setting aside all this nonsense, let us look at facts. Mr. Walker evidently dreams of our feeding and clothing all the world, and the inhabitants of *Utopia* besides. It is not less true, as a fact, that every nation takes care to feed and clothe itself, than that Mr. Walker proposes to do it for them; and so long as they refuse to avail themselves of our

kind offers, we must find other employment, else, as General Jackson said, in his letter to Dr. Coleman, in 1824, but in different words, we shall soon need their charity. Mr. Walker's proposal to turn this nation all back to agriculture, as hardly need be said, is a violation of General Jackson's theory, the carrying out of which, as shown elsewhere in these pages, laid the foundation of the wealth, greatness, and power of the American people.

"I will ask," said General Jackson, "what is the real situation of the agriculturist? Where has the American farmer a market for his surplus product? Except for cotton, he has neither a foreign nor a home market. Does not this clearly prove, when there is no market either at home or abroad, that there is too much labor employed in agriculture, and that the channels for labor should be multiplied? Common sense points out, at once, the remedy. Draw from agriculture this superabundant labor; employ it in mechanism and manufactures, thereby creating a home market for your bread-stuffs, and distributing labor to the most profitable account; and benefits to the country will result. Take from agriculture in the United States 600,000 men, women, and children, and you will at once give a home market for more bread-stuffs than all Europe now furnishes us with. In short, sir, we have been too long subject to the policy of the British merchants. It is time that we should become a little more *Americanized*, and instead of feeding the paupers and laborers of England, feed our own; or else, in a short time, by continuing our present policy, we shall all be rendered paupers ourselves."

Mr. Walker proposes to reverse this policy, and bring the people back to agriculture. "If not depressed by the tariff," he says, "it would be the most profitable." He has only three steps to his end: First, break down the protective policy here; next, the corn laws of England will be abolished; thirdly, these two

\* This article is from the manuscript copy of a new work, entitled "THE RIGHTS OF LABOR, now in a course of publication, by Calvin Colton, author of the "Life and Times of Henry Clay," "Junius Tracts," &c., being a part of the twelfth chapter, which is devoted to a review of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

events will force open all the ports of the world to free trade; which, being accomplished, *the world is ours!* the American protective system and the British corn laws are now out of the way. But other predicted results do not all coincide with Mr. Walker's prediction.

Lord Ashburton, in a speech at Winchester, England, Jan. 19, 1846, looking into the future, even under the abolition of the corn laws—for it was then decided as an event to be—said: "The supply [of breadstuffs] must not be expected from America, and we could not have a better proof of it than the fact, that, at this moment, American corn could come here from Canada, at a duty of 4 shillings; and yet, if the returns were examined, it would be found, that *nine-tenths* of the foreign corn consumed in England, was from the Baltic, though the duty on the corn from its shores was 15 shillings a quarter. This was entirely owing to the *low price of labor* in the north of Europe." Again Lord Ashburton said, on the 29th January, ten days later, in Parliament: "The British farmer must not have his hands tied behind him. Did he meet the foreigner on equal terms? The farmer on the shores of the Baltic had his labor at *sixpence a day*, to compete with the farmer of this country (England) with his labor at *two shillings a day*. It required no skill in political economy to discover that these

two parties did not meet on equal terms." Does not the American farmer see by this, that "his hands are tied behind him," when he is doomed, even under the abolition of the British corn laws, to meet in the British market, the farmer of the north of Europe, whose labor costs him only *sixpence* (sterling, or 12½ cents) a day? And that the farmer of the north of Europe, being near, will be in the British market first, and at less cost?

Corn laws or no corn laws, it could make no difference, except it would be better for the American farmer, in such a competition, that the corn laws should not have been abolished, as before that event, he could get to the English market, through Canada, with four shillings duty, when his competitor, in the north of Europe, had to pay fifteen shillings; but now, the corn laws being abolished, the farmer, in the north of Europe, has as much greater advantage over the American farmer, than in the former state of things, as the difference between fifteen and four. At best, the abolition of the corn laws can be no advantage to the American farmer.

The following table will show what are the chances of the American producer of bread-stuffs, in the British market, as the competition, on both sides, will be equally benefited by the abolition of the corn laws, except, as above noticed, the loss is on the side of the American:

*Importations of Wheat into Great Britain from the principal wheat countries for 1841, 1842, and 1843, in bushels, together with the sum total from each country.*

| Countries.             | 1841.     | 1842.     | 1843.     | Total.     |
|------------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|------------|
| Russia, . . . . .      | 498,205   | 1,824,688 | 269,368   | 2,592,261  |
| Denmark, . . . . .     | 1,915,279 | 617,656   | 565,248   | 3,098,183  |
| Prussia, . . . . .     | 7,134,400 | 5,938,065 | 5,311,000 | 18,383,465 |
| Germany, . . . . .     | 5,295,674 | 1,626,172 | 1,027,224 | 7,949,070  |
| Holland, . . . . .     | 615,964   | 73,979    | 6,864     | 896,507    |
| France, . . . . .      | 1,643,932 | 4,216,100 | 29,248    | 5,889,280  |
| Italy and Island, . .  | 901,600   | 4,875,597 | 24,940    | 5,805,037  |
| N. A. Colonies, . . .  | 2,333,354 | 3,729,690 | 2,790,504 | 6,853,278  |
| United States, . . .   | 1,107,840 | 1,195,873 | 749,601   | 3,053,278  |
| Other countries, . . . | 866,859   | 1,816,340 | 272,407   | 2,955,606  |

These three years, 1841, 1842, and 1843, were years of the largest importations of bread-stuffs into Great Britain, averaging 18,300,000 bushels; whereas, the average from 1829 to 1843, including fifteen years, was only 10,964,896 bushels.

A glance at the above table will show whence Great Britain has been accustomed

to obtain, and will continue to obtain, the chief amount of the bread-stuffs she may require. It is only when prices are low, that the American farmer sends bread-stuffs to England and Europe. Will that suit him? He has to contend with the cheap labor of the countries named in the above table. "His hands



are tied behind him," as Lord Ashburton says; and the end of the whole is, that this competition falls on American labor, and brings that down towards the level of wages in these rival quarters. That result is inevitable. This, indeed, appears to be the main object of Mr. Walker, in order to keep up the price of cotton, as is betrayed by him in many forms of phraseology, found in his report: "While bread-stuffs *rise* in England, cotton almost invariably *falls*."

It is the low price of cotton that he complains of, and he has conceived the notion, that the only way to raise it, is to depress the prices of other agricultural products of the country, which he considers of less importance. He would, therefore, have the whole country go to farming, that they may produce enough to bring down prices of agricultural products, *other than cotton*, as would, doubtless, be the result. But Mr. Walk-

er mistakes in supposing that cotton is the only great interest of the country, and the only interest worth sustaining. He mistakes, even in supposing, that in sustaining the interests of cotton, it is necessary to depress other interests. All stand or fall together; and it is impossible to injure one, without injuring all, directly or indirectly.

That American bread-stuffs cannot go to England, to any considerable extent, except at low prices, appears from the fact, that Russia, Denmark, Prussia, Germany, Holland, France, Italy, the Islands, and other European and Asiatic countries, can feed her, whenever she wants more than she produces, at lower rates than American labor will be satisfied with—for all depends on the price of labor. The following tables and facts, from the Hon. Charles Hudson's speech in Congress, of February 26, 1846, are pertinent here.

"The following table will show the prices of wheat per bushel in the principal marts of trade on the Continent, from 1830 to 1843, inclusive:

|            | Dantzio. | Hamburg. | Amsterdam. | Antwerp. | Odessa. |
|------------|----------|----------|------------|----------|---------|
| 1830, .    | \$1.07   | 93       | 1.13       | 95       | 68      |
| 1831, .    | 1.18     | 1.10     | 1.15       | 1.07     | 71      |
| 1832, .    | 93       | 90       | 1.10       | 90       | 62      |
| 1833, .    | 83       | 70       | 89         | 55       | 61      |
| 1834, .    | 70       | 67       | 63         | 50       | 77      |
| 1835, .    | 61       | 65       | 76         | 68       | 57      |
| 1836, .    | 70       | 79       | 76         | 70       | 52      |
| 1837, .    | 73       | 76       | 81         | 99       | 50      |
| 1838, .    | 94       | 79       | 1.20       | 1.48     | 65      |
| 1839, .    | 96       | 1.15     | 1.33       | 1.37     | 79      |
| 1840, .    | 1.07     | 1.30     | 1.11       | 1.48     | 71      |
| 1841, .    | 1.23     | 99       | 1.09       | 1.45     | 74      |
| 1842, .    | 1.10     | 1.11     | 1.11       | 95       | 65      |
| 1843, .    | 76       | 82       | 78         | 76       | 48      |
| Average, . | 91       | 90       | 99         | 98       | 64      |

"Here we have the prices of wheat, at five great marts of the wheat trade, for 14 years, showing a general average of 89 cents per bushel.

"The prices at our sea-ports during the same period, run as follows:

|              |        |              |        |
|--------------|--------|--------------|--------|
| In 1830, . . | \$1.15 | In 1837, . . | \$1.83 |
| 1831, . .    | 1.18   | 1838, . .    | 1.54   |
| 1832, . .    | 1.15   | 1839, . .    | 1.42   |
| 1833, . .    | 1.13   | 1840, . .    | 1.10   |
| 1834, . .    | 1.09   | 1841, . .    | 1.03   |
| 1835, . .    | 1.19   | 1842, . .    | 1.16   |
| 1836, . .    | 1.44   | 1843, . .    | 1.00   |

"The general average of the aforementioned prices is \$1.25; being 37 cents more than the average per bushel at the aforementioned ports on the Black Sea and Baltic. This shows demonstratively, that, in the first cost of the grain, we are not able to

come into fair competition with our trans-Atlantic wheat growers. And how is it with reference to freight? By official documents laid before Parliament, it appears that the freight on the highest calculation cannot exceed, on an average, 13 cents per bushel. By the report of the Hon. Mr. Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents, laid before Congress in 1843, where he examines this subject somewhat minutely, it appears that the average freight from New York to Liverpool is 35 or 36 cents per cwt. We cannot estimate wheat at less than 56 pounds per bushel; and hence the freight must amount to 17 or 18 cents per bushel. The difference in the freight and first cost would make a balance against us of 41 cents per bushel. But as the year 1837 was one of uncommonly high prices in this country, I will omit

that year in my estimate, which will reduce this balance down to about 36 cents; and from this I will deduct, for the difference of exchange, 10 cents, which will bring the difference down to 26 cents per bushel.

"The English consul, writing from Odessa, at the close of 1842, says: 'Under present circumstances, extraordinary low freight and favorable exchange, a shipment of the best wheat could now be made and delivered in England on the following terms, viz:

|                                    | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------|----|----|
| First cost                         | 22 | 6  |
| Charge of loading                  | 2  | 5  |
| Freight                            | 6  | 7  |
| Insurance and factorage in England | 4  | 0  |
| Total                              | 35 | 6  |

"This reduced to our currency would amount to 97 cents per bushel delivered in England. And in 1843 there was a still further reduction; so that wheat from the Baltic could be delivered in England without duty at 87 cents, and from the Black Sea at 78 or 80 cents per bushel. A price much less than our wheat could be purchased at in our own ports."

It will be found, that the British government never expected to be supplied with bread-stuffs from the United States, in case of the abolition of the Corn-Laws from the following facts, stated by Mr. Hudson:

"In 1840 the British Government called upon their consuls, at some of the principal marts of the corn trade, to inform them what amount of grain could be sent to the English market in case the English duty were reduced to a nominal sum. The substance of their replies will be seen in the following table, submitted, with their report, to Parliament in 1841:

|                | Bushels.   |
|----------------|------------|
| St. Petersburg | 1,540,000  |
| Liebau         | 240,000    |
| Warsaw         | 2,400,000  |
| Odessa         | 1,200,000  |
| Stockholm      | 8,000      |
| Dantzic        | 2,520,000  |
| Konigsburg     | 520,000    |
| Stettin        | 2,000,000  |
| Memel          | 47,712     |
| Hamburg        | 4,304,000  |
| Elsinore       | 1,400,000  |
| Palermo        | 1,600,000  |
|                | 17,770,712 |

"From these twelve ports it appears that a supply of 17,770,712 bushels of wheat could be obtained annually; and it further appears that 7,298,000 bushels of rye, 6,820,500 bushels of barley, and 6,445,700

bushels of oats, could be supplied. In this list is not included *Riga, Rotterdam, Antwerp*, and several other important ports for the corn trade."

The above promises of supply are more than 8,000,000 bushels in excess of the annual average of imports of foreign corn into Great Britain, from 1829 to 1843, inclusive, 15 years; and of course demonstrate an absolute independence, as to any necessary supplies from the United States. Nor could the grain, alias corn-growers, in the United States, have any chances in such a market, except on the basis of wages of labor and prices of products, corresponding with the wages and prices of the countries above named. Will the American laborer and farmer be satisfied with that? Then in what are they or can they be benefited by the abolition of the British Corn Laws, and Mr. Walker's theory?

The first considerable abatement of duties on corn, in Great Britain, was by a law which took effect in April, 1842, reducing the duties at once about one half. Great results were expected, similar to those predicted to follow the entire abolition. What did they prove to be? Directly the reverse of what was anticipated, as the following facts will show. The average annual importation of wheat into Great Britain for the three years previous to this reduction, was 20,692,000 bushels, and the importation for the first year after the reduction was only 9,540,000 bushels. All that is pretended to be proved by these facts, is, that other causes controlling these results, were more potent than the law, not only disappointed legislation, but made things go directly the other way from what was intended. And if the abatement of half the duties on the Corn Laws was followed by such a result, what certain evidence can be placed on the consequences predicted for their entire abolition? One thing is put beyond doubt, by the facts above exhibited, that this event cannot, in any probability, be of the slightest benefit to the producers of bread-stuffs in the United States. It would be a calamity to those producers, if the prices of those products should be so low as to compel them to go to the same market which the producers of bread-stuffs on the Baltic and on the shores of the Mediterranean resort to, and which they chiefly monopolize by the low wages of their labor, and the

consequent low price of their products. It is an ascertained fact, that the small amount of bread-stuffs which has heretofore gone directly from the United States to the English market, has been exported rather for freight and remittances than for profit; and that only when the prices were not regarded by the producers as a remuneration.

"Every practical man," says Mr. Hudson, "knows that, between two great commercial nations, an article will be exported from one to the other, when the prices in the two countries seem to forbid. The wheat that we have sent direct to Great Britain is, to a considerable extent, the result of accidental causes. A merchant is indebted abroad, and must send forth something to discharge his debt, and not being able to meet the demand in specie, he sends forward a quantity of flour. Or, a vessel is going out without a full cargo, and will take grain for a mere trifle. Or, a speculator has a large amount of flour on hand, bought perhaps on six months, and is obliged to send it out at a sacrifice. Our grain goes to England mainly in the shape of flour, by which a saving of 10 or 15 per cent. over the export of wheat is realized. These are the causes, more than anything else, which enable us to supply the English market to the small extent we now do. Ask our merchants who have had experience in this trade, and they will generally tell you that it is a precarious business, and one in which much more has been lost than made."

The wheat crop of the United States in 1840, was 84,823,000 bushels; and in 1844, it was 95,607,000 bushels. For fourteen years previous to 1846, the average annual export of wheat from the United States, to all parts of the world, was 5,505,000 bushels; in 1836, only 805 bushels; 1838, 41,475 bushels; in 1837 we imported 4,000,000 bushels; deduct the imports, and the average of fourteen years was about 5,000,000. What is this to the whole product of nearly one hundred millions of bushels, all which found a home market, except the above fraction of a little more than *one-twentieth*? How much better would it have been for the American growers of wheat, if General Jackson's great principle, in his letter to Dr. Coleman, had been carried a little further, by withdrawing more people from agriculture into manufacturing and other pursuits, so as to have created a home demand for the entire product of wheat during those fourteen years, so as to have kept up the prices to a full and satisfactory remuneration of the

producers, that they should not have been obliged to send so small a surplus to compete with the low wages and low prices of Europe, and thus bring down the prices at home? For such was the inevitable effect of this small surplus. It brought down prices at home, and left both the laborer and his employer without a fair remuneration, simply because they were obliged to compete with the low wages and low prices of Europe.

This all-controlling principle of *supply and demand* seems not to have been understood by Mr. Walker; or else he has done an atrocious wrong to the country—a wrong in any case. It is a grand fundamental principle of political science, without a knowledge of which no man could begin to be a statesman, or to know what a tariff should be. There is an annual surplus of agricultural products in the United States, and Mr. Walker proposes, that those engaged in manufacturing and other pursuits, should turn to agriculture, and become producers instead of consumers, for the benefit of those already engaged in agriculture! and for the benefit of the country! Is this man a statesman?

Let us illustrate the principle of *supply and demand*. A given number of houses and other buildings are wanted for a small business town; and so long as that number is not exceeded, they will rent for a fair remuneration. But if one-tenth or one-twentieth more than are wanted should be built, the owner or owners of these surplus buildings, rather than not have them occupied, will offer them at a lower rate than the others are hired for. Then down comes the rent of the whole; and so long as there is a surplus, rent will continue to fall to 50 per cent., of a remunerating price, or lower. Whenever it stops, there is still a surplus, and the effect of it will be ruinous to all the owners. Thus a small surplus of anything in market may annihilate half or more of the fair value of the whole. The *supply*, in such a case, exceeds the *demand*. Reverse the case, and let the demand exceed the supply, and the contrary effect will be produced.

"Supply and demand must ever be the governing rule of prices. Increase or diminish the supply one per cent., and prices may fall or advance 50 per cent. below or above the cost of production; which, the moment the equilibrium is deranged, ceases to influence prices, which are then ruined by speculation."—*National Magazine*, June, 1846, p. 21.

There is no need, indeed, of going further than General Jackson's letter to Dr. Coleman, for all that is necessary to illustrate this point. If agriculture, or any other pursuit, ceases to be remunerative, in consequence of surplus production, "Common sense," says General Jackson, "at once points out the remedy." Diminish the number engaged in it, by turning a part of them to pursuits not overstocked with laborers, that each party may become consumers, directly or indirectly, of the products of the other; and the greater the diversity of productive pursuits, in any community, so much greater its prosperity and common stock of productive wealth.

The European market for an American product, agricultural or other, that has a rival there, presents a distinct question in political economy, which can never be separated from a consideration of the wages of labor in that quarter, as compared with American wages; and that American statesman, who proposes to find a market in Europe, in England or on the Continent, to any considerable extent, for American products of any kind, encountering competition there, proposes what no power can accomplish, with a satisfactory remuneration to, and without impairing the rights of, American labor. For all such products, the true policy of the American people and Government is, to create a market at home, which shall adequately remunerate the labor of the country. Whenever there is a surplus production, a supply above demand, in a given pursuit, "common sense," as General Jackson said, "at once points out the remedy." Withdraw, diversify, distribute labor from that point, and make it bear on others not crowded. But Mr. Secretary Walker proposes to crowd that pursuit still more, if it happens to be agriculture; to turn the nation into it, and *force* the world to let us supply all their wants; to let us "feed the hungry, and clothe the poor of our fellow-men throughout all the densely peopled nations of the world!" This, surely is a magnificent scheme, magniloquently propounded, considering that it appears in a financial document! But, if there is common sense in it, there was little, and none to spare, in the man, whose name this honorable Secretary once professed, and would doubtless now be thought, to honor.

But one of Mr. Walker's reasons for the policy he proposes is, that "foreign nations cannot, for a series of years, im-

port more than they export." This was very safely, very prudently, very sagely said. It will, doubtless, be "a series of years" before they will feel able to afford it. But since we can afford to import some forty, or fifty, or sixty millions a year more than we export—that appears to be the plan of the Secretary, and the scope and bearing of the tariff of 1846—we shall then be able to take the field, get ahead of all other nations, and "feed the hungry and clothe the poor of all the densely peopled nations of the world!" The apparent simplicity and gravity with which the Secretary announces the axiom, that "foreign nations cannot, for a series of years, import more than they export," brings one to a pause as to what could have been the state of his mind—whether he was really dreaming that we could afford it *now*, and that other nations, "after a series of years," would follow our example!

It cannot be denied, that Mr. Walker is candid in disclosing two objects, which he appears to have had in view, viz., to raise the price of cotton, by lowering that of other agricultural products. It is believed he made a mistake, as to the effect of his plan on cotton; but let that go. He evidently foresees that the effect of his plan will greatly reduce the prices of American agricultural products, other than cotton; and assumes it. He says, "we can raise a larger surplus of agricultural products, and a greater variety, than almost any other nation; and at cheaper rates." It was impossible, in the nature of things, that his plan should go into operation, without bringing down the wages of American labor to the European standard, when the essence of his plan was to bring its products, without restriction on either side, into direct and open competition in the same markets. He, therefore, proposes to put the whole nation to agriculture, to make up in surplus production, what may, in consequence, be wanting in price! The greater the surplus, of course, the greater the reduction of price. But, it being assumed that we can "sell at cheaper rates than almost any other nation," it is also assumed, that we can drive them all from the field, and have the market of the world! This appears to be the Secretary's plan; and it is absolutely necessary it should succeed, to rescue it from the imputation of the greatest folly that was ever conceived by man, however it may fail to save the people from the greatest disasters that ever befel a nation.

## EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

MARIA.

For she to higher beauties raised,  
 Disdains to be for lesser praised.  
 She counts her beauty to converse  
 In all the languages as hers,  
 Not yet in those herself employs,  
 But for the wisdom, not the noise,  
 Nor yet that wisdom would affect,  
 But as 'tis Heaven's dialect.—MARVELL.

Is it not knowledge that doth alone clear the mind of all perturbations? How many things are there, which we imagine not! How many things do we esteem and value otherwise than they are! This ill-proportioned estimation, these vain imaginations, these be the clouds of error that turn into the storms of perturbation. Is there any such happiness, as for a man's mind to be raised above the confusion of things, when he may have the prospect of the order of nature and the error of men?—BACON.

Genuine literature includes the essence of philosophy, religion, art, whatever speaks to the immortal part of man. The daughter, she is likewise the nurse of all that is spiritual and exalted in our character. The boon she bestows is truth, truth not merely physical, political, economical \* \* \* but the truth of moral feeling, truth of taste, that inward truth, in its thousand modifications, which only the most ethereal portion of our nature can discern, but without which, that portion of it languishes and dies, and we are left divested of our birthright, thenceforward "of the earth, earthy," machines for enjoying, no longer worthy to be called the sons (daughters) of Heaven.—CARLYLE.

MORE than two thousand years ago, Plato delivered an opinion\* on the intellectual character of woman, which, as the voice of the wisest of men, should have settled forever the doctrine, that knowledge is the province of her soul—an opinion which should have been honored by the establishment of the most generous institutions for her education. It agrees with Wordsworth's grand description of the human race, taking it, Plato granted to be in the right, for as accurate an account of woman as of man.

"For see the Universal Race endowed  
 With the same upright form! The sun is  
 fixed,

And the infinite magnificence of heaven  
 Fixed within reach of every human eye.  
 The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears,  
 The vernal field infuses fresh delight  
 Into all hearts. Throughout the world of  
 sense,

Even as an object is sublime, or fair,  
 That object is laid open to the view,  
 Without reserve or veil; and as a power  
 Is salutary, or an influence sweet,  
 Are each and all enabled to perceive  
 That power, that influence by impartial  
 law.

Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;  
 Reason, and with that reason, smiles and  
 tears,

Imagination, freedom in the will,  
 Conscience to guide and check, and death  
 to be  
 Foretasted, immortality presumed."

It is strange that this opinion of Plato, so entirely in conformity with the Greek mythology, that places a Pallas, Ceres, and the Muses by the side of Venus and Diana, should never have fallen upon the "ears of profiting"—this liberal opinion of the chief thinker of the world, relative to that important problem, the education of woman, which, though occasionally rising, as well as falling, has never been properly elevated, and has as yet attained no firm foundation. Miss Edgeworth's "Letters for Literary Ladies," written forty or fifty years ago, testified the indifference and ignorance prevailing at that time, as to this point, a change for the worse from the days of Elizabeth. And Sidney Smith's fine essay on this subject, in the Edinburgh Review of 1815, the principal ornament of his collected works, shows the continued darkness of the times; yet chief men were ready to receive these liberal doctrines; such a man as Mackintosh, who, first reading this novel discussion in India, says in his journal: "I was de-

lighted more than I thought I had now the power of being, by Smith's Lecture against Female Ignorance."

Indeed, there has been no want among the best thinkers\* of a good opinion of woman's intellectual capacity, together with the most earnest suggestions of the highest culture. The philosopher appreciates woman as the botanist appreciates plants, who names none a weed. There is something solemn in Dugald Stewart's† idea of the province of woman; he describes her as that portion of the race "to whom nature has entrusted the first development of our intellectual and moral powers, and who may, therefore, be regarded as the chief medium through which the progress of the mind is continued from generation to generation." And his representation constitutes a solemn claim on the legislator for education.

The means of education for men have been constantly improving. There is continual fluctuation as to the education of women, because there has never been any legislative intervention, but on the most limited plan, any great seminary, or any common measure set up. The "ladies' school" is an enterprise perhaps ephemeral, perhaps not—the college, an established institution. So far as expense goes, parents are liberal in educat-

ing their daughters. At present, the money bestowed on the education of girls, what is called the finishing part, in the limited school, subject to no revision, probably exceeds that bestowed on the higher education of young men. What a difference in the discipline! what would be the intellectual results of a course for girls equally thorough, is a problem for which the world has not yet provided a solution. The blossom looks promising in vain; the fruit gets no chance to form, to mellow.

"Cold suns unfelt at distance glide away."

Parents often pay, for three years' elementary instruction of a daughter, a larger sum than for the son's collegiate course of ripe studies. If just views prevailed on the subject, money would not be wanting to found, for the education of women, an institution of the highest opportunities and acquirements, furnished with numerous professors, masters, a library, cabinets, and philosophical apparatus. But four years' absence from home, the reputed term of the collegiate course! This need not be appalling. Cambridge students are gone but three years in all; a quarter of each year must be deducted from the sum. It is not uncommon for girls to remain abroad to the same amount of time, in

\* Voltaire, Condorcet, Priestley, Smith, Mackintosh, Stewart, Bulwer, &c.

Priestley's opinion—"Certainly the minds of women are capable of the same improvement and the same furniture as those of men, and it is of importance that when they have leisure, they should have the same resource in reading, and the same power of instructing the world by writing, that men have, and that if they be mothers, they be capable of assisting in the instruction of their children, to which they have generally more opportunity to attend, than the fathers."

Bulwer\* laments the illiteracy of women, and considers it answerable for the great preponderance of novels in literature, and for extensive political corruption. Since the influence of woman is paramount in literature, he thinks they ought to be formed to be judges, and since they will intrigue in politics, they ought to be made mistresses of the science. With more culture there would be, doubtless, less harm done. When Milton's wife urged him to accept office under Charles II., it might not be that "she would ride in her coach at any rate," but that she did not comprehend the conditions. She might have been as virtuous as Lady Sarah Vivian, or as Madame d'Aguesseau, who, when some violent resolution in behalf of a pernicious measure was expected from certain words that escaped the king, expressly, without doubt, by way of intimidation, exhorted her husband to be so much the more firm, as he found himself ill seconded, and as he was about to depart for Marly, conjured him, embracing him, to forget that he had a wife and children, to count his office and fortune for nothing, and his honor and conscience for all.—*St. Simon*.

† It is a wonderful instance of the inertia of habit, that Stewart, with his high opinion of woman's capacity for intellectual improvement, with his keen perception of deficiencies attributable to neglect of cultivation, should not have thought of the remedy. He almost apprehends it, and expresses his satisfaction that *something* has been done, that Latin has begun to be studied by women, but he strangely hopes that this will be conducted superficially, and speaks of certain branches of knowledge as not appropriate, rather praising lady students, however, for pursuing these forbidden things stealthily! He admires the acuteness of Madame Sevigne's vision, without thinking of the remedy for the unworthy limitations of which he at the same time complains. She need not have been bound down to "conventional taste." She who read Tasso with such intense enjoyment, should have been educated to read Greek poetry.—See Stewart's Elements, Vol. III., p. 20, Am. Ed.

\* Edinburgh Review, 1881. New Monthly, March, 1882.

attending the present limited schools. As to the expense of preparation, perhaps, on reflection, legislators may be induced to admit girls into the grammar schools. Patriots must at length make discoveries on this subject.

If there had been no convents to lay up the great classics, no revival of letters—if all scientific and literary associations were suppressed, colleges demolished, academies reduced in their requirements, atheneums sold, all men of liberal education banished, culture forgotten, not unfrequently considered derogatory, and therefore, where existing, carefully concealed—if the idea of education had shrunk to the capacity of writing a decent note, at most, holding a very limited conversation in French—the condition of men relative to all these advantages, would resemble that of women. Society, that depends for its elevation so much on the character of woman, would suffer greater privations than the present, were it not for her constant personal impulse to instruction. Language masters find numerous lady-pupils, lyceums are thronged by bonnets. But whether a lady studies a language or any other branch, depends far too much on accident, on the chance of a master coming into the neighborhood, or the impulse of some crony or rival. But these personal efforts, whether with or without the aid of a master, though they cannot supply the place of a methodical, liberal, accurate plan of education, are now the bounden duty of woman. They will rouse desires for improved means, and the desire will finally produce results. Arnold is wise on the subject of solitary studies. He says, "There is very apt to grow around a lonely reader, not constantly questioned, a haze of indistinctness as to a consciousness of his own knowledge or ignorance, he takes a vague impression for a definite one, an imperfect notion for one that is full and complete." As soon as their place is supplied let them be dropped. In self education, the scheme is often very deficient, and the parts not richly completed, as by the aid of an accomplished teacher. It is good to combine the ardor of self-teaching with the aid of an able instructor. Self instruction is not likely to be undertaken early. Hear again the wisdom of Arnold on *early* aids. "It is so hard to begin anything in after life, and so comparatively easy to continue what has been begun, that I think we are bound to break ground, as it were, into

several of the mines of knowledge, with our pupils, that the first difficulties may be overcome by them while there is yet a power from without to aid their own faltering resolution; and that so they may be enabled, if they will, to go on with the study hereafter."

The experienced Arnold despaired of effecting anything for the education of women without better provision than the present, (we, however, value the smallest quantity of the precious commodity,) not that primary and secondary plans of instruction for girls are wanting in England, but like us, they are destitute of those ultimate seats of instruction so indispensable to give excitement, direction, and stability to their education. One of Arnold's daughters was his pupil thrice a week in Delectus, her older sister three times a week in Virgil, and once in the Greek Testament. This he relates in 1833. In 1841, he writes to his friend Coleridge, "I feel quite as you do the extreme difficulty of giving to girls what really deserves the name of education intellectually. When ——— was young, I used to teach her some Latin with her brothers, and that has been, I think, of real use to her, and she feels it now in reading and translating German, which she does a great deal. But there is nothing for girls like the Degree of Examination, which concentrates one's reading so beautifully, and makes one master of a certain number of books perfectly. And unless we had a domestic examination for young ladies, to be passed before they came out, and another, like the *great go*, before they came of age, I do not see how the thing can ever be effected. Seriously, I do not see how we can supply sufficient encouragement for systematic and laborious reading, or how we can insure many things being retained once fully in the mind, when we are wholly without the machinery which we have for our boys."

Had another noble Harvard, two hundred years ago, given half his estate, a general Court bestowed another blessed £400 on a seminary of equal rank with Harvard College, for the instruction of girls, leaving the grammar schools of preparation open to youth of both sexes, and these wise and magnanimous measures been followed up with the generosity which has endowed the University of Cambridge with \$700,000; and in such an institution, had six thousand young women been educated with the same care as the six thousand alumni of that insti-

tution; could any one doubt the invaluable influence of these thousands of educated mothers on the progress of society? Such a project, at that time, would have been by no means surprising. The period was not far past the reign of Henry VIII.,\* who gave his daughters a learned education as well as his sons. The sons of the learned mothers of the Elizabethan age were still living. Bacon, the son and nephew of the celebrated daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, had just died. These noble sisters, Lady Bacon, Lady Burleigh, Lady Russell, Lady Killegrew, with Mrs. Roper, the deceased daughter of Sir Thomas More, Lady Jane Gray, Queen Elizabeth,† and many cotemporary ladies of rank, were versed in Latin and Greek, as well as other branches of knowledge.

Those who believe with a faith that stirs the heart, the human soul, whether in the breast of man or woman, immortal, must desire its unlimited development, must feel as Dr. Channing did when he wrote, "Far from regarding him (Milton) as standing alone and unapproachable, we believe that he is an illustration of what all who are true to their nature

will become, in the progress of their being, and we have held him forth, not to excite an ineffectual admiration, but to stir up our own and others' breasts to an exhilarating pursuit of higher and ever-growing attainments in intellect and virtue." We would see ample provision for the development of the intellectual principle, wherever it lies.

Few girls, at the close of the most enlarged school education now given, could take rank with the youngest fitly prepared freshman in Latin; Greek, they seldom know at all. In geography, many might sustain a good examination, and a few might vie with the stripling freshman in the knowledge of arithmetic, algebra and geometry; its men are deterred from what is reputed unmanly, so are women, from cultivating tastes mistakenly deemed unfeminine. But why should woman be refused Xenophon, Herodotus, and Homer? why that most excellent whetstone of the wits, the full study of the finest of all languages? why remain a stranger, in their own accents, to the generous and sublime Prometheus of Æschylus, the heroic tenderness of Sophocles' Antigone? why should not

\* "Henry VIII. was the munificent patron of literature and the arts, and it is to the example which he set, of giving his daughters as well as his sons a learned education, that England is indebted for the women and the men of the Elizabethan age."—SOUTHEY.

The difference between the women of this age and the reign of Charles II., is well represented in Spencer and Waller. The standard damsel of his time is truly expressed by Waller's Mahometan verses—

"Go, lovely rose," &c.,

—a song possessed of exquisite poetic charms, but the subject of no greater dignity than the ambassador rose. What a contrast is this limited conception, with Spencer's loveliest heroine, the teacher of the satyrs, who plied "her gentle wit" with

"Wisdome, heavenly, rare,  
Her discipline of faith and verity"—

what Satyrone saw when he repaired to his "native woods,"

"Where he, unware, the fairest Uno found,  
(Strange lady, in so strange habiliment,)  
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,  
Trew, sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound."

FERRY QUEEN, B. i. C. 6.

† This lady (Elizabeth) was endued with learning, in her sex singular and rare, even amongst masculine princes; whether we speak of learning, language, or of science, modern or ancient, divinity or humanity; and unto the very last years of her life, she was accustomed to appoint set hours for reading, scarcely any young student in an university more duly or more truly."—BACON.

‡ We have been puzzled by the reputed course of the said Milton, towards his daughters, comparing it with his notions of women, as expressed in the grand colloquy of the wondrous "Lady" with Comus, or his delineation of Adam's "Immortal Eve," who did not leave her husband and the angel by themselves, in their philosophic talk,

"As not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her ear  
Of what was high."

Had we read none of the biographical gossip, but known him only as an author, we should never have imagined him as excluding woman from that "hill-side," where he pointed out the "right path of a virtuous and noble education, laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds, on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."



Cicero, Livy and Tacitus unveil to woman's eyes the wide world of the past? The walks of history are for the feet of woman, else she would be without curiosity to know what has been done, thought and felt by the generations of the dead. The lessons of history are suited to her, because she is both erring, and capable of instruction. Languages that so enrich the mind, laden with the vast expression of all humanity, the key to the various literature of the world, which multiply to the student life upon life—why shall they not feed the soul of woman? What can better edify and shape this divine material than the discipline of translation? Let women learn rhetoric and elocution, to write and speak with grace, and teach also their children while the tongue is yet flexible. The power of speech, like all other powers, implies the obligation of culture; otherwise, it would resemble the chattering of the parrot, and be an inexplicable anomaly. Let girls learn mathematics, for we know that, by nature, the science of form dwells in their minds. As to mental and moral philosophy, let them have all the anchors and leading-strings these sciences furnish. Duty, taught and understood, is more sure than blind obedience. Let them be introduced into the world of thought, and learn to temper their credulity and impetuosity. Physics, in all their branches, the wonders of chemistry, the grandeur of astronomy, the delicacies of botany; all these they relish, and these are their birth-right. Let languid, prematurely-dying woman be made acquainted, scientifically, with the means of preserving health. With all the faith of woman, the precept will take firmer hold, if put upon a scientific basis. The inestimable life of a mother should be fenced with a seven-fold shield, and the lives of others are peculiarly in her hands. The application of science to the arts, women would find of peculiar benefit. Scientific women might improve the art of domestic bread-making, now ill-understood, as agricultural associations have improved the dairy. The discipline of the sixty

themes of the college course, chiefly on subjects that demand the aid of college libraries, is particularly required by girls. In writing, they show more facility than simplicity and accuracy. Women are more than cooks, nurses—they are teachers; they sign creeds; choose schools or governesses for their children; choose the physician, the minister, the literature of the family. Recipients of high trusts ought to be subjects of high preparation.

There can be no good sense in regarding, what is a degree, a step in man's progress, as the goal of woman's. The constitution of the human understanding in woman, whether less favorable or not to the development of reason, includes no limit to progress, is subject to the same impediments, the same appliances, as man's. To woman, with man, are common, the desire of knowledge, painful doubts, the practices and the utility of observation, the quickening of progress by sympathy and communion of thought, the power of imagining and embracing a great ideal, the awful dignity of solitary responsibilities. She is too much respected to be forgiven unconditionally, when she is beguiled by the serpent. Why, then, should her reason be left without development, her conscience without light? To deny the soul its food, truth, is to deny its existence. How vast is the moral influence of woman! not limited to her precious children! Should a man vacillate between his duty and the interests of his family, would the cultivated or the uncultivated wife be most likely to exercise a saving influence?

The "match between the mind of man and the nature of things" is as happy in woman as in man. The obstacles are the same, and knowledge is the instrument of their removal. No less than men, are women bound "to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of mankind."

There has always been a strong inclination to make women proficient, not in the sciences, or classic lore, but in the fine arts, especially music, and it is often

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\* Arnold imagines, from his delight in going over Homer and Virgil with the boys, "what it must be to teach Shakespeare to a good class of young Greeks—to dwell upon line by line and word by word, in the way, that nothing but a good translation lesson ever will enable one to do, and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till, I verily think, one would, after a time, almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped so, as it were, in such an atmosphere of brilliance. And how could this ever be done without having the process of construing, as the grosser medium, through which alone all the beauty can be transmitted, because else we travel too fast, and more than half of it escapes us."

pursued disproportionately with natural gifts, to the sacrifice of something which nature might accomplish nobly, as if unpromising attempts had been made to render Washington and Marshall poets, and the one had been hindered being a magistrate, the other a judge.

One reason for selecting the boy to receive the superior education, is, that it is to be the instrument of getting a livelihood. But the business of a man consists no more in the direct prosecution of scientific or classical studies than the just vocations of a woman. There is now an unlimited demand for instructors, and it is perceived that women have a particular aptitude for teaching; but how are they to be qualified, and how are their qualifications to be ascertained? For instructing the nation, women will be content with a small compensation, because but few lucrative occupations are within their reach, and because the demand on the income of a woman is comparatively small. One reason for giving the boy a better education than the girl is, that his influence will be wider in mature life. The girl is to exercise one, if less extensive, more profound; and the bad influence, which can often only be repelled by displacing it with a good one, is, in her, peculiarly noxious. She may not become a physician, an ecclesiastic; but she who is to rear up children, should not only be qualified to instruct practically, but possess the quickened faculties for which we are indebted to careful training, should understand the fever of the passions, the atrophy of sloth, the paralysis of apathy.

The most fearful mortality takes place among the children entrusted to the hands of those who are ignorant of physiology—too ignorant to know their ignorance, and be taught empirically, at least, by the wise. Yet these uninstructed persons have received from God the honor of not having been created beings of instinct. God leaves them to become knowing by science, acquired by the use of such means as the student employs. The dear infant is a free gift, but the preservation of the loved one is the reward of knowledge and thought, attained to by effort. "Studies," says Bacon, "serve for delight, for ornament, for utility." How strongly this last term, in particular, applies to the life, the due aims, the vocation of woman! What the error of taking her for a creature of instinct is! The sole excuse for leaving her in igno-

rance appears, in part, by the fearful prevalence of unconscious infanticide. The instinct of love of offspring, without the help of reason, is often but a weapon to smite the possessor; as the instinct of reverence expands itself without instructed choice, on the meanest objects; as conscience, without the aid of the reflective faculties, weeps with misplaced remorse, sleeps on precipices, commends the wrong, mistakes and punishes the right. The sentiments are lovely and precious, but they are blind. Without direction and light, they are, however, none the less active. The untrained mother is not merely deficient; she is detrimental, if any *mother* can be wholly so. It is not that the domestic atmosphere is not made the vehicle of fragrance, or vibrates music; it is corrupted, it is tormented into discords; but supposing ignorance merely lifeless, one master-incentive to activity is, that stagnation in every department of God's Providence tends to deterioration. He demands perpetual action. Besides being sluggish from narrow vision, woman's will is not now sufficiently instructed to choose the organs of action directed to choice deeds. The silent or open contrariety between two persons of such remote degrees of culture as many a husband and wife, is a teasing sight.

"While he goes out to cheapen books,  
She at the glass consults her looks!"

But there is not merely a chilling absence of sympathy; the uneducated wife and mother constantly thwart the uncomprehended pursuits of the husband and son; a contemptible enigma to them, and, as they surmise, detrimental to interests they do understand. Not always are men to women, as in the most tolerable propinquity of knowledge and ignorance, the objects of a natural faith and reverence. The innocent tears of the *Meadames Whateleys* torment the sensitive *Blanco Whites*. But what are faith and reverence, in the most active form, to the efficiency of sympathy? Both husband and wife should understand winding up the clock, and weighing with the steel-yard.

Horses, cows, geraniums, strawberries, dahlias, have all been objects of such faith and hope as to their improvement, as would have provided for women the most ample means of culture. In their present crude state they are a puzzle—

"The endowment of immortal power,  
Matched unequally with custom time."

They puzzle us, as the monkeys do the Arabs, who call them "men enchanted." Our gifted lady authors are the wild unelaborated fruits of nature, of whose possibilities of sweetness and richness, scarce any one dreams. When will they become the dulcet pine, of which the veiled original is merely conjectured? However, from the *actual* woman, it is impossible to help making a magnificent conjecture of the *problematic*. We hang over one of their charming books, and long that the author had been educated as Milton was; like Coleridge, made acquainted with all classic learning, with science, with the purest models, subjected to the discipline of the choicest scholar; her noble gifts all developed. The beautiful sentiments existing in peculiar strength in the mental constitution of woman would form, when she is educated, that natural union of literature and religion, which the divine soul of Channing craved. Who could read the noblest of his productions, the *Essay on Fenelon*, without wishing, that those, in whom so eminently natural piety exists, women, should be furnished with the knowledge that is its appropriate companion? The worship of a Somerville, the devotional tendency being the same, must be more intense, nobler, than that of the woman, who if she thinks about the subject at all, holds, that the "firmament,  
And all her numbered stars, roll  
Merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous earth."

And that the sun begins

"From the east his flaming road."

How much religion in the mind of woman needs to be purified from the passions that cling with special adhesiveness to this mind, will occur to every observer of the form, derived by this divine principle from the characteristics of its votaries. Even the noble Elizabeth Barrett does not elevate her thoughts fitly to the high theme. Witness this line, in the marvelous "*Lay of the Brown Rosary*"—"For if she has no need of Him, He has no need of *her*."

How different from Milton's lines—

"Supernal grace contending  
With sinfulness of men."

It is not only that books written by better educated women would be richer and more accurate. Women are not *homunculi*, though if they were, the rule makes no difference between the dull youth and the gifted one, in the appliances of education, but no woman possesses a mental constitution of distinct character; the literature she creates, has plainly a distinct value and attraction, and the argument is strengthened by the difference. How much wider might be the circuit of this "peculiar literature." How much has been lost by absorption in perishable and worthless pursuits! Women can not be architects, but they can be authors. The temple built to the fountain is gone, but the poet's ode to the Lovely Bandasio is immortal.

No creature is naturally contemptible. When the Satirists deride the folly, frivolity, vanity, small traits of women, the impression is, that these are diseases, and that such facts would not be noted, if natural characteristics. These faults are the common attributes of ignorance. Swift announces the philosophy of such cases in describing the ladies' assembly.

"Away the God of Silence flew,  
And fair Discretion left the place  
And modesty with blushing face.  
Now enters overweening pride,  
And scandal ever gaping wide,  
Hypocrisy with frown severe,  
Scurrility with glib air,  
Rude laughter seeming like to burst,  
And malice always judging worst,  
And vanity with pocket-glass,  
And impudence with front of brass,  
And studied affectation came,  
Each limb and feature out of frame,  
While ignorance, with brain of lead,  
Flew hovering o'er each female head."

The satires of Swift, Pope, Boileau and Young, on Woman, are invectives against persons of mere propensities and sentiments, without the exercise of the reflective faculties. How these are to be expanded and strengthened, Bacon tells; and he sets forth rules of as much weight to woman as to man, as much as the discovery of vaccination is alike useful to both sexes. Without knowledge, not only the inferior sentiments are too powerful, but the higher—benevolence, reverence, conscience, even—are apt to languish and go astray. The minds of women, like

\* It is strange that Swift, after his acquaintance with Miss Johnson, Miss Vanhomrigh, "Ardelia," Countess of Winchelsea, should have clung so kindly and exclusively to the mere undemonstrative qualities—Silence, Discretion, Modesty. The creators of Beatrice, Una, The Lady, Wordsworth's Marya, were richer observers.

those of men, are infested with the "idols of the tribe, the den, the market, the theatre;" as one locust tree is infested with borers as well as another. Credulity, hasty opinions, impatience of examination, vain imagination, false judgments, the *idde fize*, partial views, unmeaning use of words, slothful unconsciousness of powers possessed; the diffidence that supposes that to be impossible which is merely difficult, or has not been attempted; liability to sow the wind and reap its unhappy crop; moral judgments determined rather by impulse than by rules of conduct; ignorance of what is in its own nature conjectural and what demonstrative; all the results of ignorance, perturbations, errors, enumerated by the immortal eulogist of knowledge, Bacon, are still more the calamities of woman's nature than of man's, and her perverted mind is to be healed by the same means as the ailing mind of man. To one soul, as well as to another, "day-light" is the appropriate medium. It is just as unworthy of woman as of man, to find ever

"Fresh matter for a world of chat,  
Right India this, right Mechlin that."

Without her education, Lucy Aikin, instead of being a valuable historian, might have busied herself in stretching her neighbors on the gossip's rack, persecuting them with the most unfounded inferences, from the most pitiful data. Her activity might have been that of the spy; her face expressed only the odious shrewdness of that character. Like the famished voyager, she might have been reduced to cannibalism. Women are peculiarly liable to envy, owing to limited ideas, partly because they are not prone to inquire into causes and laws, the observation of which tends to produce acquiescence with things as they exist—prosperity and adversity strike superficial observers as miraculous—and partly because their present aims tend much to limited objects.

"Perché s'appuntano i vostri desiri  
Dove per compagnia, parte si scema,  
Invidia muove il mantaco a' sospiri,  
Ma se l'amor della spera suprema  
Torcesse 'n suso 'l desiderio vostro,  
Non vi sarebbe al petto quella tema;  
Chè, per quanto si dice più li nostro,  
Tanto possiede più di ben, ciascuno,  
E più di caritate arde in quel chiostro."  
PURGATORIO. 6, XV.

Women are particularly liable, from want of thought, to the error of

5 "[That solemn vice of greatness, pride,"

—to the error of arrogance. Facts are all against this fault—the accidentalness of fortune and whatever is personal, the dignity of the soul common to all.

We do not understand the pain felt in some quarters at the common mode of reference to the intellects of women in their present state of disguise. Who could imagine the possibilities of the larva, with its folded, inverted, and closely veiled wings—these wings often so gorgeous and illuminated? "Old wives' fables;" such a man, naming one, second best, is "a granny;" "women and children;" these phrases only remind us of neglected weeds: they should no more wound the feelings than the historical denomination of the ancestors of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Coleridge, "barbarians." Some children in the hands of their undeveloped mothers, recall the lines—

"Like noble babe by fate or friend's  
neglect  
Left to the care of sorry salvage wight."

What then? When society looks behind these disfiguring marks, and discerns what women are, it will be made an object to animate, to discipline, and direct their abilities. It would seem, however, no more than desirable, without the stimulus of this discovery, to aid their seemingly feeble wits by the wits of others. "The (good) wit of one man can no more countervail learning, than one man's means can hold way with a common purse."

Physicians write their testimony with philosophers, or rather become philosophers in the present cause. "Non-exercise of the brain and nervous system," says Andrew Combe, "or in other words, inactivity of intellect and of the feelings, is a very prevalent predisposing cause of insanity, and of every form of nervous disease. The most frequent victims of mental derangement are females of the middle and higher ranks, especially those of a nervous constitution, and good natural abilities, but who from ill-directed education possess nothing more solid than mere accomplishments, and have no materials of thought, or feeling, and no regular or imperative occupations to demand attention; and whose brains, in short, are half asleep. Such persons

have literally nothing on which to expend half the nervous energy which nature has bestowed on them for better purposes. They have nothing to excite and exercise the brain; nothing to elicit activity. Their own feelings and personal relations necessarily constitute the grand objects of their contemplations. These are brooded over, till the mental energies become impaired; false ideas of existence and of Providence spring up in the mind; the fancy is haunted by strange impressions; and every trifle, which relates to self, is exaggerated into an object of immense importance. The brain, having nothing on which to exercise itself, becomes weak, and the mental manifestations are enfeebled in proportion; so that a person of good endowments thus treated, will often not only exhibit something of the imbecility of the fool, but gradually becomes irritable, peevish and discontented, and open to every attack of every form of nervous disease, and of derangement from causes which, under different circumstances, would never have disturbed them for a moment."

How important, then, that it should be one of the main objects of the youth of woman to make provision for a higher mental activity, less limited than the present. Let a woman be so educated, that when her bloom is gone, it shall be but the change from the green bough to the sceptre. Many women feel, in mature years, the impatient shame and regret that urged Alfieri, in middle age, to such devotion to the neglected studies of his youth. We have heard of one, in her undirected but commendable earnestness, reading the encyclopædia through. It has occurred to some to take the college studies for a directory, and stumble through them without the college aids. They become, often, painfully sensible of ignorance, just when the transient period called school-days is past, and external aids are withdrawn; when the mind losing in part its flexibility, solitary study is no longer so easy as it has been; when the education finished, (as is said,) impatience is manifested by friends at solitary lessons. Yet a world of weary leisure is on hand. Now is the time for college halls to open to these still sensitive aspirants; but down hill they must go, contrary as it is to the genius of humanity.

It is true, owing to the efforts of some very meritorious individuals, a sudden advance has been made, though also a

sudden stop has occurred, both accidental, as to the intellectual training of woman. The doctrine, that unlimited knowledge is the birth-right of all souls, needs to be *felt* but it has certainly been received. Conviction has followed the powerful statements of Smith and others, if no liberal public has as yet acted thereupon. Though it has been more palmy, woman's education is not now quite in the raw condition, when a map was to a respectable matron no more than a chaos of unintelligible marks, and it was common for such a one to say, she did not think it was necessary to study grammar, she knew how to express herself by the ear; as when, to arithmetic, it was left to the shopkeeper, before the companionship of the present young lady computant was to be had. Of less common branches of knowledge, the *names* are now known. Some laborious and tasteless pursuits have been dropped and the results hidden with a hopeless shame—the numerous embroidered mourning-pieces of the poet with their floss willows, the work of the diligent fingers and sleeping brains of former young ladies, once so ambitiously displayed, have now disappeared. Countless numbers of these and other embroideries absorbed the unappreciated youthful hours of the present aged ladies. The name at full length is no longer stitched on cambric in hair, and silk as fine as hair. These laborious, tasteless trifles have passed away to be succeeded only partially by worsted work. The truly noble art of drawing is more and more cultivated for a substitute, and the language of Saxony is contending with some chance of victory, with Saxony worsted. Some girls prefer to read Schiller's description of Count Egmont, to disguising his heroic features in fine wool on a screen. Furnaces are banishing screens, and with them a large part of the worsted pictures. And now who would return to the more darkly ignorant past? the ridiculous orthography, the evasion of children's questions, the horrible ennui, the artificially built pretensions? Who would restore the guarded concealments of ignorance, or, on the other hand, the occasionally needed art described by Fontenelle, in his *doge*, to the Marquis d'Hopital, *d'être ignorant par bienséance*? Who does not wish for an improved future? Whether the noble bounty conferred by women—the first donation, Lady Moulson's, the second

from the nameless widow in Roxbury in 1656, of £1—to the amount of forty thousand dollars,\* on the University of Cambridge, where they cannot be admitted, or the sum provided by their influence for the completion of Bunker Hill Monument, will ever meet with a return, we do not know; whether a man's children shall be forever excluded from the school he is taxed to support, if they happen to be of the wrong sex, we do not know; but there can be no good reason, why the torch of knowledge kindled brightly by the public for families, where there are sons, should go out in darkness, if only daughters grace the board. But indeed it is so uncertain, whether the favored, or the neglected sex would best, in each particular instance, reward the labors of the teacher, we would light all the candles. Why not let the not uncommon way, at present, of appreciating a suitor by the size of his foot, and the gayety of his vest become, through improved education, an incredible tradition, as strange as the old admiration of embroidered pictures?

Let not women desert themselves, by imagining their dignity consists in sumptuousness of dress. The woman in harness in the coal-mine is the natural pendant of the uncultivated woman of fashion. The bird in the cage bears no different relation to the hand that feeds, from the ox in the stall, both brutes. Let not women doubt their own possession of the "sanctity of reason," however their

"Exterior semblance doth belie  
Their soul's immensity,"

and that their intellectual nature involves, like the moral, the most serious accountability for improvement. Let them study Bacon,† the most stimulating of all writers, for those who feel deficient either in the love, or the pursuit of knowledge. They will not be able to help

feeling that his eloquent exhortations apply to them, forcing them to deplore present neglects. So far from loitering any more—using the light of the celestial sun, or their own inward diviner light, for the pursuit of trifles—they will almost grudge themselves sleep or time to eat. Let woman know the good of study, it would transform the poppy-seed, indicating the lapse of time in her hour-glass, to golden sands. Let not the derision, to which she is liable as woman, lead to mistaking the ignorance that attracts it for inevitable imbecility.‡ There is danger, that the vague and cloudy views of an illiterate mind, compelled to form opinions arbitrarily, without knowledge of right grounds, should confirm such an error. Let her not despair till she has tried Bacon's remedy. Woman's mind will yet take its place among those things, where we find we did no justice to the excellence of the raw material, till art gave it shape. There is a saying, that "by time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin." The transition is not small from the rude cocoon to satin. Let not women renounce the highest pursuits. It is her duty to discipline the good powers that God has given her to deeper and deeper wisdom. Whenever business, kindness, religion, recreation having had their dues, leave a remnant of leisure, let it be nobly employed. Let woman pursue the course scholars pursue,§ not from a spirit of poor competition, but as rational creatures, doing what other rational creatures have found edifying. Let them get aids if they can, they are of the utmost value, but if aids are denied, become solitary students, waiting neither "for master nor tranquillity." In studying languages, or other branches, let them practice strictly all such modes of discipline as are deemed the best—find out great writers, and lose no time with inferior ones, never being denied a good book, a book necessary to pro-

\* This sum would build one or two collegiate halls.

† The first book of the *Novum Organum* particularly. In Basil Montague's edition it is translated.

‡ "We ladies don't get these things so correct as the gentlemen."—*Lady of 1810*.

§ Gibbon writes to the Hon. Miss Holroyd, "I am really curious, from the best motives, to have a particular account of your studies and daily occupations. What books do you read? and how do you employ your time and your pen? Except some professed scholars, I have often observed that women, in general, read much more than men, but for want of a plan, a method, a fixed object, their reading is of little benefit to themselves or others. This neglect of study is the real occasion of Kant's mode of describing what he calls 'learned women': 'they use their books, like their watch, namely, to wear it that it may be seen they have one, although it commonly stands still, or is not set to the sun.' This practice, of which he accuses them, may account for the ruling-principle of women according to him, which is, that 'what the world says is true, what it does is right.'"—*Kant's Anthropology*.

gress, if it has to be earned. Fine poetry and prose, books of philosophy, scientific, moral and intellectual, are food for the soul of woman as for man's. Even the duties of a citizen, woman would not so often thwart, if she knew what they were. There is no necessity for this obscuration of woman's intellect. Her vision is piercing, though the mist is dense, her life threading this mist; the near shrub is distinct, but the distant oak, elm, temple, mountain, are hidden, the horizon lost? Need this be so? If

there is no other motive, she owes a mighty debt to man. He has erected the fabric of civil society—a wondrous palace. Let her not willingly be merely a mean ornament within its walls. "*Il n'y a qu'à bien boulon pour parvenir à toutes les choses, qui ne sont pas absolument impossibles. Aimez autant la vérité que vous aimez votre santé, votre vanité, votre liberté, votre plaisir, votre fantaisie; vous la trouverez.*" Noble words of Fenelon!

[With the above essay—written mainly in a wise, and certainly in an earnest, spirit—we have a few points of dissent; or, rather, there are some considerations of a different kind which the writer has not touched upon. It is a most important subject, and we commend it to the reader.]-Ed.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE mails of the month bring no news from Europe of more than ordinary interest. The adjustment of the Oregon controversy, and the complete restoration of pacific relations between Great Britain and the United States, have removed the feeling of anxiety, not unmingled with apprehension, with which the arrival of the British steamers was previously watched; and now, except in commercial circles, foreign files are read with an indifference scarcely disturbed by the ordinary curiosity which prompts the search for something new. In England the new Ministry seems to be perfectly successful in administering the Government, and daily strengthens its position. Its escape from the difficulties of the Sugar Bill has been already chronicled. In the House of Commons, on the 18th, Lord Russell announced that the Irish Coercion Bill would be *dropped*, in consequence of the opposition it had met; and thus was evaded the only rock which seemed to threaten the ship of state in its new career. The distress in Ireland continues to engage the attention of the Government; and a statement was made on the 18th, by the Premier, of the steps which had been taken by the late Ministry for its relief. In the first place, Indian corn, to the value of £100,000, had been purchased for gratuitous distribution; contributions to the same amount had been made to the local subscriptions; and relief had also been offered through the instrumentality of the public works. The whole amount of the expenditure was £352,481, of which something more than half had been, or was to be, repaid. These measures, Lord Russell believed, had been exceedingly beneficial to Ireland in supplying food, removing despair, preserving peace, and infusing a spirit of contentment

among the people. Still the evil had not been fully met. The prospects of a failure of the potato crop were even more gloomy this year than they were the last, and additional measures of relief were imperatively demanded. The Ministry propose to introduce a bill giving to the Lord Lieutenant power to summon a barony or county sessions for the relief of the poor; this sessions being empowered and required to order such public works as may be necessary for the employment and relief of the people. The approbation of the Board of Works will be required, and to that board will also be left the execution of the plans proposed. Advances are also to be made from the Treasury for the purposes of those works, to be repaid in ten years at 3½ per cent. interest, and furthermore the sum of £50,000 is to be granted for such districts as are not able to undertake the expense of the works ordered among them. The Government had also found it necessary to give the most positive assurances that they would not impart food for gratuitous distribution.

An attack by Lord George Bentinck, distinguished as the associate of D'Israeli, in the most malevolent and unprincipled assaults upon Sir Robert Peel, upon Lord Lyndhurst, and the manner in which it was repelled, have attracted a good deal of attention. It seems that Sir Henry Roper, head of the Supreme Court of Bombay, had been removed from office—that Mr. David Pollock had been appointed in his place, vacating for that purpose the Commission of the Insolvent Court at London—that Mr. Charles Phillips, Commissioner of Bankruptcy at Liverpool, was appointed to succeed Mr. Pollock; and that the Liverpool vacancy was filled by Mr. Perry, Lord Lyndhurst's Secretary. These

changes, it was charged by Lord George Bentinck, were all made to secure a place for Mr. Perry; and they were brought about by the aid of Lord Ripon, in requital for services rendered by Lord Lyndhurst in conferring the living of Nocton on a friend of Lord Ripon. This "job" was charged upon the late Chancellor in the most bitter, coarse and malevolent terms. In the Peers, the next day, Lord Lyndhurst replied to the accusation, showing that the Bombay appointment was made entirely by Lord Ripon, that Sir Henry Roper had resigned, that all the subsequent changes were natural and proper, and that he did procure the appointment of Mr. Perry, because he knew him to be eminently capable of discharging the duties of the office. His defence was complete and perfectly satisfactory; and at its close he asked if it accorded with Lord George's sense of justice to bring forward such a charge without, in the first instance, requesting some explanation from the parties against whom it was directed, or without giving them some notice of his intention to prefer it. He proceeded to say:

"Perhaps the noble lord thinks everything fair in party politics—that to blacken and traduce the character of a political opponent, by means however base and foul, is perfectly justifiable. Perhaps the noble lord may have acted upon that principle. Or perhaps, from his early associations and early habits—(a laugh)—he may have been led to form so low an opinion of the principles upon which mankind acts, as to suppose that every man in the transactions of public life must be directed by the same base, selfish and sordid motives. I cannot ascribe it to any other principle than one of those to which I have referred. It has been said, and well said, that to be praised by a person who himself is the subject of praise adds tenfold to the value of the acknowledgment: the same is applicable to calumny—the best antidote against calumny will often be found in the character of the calumniator. I do not know with respect to the noble lord's slander that it is, as the poet says, 'sharp as the point of a sword;' if it is not, it is from want of power, not of inclination. If his tongue does not outvenom all the worms of the Nile, it is not from the want of will, but from the want of power to instil the poison. A distinguished writer has this allusion with regard to persons who have unjustly assailed him—'the sting of the wasp may fester and inflame long after the venomous insect has left its life and sting in the wound.' Venomous! I should have said vexatious. Yes, my lords, although refuted, these attacks are not harmless; they have a public effect—sometimes a lasting effect. Persons remember the attack—they do not always remember the defence. To me, my lords, it is most humiliating, at the close of my public life, and at the close, I may say, almost of my natural life, to be called upon to repel accusations of this kind."

These were sharp and well-merited re-

proofs; and unless he were as thoroughly steeled to all sense of shame as Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, the reckless calumniator must have felt their point.

The affairs of Poland have been introduced into the British Parliament. Mr. Hume, in the House of Commons, called up the subject, and complained that the Treaty of Vienna, by which it was expressly stipulated that the independence of Cracow should be maintained, had been violated by the recent occupation of that city by a military force acting under directions of the Austrian Government. He insisted that England ought no longer to remain a party to the Holy Alliance, unless she could enforce the fulfilment of the pledges which had been entered into with regard to Poland. Lord Palmerston said it was impossible to deny that the Treaty of Vienna had been violated. Cracow had been placed under the protection of the three powers; and its occupation by the troops of any one of them was very clearly an infraction of the treaty. Still, he proceeded to show, Cracow had harbored persons dangerous to the peace of the neighboring States, and had thus failed in the duties which she owed as an independent nation. He believed the entrance of foreign troops was in consequence of an application from the authorities, who had become alarmed for the safety of the city. And when these troops retired there had been an inroad of troops from Cracow into the Austrian territory. This, he thought, was clearly an act of hostility. But when the emergency ceased he held it to be the duty of the three powers to replace the republic of Cracow on the footing of complete independence. "He hoped," he said, "it was the intention of the three powers; he had no knowledge to the contrary. As to the Treaty of Vienna, of all the powers who were parties to that settlement, the powers of Germany, he said, were the most interested in maintaining it. These powers must have the sagacity to see that if the Treaty of Vienna be not good on the Vistula, it may be equally bad on the Rhine and the Po." Austria and Prussia seem to be peculiarly exposed to danger, if the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna be not preserved. In both countries there is a powerful confederacy of disaffected people, outnumbering far the loyal subjects, daily augmenting their strength and resources, and certain at no distant day to rebel against the despotisms which now hold them in check.

We learn, from an official declaration of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, that the British Government has offered its mediation between the United States and Mexico, being moved thereto by the injury which British commercial inter-



ests sustain from the existing war. Mr. d'Israeli, in a clamorous, illiberal speech, demanded that the British Government should guarantee the integrity of the Mexican territory against the alleged designs of the United States; but his remarks were not even honored with a reply. Lord Palmerston took occasion to say that he thought the facility with which the United States could absorb Mexico had been greatly exaggerated. That country had eight or ten millions of inhabitants, of a different race, different manners, a different language and a different religion from those of the United States; and it would not be easy, he thought, to overcome all these obstacles.

Parliament was prorogued on the 25th, by commission. The queen, in her speech, read by the Chancellor, expressed great satisfaction at the settlement of the Oregon controversy.

A severe and destructive earthquake occurred in several parts of Tuscany on the 14th of August. At Leghorn, the shock lasted eight or ten seconds, and shocks were repeated several times during the following night. Several villages had been entirely destroyed; 35 persons were killed, and 140 wounded, 58 of them seriously. The disturbances continued for four days.

A project is on foot in France, under the direction of the Minister of Public Instruction, for establishing intimate relations between the University of France and the reviving institutions of the Greeks, in order to connect the study of Greek language and literature in France with their restoration in Greece. Great advantages for the study of architecture are predicted from the opening of Greece to the visits of foreign artists, and a French school in Greece for philologists and architects has been projected. M. Alexandre, one of the councillors of the University, has been sent to consult on the best measures of carrying out the design.

Of the condition of literature in Russia some notion may be formed from an official report on the state of the book trade in that country during the past year. It appears from that document that the number of new works printed in the empire during that year amounted to 861, of which 795 were original, and 66 translations. Those works (among which periodical publications are not included) are generally on the medical sciences, law, agriculture, arts and trades, history and philology. During the same period 713,389 volumes of foreign works were imported into Russia. At the end of 1845 the Royal Library of St. Petersburg contained 444,335 printed volumes, 18,229 manuscripts, and 355 collections of autographs. The reading-room of that library was frequented during 1845 by only 828 persons—a number very limited compared with the population. Although the Imperial Library has existed for 34 years, it is

only now that a catalogue of the printed works is being prepared. That of the manuscripts was completed last year, and is composed of 28 volumes.

Ten books of special value have been published in England during the month. Mrs. ROMER, the author of some interesting volumes of travel, has published a history of her Pilgrimage to the Temples and Tombs of Egypt, Nubia and Palestine; but it contains little that is new, and, in spirit and life, falls far behind the books of Warburton, Kingslake, and others, concerning the same region. Mrs. TROLLOPE has published a new work, entitled "Travels and Travelers;" but it has little merit, and less interest. The book upon America by FRANCIS WYSE, Esq., to which we have heretofore made allusion, provokes, from the best sources even in England, rebuke and disgust, by the coarseness and recklessness of its misrepresentations of life and manners in the United States. The *Athenæum* accuses Mr. Wyse, in very explicit terms, "of pandering to the worst prejudices against everything trans-Atlantic. In this respect," the *Athenæum* proceeds, "we have rarely seen a more exceptionable book. It is uncandid, illiberal, unfair, not occasionally but systematically. It is unfair even when true; inasmuch as the statement of a fact without allusion to the circumstances that qualify it, is almost as bad as direct falsehood. Mr. Wyse seems to look at everything American with the eye not merely of prejudice but of dislike, deep-rooted and long confirmed." The *Athenæum* asks, very justly, "What useful teaching is to be extracted from such a sentiment?" We are glad to see that even the English, with all their prejudices and ill-feeling towards the United States, are becoming disgusted with the tone of vulgar abuse which has hitherto been so uniformly characteristic of their writers about this country. The author of a book entitled "Revelations of Russia," has issued a similar exposition of the state of Austria. It is marked by similar extravagance and exaggeration, and yet contains many pictures of the despotism of the Austrian Government that are undoubtedly true. The first volume of an account of "England's Colonial Empire," by C. PRIDHAM, Esq., has been published, and promises a valuable work. It is executed with care, close and long prosecuted research, and a good degree of ability. The first volume is occupied with an account of the Mauritius. M. SALVERTE's work upon the "Philosophy of Magic" has made its appearance in an English dress. It is a remarkable monument of industry and ingenuity. Mr. METHVEN has published an account of "Life in the South African Wilderness," written with a good deal of spirit, but containing less valuable matter than the pre-

vious works of Moffat, Harris, and others.

The necrology of the month embraces several names well known in literary circles. That of Dr. Bostock, which has been connected for many years with the progress of medical and general science, is among them. He was the contributor of many very valuable articles to Brewster's *Encyclopædia*, and besides many other essays of worth, wrote a *History of Medicine*, which forms part of the introduction to the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*. Alfred John Kempe, a well-known antiquarian, and author of some valuable works in this department, has also died within the past month. Robert Plumer Ward, the author of "*Tremaine*," "*De Vere*," and "*De Clifford*," novels of a good degree of merit, died recently, at the advanced age of 82.

The partisans of Free Trade in France gave Mr. Cobden a splendid entertainment during his recent visit to their capital. He made a very able speech, which was enthusiastically received, and created a very decided enthusiasm. Most of the Paris papers, and the *Debats* especially, spoke of him and his political economy in the most exalted terms of admiration. The republican organs, however, generally took an opposite view of the matter; and the *National*, especially, argued the question at considerable length. The writer contends that the example of Great Britain—taken from an early period down to the present day, and in connection with her matchless capital, machinery, productive facilities, and manufacturing facilities and resources—should operate to deter France and second the French protectionists. The *National* would have the most liberal commercial relations and treaties with Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Northern Italy, the Spanish peninsula—all the bordering countries between whom and France there is a real community of political and social interests, and must be, in the end, of ideas and institutions. But the republican organ eschews all close ties, all entanglements, all involving reciprocity, with aristocratic England and despotic Russia, Austria and Prussia, with whom France will have to struggle for higher concerns than those of barter and sale. The main ideas are followed out with an original and lofty survey of relative condition, objects and prospects. It is contended, in a copious note, that Adam Smith borrowed largely for every one of his works, and particularly for the "*Wealth of Nations*," from French publications, (which are cited,) and that not a single idea or argument of a general nature has been enunciated by the orators and writers of the Anti Corn-Law League, of which the priority does not belong to French authors. Countries, like individuals—the *National* thinks—are often required to sacrifice ma-

terial or physical advantages, lucre, luxury, calculation—mere cheapness—for high moral and political ends. It upbraid the French Economists for overlooking the internal restraints and various monopolies, and especially the *Octroi*—the tariff at the gates of all the French towns—which is superlatively vexatious and injurious to town and country, and accompanied with greater wrong and other evil to consumers than any custom-house system whatever could be.

The correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, with other miscellaneous items of interesting information, gives us a *resume* of some valuable papers in the August number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. One on the *Italian Aristocracy* is an acute and even profound historical disquisition, to be read by every one who would understand the political history, condition, and prospects of the Peninsula. Founded on an immense biographical work of five volumes folio, by an Italian officer, Pompee Litta, published from 1819 to 1846, it is exceedingly curious in itself for plan and matter, Italian history being comprised and explained in these biographies of all the celebrated Italian families. The article treats of papal annals and agency in Italy; what the Holy See might effect; what it did, or rather did not, in regard to the independence of Italy. There are four sections; the third, entitled *Guelphs and Ghibelines*, is especially sagacious and novel in its views. The third article in the Review is headed *Freedom of Trade; the Tariff Systems; French Industry*. The writer is a zealot for free trade, but he exhibits both sides of the question for France, and communicates much information susceptible of use and proper to be sought by other countries. He ascribes the high prices of French fabrics to the restrictive system itself, the tariff, which renders the raw materials dear. An immediate or early triumph of the free trade system is not to be expected, in the present state of the French mind and class interests. Domestic manufactures, it is contended, would gain and flourish more on the whole, by free trade, on the broad philosophical scale; great pains are taken to prove this by domestic history and foreign example skillfully handled. There are few industries in France, which, under present circumstances, and considered separately, would be able to withstand, without protecting duties, foreign competition. The reviewer shows that this is owing to the tariff and protective system in general. Great Britain has always enfranchised raw materials; France burdens them. He gives a detailed view of the principal French manufactures, the state of French shipping, and the causes of its decline, and the remedies. With free trade, those man-

ufactures which have no "good reason for existing," or which belong, by a sort of natural privilege, to other countries or other climates, would disappear, and so much the better. The article is ingenious and instructive.

The *Intelligencer's* correspondent expresses the hope that M. Thiers may be kept out of the Cabinet until he has finished his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, however less just and voracious than captivating and skillful it may prove on the whole. There is certainly the best ground to believe that this hope will be fulfilled; for the triumph of the Guizot ministry at the recent election has been complete. It will have a majority of at least 90 in the new chamber. Guizot is a most popular, as well as a most able, prudent, and sagacious minister.

"The *Moniteur* of 3d August has a remarkable discussion in the Academy of Moral Sciences, concerning the progressive subdivision of the soil—the minute subdivision of property—in France, and its important effects. It would appear that the same process is going on in various States of Germany and in Sweden. The proportion of children in town and country to families was one of the topics of the Academy, and the statistics of this subject are not a little singular. The Republican journals rely on the democratic tendencies of the multiplication of small proprietors, and are sure of every country in which it cannot be arrested. 'France,' quoth the *National*, 'is a grand democracy, which cannot be very long prevented from taking the proper form of organization.'

"There has been a grand musical festival in the Hippodrome; the orchestra was the most powerful that was ever heard in Paris, being composed of eighteen hundred wind instruments. According to the report of Berlioz, (the highest authority), all music in the open air is a mere chimera; he thinks that five-hundred instruments in a close hall would have produced a more completely musical effect. The receipts of the evening amounted to twenty-five thousand francs.

"The experiments made in Algeria for raising the *cochenille* insect, and for the

subsequent process, have been quite successful.

"It is mentioned in a letter from the French squadron on the west coast of Africa, that steam vessels will soon be adopted by the slavers, which will require an increase of the number of cruisers. The squadron has been decimated by fever.

"A recent proclamation of the Commander-in-chief of the Russian forces of the Caucasus, denounces the mountain-chief, SHAMIL, in these terms: 'He preaches equality of rights, and the destruction of all hereditary power.' These are heinous doctrines in the mind of a Russian leader. The proclamation continues thus: 'Whatever villages and tribes shall make common cause with Shamil, and resist our legitimate sovereign, shall undergo the most terrible penalties: you shall be torn in pieces by the talons of the terrible Russian eagle, that appears at the same moment where the sun rises and where he sets, and that, in its flight, darts over the lofty Rasbek and Elborg as if they were petty hills.'

"Some precious Roman mosaics, discovered in the Canton de Vaud, have been broken up by the peasantry, from the old superstition that whatever belonged to the Pagans must bring evil to the inhabitants of the place where the antiquity is found.

"Monsieur PUYBONNIEUX, an eminent Professor in the Royal Institute of the Deaf and Dumb, has published a volume, entitled '*Mutism and Deafness*,' or the influence of natural deafness on the physical, moral and intellectual faculties. These, he proves, are not affected by deafness, but may be cultivated to any extent with all success.

"M. DE SAINT CHERON has just issued, at Paris, in two octavo volumes, the History of the Pontificate of Pope Leo the Great and his Age—an able work, on the whole. It includes all the fifth century. The author has used the German life by Arandt. The time and its characters are curious and important in the history of the See and the Church. Leo was the first Pope from whom we have what the French call a *corps d'ouvrage*, or body of writings. Extracts from these and from his sermons are given in the biography."

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Life of Nathanael Greene, Major-general in the army of the Revolution.*—Sparks' Library of American Biography. Vol. 20.

It is really refreshing to the eyes, in these days of cheap publication, to take up volumes so beautifully printed and so neatly got up as are those belonging to this series. This biography is written by a grandson of Gen. Greene, who will be remembered by all who have visited Rome during the last few years, as our accomplished and gentlemanly consul at that city. We extract from his preface the following remarks, the force of which will, we trust be, ere long, acknowledged in the halls of Congress, by appropriations for carrying into effect their former resolution, as well as one passed about the same time for a monument to Washington.

"Sixty years have elapsed since the body of Greene was consigned to the tomb; and thus far, a medal for the Eutaws, two pieces of cannon for his general services, and the vote of a monument which has *never been erected*, are the only tribute which the general government has ever paid to his memory. The spot in which his ashes repose has been forgotten, and the chances of the preservation of the simple silver slab on which his name was engraved, are the only hopes that remain of ever distinguishing his bones from those, which, during this long interval, have silently mouldered by their side. Not a statue, not a bust, not a portrait of him adorns the halls of our national councils; and of the many objects which command the admiration of the stranger at the seat of government there is not one which recalls his memory."

The life of this officer, who stood second only to Washington in his qualities as a citizen and a soldier, is written in a clear and agreeable style, presenting a rapid outline of the principal events in his life. The fact that it was written while abroad is assigned as a reason for the limited use that has been made of inedited documents; but he trusts at some future day to present a more full and complete narrative from the papers of Gen. Greene, which are still in the possession of his family. We were rather surprised at this statement, since we had supposed that the life by Judge Johnson, of South Carolina, which was published at Charleston about the year 1825, in two quarto volumes, (and the materials for which appear to have been all collected from papers in the possession of the heirs, and of the widow of Gen. Varnum, of Rhode

Island, the particular friend of Greene,) comprised all the details of his life. It is rather too bulky a work, however, for general reading; and we have heard it remarked that, with every disposition to do justice to his subject, he does not appear to have thoroughly understood the character of his hero. We hope that in any future edition of the book before us an effort will be made to introduce something similar to the engraved diagrams of battle fields which add so much to the pleasure of perusing Judge Johnson's work. Meanwhile we most cheerfully commend to general notice the life of one whose fame should be ever cherished by our common country.

*Thornberry Abbey; A Tale of the Times.* Edward Dunnigan. New-York.

A beautifully printed little volume, containing a tale written with considerable force and power of description, and intended to set off the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to the pure succession, in opposition to those of the Church of England. The three parties, Romanists, Puseyites, and Low Church, or Evangelists are each represented; and the object seems to be to show that the Puseyites have gone so far, as to be inconsistent with themselves if they do not go the whole figure—the Bishop of Rome or no Bishop at all. The book is altogether a curiosity in its way.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER.—For some years past Messrs. Anthony, Clark & Co have procured, at short intervals, the daguerreotype portraits of the Senators of the United States, and of our most distinguished citizens. The pictures which they obtained were of the very best which the art of daguerreotyping can give, and the likenesses, of course, most reliable. These were found so highly interesting, when seen in detail, that the design was formed of grouping them into a single picture; and in spite of the great difficulties attending such a work, it has been done in a manner which reflects great credit upon the publishers, the artist and the engraver.

The scene represented by the picture is very nearly that which took place in the Senate Chamber upon HENRY CLAY's public retirement from legislative life, in 1842. But there are persons introduced who were not there, and this is not only done with perfect propriety, but it gives the picture more the air of a historical composition, and renders it far more valuable than it would have been had the artists confined themselves to a merely slavish

and mechanical accuracy. The picture is filled with men whose names are prominent as legislators, jurists, authors and soldiers. Among them we find Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, J. Q. Adams, Caleb Cushing, Gen. Worth, Gen. Scott, Samuel Southard, Theodore Frelinghuysen, William C. Preston, Judge Story, George M. Dallas, Silas Wright, Henry A. Wise, Martin Van Buren, Jas. K. Polk, John C. Calhoun, Thos. H. Benton, Alex. H. Everett, Professor Morse, Cassius M. Clay, William Cullen Bryant, Judge Thompson and Albert Gallatin.

The great and obvious obstacles to grouping so large a number of persons, nearly one hundred, in such a manner that the usual aspect of the Senate Chamber should be preserved, and yet the likenesses not be lost, have been obviated with more success than the publishers had any ground for expecting. Though all cannot be represented in the positions in which they were, and with the expression which their faces wore upon that great and exciting occasion; yet the picture has an ease and truthful air which is very satisfactory. The accuracy of the portraits is such, that those who have the slightest acquaintance with the subjects, cannot fail to recognize them at a glance; and the engraving is in the best style of mezzotint. It is executed by Mr. T. Doney, an engraver whose name already stands deservedly high, and who cannot fail, by this effort, to add to his enviable reputation. The plate is the largest mezzotint plate that we are acquainted with, and must have been a source of great anxiety to the engraver and the publishers. It is said by some to be the largest steel plate known. This, we believe, is not so; there are some line engravings a little larger; among them, some of Raphael's Cartoons.

As a work of art, this engraving deserves the attention and admiration of all who are interested in the progress of art among us. Such a specimen of American skill and enterprise has not before been seen. As a collection of faithful portraits of some of the most distinguished men the country has produced, it is invaluable now, and its value in this respect will increase from the day of its publication, as the individuals represented leave, are called by private business, infirmity or death, from the halls of legislation; and as the plate becomes worn and first impressions rare.

*The Miscellaneous Works of Sir James Macintosh. Three volumes complete in one.* Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

This is another fine volume in the series of "The Modern British Essayists"—a most valuable series, except that the typographical execution should be somewhat

better. Macintosh is one of the most excellent of English writers. He has not, nor does he affect, the brilliancy of Macaulay. He does not attempt wit, like Sidney Smith, though he is capable of great severity. He does not rant and rhapsodize with Christopher North, nor speak in the *ex cathedra* decisions of Jeffrey. But he has altogether more calm philosophy, profound sense, and unaffected elegance, than any one of them. He is—what, for various reasons, no one of the others has ever shown himself—thoroughly worthy of being trusted. His purely critical essays are not so admirable as those of a historical and philosophic cast. In this collection, the "Life of Sir Thomas More," "Dissertation on the Progress of the Ethical Philosophy," "The Writings of Machiavel," "Review of the Causes of the Revolution of 1688," and "The Defence of the French Revolution," are especially good. We do not like so much attempt at brilliancy—rapidity—striking effect—as is the characteristic of our modern writers. Far better do we like a union of grace and dignity, which are the attributes of calm power;—and these belong to Macintosh.

*Structure and Classification of Zoophytes.* By JAMES C. DANA, Geologist of U. S. Exploring Expedition, during the years 1838, '39, '40, '41, and '42. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1846.

An introduction to a description of those marine animals, and their congeners, which inhabit and produce the corals; their habits, anatomy, and resemblances. This work contains descriptions of nearly five hundred species, half of which are new to science. The illustrations, beautifully drawn and colored from nature by the author himself, are given in a folio atlas of 61 plates. The volumes of this work form a part of the series of the Exploring Expedition, published by authority of Congress. This portion of the scientific results of the Expedition claims the special attention of all who are interested in physiology and general natural history. Mr. Dana has already made himself a distinguished place among savans, by his work on mineralogy, the completest in our language. In this later product of his labors, he discovers as perfect a mastery of his subject, with even a greater degree of originality and extent of research. We are wont to be very much astonished at the works of Ehrenberg, Owen, Agassiz, and other famous savans beyond sea; but here is evidence, that in accuracy, learning, patient inquiry, and reach of theory, our best are no way behind theirs. We have been informed that the present work is to be followed by one on crustaceous animals, collected on the same expedition,

with plates exquisitely drawn and colored from nature.

Mr. Dana has added several hundred new species to the list of inferior animals; he has re-arranged old groups, founded new families and genera, opened new views of the habits and structure of large divisions, and altogether taken possession of his field. What Ehrenberg did for the animalcules, our author has done for the inferior crustaceans and the corals.

In the introductory volume before us, we find the first clear intimation of a law regulating the growth of species, applied here to the plant-like animals, (Zoophytes) but really applicable to all kinds of living organisms; as the law of the cellule and of the bud holds good for every species and every part of plants. Linnæus, and after him Goethe, observed, that any part of a plant might be developed from a bud; to go a step higher, every part of a plant may be produced out of a bud—cellule, or germinal-cellule. This, then, is the law of the single cellule, or single bud. Mr. Dana, by a series of observations on the corals, establishes a law for many buds, or for a group of buds. The first is the principle of the growth simply; the last is that of the species, or of the method of the growth. Our author shows that the appearance, or non-appearance of a living bud on the stem of a coral depends on the presence and number of the neighboring buds. When a bud is expanded to a certain size, *two* are produced in place of *one*. Where *several* are wide apart, *one* will spring up just between them. When a stem of a certain coral shall have grown six inches, it will be able to throw out a branch bud at its base; six inches more of growth will enable it to throw out another, at the same distance from the top, and so on; the whole fabric branching on that principle—as if all the animals on the end of the stem joined their forms to help the out growth of a branch-bud below them; just as we may suppose all parts of the female organism uniting in the production of a germ. Physiologists will see a thousand curious results following so fundamental a law. It will of course find its application in all kinds of glandular and germinal production. It has long been observed, that wherever half organized spaces are left between nerves and vessels by the natural growth of the parts, or by diseased enlargements, as in tumors, new blood-vessels and nervous connections are formed in the half organized tissue. Setting aside all the vague talk about a formative power, Mr. Dana's discovery lets us into the secret of this; we have only to generalize it thus; \* that as the joint influence of a certain number of polyps on a stem is able to originate an-

other polyp among them, or below them, on the same, so, we may add, the joint influence of vicinal nervous fibrils, glands, or vessels, acting upon an imperfectly organized flesh, as in a clot or tumor, is able to produce therein the same kind of nerves, glands, or vessels. Does not this law disclose to us in great part the method of reproduction, and of the forms of species? It seems to be the physiological analogon of Liebig's principle of catalysis, by which a compound molecule is able to induce its own condition upon protean matter which has the same elements, only in the organism a certain number of individual influences combine to produce an effect which no one of them could produce alone.

Mr. Dana has given the world a beautiful theory of crystallization, which promises to be taken for the true one; we have now to thank him in addition for this new law of development, which promises to create a new morphology, when it receives its proper extension.

*A School Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities; abridged from the larger Dictionary. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL. D., with corrections and improvements by CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.*

Notwithstanding the very creditable number of persons in this country who have a sufficient knowledge of the writings of the Greeks and Romans, so far as regards their literary merit, it is unquestionable that few of them know much of the customs and manners, the ways, forms and "instruments of living" belonging to those nations. The reason is evident enough—our scholars desiring, mainly, to gain acquaintance with the intellect, genius and political history of those races, with little care about their daily and domestic life. But the disadvantage of it is great in several ways; for, in the first place, the private and social character\* of a people—which can only be learned from their various minute and hourly habits—is fully as interesting and important in our knowledge of them as their modes and courses of government, or their intellectual nature and achievements. We hold the heart to be quite as immortal as the mind. Then, again, it is impossible to understand well either the mental character or the literary productions of a nation, without having a pretty intimate acquaintance with those common customs and manners which grow out of or affect that character, and to which so many references are necessarily made in their writings. The true nature of a people is not to be learned by observation of them on state occasions, or sacrificing in

\* See p. 96 of the Introduction to the work.

their temples. It is for this reason that a book minutely describing whatever belonged to the social and political life of the two great nations of antiquity, cannot fail to be of much value. The Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, from which the present volume has been abridged, is on the whole the best that ever has been published. The abridgment, in a much smaller form and beautifully printed, contains all that is most important in the larger work, and is quite sufficient for the general scholar.

**JENNISON'S DIAPHRAGM FILTER.**—We have just had the pleasure of examining a new and perfectly ingenious contrivance for purifying the Croton, and other river and lake water. Every cit has heard of spring water; if he has not had the bliss of tasting it. Now, the crystal purity and healthful life of spring, or natural fountain water, is due to its filtration through live rock, the real hard shell of the earth. It falls from the clouds charged with ammoniacal impurities, is received into the soil, where it takes all the qualities of river water, tasting of burnt stones and rotten leaves. Thence it penetrates into the bosom of the permeable rocks, and creeping through secret clefts arises in pure, cold springs, lively, sparkling and health-giving.

By the use of a similar filtration, suffering the river water to force its way through a brass box filled with a material which exactly counterfeits the natural rock, the inventor gives us a crystal water, with all the qualities of the natural spring, free of dirt, insects, intestinal worms, and all other impurities.

This Filter combines so many points of simplicity and durability, we are free to say that nothing better for the purpose can enter into our imagination. We advise our readers to pay a visit to Mr. Jennison's office, 338 Broadway, corner of Anthony street, where they will see the working of the Filter. It is cheap enough, and has the two singular qualities of cleaning itself at short notice and of never losing its quality by use.

**Life and Correspondence of the Rev. John Foster.** Edited by Dr. Ryland. New York, Wiley & Putnam.

This work is one of the most excellent published by any House, this season. It is the life and the letters of a thoroughly earnest and truthful man—a man melancholy and moody—but whose power of conscience and strong human sympathies stirred him up to battle with his own depression, and to do something *efficiently* for the good of his fellow-men. How different was this strong-minded and solemn man from the "*select philanthropists*"—the dwellers in a "great light"—the dreaming, creedless, humanity-mongers (of these latter days, and blessing this country especially), who *talk and do nothing*. As if, by men of muscle and sinews—to say nothing of a grievous weight of sorrow resting upon them—Heaven could be reached on golden vapors! We shall have something more to say about the life of John Foster.

#### *Aeroscopic Map of London.*

We have received from England an aeroscopic, or bird's-eye, view of the entire extent of London City. It is very finely executed, as good as the best we have seen of Paris, though hardly equal to a very rare one, published some years ago, of Rome. No aeroscopic view of a city, however, can be compared to a representation carved in wood, where each building, however small, shall be minutely given. This forms the great and admirable excellence of a model, now on exhibition here, of the City of New York. But we have spoken of that in a former number.

We would call attention to the new Catalogue of Bartlett & Welford, at the close of the present number. There will be found in it some of the finest old editions of Standard Works yet offered in the country. Among others of value, we notice Champollion's great work of Egypt and Nubia—rarely for sale on this side of the Atlantic.



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THE  
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"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

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NO. XXIII.

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NOVEMBER, 1846.

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NEW YORK:

GEORGE H. COLTON, 118 NASSAU STREET.

WILEY AND PUTNAM, 6 WATERLOO PLACE, REGENT ST., LONDON.

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July, 1846.

# THE AMERICAN REVIEW.

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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW:

A WHIG JOURNAL

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1846.

No. V.

## RESPONSIBILITY OF THE BALLOT BOX; WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

BEFORE our present number can be disseminated, and its contents fairly digested, a very important election is to be made by the people of the State of New York, between the old and the new Constitution.

The question of a new Constitution for the State of New-York is a question that concerns the Union. The action of a leading member of the confederacy naturally influences the conduct of all the rest, both by affording example and provoking to imitation. The political spirit of the Empire State may invigorate or enfeeble, purify or contaminate, the temper of the nation. And if, where there is a comparatively settled and sober state of feeling, where the landmarks are not new and the attachments not recent, where the prudence and phlegm of comparative age and experience operate as an invisible restraint—if in a State like New York there is a revolutionary, fickle and radical spirit in politics, if law is there held light and variable, if change is regarded with indifference or with relish, what may be expected from the younger, more buoyant and excitable children of the family? Should grave old Massachusetts forget her staid propriety in the least degree, or for a moment, a fit of reckless levity might be looked for and be pardoned in daughters of the Union yet in their teens! If broad-shouldered, heavy-sided New York is seen capering in the air, and flinging her Constitution

about as a plaything, what mad pranks may we not expect from the light limbs and nimble blood of the younger children of the confederacy, who naturally take their manners from their matronly sisters? We trust the jealousy of state rights and the independent sovereignty doctrine are not to be carried into the region of moral obligation. If we are not responsible to each other's legislatures, we are to each other's public sentiment. We each owe to each other and to the Union, to consider in our State politics, what is profitable for the whole country, and for the sister States. New York has no moral right to ignore the consequences of her policy to other members of this confederacy, and to the common country! As an organ of the Whig party of the Union, and of the national conservatism, we demand that New York shall consider whether or no her example is to be followed and can be recommended to the other States of this Union!

We are pledged to "stand by the Constitution," the sacred instrument of our National Liberties. We hold the Constitutions of the separate States, so far as they are in the spirit of the American Magna Charta, to be part and parcel of it. And when, in any particular State, there is an invasion of the principles, or a grieving of the spirit, of the National Constitution, although only in a local form and degree, we hold ourselves pledged by our motto to strike then and there



for the Constitution. If our National Constitution decays, it will perish by the withering of the branches, not of worms at the root. If, over-loaded with political fruit, and civil and social blessings, the branches proudly refuse to lean upon the props which experience has placed beneath their perilous luxuriance, and so break with the weight of their unguarded greatness, the parent trunk must die of the bleeding wounds in her limbs, however sound her own stock, or deep struck her roots. We feel, therefore, that we stand by the Union, when we stand by her children; that as a mother pines with the sickness of her children, and convalesces with their recovery, we save the Parent Constitution, when we heal or protect the Constitution of her daughters. And let us not forget, as lovers of the Union, as sticklers for the federal existence and rights of the country, that an example safe for a State like New York to give, may be fatal to other States to follow, and so fatal to the Union. Whatever may be the *Constitution* of the Empire State, there exists there a public sentiment which is comparatively conservative. We are relatively an established and settled community, with some saving prescriptive customs, feelings, and objects of veneration. The northern Atlantic States are near enough to the shores of the Old World to catch the breath of her venerable experience, disinfected by the great ocean over which it sweeps, and invaluable to them in its viewless influence—an influence the more legitimate, because owing everything to its intrinsic worth, and nothing to bare authority. They possess a literature, a pulpit, seats of learning, and social customs and usages, which are all highly conservative. They can bear much latitude in their political manners, and much vicissitude in their written laws, because both are interpreted and applied by an unwritten law, which does not partake their licentiousness or variability. But it is not so with others, and many of the States. Their Constitutions and laws are meant for, and construed as, business papers; referred to as practical and precise guides of conduct. Every article in them tells upon the character of the people. If radicalism and ancient unrepresentative democracy are theoretically recognized in their instruments of government, they will get practically embodied in their state conduct

and civil, social, and domestic institutions and customs. We shall have downright, dishonest, and practical repudiation in Mississippi, when we have only delay and culpable want of pecuniary punctiliousness, with loss of credit, but not of honor, in Pennsylvania! What is repressed and gently frowned upon by the State government of New York, as anti-rentism, will be openly avowed and gloried in in Illinois as anti-Mormonism. What is mere mischievous theory with the older States, will be thorough, destructive practice with the new ones. Thus, for aught we know, there may be private purity and general rectitude enough, and a sufficiently established reverence for the courts in New York, to make the experiment now proposed, of judges elected by the people, not as fatal to their character and usefulness as we fear it will be, and according to all ordinary calculations *must* be; but however that shall prove, what could be said in favor of popularly chosen judges in some of the States that might be named, who even now prefer Lynch law to any other, and who would probably put in the chairs of justice the very men who after mock trials had hung offensive citizens at any time upon the nearest tree? Is the State of New York willing to take the responsibility of setting her sisters the example (and of being forever quoted as authority for it) of a radicalism which it would require all her own moral strength and social conservatism to endure, but which must ruin the tender Constitutions of the younger States? We doubt if she has put the question to herself with any soberness, or full sense of its meaning? Bearing these thoughts in mind, we propose to offer a few discursive remarks upon the new Constitution, incidental to, and illustrative of, the real matter in our thoughts, which is the necessity of an increased fidelity to our political duties and privileges—especially the great duty of making whatever of virtue and intelligence we may possess felt in the only place where it can be decisively exerted—at the polls. But first of the new Constitution.

We regret that the labors of the Convention have been protracted so nearly up to the time of the election, that a very inadequate period is left for that careful study and deliberate consideration which so important a document deserves, before it is accepted as the supreme law of the land. We are not,

however, among those who are disposed to blame the Convention for the length of time they have given to the duty committed to them. Either they should have begun earlier, or the election should have been deferred. We are not of those who think Constitutions can be made or changed in a hurry. It is with fear and trembling that we see any agitation of the question of constitutional emendation, but if it is stirred, we wish it to be thoroughly, anxiously, and scrupulously pondered.

It is not our present purpose formally to discuss the Constitution now offered to the people of this State. We are not prepared upon so short notice to express decided opinions upon so grave a subject. Whatever pertains to the most sacred instrument of this State and people we would ever handle with reverence and caution. The result of the deliberations of a Convention, solemnly (?) appointed by the people of New York to amend the Constitution, ought to be very soberly and thoughtfully considered by him who attempts to criticise it. But we must exceedingly regret that the people are to be called to pass upon the labors of the Convention with so little time for personal reflection, or consideration of the commentary, which the proper guides of public sentiment would doubtless make upon it after calm meditation of its provisions. A full year would not be too long a time to agitate the merits of the new Constitution.

If we speak our full sentiments, we must say, that, without any regard to the merits of the new Constitution, we should be better pleased to bear with the faults of the old, (if that is a fit epithet for a document of twenty-five years' standing,) than disturb the reverence just beginning to gather around it. There is no pretence that the present Constitution is a bad one. It has defects like all human works; but under it we have lived a quarter of a century, a happy, free, and prosperous people. One of the most respectable assemblies of men ever convened for any political purpose, exhausted their wisdom, patience, and patriotism in devising it. The lustre which their names have gathered since, throws back a mellow light upon the work of their earlier lives. The brilliant reputation of such men as Tompkins,

Kent, Jay, Platt, Livingston, Van Vechten, Wheaton, Tallmadge, Van Buren, many of whom are still with us, blends with the glory of the present Constitution, and we behold its displacement from the inmost shrine of our archives, with much the same sorrow with which we see the venerable authors and amenders of it surrendering their places on earth to their degenerate sons. We hardly dare to consider with what emotions, the surviving members of the Convention of '21 have followed the proceedings of the recent Convention! It was, for the most part, with extreme reluctance that that intelligent and patriotic body consented to any important change in the instrument they found at the basis of our laws; and when they separated, it was with a feeling of much anxiety and sober question, whether on the whole their labors had been for good or evil, and with an earnest hope and belief that at any rate, our laws would not again for ages be subjected to the peril of a constitutional revision. We can hardly doubt that the majority of that very Convention had voted against the proposition for calling their own body into existence. For no men are so conscious of the evil of instability in the fundamental law of a people as those who have the acutest perception of its particular defects, and are most like to be commissioned with its emendation. This is indeed a great security for the caution and conservatism of such a body, and would generally be a perfect one, if there were not a stringency in public sentiment which compels every representative body to do not what it thinks best, but what it knows to be expected. The Convention does in the main what it is sent to do, and not what its independent judgment might lead it to do. Prudence and experience have, under these circumstances, for their only field, the problem, how in yielding their own inclinations and judgments, they may give in the least that is possible to the popular caprice and love of change. Thus the Constitution having come out of the hands of one Convention in comparative safety, and with as few changes as could possibly be expected, was deemed by the most sagacious men in the body to have had a providential escape, from a peril not likely soon to recur.\* But some of the noblest and

\* We extract from the introduction to the report of the Debates in the Convention of '21,



wisest of them are yet alive to see a more radical revision attempted, perhaps accomplished, with a provision in the Constitution itself, that every twenty years the people shall be invited to amend the fundamental law of the State! We doubt not the surviving members of the last Convention deplore, with peculiar sensibility, what now seems destined to be a *constitutional instability* of the Constitution.

And what improvement in a free and even moderately good Constitution can repay that loss of confidence in the fixedness of the Law of Laws, which must attend even the most unfrequent and cautious changes! There are wrongs, errors, and perversities wrought into the Constitutions of many foreign States, which justify revolution, terrible price of justice and freedom as it is! and when men are ready to risk their lives and fortunes for political reform, it is time they should have it; for it proves that life and fortune are not worth possessing without it. But for common grievances, much more for slight imperfections or uncertain improvements, or perhaps only to render the instrument nearer to theoretical perfection, to disturb the inviolable character which ought to belong to the supreme law; to accustom the people to think it can be changed whenever it suits their caprice; to make it the subject of party discussion and the theme of newspaper criticism; is to strike without provocation or reason at the root of patriotism, of order and of prosperity.

The time has not come in this new country and in these recent States, when the value of the reserved power hoarded in a traditionary reverence for the Constitution is capable of being estimated. Change is a comparatively small evil to us now, when the elements of prosperity are so large, that no possible instability of the Laws can repress them. Our Institutions are so superabundantly beneficent in their general character, that no abuse of them can, for the present, make them otherwise than benignant. Our People, for the most part, feel their inde-

pendence of political operations and interests. The laws press so lightly, taxes are so small, the avenues to enterprise and success so numerous, the propitiousness of soil and climate, the extent and cheapness of territory so great, that the People care very little in their hearts for a Constitution which ostensibly does little for them, and whose principal charm is, that it meddles so little with them in any way. The law is not a visible guardian presence in our country as yet. We do not seem to need its protection. There has been, as yet, little to call out the most dangerous passions of the people. The means of living are too easily acquired for great and alarming jealousy to exist between the rich and poor. Land is too cheap and abundant for agrarian animosities to wax dangerous. Taxes are too light to be deemed burdensome, or to provoke any disposition to revolution. While this state of things lasts, it matters little what hold the Constitution has upon the love and veneration of the people. But this condition of things cannot be permanent. Nay, while we celebrate it, it is going and gone. Already the first outbreaks of conspiracy against the highest law of the state have been witnessed. Already we have felt the need of that settled respect for the Constitution, which no shifting, changeable Charter of rights can secure! And, as our population becomes denser, the inequalities of fortune more marked, the difficulties of success greater, the more common and alarming will be the explosions of the ordinary political passions of our nature, and the greater the necessity for strong and energetic laws based upon a sacred and inviolable Constitution. It is against the inevitable future, that we ought to be laying up a reserved fund of veneration for Law.

The time is rapidly coming, when the politics of our general and our state governments will have an interest derived from a new sense of their instant connection with our individual well-being. There is no such feeling now, except in the minds of the

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the following sentences, which illustrate the feeling with which those who were best acquainted with the spirit of that body regarded the probable permanency of the instrument they had devised.

"The question which is about to be taken will be final; and the Constitution which shall be adopted on the last Tuesday of January next, *will probably endure for ages*. Before a decision of such magnitude and so momentous in its consequences, shall be made, it is important that authentic and correct information should be extensively diffused through the community."—*Proceedings and Debates of the Convention of 1821.*

commercial or manufacturing classes, who are not like to look beyond their immediate concerns. Indeed, we must needs ascribe much of the apathy to changes in the Constitution to the same source from which springs a wide and general indifference to political interests among our citizens. There is no country on the face of the earth where politics makes more noise, and at the same time excites less real interest, than in our own. There is, of course, a considerable class among us who live on the excitement they are able to stir up at election times. The exercise of the elective franchise still possesses a novelty and importance for the middling interest, for newly adopted citizens, and for recent graduates in freedom at home, which gives our elections a factitious excitement, in which the grave and more deeply interested portion of the community do not participate, because it does not grow out of the questions at issue. There is reason to doubt whether the wisest and most honest portion of the country makes itself felt at the ballot box, except on rare and extraordinary occasions. Everybody knows that the vote by which the present Convention was called was an exceedingly light one. The occasion seemed not sufficiently grave to call forth the judgment and will of the reflecting! The people wanted to mend the Constitution—that was all! It was already a cracked vessel! It had been repaired before—it might be again! Who cared about the Constitution? Who had read it—who had suffered from it, or been benefited by it? Was it worth a walk of half a mile, in an unusual direction, to say a churlish No! to so indifferent a request? And thus, by default as much as anything, a Convention is permitted! And now, is it of much more consequence who constitute the Convention, than the question whether we will have one? Very little surely.—It cannot be concealed that a gross indifference characterized the choice of delegates to revise the Constitution. We doubt not the general respectability and honesty of that body. But we think, without the slightest bias from party feelings, that it would be absurd to

compare it with the Convention of '21. We look in vain for the names of our wisest, best known and most trusted citizens. We find ourselves, for the most part, in a company of strangers, and men who, if distinguished, have achieved their notoriety chiefly in the proceedings of the Convention. This, surely, is not the fault of the body. We sent them there, and they have doubtless done their duty to the best of their knowledge and ability. True, they have seen fit to make our judges elective by the people, and instead of simplifying and condensing the Constitution, have entered into details which must create constant necessity for revision—for which they have made most liberal provision! But we have no right to complain of the conduct of agents selected with so little anxiety or care—nor is it probably of much use to enter any objection to the chief innovations upon the Constitution. We do not call a Convention to make trifling changes. It must do something to distinguish its labors, and meet the expectations of the people. We have many fears that the New Constitution is as good as accepted, and doubt not it would be, if it were ten times as defective as it is. We do not deny that it is, in some respects, superior to the old. But that it has vital mistakes and most miserable innovations, is, we doubt not, the conviction of all those who *ought* to direct the public sentiment.

It is enough for us that the judges are made directly elective by the people—and for a limited and comparatively short period of time!

We had thought ourselves badly enough off, that our highest judges all left office at the very period of their greatest usefulness,\* when their passions had cooled and their judgment ripened, and just as the experience of the courts had brought their wisdom to the highest pitch; in short, at the time when other nations and other states are accustomed to think their judges at the very height of their usefulness! We had thought it bad enough to see men who had devoted the energies of their maturity to the judicial office, turned off upon their own resources—which no

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\* Proceedings of the Convention of '21. Art. V. Sec. 3d.—“The Chancellor and Justices of the Supreme Court shall hold their offices during good behavior, or until they shall attain the age of sixty years.” Thus already are full ten years, on an average, of the ripe and golden judgment of our Chief Justices cut off and flung away, for no essential reason. Fifteen years of Chancellor Kent's profound judicial knowledge and mature experience have, in this way, been lost to the country!

swollen salary or rich perquisites had nourished—too late in life to return to the bar, too early to retire to private life, even if able to do it ; but destined to languish out ten or fifteen years in poverty and ennui, which might have been the most useful, respectable, and satisfactory portion of their lives ! This we thought quite too bad, and likely to bring unnecessary instability and disrespect to the office. But this we could bear. Our judges were firm, able, independent and experienced men—raised above the influence of political party, and wholly beyond the caprice or resentment of the people they judged. But now, alas ! a new element of insecurity and suspicion and instability is to be introduced into our Judiciary ! Our judges are to be chosen directly by the people ! and that serene and elevated region, which the winds and waves of political excitement have, till this time, respected, is to be thrown open to their utmost violence. Hitherto, the people, justly suspicious of themselves and their own hasty and impulsive action, have voluntarily put it out of their power to disturb the sacred scale of justice with their excited hands. They had thrown an inviolable veil of sanctity about the form of that protecting goddess, and forbidden themselves from raising its folds to break the calmness of her meditations or influence the independence of her decrees. This noble self-restraint was one of the most beautiful illustrations of the temperance that may belong to freedom, and, while it continued, answered a thousand sneers which the foes of liberty directed at our licentious institutions. But alas ! the time has come for treating resolution ! Why should justice be more reserved than the other powers of the State ? This proud stateliness and serene independence—this calm seclusion of hers—is hardly respectful to the Sovereign People ! They desire to know what the haughty Themis is doing in her shrine. They will pull her out and make her sociable ! She shall feel her equality or entire dependence ! Justice shall no longer grow old, distant and venerable. She shall be young and lively and companionable ! Justice, so far from being blind, needs a new pair of eyes once in eight years, to see to her business ! And so, henceforth, our judges are to be the creatures of party ; are to be tempted above the resistance of human nature, into unfairness and selfish biases, because the people are afraid to hold in re-

serve a particle of their power—though by voluntary restraint—and have got to think that they have somehow been juggled out of their rights by the Constitution. We have no heart to say how sadly unwise—how madly indiscreet—we think this reckless throwing overboard of the best power in the Constitution is. If the vessel of State does not speedily see the lee-shore where she would give all the new tackle this late refitting has furnished to get her main anchor back, we shall thankfully own ourselves croakers where we fear we are prophets.

We have already said much more than we designed, in reference to the “new Constitution.” After all ! the main grievance is that it is *new*, and by its own provisions can never be *old*. Every twenty years is to see it plucked up by its still tender roots, and our liberties and rights and state attachments are never to know the shelter of anything better than a thrifty sapling ! We had hoped to see a growing reluctance in our fellow-citizens to change in the laws. In the reaction now visible in the public sentiment of the world, upon the licentiousness of thought which has characterized the last half century, we had hoped our own community would partake sufficiently to make it cling to anything established that was not intolerably bad. But we counted too much upon the wisdom and reverence of our people. They have not yet attained to any just sense of the value of institutions and laws which share the reverence, that belongs to the fathers and founders of the families that inherit them ; which are woven in with the pride and affections—the instinctive, or earliest and latest emotions of the human heart ; which have grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of the people, and possess a place in their regards, shared only by the religious faith they profess and the domestic affections they cherish !

In our judgment, the political watchfulness and jealousy which guards our institutions and laws is taking a very unfortunate direction. We are satisfied that the welfare, freedom, and happiness of our people depend much more upon the administration of our laws than upon the theoretical perfection of them ; and that the Constitution and laws have been, at any time within fifty years, capable of an application entirely satisfactory. But with our extreme solicitude

for a perfect Constitution, we are wonderfully indifferent to the exercise of those rights and privileges we enjoy under it, and very unfaithful to our duties as citizens. The change, emendation, or additions which the Constitution really required, lay rather in the feelings which the people were bound to bring around it than anywhere else! If it had been sacred enough in our eyes to make its principles binding and imperative; if the laws founded on it had been thoroughly carried out; if the rights and privileges under it had been fully availed of and cherished; if its duties had been faithfully done; there would, by this time, have grown up around it a feeling of confidence, respect, and attachment, which would have been infinitely more valuable to the character, happiness, and prosperity of our people, than any theoretical, or even practical, amendments of which it admits. We earnestly desire to see a growing jealousy of our rulers, and of politicians and public servants. We wish, with all our hearts, that a more general and fixed attention should be paid to the proceedings of our General Assembly and to the executive department of the government. We would divert curiosity from the Constitution to the Administration. If there be any general truth in the well-endorsed maxim, that "that government is best which is best administered," then how much more important is it to insist upon energy, rectitude, and scrupulous adherence to the Constitution on the part of our legislative and executive functionaries, than to be perpetually tinkering at the fundamental law, and trying experiments on the Constitution of the State? The State must have a more than feline vitality to survive these repeated draughts upon her principle of life.

One of the worst effects of disturbing the highest law of the State, is the tendency it has to alienate the loyalty, interest, and activity of the best part of the people. It cheapens legislation, debases public life, disgusts the conservative feeling of the educated and serious mind of the community, and gradually deprives us of the experience, wisdom, and rectitude of our best citizens in our halls of legislation, and even robs us of their votes at the polls. Can it be denied that a regular degeneracy may be noticed in the character demanded of our public men? With the exception of the Senate of the United States, there is no political

body that commands the respect of our people as being a representation of the highest intelligence, the loftiest patriotism, the purest wisdom of the nation, or any part of it. The sober sense, the high morality, the sound, practical conservatism of our community is not represented in our political assemblies, nor felt in its strength at the ballot box. There is a feeling, that it is idle to attempt to stem the current of a wild democracy; that do what the wise and prudent may, the rash and foolish will prevail, and that the sooner they reap the fruits of their inexperience and intemperance, the better it will be for the conservative portion of the community. There is another and a better feeling which operates to the same result—namely, a wide conviction among the intelligent and observing, that the real interests and substantial well-being of the country are independent of its politics—that it is impossible to suffer much harm under our institutions, in our territorial circumstances, for many years to come, either by bad legislation or poor government; and under this conviction, good and true men wash their hands of politics, and neglect the first duties of citizens.

We can understand, and we instinctively sympathize to some degree, with both these feelings. But we are confident that they are alike mistaken and dangerous. It is doubtless impossible, and may continue so for a long time, for the sobriety, virtue, and experience—the educated and disciplined mind of this community—to control the legislation of the misguided, impulsive, and short-sighted people. There has been so much ignorant, unprincipled, and ridiculous glorification of the wisdom and power of us, the people, among both political parties, that it is no wonder we are intoxicated with self-importance, and think ourselves able to make, interpret, and execute laws without the aid of our best citizens, by the mere putting of our own heads together. The doctrine of political equality has been so perverted into a teaching of literal equality in endowments, competency, and political wisdom, that it is not easily understood how one head can be wiser than another, or more fit to govern. It is clear enough to some that ten *poor* heads put together ever so cunningly, do not equal one good one. But it is not strange that the people should believe the charlatans and knaves who take such pains to persuade them

that they are as wise as they are free, as sagacious as they are privileged! Far be it from us to throw doubts upon the safety or wisdom of our Free Institutions. We believe in them fully, and trust in them heartily. Universal suffrage has our entire concurrence and grateful affection. But it is because it compares so favorably with all other modes of political existence, not because it has not great evils connected with it. We esteem the advantages of the democratic republican system vastly greater than any other form of government ever devised by man, and do not doubt its approach to the most perfect supposable system. But we hold all possible systems to be subject to inevitable perils, and we do not confound our preference for our own with a blind insensibility to its dangers. It is a great source of alarm and of evil to us, that so much ignorance, passion, and short-sightedness should be at the polls. We see not why the people should not manifest their weakness, blindness, and folly, in their political as much as in their other relations. We do not look for consummate wisdom among them on other subjects; why on this? But we can easily confess that we would sooner encounter and suffer the consequences of all this ignorance and folly than disfranchise a single citizen. We believe in the education which Freedom gives its children. We are looking forward to the end of the experiment with confidence. We regret nothing in the past. We are hopeful of the future. But we will not flatter and fawn upon the people, and endeavor to blind them to their own deficiencies, and need of better guidance.

Under these circumstances, we hold those inexcusable and false to republican sentiments, who think and act upon the thought, that the people will have their way, and that it is of no use to attempt to direct or elevate public sentiment. Our people need plain and honest dealing. They know at present little of the misgivings, anxieties and conservative tendencies of the sagacious and experienced observers of public affairs. The politicians stand between the sense and honesty, and morals, and religion of the best class in the country, and the mass of the voters; and both parties seem intent rather upon persuading the people of their superior democracy, than of anything else. What is now needed more than anything, is for the good and great

men—the high-minded, honest, sensible and experienced men—to take hold of the politics of the country, and place themselves where they belong, at the head of the masses, to guide, teach and save them. But if the good and wise shrink from politics as from a pollution, let them not complain, that the people are deceived and betrayed! If the intelligence and culture of the state allows itself to be repelled from the oversight and guidance of its political interests, because there is so little that is respectable or attractive in the present politics of the country, or because the chances of influence are so lean and remote, it forsakes a duty, the more sacred from its arduous and unpaid character, and imperative in precise proportion to its repulsiveness! We rejoice to see that the perils of the country, the dangers of a democracy forsaken of its natural heads, are attracting the attention of those, who hitherto have allowed themselves to labor chiefly in the field of sectional politics, to the duty of combining to direct the national sentiment. It is clear, that a party is springing up of strong, wise and honest men, who feel that we are a Nation and must have a national sentiment, and that this sentiment must go from the best downward—from the wise few, to the busy many—from the experienced and large-minded and patriotic, to the body of the people. The cordial combination and cooperation in the Senate, at the last session, of men, hitherto wide as heaven apart, for great national purposes, and in defence of American ideas and American principles; the principles of a representative government—not to be guided or betrayed by the hasty passions of the people, or their short-sighted policy—was the most cheering sight the patriot has witnessed since the origin of our government. And we are rejoiced to notice, in Massachusetts particularly, the first shoot of a party “of the best”—in short a union for political purposes, of men who feel they have a country to serve and save, and who are determined not to allow the whole guidance of the people to be in the hands of the selfish, the superficial and the unpatriotic.

We contend earnestly, that the thinking and good men in our community shall not subtract their wisdom, experience, attention and activity from our politics, local, state, or general—that our politics shall not be abandoned to a class known as politicians, (men who live upon their

calling,) that public office shall not be held cheap or go a-begging, and that the obligations of citizenship shall not be esteemed among the least serious and important we acknowledge. There must be, throughout the country, a revival of political interest on new and patriotic grounds. It must no longer be a stereotyped pretence that men take office for the sake of the country, nor deemed an impossible virtue. Never did more glorious opportunities of usefulness, and of distinction, wait for high-minded and wide-sighted patriots. A new destiny has been opened upon us during the last fifteen years. We have just begun to realize our national greatness and importance, and to feel the astonishing concurrence of circumstances, which is rapidly hurrying us into a foremost place among the nations of the earth. The immense diversion of the best thought of the land to other enterprises and interests, leaves our politics in the hands of the unworthy. Just at a time when we need the greatest sagacity, prudence and principle, to shape our fluent or plastic destiny, we are under the hands of the weak and incompetent! Our offices of highest importance are filled with second and third-rate men; our House of Representatives, made up (with honorable exceptions) of party hacks, or of "whoever would go;" our press and political organs, rarely guided by firm, reliable and high-minded men; and our ballot box often empty of the votes of the best class of our people! What but the invisible guidance of Heaven can pilot us safely through the perils attendant upon our rapid growth, our rising ambition, our lust of conquest, our impatience of law, our sectional jealousies and divided interests, when the deck of our vessel of state is left in the charge of those who ought at best to be passengers only, while the real crew, in desperation or indifference, have all gone below!

We almost despair of bringing the intelligence and virtue of this nation, or of this State and community, to the ballot box. And if we despair of this, what hope shall we not abandon? The number of valuable citizens, who never or rarely vote, is enough, probably, to turn the scale of most elections. If the sober, conservative, virtuous and patriotic portion of this nation knew its own strength and numbers, and if every good and true man cast his vote as a sacred duty at every election, we should experience at

once a mighty and glorious reform in our politics, and have little reason to dread the rashness and folly of our own people, or of our newly adopted citizens. The ignorant and misguided are sure to vote. All those who are creatures of imitation, of superficial excitement and gregarious tendencies, will of course vote, and vote as the wire-pullers of party shall direct. Both sides are like to get a proportion of these, although the Democratic or Destructive Party will inevitably get the lion's share, as it knows so much better how to enlist popular feeling, and not from any want of pains or inclination on the other side. But it so happens that the sober sense and real policy of the country is *Whig*. The Whig party is the Conservative party, and Conservatism is the *first necessity* of our National Politics at the present crisis, as it has been at any given time since the adoption of the National Constitution. Free Institutions ought always to be administered on conservative principles, just as absolute or aristocratic Institutions ought to be administered on anti-conservative principles. The triumphs of conservatism here, are as important as the victories of reform abroad. And this is the instinctive conviction of the intelligence, virtue and honesty of the country. But this wisdom and virtue will not vote! Is too indifferent, careless, occupied, disgusted to vote! Its vote might, perhaps, give the ascendancy to conservative principles; but it will not vote! At the worst it would create a great minority, too manifestly powerful to be despised, which would keep the other party in check. But it will not vote! It is dissatisfied with the course of the Whig party; with its divisions, with its candidates, with its inconsistencies! What then? Is not the general policy of that party still superior to the other? Is not its main direction and general tendency the national and patriotic one? And are wise and good men to see the country ruined, because they do not like everything about the measures or candidates of the party, whose cardinal principles they espouse? We detest the milk and water morality, which sacrifices to a scruple interests that have every general principle of duty and policy in their support! We have no patience with men who throw away their votes upon favorite candidates, while they suffer great principles of public policy to be stifled.

And here we might stop; but while we

are upon the subject of the moral obligation of the citizen to vote, we have a more special word to say of the folly of those who reserve their exercise of this right for what are called serious or great occasions. In truth we lose all great occasions, because we have willingly lost all small ones. Our votes do not prevail when important issues are at stake ; because, being wholly unaccustomed to regular and concerted action methodically and uninterruptedly kept up through all smaller issues, we cannot combine our full force, however urgent the necessity, or great the pending interest. Suppose our military establishment reserved itself against an invasion of the country, and that we depended wholly upon volunteers, without regular officers, without drill or discipline, to resist aggression or defend our territory ? Whatever patriotic rage and personal valor might accomplish, we should be inevitably beaten, until whipped into discipline. We doubt not that upon a question of union or disunion the volunteer strength of the conservatives would be overwhelming ; but upon anything less than this it is almost sure to be beaten ; and all for want of regular voting, of a constant knowledge of the precise strength of the conservative party, of an exact measurement of the difficulty to be overcome at the polls. If we knew our precise force, and could depend upon it at every election, we should certainly be *in* at least half the time. But without concert, method, drill, or recognized obligation to vote, we lose measures even when we are really in the majority. In a political party, *every election is a crisis*, however unimportant the question raised. The heart which is gained by success in a small issue animates and leads to victory in the next struggle, which may be for a great principle. There is no such thing as an unimportant election. It is important to the party integrity and habit of triumph, if not to the interests of the country. The party which is most faithful to the ballot-box will govern the country ; and therefore, if we wish to prevail in the councils of the nation, or the local government, we must *vote*—vote on great and on small occasions—vote spring and fall, in sunshine and rain, at the end of a five-mile ride or a ten-rods walk—we must stay at home to vote, or we must journey home to vote—we must vote or succumb—carry the elections, little and big, or lose them, small and great, according as we feel the

importance and practice the duty of voting. We may do everything else for our country and do nothing, because we do not vote. The vote is the only *MAN* the country knows and feels. Will we vote or will we abandon the institutions, laws and liberties of the country, whose proudest monument in the face of all nations is its right of universal suffrage ?

And here let us speak one word more to those whose personal purity and candor and principle exhibit themselves in what is doubtless a wholly honest, but we must think not very wise, contempt and censure and neglect of *party* politics. There are thousands of good and wise men who will not perform their political duties, because the country, forsooth, is divided into *parties*, and they do not choose to have it said, we vote with the party. They are too honest, independent, virtuous, to accept the nominations of caucuses and conventions, and vote for men they never saw and do not know, and whose views or character, in some respects, they cannot approve.

Now, Heaven forbid that we should speak a word to weaken moral scruples in any direction, or render the exercise of citizenship and its most solemn act any less anxious and deliberate than the best and most punctilious can make it. Indeed, it is against the latent and unintentional immorality involved in the obstinacy or impracticableness of those who will fight wholly on their own hook in political struggles, or not at all, that we are directing our observations.

There seems to be a vague notion in the minds of a portion of the better part of the community that the country can be governed without parties ; that they were not contemplated by the founders of our institutions ; that they are not a legitimate part of the political machinery ; and that the spread of virtue, intelligence and candor would abolish them. But this is mere indiscriminating sentiment. The very foundation of our government, its universal suffrage, its rotation in office, its free press, its frequent elections—all are fitted to create, and even designed to create, parties. There can be no parties under an absolute government, comparatively speaking. But every representative and every constitutional government has parties ; in other words, combinations of men for the sake of promoting their own views of public policy in questions where there exists room for honest difference of opinion, or where necessary collisions

arise, and compromise is to be made between separate interests. The only question is, what shall the character of these parties be, and who shall control them? Shall the people divide only upon very fundamental questions, or upon superficial ones? This must depend upon circumstances. There are of course different party lines, according as you consider the country in its general extent or its particular districts, or with reference to one or another kind of interest. But there must be parties—that is, there must be a union of those who will compromise their minor interests to save their major ones—who will sacrifice *some* of their preferences or interests for the sake of other and more important of their wishes and principles. And these parties will have leaders. Shall they be the foolish or the wise, the sober or the reckless?

There are fundamental differences of opinion in respect to the general policy of this nation. There are strict constructionists, and there are liberal interpreters of the Constitution—those who die by the letter and those who live in the spirit of it. There are those who lean to a strong government and would protect the federal interests of the country, who are more devoted to the nation than to the State, and are more proud of being American citizens than Northerners or Southerners, Virginians or Vermontese; and there are State's Rights men and sticklers for the Independent Sovereignities. There is a Conservative party, which venerates the wisdom of experience and loves the virtue and purity, the customs and associations of the past, and feels its connection with the race, and would not strike boldly out of the track, or forsake the direction or quicken the prudent pace at which the world has arrived at its present position;—and there is Young America, (America is too young to be the mother of any child yet,) which despises the old-womanish maxims of the Past; which will not be tied to the apron-string of the best mother that ever was made; which would set the world upon wholly new feet, and at once reduce an ideal theory (a very superficial ideal, we think) to practice, at any cost and in the face of any difficulties. There is a law and order, a slow and sure, a distrustful and cautious party—a conservative, a Whig party; and there is a radical, innovating, hopeful, boastful, improvident and go-ahead party—a Democratic, a Loco-Foco party!

Now these two parties, both in the main honest, and holding representatives of all orders and classes of society, are real, necessary expressions of two contrasted policies, of two great conflicting ideas, which go to the root and extend to the utmost branches of the national life. Whichever of these policies or ideas prevails in the country, decides the practical operation of our institutions, interprets the Constitution, and possesses a full right to govern. The party is only the instrument by which the idea gets stated, is the only means under heaven in which it can get itself spoken out and acted out. But these ideas are fundamental! no so important political ideas in the country! none so practical, so decisive for good or evil! Have the people then no right to organize upon them, and is it not their duty to compromise all other views, opinions, and attachment to men or measures for them? We will not, of course, vote for dishonest and wicked men to support our own measures or policy; for such men hurt the measures and policy they undertake to support—nay, cannot be trusted even to support it at all. But anything short of immorality or untrustworthiness should be no bar to our voting for the party candidates. We should sacrifice preferences to principles, favorite candidates, to important measures, men to policy, personal, local, or temporary interests, to national, general, and permanent interests. We should *vote with the party, exerting all our influence to make and keep it what it ought to be.* It is a nonsensical folly to identify low and unworthy ideas with party movements, as if they were inseparable. While the ideas or lines of policy are worth sustaining, the party is; and we forsake our principles when we abandon our party before it abandons its *general* aim and purposes, and notwithstanding any regrets we may have at its particular deficiencies, or disapproval of its incidental measures. Let us remember that this country must be governed by a *party—always—forever*; and that to sneer at or forsake party because it partakes of the passions, and immorality, and folly of the people who party compose it, is to abandon the wheat because of the tares, and eat no bread, because we cannot have it as white as snow. *The party* is a phrase that polite and virtuous and pious mouths must learn to use without making faces! It must become a respectable



ble, a sober, a vital duty, to support a party—and if there be no party in the country which is not radically false to its true principles, if there be no party formed on great national ideas, if the Whig party be not a party with which earnest, sober, and Christian men can vote, then we must have another party with which they can. For the intelligence, virtue, wisdom, honesty of the country must make itself felt at the polls, or be basely treacherous to the nation! and if virtue and sense, goodness and knowledge of the world, or of the adjustment of means to ends, go together, it must appear to this body that without organization, method, discipline, agreement, in short *without party*, the wisdom and virtue, and honesty of the country can do nothing for it. The only question to decide then is, not whether we will have parties, or belong to a Party—we must do this or prove false to our first duty as citizens—but will we vote with the Whig party or Democratic party? or will we lay the foundation of a new party, whose aim shall be to possess itself of the power of the country? For our part, we are content with the general policy, the fundamental idea of the Whig party, and as friends of the nation, of virtue, of religion, shall give it a regular,

principled, serious, and hearty support, by that mightiest and most sacred, though often belittled and desecrated instrument—a vote.

We beg the most serious attention to this appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the non-voting portion of our fellow-citizens, men who belong, by every instinct of education, virtue and sagacity, to the Whig Party, the great Conservative party, the party of law, order, reverence and nationality! We implore these self-disfranchized citizens, not to do themselves, the State and the Country, this unnatural wrong! Civil suicide is a new crime, which ought to be attended with public disgrace. Let it not be said, in future, that those who held the saving power of this nation in their hands, were too slothful, careless, cowardly to use it before it became too late. "Died by its own hands," is too opprobrious an epitaph for History to write upon the grave-stone of a Party, which possesses the sympathy and loses the votes of enough virtuous and intelligent men to turn the trembling scale of Political Power, and fix it forever where it belongs, on the side of stable laws, a strictly representative Democracy, and a Conservative Administration.

## TO THE NIGHT-WIND IN AUTUMN.

BY EARLDEN.

WHENCE comest thou, O Wind,  
That fill'st with thy low voice the ear of Night—  
Thrilling and low—and through the wakeful mind  
Breath'st a strange solemnness of sad delight!

We know the heavens are deep,  
And vast and many are the fields of air;—  
Sprung'st thou where Saturn's fiery circles sweep,  
Or great Orion binds his burning hair?

Or nearer to our world  
Where glowing Venus charms the eternal space,  
Where mailed Mars on his red orb is whirled,  
Or virgin Vesta veils her silent face?

Or in some terrene realm,  
Exhaled to life where flowery Persia smiles,  
Or where the brooding mariner turns his helm  
By Aztlan shores or old Ionian isles?

Thou tell'st not of thy birth,  
O viewless wanderer from land to land !  
But gathering secrets of the ancient earth  
Where'er unseen thy airy wings expand,

At this hushed holy hour  
When Time seems part of vast Eternity,  
Thou dost reveal them with a Spirit power,  
Saddening the soul with thy weird minstrelsy.

All Nature seems to hear,  
The woods, the waters, and each silent star ;—  
What that can thus enchain their earnest ear  
Bring'st thou of untold tidings from afar ?

Is it of new fair lands ?  
Of fresh-lit worlds that in the welkin burn ?  
Do new Oases gem Sahara's sands ?  
Doth the lost Pleiad to the skies return ?

Nay ! 'tis a voice of grief—  
Of grief subdued but deepened through long years—  
The soul of Sorrow, which hath no relief  
From gathering mortal knowledge—sin and tears !

For thou, since earth was young  
And rose green Eden purpled with the morn,  
Its solemn wastes and homes of men among,  
Circling all zones thy mourning flight hast borne.

Empires have risen in might,  
And peopled cities through the outspread earth ;  
And thou hast passed them at the hour of night,  
Listing the sounds of revelry and mirth.

Again thou hast gone by—  
City and empire were alike o'erthrown,  
Temple and palace, fall'n confusedly,  
In marble ruin on the desert strewn.

In time-long solitudes,  
Where dark old mountains pierced the silent air,  
Bright rivers roamed, and stretched untraversed woods,  
Thou joy'd'st to hope that *these* were changeless there.

Lo ! as the ages passed,  
Thou found'st them struck with alteration dire :  
The streams new-channeled, forests earthward cast,  
The crumbling mountains scathed with storm and fire.

Gone but a few short hours,  
Beauty and bloom beguiled thy wanderings ;  
And thou mad'st love unto the fresh-eyed flowers,  
Through green trees sighing and by mossy springs.

Now faded, scentless, dead,  
From all the forms of nature passed away,  
Forgotten as bright thoughts forever fled,  
The falling leaves are shrouding their decay.

Vain is the breath of morn ;  
 Vainly the fragrant night-dews on them weep ;  
 In vain thou call'st them at thy soft return,  
 No more awaking from their gloomy sleep.

Oh hush ! oh hush, sweet wind !  
 Thou melancholy soul ! be still, I pray :  
 Nor pierce this heart, so long in grief resigned,  
 With 'plainings for the loved but lifeless clay !

Ah ! now by thee I hear  
 The earnest gentle voices, as of old ;  
 They speak—in accents tremulously clear—  
 The young, the beautiful, the noble-souled.

The beautiful, the young,  
 The form of light, the wise and honored head—  
 Thou bring'st the music of a lyre unstrung !  
 Oh cease !—with tears I ask it—they are *dead* !

Thou wilt not cease for me !  
 Thou art the burden of all things gone by !  
 The "still small voice" of God through air and sea  
 To the great universe of all that die !

New York, Oct 15th, 1846.

G. H. COLTON.

### AFFECTATION—MELANCHOLY.

AFFECTATION of any kind evinces a great want of truthfulness, and a greater want of common sense. They who cannot make show of a good natural character, may be sure they cannot sustain without discovery one that is artificial. At some time or other the mask will fall off, and the plain features of nature be exposed to view. The quickest observers of affectation are the affected themselves ; and as there are few who are simple, natural, and unaffected in their manners, there are fewer still who have not, at some time or other, endeavored to make nature subservient to art in this way. In attempting to impose a false character upon them, as they are older, they will discover that we are only disguised in a habit which they had themselves worn and thrown off.

There is nothing more really amusing than the impression prevailing among the very young of both sexes, that melancholy must be cultivated as an accom-

plishment ; that a taste for the dismal is as necessary as a taste for music ; and that an air of sadness worn on the brow has more charms for the youth of the opposite sex than roses blooming on the cheek, or the light of a glad soul beaming from its beautiful window, the eye. Under this delusion, a young man seeks no other pleasure than the indulgence of his morbid fancies, and he is never in better spirits than at the close of an affecting discourse upon "the ills of life and the vanity of human wishes." Like the owl, he loves darkness better than light :—he avoids the sunshine, and buries himself in the shades of gloomy cogitation, or finds a cricket kind of amusement in croaking response to notes of some congenial raven. A young lady, too, may be both gifted and amiable, but she is not the less likely to affect an interesting melancholy, to profess a fondness for Young's Night Thoughts, or a passionate admiration of that most unhappy of poets—Lord Byron.

## NOTES BY THE ROAD.

## NO. III.

## A GLIMPSE OF THE APENNINES.

THE Carnival had passed : Holy Week had not begun. The Vetturini who had crowded with their loads of French, German, and English, out of the Porta Maggiore, the Porta San Giovanni, and the Porta del Popolo, had come back empty and dusty to Rome. The streets were quiet : the Piazza d'Espagne had grown dull. Two months had made me half tired of the Capitol—its lions of basalt, and the blind beggar on his cross-legged chair, half up the steps. I was tired of the jokes of lame Pietro at the Lepré ; and tired (dare I say it ?) of standing with the gay crowd on the Pincian hill, to see the sun go down behind St. Peter's, and stream in a crimson glory through the windows of its giant dome. I had tired of the mischievous pranks of little Cesare at home and tired (forgive me, Enrica) of looking into the pretty Italian eyes of my landlady's daughter. And I had looked longingly, many a day, from the top of the Capitol, from the top of St. Peters, and from the top of the Janiculan hill, over the long line of Appenines, where the villages of Frascati shine. I had gone up, and lounged, in a Roman winter's sun, about the foot of the Pauline fountain, with Shakspeare in my hand, and read Coriolanus in the sight of Corioli. And in the yard of the Convent of Monte Verde, above the Tiber and the city, with the Æneid before me, and the hills of Albano and Alba Longa in my eye, I have repeated—with a half glance at the narrow windows, that the monks were not pressing on my crazy love—

—"Quam tutâ possis urbem componere terrâ.

Signa tibi dicam ; tu condita mente teneto.  
Cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam  
Litoreis ingens inventa sub illicibus sus,  
Triginta caputum fœtus enixa jacebit,  
ALBA, solo recubans, albi circum uberi  
nati :

Is locus urbis erit."

Who wonders that I wanted to leap over that brown Campagna lying between,

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and dabble my hands in the waters of the Lake, and stand on the hill top whence Juno surveyed the combat ; (Laurentum Troumque acies,) and wander down the "long white streets of Tusculum ?"

My landlord, a tall, sallow-faced lean man, with a bony hand, shrugged his shoulders, when I told him I was going to the mountains and wanted a guide. His wife said it would be cold on the hills, for the winter was not ended ; Enrica said it would be warm in the valleys, for the spring was coming ; the old man drummed with his fingers on the table, and shrugged his shoulders again, but said nothing. My landlady said I could not ride ; Cesare said it would be hard walking ; Enrica asked Papa if there would be any danger ; and again the old man shrugged his shoulders. Again, I asked him, if he knew a man who would serve me as guide among the Appenines : and finding me determined, he shrugged his shoulders, and said he would find one the next day.

The next day came, and the landlady showed into my room a stout fellow in a brown jacket and white hat, with a broad grin upon his face, who sidled up to the table and stood looking at me, as if I were king, and he waiting for the slap of knighthood.

"*Bon uomo*" said I, "do you know the country about Subiaco, and the mountain paths ?"

"Si, Signore."

"Can you take me over them safely, and show me their wildest parts ?"

"Si, Signore."

"And you will serve me well ?"

"Benissimo, Signore."

And I bargained with him for five pauls a day, and we were to start on Monday. I bought a map of the Campagna, and its heights around, at Monaldinis, and put a spy-glass, and guide book, and change of linen, in a little carpet bag, and doffed my Roman, and put on my Swiss dress, and bade them all at home good-by, and was at the Piazza near the Monte Citorio, from which the

*vetture* men go out to Tivoli early on Monday afternoon,

— ready for the mountains.

My guide, Filippo, made his appearance punctually and smiling. He had a big wine flask swung over his neck, and my little carpet-bag in his hand. I had taken the two seats of the cabriolet for Tivoli, but a young Venetian artist, who wanted the views over the Campagna as we passed along, asked the favor of the seat beside me; and Filippo, with a shrug, went inside, where he sat, with a demure face, between a couple of Dominican Friars. By the forum of Trajan, through the narrow and dirty streets—the *vetturino* shouting amid the clatter of the wheels—now, to some drowey driver of the wine carts—now, to some group of playing children, or talking peasantry in slouch hats—we whirled under the deep shadow of San Maggiore. On we passed up the straight Strada beyond, and out upon the spreading Campagna, through the Porta di San Lorenzo.

“*Noi siamo tutti schiave*,” said the Venetian, as I fell into conversation with him, and asked him of the Austrian rule; and he spoke bitterly of what they were, and glowingly of what they had been; and he listened with an incredulous stare to what I told him of liberty in America, and he gave my earnest declarations—so earnest that the postillion turned half round to look at me—the most touching of all comments, a sigh. He was as much a stranger as myself to the country about Rome, and we looked together, though with different emotions, upon the great blocks of travestine over which we sometimes rode, and which the *cochiere* assured us were remnants of the old Via Tiburtina. We glattered over the Ponte Mammolo, under which is the Anio—all the while through the rolling surface of the Campagna—all the while in sight of Soracte to the left and the Appenines in front, on one of whose ledges, just over the plain, the white villas of Tivoli became every moment nearer and clearer. We pass the Lake of Solfatera with its Tartarean smell, and the picturesque Ponte Lucano. I had secured a ducal permit for the Villa of Adrian, and my Venetian friend availed himself of my offer to join our party. It lies upon the first *steppe* of the mountains above the Campagna; Tivoli is above it. We left the *vettura* upon the plain; Filippo took

off his hat to the friars; the *vetturino* wished us *buon viaggio*, and we clambered through a ruinous gateway, and took a green foot-path that led to the Roman Emperor's villa. Theatres, and barracks, and baths, and temples, and Grecian valleys made up the wonderful company of glories that made the Villa of Adrian. The grandest remains of Roman art have been plundered from the ruins; and the ruins, covered as they are with acres of bright green turf, and century old trees cleaving to the crevices of the wall, are grandest of all. We wandered in and out, above and below, through the city of the ruins, until the sun had gone fairly down.

The Venetian was in ecstasy at the view:

“Eccola, eccola, Signore, what color in that sky! what greenness in these trees!”

I folded my arms, and looked, but could not speak. Filippo took off his hat, and came and stood beside us. The vesper bells were sounding at Tivoli, and the echoes were floating among the hills, and the broken arches of the ruin behind us, and there, there before us, was the sweeping Campagna—stretching out all the way to the horizon! And in the middle of its great waves, turned violet colored by the hues of twilight, rose the grouped towers of the Eternal City, and lording it among them all, like a giant, the black dome of St. Peters!

The vesper bell had hardly ceased sounding when we started away, but the twilight had deepened; and it was dark when we had reached the top of the hill and were going under the gateway of Santa Croce, into the dirty streets of Tivoli. Still it was up hill, and the stones under foot were round and slippery; the houses piled up darkly and high each side, and there was but a narrow strip of the sky that showed between. An occasional lamp hung suspended across the street, and the boys thronged about us clamorous to show the best locanda of the city. Half way up, we turned aside down a dark lane to seek some view of the waters that roared below; there was a low parapet wall at the end, and over it, in the black gulf, we saw, far down, a white glistening streak.

Filippo went to lodge with a friend. The Venetian and myself had two chambers upon the edge of the Cliff of the Great Fall. We talked of San Marco and the Bosphorus over the sour wine

and biscuits, until bedtime, and we were lulled to sleep by the war of the waters under our heads.

I am dreaming of Elmgrove, and shady oaks, and trout brooks, and Christmas dinners, and a troop of little cousins, when the Venetian next door, shouts "*Eccola Signore, sei ore, e fa freddo.*"

I rub my eyes open, and they look out upon the hills the other side of the Anio, back of Adrian's villa; and the water is roaring, and the spray rising, and mingling with the cold, gray mists of morning. Filippo has come, and puts his face, with a full grin upon it, through the door, and bids me *buon giorno*. We breakfast together, and go through the little gate together, that opens by the temple of Vesta, and admits to a near view of the caverns and the waterfall. Down we go strangely crooked and frightfully narrow paths, with a street urchin to guide us. In rock and out, above and below—looking into dry mouldy grottoes, and horrid caverns, through which the water seems thrust up from below, we wander until on a sudden he brings us to where the body of the river leaps its hundred feet of sparkling way into the gulf below.

In the thunder of its roar, I bade my Venetian friend adieu, and left him sitting to his sketch-book under the spray. Arrived outside the gate again, in the dirty streets, I gave the bright eyed boy-guide a paul, and told Filippo to lead on the shortest way to Subiaco; for the clock of San Andrea was striking nine, and near eight-and-twenty miles lay between us and the resting-place of the night. Filippo hesitated; he advised the road up the valley of the Anio; it was long since he had been at Tivoli, and he knew no other. I insisted upon the mountain path, and sent him away to make inquiry of a group of idle fellows behind us. He came back looking doubtfully; and I overheard him asking in an undertone if there were *gente pericoloso* (robbers) along the way.

"Filippo" said I, nettled by his impudence and cowardice, "you have deceived me, and now you are afraid."

"It is long since I was at Tivoli, Signore, but I am brave—*andiamo.*"

And so we pushed up the straggling street, and out of the town's gate, and were soon breathing the fresh cool air of the mountains. Two miles on, we pass remnants of an ancient aqueduct—one arch still spanning the road, and hanging

festoons of ivy over it. Crowds of peasants picturesquely, though dirtily clad, are on their way to the Roman market, with their barthens and donkeys. Occasionally we pass a ploughman toiling in the side valleys, with instrument as uncouth as the Roman. We turn out of the car road, and break boldly up a wild path that leaves all tokens of cultivation behind. Rock, and stones huge and ragged, lie strewn over the surface at every hand; and laying aside the air of thrift pertaining to our side, and the huge arches of travestine pertaining to the Apennines, I could almost imagine myself in some quiet valley of New England. Greater wildness, however, quick succeeds to quiet, and mountains loom up thousands of feet, and old castellated towns like bird's nests are perched at the top of them; and here and there, showing itself higher up, some glistening wall of a monastery:—just the spot to lie by for an hour under some one of the blasted oak trees, in sight of the banditti habited peasantry, and read Horace Walpole's Death and Love romance. More and more bald grow the mountains,—rarer and rarer the Contadini,—scraggier and thicker the stunted trees, and more and more tired we, as we went on. At an osteria on the way, my guide had bought the flask full of wine, at the exorbitant price of five baiocchi, and with this I rested a while on my carpet-bag, and mumbled a bit of poor bread I had stolen from the inn in the morning.

Then, up and on; Filippo giving me the names of the plants and trees on the way,—extravagating upon the richness of the marches of Ancona, and asking every passer-by the price of wine at the next osteria. Thus winding up, and winding down, amid scenery that would not make even a Switzer blush, we came upon the little town of Gennajo, perched upon the rock of the name. It was high up, and hard work to attain it; but the view of the hoary mountains, stretching in their wild confusion on every side, repaid the toil. I had anticipated a stop here for lunch, for it was high noon, and the sun hot; but the osterias were too filthy, and after going into the kitchen of an old hag who claimed the best of the place, where a suspicious looking fellow was eating garlic soup, we went on—still higher than the rock of the town. The path grew rougher and rougher, until I was fain to have recourse again to the *cinque baiocchi* wine and my carpet-

bag. I sent Filippo into the valley for fresh water, and sat under a heavy armed chestnut, musing over the splendid prospect, spreading like a map pinned to the peaks of the Appenines.

They are not like American mountains;—not like Scotch mountains;—not like Swiss mountains. They seem, like everything Italian, to have been mown down by time—to have been scathed, like the people, by war, and desolation, and, perhaps, the judgment of Heaven. The Swiss mountains, on the contrary, seem, with all their wildness and their jagged peaks, to retain just such shapes as the Creator at first laid over them. The Appenines are broken, and blasted, and scarred:—here, a forest, but not continuous, and struggling for a livelihood, as if the brimstone fire that consumed Nineveh had withered its energies:—there, again, a great white scar of the broken calcareous rock, on which the moss cannot grow, and the lizards dare not creep: Again, a cliff beetling into the skies, complete in wildness, and seeming as if the pious brotherhood, whose glistening monastery flanks its skirt, had guarded it from the desolation that has swept like a whirlwind over all beside. The way-side brooks, all seem, not the gentle offspring of bountiful hills, but the remnants of something greater, whose greatness had expired;—they are turbid rills, rolling in the bottom of yawning chasms. Even the shrubs have a look, as if the Volscian warhorse had trampled them down to death, and the primroses and violets by the mountain paths, look only modestly beautiful, amid the ruin.

This may not be all an idea of the imagination, distempered by actual memories of what scenes have transpired in those hills, but fairly deducible from the fact, that all the geological formations of this vicinity bear marks of eminent volcanic changes, and seem to be such altogether as Vesuvius might be, if straggling fir trees and wayside myrtles grew up to the edge of the crater, and ivy vines hung their leaves and their dried berries down in the hole where the fire comes up. Beside this, the ruined arches and blocks of travertine, unmistakable mementoes of those, whose memory they will not soon let die, show themselves everywhere, in valley and shadow, adding yet more to the scathed appearance of the mountains; and this apparent sympathy of the two adds insensibly to ven-

eration for the Latins, as if that besom of destruction, which alone could make their works tremble, could also shake to their foundations the everlasting hills.

Filippo came with the water; I fancy he had lowered the wine-flask a little at the spring, but it was large enough for two. Every angle of the walk we followed turned up rich views of far-off mountain towns, clustered upon rocks, and their tall shadows, as the sun sank, stretched by miles through the valleys. Sometimes we met a priest astride a donkey, picking his way among the broken stones, and he would give us the "*servitore*," and roll the name of some of the peaks out of his fat cheeks, into a melodious flow of sound, and bless us, and (his donkey never stopping) pass on. Some old woman in green turban, would cudgel-along two moving straps of faggots with an ass between, and shriek a curse at him, as he bites at the shrubs by the way, and disappear as suddenly as she had come.

Once we went widely wrong, our path was blotted by a brook; Filippo was ignorant, and a shower was threatening, which, if it came, would cover the valleys with darkness. He shouted to some charcoal burners upon a shelf of the hills; I laughed at him, for hoping to make them hear, for they seemed no bigger than our fingers where they stood. Wonderfully clear and distinct the voice came back across the clear air of the mountain valley:

"*In dietro—in dietro—Signore, una miglia e mezza, e poi il mano drito sempre.*"

The clouds lifted, only sprinkling us; and we struggled on, amid scenery, which, if it had been other than most beautiful, could not, in the languid state of my limbs, have excited a thought. In its most beautiful part, came to my ear the sweet music of one of the pastoral pipes of the Appenines. Two shepherds in rough skin coats, were tending a flock of kids on a cliff, near a mile distant, on the other side of the valley. From them came the sound. I am no musician, but have listened to the sweetest voices of the Italian opera, and to Strauss' band on the Glacis at Vienna; but never, never do I remember listening to such bewitching melody as floated, that summer-like afternoon, across that valley of the Appenines. Filippo was as earnest as I; he had laid down his budget; his good-humored grin had changed to

something half passionate, as he strained his eyes through the soft sunshine, as if watching would quicken hearing. The shadows elated more and more as we lingered, and the kids had begun to group together. As we went on through the valley that had its little vineyards, the sound flowed after us, and filled the air over our heads. There was not another noise to disturb it; and until the kids scrambling on the cliffs had vanished, and even the black shadows of the cliffs themselves had disappeared, the melodious echoes floated sweetly over us.

The path grew wild again, and night was coming. Hungry and tired we toiled another hour: at length, after climbing, and wishing, and looking back, and looking, still more earnestly, forward, came a sight through a cleft of the hills of the old town of Subiaco—its high castle looming above it, its olive orchards round it, its river glittering in the meadow under it, its bald, brown hills behind it.

Quick we descended the four miles that yet lay between, and crossed the Roman bridge, and looked through the smoky chambers of the first little osteria; it was too filthy, even tired as I was. The *padrone* scowled at me as I went out. All the way through the dirty street, to the church at the end, we went, stared at by all. I sent Filippo to inquire of an honest looking priest at the church door, and took lodgings in the house of his advice. A neat woman is always a recommendation to a stopping-place, and one received me there. Surely, I thought, the inn is dirty enough for Filippo, and I shall feel safer if he is near me. But Filippo thought differently, and left my bag, and went out into the town, promising to be with me by sunrise. A stupid mountain girl served me presently a true Italian dinner of boiled meat, lamb's brains fried in oil and salad, with wine that was as sour as the vinegar. Afterward, I took a turn in the dark through the town;—there are dirty and narrow streets, children and women shouting and quarreling, and sedate-looking priests glide about in their black robes. Above all the houses, the Cardinal's palace, a fortress of old times, stood proudly with lights twinkling at its windows. I wandered into the church, of huge, heavy arches; it was deeper night there than in the air; shuffling old women were groping in and out, and some kneeling yet at a side altar where only the dim lamps were burning. To make

the old pile more solemn, there was a bier in the middle, a figure or two kneeling at the foot, and half a dozen boys romping around it. A young priest presently lit a taper at the foot, and another at the head—for there was a dead man on the bier, and the parched thin features under the light of the solitary taper, looked awfully in the gloom of the great church. When the boys saw the pinched-up face, they stopped their play, and whispered, and pressed their fingers on their lips, as they looked from one to the other, and those who prayed at the foot were more earnest; but it was very, very damp in the church, and the body of the dead man seemed to make the air heavy, so I went out into the starlight again.

Filippo came to see me in the evening; I told him, if he was asked about me, to tell them I was not English, for I feared my accent might betray my speech, and in the mountains, as everywhere else, there is an idea, that *Gl' Inglesi sono richissimi*.

The landlord made me a visit too, but his friendly talk did not prevent my fastening the door as securely as possible when I went to bed. A small opening too, in the wainscoting at the other side of the room, I was careful enough to fortify by setting against it the four-legged piece of furniture which served me both as a washstand and dressing table, and upon a corner of which I was putting down these notes, when the clock upon the great church thundered eleven.

But I slept safely and well, nor waked till my landlord called me at sunrise. Coffee and a greasy omelette waited me in the ante-room. Filippo was below with his wine flask full, and he showed me, with a triumphant grin, two little loaves of bread, he had bought at his lodgings. The host takes off his hat—he may well do it, for I paid him a town price. We trudged off down the street of Subiaco; but stopped for a look over the terrace by the church into the valley below. The sun had just come over the hills—and the hills were mountains—and they divided and subdivided so, receiving and giving shadows, such as would make a painter die of grief, that his art was not more glorious than it is. Two hundred feet below us, was a stream roaring, and houses gray and old grouped round it, and the remnant of a bridge leaped over it. Beyond the houses, was a bright green meadow, with here and there a mountain cherry—



blossoming in April—and its white flowers all sparkling in the sunlight, like New England trees bathed in the hoarfrost. Beyond the meadow was the winding white bit of road we were to follow—the nearer mountains springing from it, skirted with rocks, and fringed with trees. Away, beyond them, stretched others and others and others, between which, the river our eye was upon came down noisily from its mountain sources.

Down we went along the little valley—along the white road we had seen from above. The sides of the mountains that were long broad shadows a little earlier, grew bright, and took the sunshine, and wore it with a summer air. The birds—for there are sweet singers in the Apennines—were making music all around the valley, and the sounds of the bell, that was ringing for morning mass, floated over it, and struck the sides of the mountains with a sweet—sweet echo.

"And how like you Subiaco, Signore," said Filippo.

"*Bella—bellissima*," said I, turning back again to look at its cardinal's palace, a thousand feet above the town—the sun warming its brown stone face, and glistering on the windows of the tall houses of the city.

"But Filippo, I have paid egregiously. What, pray, did you tell them of me?"

"That Signore was not English."

"And what beside?"

"That Signore (taking off his hat) was a gentleman and a scholar."

"This will never do, Filippo; we shall not have money to get back to Rome: tell them another time, that I am a poor artist."

"*Benissimo*, Signore, *lo farò*," said Filippo, and he was as good as his word; for two days after, I happened to be walking one side a hedge, and my guide the other, when an old monk of Monte Cavi questioned him as to who I was.

"*Un Artiste*," said Filippo.

"And is he *bravo*?" said the monk.

"*Bravissimo*," said Filippo; "there is not another *forestiere* who can paint so good a picture at Rome!"

The old monk bustled up to the hedge, and looked after me, as I walked quietly on, as innocent of all claim to regard as the lying Filippo himself.

The landlord had spoken much of the monastery of St. Benedict, and as we went on, attended by a little boy-guide who had put himself in our way, we came in sight of it, above us, upon a ledge of

the mountains. A stone bridge sprang over the valley by us—from rock to rock, two hundred feet above the stream that roared below. We turned from it up the mountain, by a winding foot-path, each turn disclosing exquisite views of the valley narrowing and deepening into blackness—save where the sunlight leaped down through chinks of the hills, gilding the 'bosky banks' with its white glory. Before the gates we stopped to dwell upon the scene; and the boy was surprised to find that such things should be preferred to a doubtful Correggio within the chapel of the monastery, and to the thorns turned into roses upon which St. Benedict had tolled.

I gave the boy a couple of *baiocchi*, and told him to say to my host of Subiaco, when he went back to the town, that he was the most extortionate innkeeper about Rome, and that I was a book-writer, and would put it in my notes. The boy promised; Filippo stared; and the next morning at Palestrina, when I asked the bill, the old lady left all to my discretion!

Recrossing the bridge, and mounting the hill on the other side, we wound by a circuitous path into the wild country between Subiaco and Arfile. A kindly monk showed us, on the road, a short by-path to Olevano, and digressing into a rocky valley, at the head of which, on an eminence, stood the old town of Arfile, we followed a most execrable path for full six miles before we came upon the height that gave us the first view of Rojata, and with it, of miles and miles of valley round it. Yet this walk had not been without its interest in disclosing magnificent back views of a country as desolately wild as it has ever been my fortune to visit: rough bits of the underlying tufa everywhere peeping through the barren soil, and nothing but brushwood venturing in its crevices: mountain upon mountain of such country piled away into distance—before—behind—beside us, without one glimpse of the green campagna, or the fertile valley which nurses the old city of Subiaco. There were not wanting true Italian accessories to the picture; in the most savage part we passed a train of mules with back loads of wine; we had seen them an hour before—little black dots twining along the white streak of foot-way upon the mountain above us and beyond us. We lost them as we began to mount, till just over our heads a wild

snatch of an Appenine song turned our eyes up, and there, straggling through the brush, was the long train—a foot-slip would have brought mule and wine cask rolling upon us. I kept still, holding by the brushwood to let them pass. An hour more, and they were twining slowly, mule and muleteer—big dots and little dots—far down, where we had been before. The sun was hot, and smoking on them in the bare valleys;—the sun was hot, and smoking upon the hill side, where we were toiling over the broken stones; I thought of little Enrica, when she said, “the spring was coming.”

But there came a breeze, fresh and inspiring, when we gained the top, that looks down on Rojata. Vegetation of healthy greenness began to creep between the stones, and bright fields of spring grain waved in platoons amid the barrenness. Below the town stood balanced on a rock, and a plain, as it seemed, though it proved a succession of valleys, swept around it, with something that looked like cultivation among them. We stopped, and sat down; I, to eat an orange that came from the Piazza Navona at Rome, and try the wine of Subiaco, at a *basoc* (cent) the *foglietto*; and my guide to mumble at his *panatelle* (little bread).

When we were down, the path divided, and at a loss, Filippo shouted to some workmen upon the top of the tower of the church in the town,—at least a quarter of a mile distant; and strange to say again, so quiet and so soft was that mountain air, that their reply came down from the church top as distinctly as if they had stood beside us! Up the sharp and smooth-faced rock we clambered into the town;—nothing but bare rock for streets, and these so narrow, that four could not walk in them abreast. On them, dirty children, half clad, were lying in the sun, and the lizards, without fear, scudding among them! No life; no stir; not a hammer's stroke in the town, save the two at the top of the church. All idleness and filth in the midst of scenery, that would seem to make the brutes superior to their rank in the scale of creation, and man alive to everything that is beautiful, and noble, and earnest!

From the town we wandered down, a few listless gazes, a few idle remarks, all that our presence excited; so they have lived for centuries; and so, how long will they not live? Following the chain of hills through country gradually

improving in cultivation, and disclosing rich valley views on every side, we came at length upon the hill overlooking Olivano. It is an old town, with a mossy, and ivy covered remnant of a castle springing out of its middle. Through vineyards in which we lost our way, and were directed, and re-directed by queer-dressed vineyard dressers, we wound down, and we wound up over the brook where the women were washing—up the rocky pathway they were coming down with huge piles of clothes upon their heads, and finally through the narrow gateway—the gateway of the noble old fallen family of Colonna, into the dirty street of the town itself. One side, the rough walls of the ancient castle of the Frangissani springing from the jagged rock a hundred feet of brown, weather-stained face into the air;—the other side, over the parapet, first the house tops, poor and meagre, then gentle descent, then a sweeping plain of fertility, with tips of the Appenines in the distance.

Going higher, we came to a low archway, seeming to conduct to subterranean regions; but turning a sharp angle as we entered, there came through the thick set houses, a little glimpse of light, leading us by angle turning upon angle, down what, for want of another name, must be called the street of the town: sometimes absolutely roofed over, and conducting under arch-ways—never offering a vista of more than twenty feet in length, and never less steep than would make a Swiss muleteer to tremble—always seeming to end, and always offering a peep-hole into some succeeding section. Pigs, children, and mothers sit together on the rocks, that everywhere show their jagged surface through the accumulated filth of years. Stared at by all, and half frightened from this corkscrew passage into the town square, three hundred feet below the castle.

A little fountain spouted at one side, and scores of idlers stood sunning themselves against the wall. I had made, what one might call a fair day's work for spring-time, having passed over twelve miles of the roughest possible road, and had counted wishfully on a clever lunch of bread and wine in some osteria of Olivano; but the dirt and the ill-looks frightened me on. Filippo looked beseechingly at me, and the casks of a *cucino* that we passed, and told me dole-

fully the report that twelve long miles more lay between us and Palestrina. But it was two hours past noon, too late to think of stopping in the face of such a hideous distance, so I gave the word—"Andiamo!" and we left castle, and town, and loungers behind; but before us, all was as beautiful as a dream! The sun was four or five hours above the horizon, and a soft, luxurious haze, which makes one love to idle, was flung over all that part of the heavens where the sunset was making, and over the limb of the Campagna, that stretched like an ocean under it. Nearer by, the hills, behind which lay Palestrina, still blue in distance, swept round in a rich circuit, joining at length, stealthily, the huge rocky promontory on which stood Olevano. The other way—to the left, and leaving the first-named hills by only a little gap, through which the Campagna appeared—swept other mountains to greater distance, until they became blue as the sky, except one little speck which Filippo pointed out to me, and rolled into a sweet Italian name, which bore snow glistening on its top, looking in the soft, warm atmosphere, like a gravestone in a garden! The great basin of fields between—so rich in their cultivation that one might imagine himself looking over the meadows of Somersetshire—was divided in the middle by a ridge, sloping away from one side of the rocky town we had left. Down this ridge we wandered to the plain. Filippo whispered, that there was some one who followed us. I was startled, and looked back: there, sure enough, was a lean, hungry looking fellow, in a steeple-crowned hat, whom I had noticed in the piazza, and who had, I thought, looked curiously on my little London carpet-bag, lounging carelessly after us. I quickened my pace somewhat, and my guide kept even with me.

"Who is this, Filippo?" said I.

"Signore knows as well as I," said my guide.

"Have you any fear of him," said I.

Filippo shrugged his shoulders, and said, "I am brave, Signore."

"And why do you walk so fast," continued I.

"Signore walks fast."

"But you have kept behind me till now."

"Does Signore doubt me? I am brave."

To tell the truth, I had little fear: true, I was not armed, but the fellow, like most Italians, had a cowardly look, and I had taken the precaution of leaving my watch and everything of real value at Rome. Filippo was, I believe upon my soul, terribly frightened; at any rate, he made a very long story of it to the landlady at Palestrina, and tired as he was, went up that evening to vespers.

We outmarched our brigand, at any rate we lost sight of him. Filippo said he turned back. Long miles across the plain, and longer ones of ascent beyond, but through country under even Scotch tillage, brought us to the town of Cavi—beautifully situated, and worthy more time than our hurried paces through it permitted. The scenery changed again to a more quiet, subdued rural aspect as we left the place, and not until we gained a height overlooking Palestrina, and the Campagna, and the city of Rome, did the Italian character recur. So, in a day's walk had we seen every variety of view:—at morning, the wild beauty of a Swiss gorge, with an Italian sun to light it; a little after, the savage desolation of the Scotch mountains, set off by a valley group of olives; at noon, the stern old castle of Rhenish landscape, that was standing before the stones of German strongholds were quarried; then, the luxurious stretch of fruitful meadow, more rich than the plains of Burgundy, and hemmed in by wilder mountains than the Juras;—after all, the Campagna—the sea of land—with the sun setting on its edge—throwing into relief the great dome of St. Peters, and blazing in a long, red stripe upon the waters of the Tiber.

Pleasantly sits the old city of Palestrina on its spur of the Appenines. Very old it is, for it was a city before Rome was built—before the bronze wolf was cast, or Romulus or Remus suckled. Hannibal went up its heights to look over Rome, and Cincinnatus conquered it. Emperors dwelt there, poets praised it, philosophers honored its temples."

\* *Prenestinarum etiam nunc retinet sortium nomen, atque id in vulgus. Quis enim magistratus, aut quis vir illustrior utitur sortibus? ceteris vero in locis sortes plane reffixerunt. Quod Carneadem Clitomach scribit dicere solitum, nusquam se fortunatiorem quam Preneste vidisse fortunam.*—Cic. De Divinatione, lib. ii. 41.

The old Colonna kept it when Rienzi came out from Rome to beat it down, and the fragments of the walls are there yet. One can see over the Albanian mountains from the church door, and the proud town of Colonna perched on its crag; and Rome, except when the mists are sailing over the Campagna, is ever in its eye. For all this, the streets of Palestrina are dirty and narrow, and twice Filippo and I walked through them that evening, though the sun was fairly down, and we tired, searching for a tidy seeming osteria. Twice I looked with keen scrutiny into the door of the only Locanda that bore a sign, and twice drew Filippo off on a new search. Staggering with fatigue, I at length appealed to an old woman who was sitting on her door-step, at the lower end of the town: I asked if there were no private lodgings which a stranger might find for the night. Following her directions, we went through two or three crooked alleys, and at a strange, suspicious looking door-way, were received by a neat old lady, who promised, and showed me a good bed—but as for a dinner, she had none. Filippo dropped in a chair disheartened. A snub-looking priest came out to console with us.

Could Palestrina—the “*frigidum Præneste*” of Horace, which had entertained, over and over, the noblest of the Colonna, and the most noble Adrian—could Palestrina not furnish a dinner to a tired traveler?

“*Si, Signore,*” said the snub-looking priest.

“*Si, Signorino,*” said the neat old lady, forgetting in her pride the bargain for her bed; and following their combined advices, we went up long stone steps, and through a frightfully dirty street, and knocked at a door, that seemed hardly made to open. A middle-aged lady, big and sprightly, and not bad featured, in the picturesque red bodice of the country, gave us the *favoriscono*, and to my first question for dinner was most ready with a yes.

The bed proved not bad; Filippo put down my bag and sought for his own quarters. In half an hour I was sitting down in the room behind the kitchen, round which hung sundry Christian martyrs and some family portraits, at a dinner of macaroni stewed in oil, beef in the same, a remnant of a goat's haunch and a fresh salad, with a good bottle of wine. The landlady, who proved a veritable Dame Quickly, was not chary of her favors at the table,

and pointed me out in the several dishes, the choice morsels, and prescribed order of eating, and dressed the salad, and fingered the cold ham, and helped herself to the wine—all with an air that showed she knew what good living was, and what should be done with it. As late, the family dropped in, and by the time I had lighted my cigar over the remnant of the wine, I had counted ten: and the old lady with a just pride, told me she had thirteen;—and bright, and happy, and pretty faces they all had; especially the little girl of twelve years, who came close by me, and who strung a garland of marigolds, and took off my hat to put it on my forehead. Then there was a bright-eyed boy of fourteen, who wrote his own and the names of the whole family in my guide-book, and a pretty, saucy-looking girl of sixteen, who peeped a long time from behind the kitchen-door, but before the evening was gone, she was in the chair beside me, and had written her name on the first leaf of my book, where it stands yet.

In short, I made part of the family—teaching one of the boys a little French—telling another about Paris and London—talking with the mother of her fine family—with the eldest daughter, of the Carnival and beautiful women—and with the youngest, of her pretty Italian eyes. So passed three hours, when, with the hearty good wishes of all, I stole off to bed; attempting first to set down something in my note-book, but the attempt was vain, and in ten minutes I was dreaming of home!

When I woke, the sun was up. From my bed I could see over the town the thin lazy mists lying on the old camp ground of Pyrrhus, and the mountains beyond, with bright green sides, that hide Frascati and Monte Cavi. I could see Colonna, that

“Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest  
Of purple Apennine.”

I could see, as the mist lifted, and the sun brightened the plain, the streak of road along which Sylla came fuming and maddened after the Mithridaten war. I could see—as I half dreamed, half slept—the frightened peasantry whooping to their long-horned cattle as they drove them on tumultuously up through the gateways of the town, and women with babies in their arms, and children scowling with fear and hate, all trooping fast and madly,

to escape the hand of the Avenger: alas! ineffectually, for Sylla murdered them, and pulled down the walls of their town—the proud Palestrina!

I had a queer fancy of seeing the nobles of Rome, led on by Stefano Colonna, grouping along the plain, their corselets flashing out of the mists, their pennants dashing above it—coming up fast and still as the wind, to make the Mural Preneste their stronghold against the last of the Tribunes. And strangely mingling fiction with fact, I saw the brother of Walter de Montreal, with his noisy and bristling army, crowd over the Campagna, and put up their white tents, and hang out their showy banners, on the grassy knolls that lay nearest my eye that morning—just out of the walls of the town. But the knolls were quiet; I do not know that there was so much as a strolling *contadino* in them to whistle a mimic life note. Two hours later one might have seen Filippo and myself strolling over them, and down the Roman road upon the plain;—he, with his brown Ancona jacket, and budget, and wine flask, and I, with my *sombrero* and cudgel.

Coffee was ready for me when I went down; the old lady as gracious as the night before; my guide smiling, and waiting the orders of the day. I bade my landlady good morning, and the daughter wished me a “*buon viaggio*” that sounded in my ears half way up the hill; for up the hill I went, with one of the boys as guide, to see what was left of Preneste. Strange Pelasgic foundations, and mosaics, and palaces, and bits of sculpture drew me here and there. But the sight over the Campagna, toward Rome, was worth them all. I sat down on a rock above the town; and whether it was the soft, warm April sun, or whether the grouping gray ruins below me, or whether the wonderful silence of the scene, or whether some wild gust of memory, I do not know, but something made me very sad.

“*Perché così penseroso?*” said the quick-eyed boy. “The air is beautiful, the scene is beautiful, Signore is young, why is he sad?”

“And is Giovanni never sad?” said I.

“*Quasi mai,*” said the boy, “and if I could travel as Signore, and see other countries, I would be always gay.”

“May you be always that,” said I.

The good wish touched him; he took me by the arms, and said, “Go home with me, Signore—you were happy at

the inn last night; go back, and we will make you gay again.”

It was one of the richest illustrations I had had of Italian thought, and of Italian feeling.

I thanked him in a way that half saddened the boy. I sent Filippo back to the inn to fill his wine flask, for I had not forgotten its good flavor.

With Giovanni I strolled down through the town, and out at the Porta del Sole, and I shook his hand, and parted from that Italian boy with a stronger heart feeling than I have felt at parting with many who are called friends.

Filippo was to come after me. Our path lay along a narrow road, that was skirted by hedges and passed through green fields. I idled along, turning frequently back to look over the rocky heights at the ruined houses of Palestrina—a city that defied Rome, that had a king before a ploughshare had touched the Capitoline or the Janiculan hill! The ivy was coming up richly the Etruscan foundations, and there was a quiet over the whole town;—the smoke was rising straight into the sky from one or two chimneys, a peasant or two were going along the road with donkey-loads of vegetables—beside this, the city was, to all appearance, a dead city. And it seemed to me that an old monk, whom I could see with my glass, near the little chapel above the town, might be going to say mass for the soul of the dead city.

I walked a mile, and Filippo had not come, nor was he anywhere in sight. A half mile more I walked, and sat down under some grand old chestnuts by the road—still he did not come. At length, when I had nearly despaired, and thought he might have run away with my bag, I saw a black object in the direction of the town. Soon I could make out the broad grin of Filippo; but it was strangely exaggerated, and there was a conscious look about him I could not account for. As he came nearer, his earnestness seemed wonderfully to increase; and a long distance off he commenced shouting, “Signore—Signore!”

“Oda!” thought I, “there is some one in pursuit of the fellow; or,” and my heart misgave me, “Filippo has been drinking my wine!”

But he had not, and when he had fairly recovered breath, and seated himself on one of the roots of the old chestnuts, he told me his story.

CARUS.

## THE MERCHANT: LITERATURE AND STATISTICS OF COMMERCE.\*

THE MERCHANT has come to be, in the minds of all clear-sighted men, whether statesmen, political economists, or Christian philosophers, a name of power. His pursuit has always, indeed, been recognized as a great and sure source of wealth. From the time when the Phœnicians (Canaanites,† that is, *merchants*), spread their purples by the Tyrian seashore, and stretched the white sails of traffic along the shores of Italy and Spain, and beyond the pillars of Hercules to the tin mines of the Scilly Islands and coasts of Cornwall, down to this new century, when the New-Englander, quite as fearless and thrift-loving, finds his way with canvas to any distant arm of the ocean where a tenpenny nail can be sold, or a harpoon darted to advantage—commerce has been felt to be a chief accumulator of riches. But this is not all that commerce has done, just as riches in themselves are not the best possession of a people. It has borne a principal part in the great humanizing changes that have from time to time taken place in Society. An excellent and finished address, delivered by Mr. Winthrop lately before the "Boston Mercantile Association"—a practical discourse, but finished and classical, the thoughts at once of a scholar and man of the world—has some passages that touch rightly upon this subject, and might do something to make the despisers of trade among us change the "rude current of their opinions."

"If one were called on to say," remarks Mr. Winthrop, "what upon the whole, was the most distinctive and characterizing feature of the age in which we live, I think he might reply, that it was the rapid and steady progress of the influence of Commerce upon the social and political condi-

tion of man. The policy of the civilized world is now everywhere and eminently a commercial policy. No longer do the nations of the earth measure their relative consequence by the number and discipline of their armies upon the land, or their armadas upon the sea. The tables of their imports and exports, the tonnage of their commercial marines, the value and variety of their home trade, the sum total of their mercantile exchanges, these furnish the standards by which national power and national importance are now marked and measured. Even extent of territorial dominion is valued little, save as it gives scope and verge for mercantile transactions; and the great use of colonies is what Lord Sheffield declared it to be, half a century ago, 'the monopoly of their consumption, and the carriage of their produce.'

"Look to the domestic administration, or the foreign negotiation of our own, or any other civilized country. Listen to the debates of the two houses of the Imperial Parliament. What are the subjects of their gravest and most frequent discussions? The succession of families? The marriage of princes? The conquest of provinces? The balance of power?—No, the balance of trade, the sliding scale, corn, cotton, sugar, timber—these furnish now the home-spun threads upon which the statesmen of modern days are obliged to string the pearls of their parliamentary rhetoric.

"Cross over to the continent. What is the great fact of the day in that quarter? Lo, a convention of delegates from ten of the independent states of Germany, forgetting their own political rivalries and social feuds, flinging to the winds all the fears and jealousies which have so long sown dragon's teeth along the borders of neighboring states of disproportioned strength and different forms of government—the lamb lying down with the lion—the little city of Frankfort with the proud kingdom of Prussia—and all entering into a solemn league to regulate commerce and secure

\* 1. Address delivered before the Boston Mercantile Association, 1845, by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

2. A Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation; by J. R. McCulloch.

3. Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, and Commercial Review. Fourteen volumes.

† This term, in the language of the East, signifies *merchants*. It had particular reference at first to that part of the Mediterranean coast, some 150 miles in extent, inhabited by the Phœnicians, though it afterwards came to be applied generally to the inhabitants of nearly all Palestine.

markets! What occupy the thoughts of the diplomatists, the Guizots, and Aberdeens, and Metternichs? Reciprocal treaties of commerce and navigation—treaties to advance an honest trade, or sometimes (I thank Heaven!) to abolish an infamous and accursed traffic—these are the engrossing topics of their protocols and ultimatums. Even wars, when they have occurred, or when they have been rumored, for a quarter of a century past, how almost uniformly has the real motive, whether of the menace or of the hostile act, proved to be—whatever may have been the pretence—not, as aforesaid, to destroy, but to secure, the sources of commercial wealth. Algiers, Afghanistan, China, Texas, Oregon, all point more or less directly, to one and the same pervading policy throughout the world—of opening new markets, securing new ports, and extending commerce and navigation over new lands and new seas."

"The commercial spirit," he observes again, "has rendered noble service to mankind. Its influence in promoting domestic order, in stimulating individual industry, in establishing and developing the great principle of the *division of labor*—its appropriation of the surplus products of all mechanical and all agricultural industry for its cargoes—its demand upon the highest exercise of invention and skill for its vehicles—its appeal to the sublimest science for its guidance over the deep—its imperative requisition of the strictest public faith and private integrity—its indirect, but not less powerful operation in diffusing knowledge, civilization and freedom over the world—all conspire with that noble conquest over the spirit of war which I have described, in commending it to the gratitude of man, and in stamping it with the crown-mark of a divinely appointed instrument for good. As long as the existing state of humanity is unchanged—as long as man is bound to man by wants, and weaknesses, and mutual dependencies, the voice which would cast out this spirit, will come from the cloistered cells of superstition, and not from the temples of a true religion. But that it requires to be tempered, and chastened, and refined, and elevated, and purified, and Christianized, examples gross as earth, and glaring as the sun, exhort us on every side."

This is the true idea of this great department of human employment. Beyond a question, commerce has been, and is now, the handmaid of civilization. By exchanging the rich products of different climes, it increases the stores of wealth in a nation, and consequently the means of cultivation and refinement. By

introducing into one country the arts and science of another, it diffuses and equalizes the gifts of knowledge, stimulates invention, and makes the general mind of one age wiser and more enterprising than that which preceded it. By rendering nations better acquainted with each other, and making common between them the ties of interest, it overlays the old incentives to war with manifold considerations of peace. But commerce has never employed half the advantages that should belong to her. She has seemed to act alone for selfish, if not present, purposes—for profits—profits—profits—not with an eye also to great moral and social consequences. These notable effects spoken of have been rather inevitable results than the products of care and design. This of course comes from the mode in which THE MERCHANT has usually been educated, and the course marked out for him. Merchants and money-dealers in every class of traffic—with but rare exceptions like a Roscoe, a Rogers, a Sprague or a Carey—have (to say nothing of the love of gain) cared more for the reputation of success in business, than for those accessory accomplishments in themselves, or influences of commerce upon the world, which should bring this so vast and varied a pursuit to be considered an intellectual, elevated, noble occupation. Thus is commerce denied her legitimate honors in the history of human progress, because she has refused to recognize them; and those which she might easily have added from without her own sphere, she has hardly thought of.

The personal accomplishments and public spirit by which the higher class of mercantile pursuits would be greatly ennobled as a department of human life, and made more influential, must indeed be built of many important qualifications.

The great merchant should be half a statesman. His occupation of itself, when conducted on its broadest scale, demands the exercise of that wide and comprehensive vision requisite for the operations of a chief Minister, or a General whose plans of campaigns cover half a continent. If in addition to his own fortunes he would understand and advance the great interests of his country, his qualities and acquirements must be much ampler. To give him such capacities what and how great training is necessary. For our own part, we would ad-

vocate the establishment—in our schools and colleges—of a distinct branch of commercial studies, with its own professorships, by which those designing to follow the more enterprising pursuits of trade should have their grasp of mind enlarged, and their views rendered more liberal and enlightened. We do not know why commercial knowledge—a knowledge embracing the products and essential interests of different countries, their relations to each other, together with the principles of maritime and international law—why a pursuit thus covering the world with its observations and its action, is not a *science* as much as any other, and to be mastered with as severe and regular study.

This much for his department of life as an occupation;—but the merchant should have more than this would argue. He should be accomplished in many things, like any other person, in the community, of cultivated mind. His pursuits must necessarily be very engrossing; but they need not be so to the exclusion of those gentlemanly tastes and acquirements which would place the mercantile business—in its more general departments—on a level, intellectually and socially, with the learned professions. Why should not a merchant have cultivated a very thorough knowledge of literature, a taste in architecture—one of the noblest of studies—a love for sculpture and paintings, a delight in landscape and garden oration. These things should form a part of his education; and they need not afterwards interfere with the full prosecution of business. He has wealth to support his tastes, which many, if not most, professional and sedentary men have not;—why should the sense of the beautiful slumber in him? Not many, perhaps, are formed to have a taste for all these; but some part of them must appeal to the perceptions of every one;—and why should the man of traffic pour away the wine of life, satisfying himself with the dregs, though they be of gold?

If to this statesman-like scope of vision and these refinements of mind, he add an understanding of the great moral and social interests of his country and the world, and the abiding disposition to help them forward, what one of all the professions which men follow, would be more worthy of honor, or of envy, than the profession of THE MERCHANT?

These thoughts have arisen, in part, from perusing the address of Mr. Winthrop. They might be followed out into an ample range of considerations, but we must choose another occasion. It is sufficient for us now to have indicated what the life of the merchant should be. There are, however, two or three works on our table which deserve some remarks in this connection, more particularly in view of the practical part of the subject, the means by which the enterprise of the merchant shall be informed with the most clear and extended knowledge in his immediate occupation. The first of these is *McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce, and Commercial Navigation*, (Longman and Co., London,) a fine edition of which has been published by a Philadelphia house. The American edition is indeed fully equal to the English, with the advantage of being much cheaper.

This is, beyond question, a very able work—perhaps the ablest of its kind yet issued in Europe. The plan of course was not new. The plan of distilling the spirit and brief essentials of all kinds of science into the condensing receivers of dictionary paragraphs arose among the French Savans. The Encyclopædists were ambitious of saying something about everything. So great an interest and science as Commerce could not of course be neglected, and dictionaries professing to treat all commercial matters were prepared at an early day. The first, indeed, was executed before the time of the Encyclopædists. It was "*The Grand Dictionnaire de Commerce*," compiled in 1723, by the Inspector of customs, M. Savary, and published in two volumes, folio. Another volume was added in 1730. It contained many valuable facts for that period, but more than half of it was composed of matter quite foreign to the object proposed, relating as much to manufactures as to commerce. It was, moreover, neither proved nor very well arranged. A new one was projected in 1769, but never executed. The *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, published, in Paris, in 1783, contained a Dictionary of Commerce in three of its quarto volumes. Many parts of it were valuable; but the greater part was borrowed from Savary, much of whom had then become obsolete. The best of the remainder was taken from a work published two years before at Amsterdam. The first English Commercial Dictionary was Postle-



thwayt's, published in 1751. It was mainly a mere translation of Savary, and of course not much of an improvement. Another was issued in 1766, by Thomas Mortimer, then vice-consul for the Netherlands. It was better than Postlethwayt's in its arrangement, but of little more value:—half its articles were on purely geographical or other subjects, not at all connected with commerce. It is not too much to say that McCulloch's work, in the completeness and order of its statistics, and the clear, matter-of-fact and able style in which they are written, far surpasses all that preceded it. It is a volume of 1269 pages, large octavo, in close print, with a supplement of 152 pages more—touching in brief and lucid statements on nearly everything that can in any way interest or affect the merchant. The amount of information it contains for the general reader is surprising; taken in connection with the Geographical Dictionary, by the same author, it is a most valuable store for one concerned in no species of traffic, but desirous of being widely informed. The general qualities of the work cannot, indeed, be more happily stated than by a passage from Dr. Johnson's preface to *Rolt's Commercial Dictionary*, published in 1761, mainly an abridgment of Postlethwayt.

"Though immediately and primarily written for the merchants, this Commercial Dictionary will be of use to every man of business or of curiosity. There is no man who is not in some degree a merchant; who has not something to buy and something to sell, and who does not, therefore, want such instructions as may teach him the true value of possessions or commodities. The descriptions of the productions of the earth and water which this volume contains, may be equally pleasing and useful to the speculatist with any other Natural History. The descriptions of ports and cities may instruct the geographer as well as if they were found in books appropriated only to his own science; and the doctrines of funds, insurances, currency, monopolies, exchanges, and duties, is so necessary to the politician, that without it he can be of no use either in the council or the senate, nor can speak or think justly either on war or trade.

"We, therefore, hope that we shall not repent the labor of compiling this work, nor flatter ourselves unreasonably, in predicting a favorable reception to a book which no condition of life can render useless, which may contribute to the advan-

tage of all that make or receive laws, of all that buy or sell, of all that wish to keep or improve their possessions, of all that desire to be rich, and all that desire to be wise."

JOHNSON, *Preface to Rolt's Diet.*

Whatever it may be to the general reader, it is certain that no merchant can be entirely master of his occupation, still less, of the true interests of his country, who does not possess this work of Mr. McCulloch, or something like it. We have observed some errors in it, but they chiefly arise from later changes in the circumstances of the matters spoken of; and the amount of its statistical and descriptive matter is immense. The only drawback, in our own view, is its Free Trade opinions, of which it is an uncompromising supporter.

Another work of great excellence in the same field is a series of papers prepared at the command of the British Government by John Macgregor, Esq., one of the joint Secretaries of the British Board of Trade, and presented to both Houses of Parliament. It bears the general title of "*Commercial Statistics: A Digest of the productive resources, commercial legislation, customs, tariffs, navigation, port and quarantine laws and charges, shipping, imports and exports, and the moneys, weights and measures of all nations, including all British Commercial Treaties with foreign States, collected from authentic records, and consolidated with special reference to British and Foreign products, trade and navigation.*" The first two volumes, which were laid before Parliament in parts, contain about 2,800 pages, and embrace Austria, Denmark, France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, the Italian States, the Ottoman Empire, Greece, African States, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Spain and Portugal. The third part is devoted entirely to the United States, and of itself occupies a volume of 1,427 royal octavo pages, equal to half the space devoted to all the other nations above named. This fact shows most conclusively how large a place we hold in the rank of industrial and commercial nations. Mr. Macgregor has shown himself in this work to be a diligent and able statistician,—not surpassed, perhaps, by any one in England. It is compiled with great care, and with sufficient arrangement. Its articles do not embrace—as was not their aim—such a multitude of things as McCulloch's work, spoken of above, not professing to be a

Dictionary of Commerce; but many of them are for that reason far more complete and comprehensive. It is a compilation which the merchant whose enterprise extends to distant countries should not do without.

In our own country a work has been issued for some years of nearly equal excellence, in a scientific point of view, with either of the above; and as a practical expositor of the doings of the commercial world, and statistics constantly changing with the growth and change of cities and countries, it is undoubtedly superior. On certain topics, where the statements must be more or less permanent, many of the articles in the compilations of McCulloch and Macgregor will be found more complete; but in respect to the current transactions of commerce, and the multitude of new facts daily coming to our knowledge, "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review," the several volumes of which we have been perusing with great interest, is the most useful of the three.

This journal was established in July 1839. It has now been extended to fourteen large volumes, each embracing about sixteen hundred closely printed octavo pages, and it has been uniformly sustained with promptitude, and the papers have been marked with ability. During the period when it was commenced, such a work in this country was peculiarly required. Although the development of the various physical interests of the country had been almost unexampled, the precise character and amount of the interests thus developed were but partially known.

It is true that occasional acts had been passed by the National and some of our State legislatures, for the purpose of collecting the statistics of particular branches of production, and documents had occasionally been published, under their authority, embodying information respecting our commercial relations, but the statistical matter thus collected was not comprehensive, or always correct, and it was moreover necessarily fragmentary in its character. Such English statistical works as treated of our commerce but slightly supplied the deficiency, because of the limited circulation to which they had attained, their republication among us not having then been commenced, to say nothing of their being less satisfactory on our country than upon the countries of Europe, or of the disadvantage of many

of their statements being constantly rendered somewhat obsolete by current changes.

The design of this journal, addressed itself to the labor of reviewing the progress of commercial history, and exhibiting in a classified form the existing facts connected with commercial and mercantile matters, which lay scattered in a confused mass or buried amid the rubbish of official papers throughout the various parts of the Union, as well as abroad. The merchants of the nation, if they found it necessary to consult records bearing upon their interests, were obliged to have recourse either to the necessarily ephemeral productions of the newspaper press, or to Congressional and Parliamentary speeches or documents from time to time; from the absence of any permanent journal embracing that particular and wide range of topics. The permanent volumes of statistics published in Europe, being imported in small numbers, could not, as we have before said, meet the wants of the mercantile public. This deficiency seems to have been supplied by Mr. Hunt's Magazine. It is designed to contain all the principal matter in any way bearing upon the commerce and resources of this country and the world, and to constitute for the merchant, political economist and statesman, a permanent record to which they can severally resort for the information most required. The Magazine, accordingly, seems to have been encouraged by a satisfactory measure of the public confidence. It has beyond question deserved it. In looking over the bound volumes we have been surprised to see the great number and importance of the topics which somewhere in its course it has embraced. Most of its articles have been contributed by able writers in various parts of the country, and it has been quoted with confidence and respect by works of authority both here and in Europe. The classification of the various departments of the Magazine, is adapted to embrace the most interesting information in the most acceptable form, so that the inquirer may find in the several departments, conveniently arranged, for present and future reference, whatever may be sought regarding the subjects of which they treat. Each monthly issue has contained several elaborated papers, embracing historical, descriptive, or argumentative sketches of some important topic connected with commercial litera-

ture or law. These papers generally refer to subjects not only of immediate and practical, but of permanent interest, a department of literature, which, although it bears most directly upon the pecuniary prosperity and even subsistence of men, has been much neglected in the search after that which appeals merely to the taste and imagination. Most of the topics have been heretofore discussed only in the halls of Congress, and it is somewhat singular that notwithstanding we have attained to the rank of the second industrial and commercial power upon the globe, there was no work extant exhibiting a history of the causes and consequences bearing upon the commercial interests.

Succeeding the department of the journal embracing the original articles, is that which embraces the mercantile law cases. This department is one of great value, not only to the merchant, but to the legal profession, particularly in commercial cities, where the connection between the merchant and the lawyer is so intimate. It would of course be quite preposterous for the merchant who looks at law cases thus recorded, to become his own lawyer, or consider himself competent to depend upon his own judgment in the exercise of his commercial transactions. Still, the record is valuable so far as it extends in informing him respecting recent decisions, which have been made upon topics relating to the ever varying exigencies of trade and commercial operations. They are a guide to the merchant in a similar train of circumstances which may occur in his own case.

The Commercial Chronicle and Review, embracing a financial and commercial review of the United States, illustrated with tabular statements, comprises a most interesting department of the magazine. It contains a comprehensive and compendious review of the various causes which have borne upon the state of trade during the previous month, the probable changes which are to take place, and all these facts of a practical character bearing upon the state of the markets at home and abroad. This will practically be considered as constituting one of the most important features of the journal.

The department which is especially occupied by commercial statistics, embraces a great variety of statistical tables, or statements of a miscellaneous char-

acter regarding the various topics within the scope of the Magazine, relating to the imports and exports of the United States and the various countries with which we have commercial intercourse, prices current, the production and consumption of merchandise, and all those other facts which tend to exhibit the trade and commerce of our own and other countries.

Succeeding this is another department, embodying an account of Commercial Regulations of all nations, including treaties of commerce and navigation, tariffs of imports and exports, port charges and all other matters pertaining to this important branch of commercial legislation. A portion of the journal is likewise devoted to nautical intelligence, relating to any new discoveries upon the ocean, the establishment of new light-houses, and similar facts bearing materially upon the interests of navigation.

There is also a department devoted to railroad, steamboat, and canal statistics; another to manufactures; another to finance, banking and currency; and another to mercantile miscellanies. Copious abstracts have also been made from the annual reports which are issued from the treasury department of the general government, relating to the commerce and navigation of the United States; and much valuable matter is gleaned from other public documents which are prepared for the different governments. The general character of the journal is broad, avoiding everything of a partisan or sectional tendency, and aiming at the diffusion of accurate and useful commercial information of every species within the immediate scope of its plan.

A sufficient proof of the fullness and character of the Magazine may be found in the fact, that, in looking through Macgregor's work, we observed very nearly a third of its volume on the United States to be taken from its pages. Our only objection to its character is that which we considered as lying against M'Culloch's able work—that it advocates the doctrines of free trade.

Such works as we have spoken of are peculiarly adapted to the commercial character of our age and country. The present period is distinguished, above all others, for the commercial tendency which characterizes almost every department of human enterprise. The ocean is covered with fleets, not employed in blockading cities, devastating frontiers, and destroy-

ing rival fleets, but in the peaceful pursuits of commerce, and in diffusing its products throughout every part of the globe; and we behold armies around us, less engaged in the shedding of blood, the digging of trenches, and the mining of fortifications, than in blasting down rocks for the passage of railway cars, or in excavating the channels of canals. The people of our own day appear to be devoted less to the abstract and the speculative than to the practical and useful; and our own country is among the foremost of the nations who are employed in this career of beneficent industry. The Merchants' Exchange, indeed, is the point of departure, from which emanate many of the leading public enterprises of the day.

We commend the subject of the improvement of the Merchant in his profession, to the attentive and liberal consideration of themselves and of all who are

waiting for the advancement of mankind. If, by the constant perusal of such bodies of commercial knowledge as we have adverted to, together with the concurrent study of the elements of political economy, our chief men of mercantile pursuits would give to their minds something of the scope and comprehension of the statesman;—if, in addition, they would cultivate a taste for the amenities of life, and for “the beautiful” in literature and art, and would, as a body, take that uniform, earnest part which some among them have done, in promoting the great moral and social interests of humanity;—what might we not hope for from a department of human employment whose operations extend to all parts of the world, and whose resources of wealth are sufficient for whatever demands may be made by cultivated tastes or the broadest philanthropy.

## THE PHANTOM FUNERAL.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

“Life is a walking shadow.”

FAR and fading lay a city  
In the arms of silence old—  
Rising upward, while the moonlight  
Wrapped around its waning fold:  
Spire and dome and tower all mingled,  
Pierced the hollow of the sky;  
And one blazing star was singled  
To illumine the mystery.

At a palace-orient, growing  
Crimson with the rise of day,  
Still I mused, as night was trailing  
Her gray shadows far away.  
Wearily my dim eyes wandered  
To the far flush of the skies,  
And my heart run over in them,  
At its tender memories.

Dim and mistily before me  
Rose the changes of my thought,  
Each in sombre shape embodied—  
Each into a being wrought:  
Melancholy groups assembled  
In this early watch of morn,  
And they fearfully resembled  
What within my soul was born.

Of it is that the unreal  
A reality assumes,  
Till the light of the ideal  
All the heaven of truth illumines.  
From the mind's high palace gazing,  
We can make the distant near—  
Make the world within more truthful  
Than the outward can appear.

Nature's infant anthem, calling  
Into music all the trees,  
Throbbled like yearnings of a wind-harp,  
Swept by fingers of the breeze:—  
Gray and distant rolled an ocean,  
Wrestling with the maddened winds,  
Till one universe of motion  
Wide creation's forehead binds.

In the chancel aisle of morning,  
Light and gloom together lay;  
Till at last the Orient kindled  
On the hearth-stone of the day.  
Suddenly, through all the city,  
Rose a throng of Phantoms slow;—  
Murmuring moved they, like that ocean  
In its deep and slumberous flow.

Wailings high they strove to waken,  
Solemn canticles to sing,  
And in every mighty tower,  
Toiling bells began to swing;  
But their chaunts so hoar and ancient,  
Frostily they seemed to rise—  
Till they vanished in the dawning,  
Like the dew's first sacrifice.

Winding through the silent city,  
Still the shadowy train moves round,  
Gliding slowly like a shadow  
O'er the dark and beaten ground;  
But no mourner leaves a foot-print—  
No way-farer stops to say,  
'Tis the Elders of the City,  
In their march of death—Give way!

Not a violet opes its eyelid  
To the thick and stagnant air—  
No bird-minstrel, early wakened,  
Offers up its soul in prayer.  
Drearly a Raven standeth  
On a solitary tower;  
Like an evil spirit, waiting  
To proclaim the judgment hour.

Still that train in dead convention,  
Multiplies like nations all  
Gathered as the waves of ocean,  
When the solemn night-winds call.  
From the grave of ages buried,  
Sculptured memories arise,  
And again renew in Phantoms  
Life's forgotten pageantries.

Christ of Calvary—adorers—  
Seer and saint are mingled there,  
Till it seems the very chambers  
Of Eternity are bare—  
Sages who in the Earth's morning  
Sat with thought as with a friend,  
And the great of later ages  
Made the past and present blend.

All the host of blood-stained heroes,  
War's red revelers, who furl'd  
The torn flag of conquest never  
O'er a battle-withered world.  
Men whose hearts beat high for slaughter,  
When the purple field with gore  
Ebb'd and flow'd, as the fierce pulses  
Of the ocean beat the shore.

Those who from their toils long resting—  
Who the cross to battle bore—  
Came with their barbaric splendor,  
Back to being as of yore—  
Came all back in solemn silence  
To this city of my thought—  
Which rose more complete in structure  
Than man's art hath ever wrought.

One bright being, like an angel,  
Moved among the spirit throng—  
Beautiful, as the last echoes  
Of a Poet's sweetest song.  
She had been in years of sadness,  
A lone tenant, dwelling there,  
Till her presence made a madness  
Of love's wilderness of air.

They go onward—never resting—  
Phantoms to life's final goal—  
Pale and pensive pilgrims gathering  
In the pathway of the soul.  
Some were clad with virtue's lightning,  
Some all robed in radiant thought;  
Some star-crowned, went onward bright-  
ening  
All the realms my fancy wrought.

High o'er all there loomed a shadow,  
Towering vast in lofty gloom;  
Like a pall of folded darkness,  
Thrown above the gulf of doom:  
And where'er it moved, the horror  
Deepened till it grew sublime;  
For within this shroud lay curtain'd  
The calm corse of withered Time.

Passed they from this city's portal,  
From its far and searching sight;  
Fading as the morning's spirit  
Took to Heaven its golden flight.  
As they came they went, in shadow:  
Viewless as the zephyrs die—  
Each, with unseen hands, climbs upward  
The lost ladder of the sky.

Thus will pass from off our vision,  
All that is of being born—  
Fading, like this thought-built city,  
In the early mists of morn.  
This majestic world of nature—  
All beneath God's open sky—  
Will drift downward to the shoreless  
Sea of Vast Eternity.

## DIOTIMA THE PROPHETESS;

## AN ATHENIAN TALE.

## THE SECOND BANQUET.

It was broad morning when Cymon parted from his friends at the door of Diotima's house. He went hastily through byways to the workshop of the young statuary, whose marriage with a shrew had given Lysis an illustration of Pythagoras' doctrine of love. He found him at his work, and after the usual salutations sat down, and was silent. At length the other, laying down his hammer and chisel, took a mantle from a shelf, and throwing it over his naked shoulders seated himself opposite. "My friend," said he, breaking silence, "has something to tell me: what is this melancholy matter?"

"You easily guess my thoughts," replied the youth; "perhaps know them by divination."

"No," replied the statuary, "but here are certain signs: You enter my shop before sunrise; an early hour: you sit down without a word, and suffer your eyes to wander over the floor, as if to know how many chips of marble I have made since you were here, and the floor clean swept—and your wife in a cleanly fury;—Yes, and you fold your mantle close about you, though the air is hot; and presently, fixing your gaze on my face, you lean backward against the model of a boy Bacchus which I shaped but yesterday, and the soft clay is crushed out of shape."

"I am a fool," exclaimed the youth, starting up, and looking distressedly at the model, and then at his friend. "But you shall not be the loser by my folly. I have a pleasant piece of news for you. Be inquisitive for once, my wise man!"

"Well, then, for once, I will ask—What is it?"

"This then it is, that in this city there is a certain Lesbian woman, who is wiser than yourself; for why? she is older, and has a gift of divination. She will penetrate your thoughts; flesh and blood are no hindrance to her."

"Some Egyptian pretender," said the other.

"She has been in Egypt," answered

Cymon, "but lived there as the wife of a priest, and received initiation in the mysteries. She is acquainted with their doctrine, and can prophesy truly, by her knowledge of the gods. But of all the deities, Love is best known to her. She remembers the conversation of Pythagoras, and is altogether quite a prodigy of intellect."

"Pray," said the statuary, rising, and walking uneasily to and fro, "can you tell me where this wonder lives? I desire to see her, and if possible to converse with her."

"Nothing easier," said the young man, with a smile of satisfaction; "she allows me her presence when I desire it, and converses freely with all. I am come but now from her banquet-room, where she entertained Lysis, the ex-archon, Meton, the parasite, and myself, with a wonderful discourse of her adventures and opinions. The third night from this, we are to meet again, when she means to continue the story of her adventures. You shall go with me and hear it out."

With these words the young man turned to depart, but first embraced his friend; and, if I dream aright, the other returned his embrace with such tenderness as a father might use toward his son.

The third night after found them in the banquet-room of Diotima; but the parasite was not there, Lysis having brought another friend with him, a certain wise man of Ionian birth and education.

And now let me describe in brief the persons of those who were present at this banquet, that whoever wishes may make a picture of them in the glass of his memory—I mean, in his fancy.

First, then, let us observe the venerable Diotima, the image of courtesy and piety grown antiquated—her fair skin marked with as many delicate lines as she had lived years; her white locks escaping over her neck under a chaplet of blue flowers. She sat upright, and elevated, at the head of the table, looking down the hall.

On each side was a couch covered

with yellow cushions, and resting on bronze legs, carved to resemble griffons. Three persons might recline on each, sitting upon their feet in the Asiatic fashion; or so reclining as to rest on the left elbow, while the right hand brought food, or a cup, from the table to the lips.

On the right of Diotima reclined Cymon with his friend, whom custom allowed him to introduce. Cymon's head might lean upon the bosom of his friend, for he reclined midway on the couch, the place of honor.

The other couch was taken by the sophist and the ex-archon, who lay not very near each other, and were mutually respectful and distant. This sophist (as the learned of that day were wont to be called, though the appellation soon became a word of reproach) seemed a man of middle age, of a lean but healthy look, with an olive complexion, black quick eyes and black hair, flowing in long ringlets in effeminate trim. He wore a close shirt of purple stuff, embroidered with gold; and over this a short blue cloak, gathered in the throat with a diamond brooch. His fingers were loaded with heavy rings of various fashions, and on his feet were very elegant slippers of Egyptian make. His person reclined in a graceful manner on his left arm, extending the hand that had most diamonds on it with an air of observation, as of one who knew the world, and set down the admiration of fools at its true value. He reclined upon the middle of the couch, the place of honor assigned him by Lysis, who placed himself above the stranger, nearer to Diotima.

And now, in the due order, I must speak of Lysis, the ex-archon, a man of sense, but bitter in opinion. His figure bore marks of service in the city and the camp, and seemed repulsively hard and bony. His brows and eyes partook of the hue of his complexion, which was dusk and sallow. He wore the large robe of the citizens, with a close black skull-cap on his shaven crown, as the fashion was with most at that day.

I need not dwell upon the person of young Cymon, for it is only ugliness which can be described; and noticing only that his figure, but for too great slenderness, might have served for a Gany-mede, I turn the eyes of fancy upon that of his companion; who, though not the very king of ugly fellows, might be set down for no beauty.

Image to yourself a robust figure, with an equal breadth of hips and shoulders, large hands and feet, a broad brown face, prominent rolling eyeballs, a large loose, satirical mouth, and a taurine head, bald upon the summit, with outstanding hair about the ears, and you have fancied Socrates the statuary, a man already famous in Athens for the wit and wisdom of his conversation, though not yet passed his thirtieth year.

Such were the guests of Diotima assembled to hear the second part of the story of her life.

"You are very welcome, Socrates," said she, addressing herself to the statuary, "and I am greatly indebted to my friend Cymon for the favor of your presence. I have heard much of your wisdom—or rather of your love of wisdom; for it is said you renounce all pretensions to knowledge, and only profess a vehement desire to attain it."

"And by that very desire, excellent Diotima, am I brought hither, under the shadow of Cymon, to catch a little of that which is said to flow so copiously from your own lips."

"Cymon has misrepresented me," answered Diotima, "my profession is not wisdom, but the desire of glory; I profess only this, to detect in others the same passion that is in myself, the passion of true honor;—but as for the really attaining true honor, that is the affair of a power superior to myself, who may give it or withhold it, as he pleases."

She would then have addressed herself to Lysis, but seeing an uneasy motion in the lips of the Ionian, she indicated by a courteous smile, that she waited to hear what he would say.

"I perceive," said he, addressing no person in particular, "that I have fallen into a very desirable company; and I augur well from it of what I am to look for in Athens. Not to mention my honorable friend the ex-archon, (*waving his right hand,*) or the beauty and modesty of the young man, (*glancing a kind look upon Cymon,*) or the skill of conversation which I must acknowledge in my rustic friend opposite, (*bowing to Socrates, who bowed deeply in return,*) am I not the most fortunate of men to meet with the far-famed Diotima, the most acute and sophistical of women? and that too in her very house, and at the fortunate moment when she means to give us a history of her life and adventures?"

The Ionian spoke in a soft voice, with an accent egregiously polished, and a manner the most collected possible; moving his glittering right hand as he spoke with delicate gestures, just indicating surprise and pleasure; looking now upon one, and now upon the other; so that all were embarrassed and silenced by his confidence and condescension. While he sipped his wine at the conclusion, as wits do when conscious of a good thing, Socrates, beginning in a broken voice, as if humiliated, addressed him: "Your speech affects me in so wonderful a manner, excellent stranger, what with its entireness and elegance, I could listen long, though it contained nothing of importance, (which is, I think, the highest praise of an admirable speech);—much more, then, must I listen with a kind of passion and delight when I imagine that a treat of human nature and of wisdom is to be expected, delivered in this style."

"You forget, sir," said the other, "that the occasion is not mine, but Diotima's."

"No," he answered, "I did not forget that; I rather thought the more of it from your happy allusion, and the bliss you seemed suddenly to feel on the assemblage of so many agreeable circumstances at your first taste of Athens. I could not but think on our good fortune in being the poor instruments of so great happiness to a stranger on his sudden appearance; and it persuaded me the more that the gods overlook all things to our good."

"The mode of speech you use," said the other, with the same gracious voice, "is not unknown to me, though as yet rhetoricians have no sufficient name for it."

Socrates and Lysis seemed struck with astonishment at this answer, and would have forgotten the purpose of their meeting, had not Cymon reminded Diotima of her promise. She then began, as follows:

"Manes, who had shown more favor to the Greeks than was agreeable to the court, began to make himself odious and suspected, by trying to introduce certain Greek hymns, which I translated for him, to be sung at a religious festival, and still more, by his intimacy with Pythagoras, of whom the college at Heliopolis conceived a violent jealousy, because of his theological differences; for he pretended to originate certain new ideas of the deities and their natures, and spoke irreverently of the books of Hermes, as though they might be less respected at some future day than they were then. The Heliopolitans remembered *Moyses*,

and his disrespect for the books of *Hermes*; nay, this *Moyses* had the audacity to write *other* books, which he claimed had as much divinity in them, if not more, than any of the old time. For, whereas *Thoth*, the god of human wisdom, was the dictator of the Hermetic volumes, this Syrian ascribed his to the super-essential gods, whom he named *Elohim*.

"Well might the worthy conservatives of Heliopolis be jealous with such a fear before them. Nothing so shakes and enfeebles the old system of things as a new opinion touching deity. Of this be assured, my friends, (and I say it not of myself, but from the ancient wisdom,) the people are what the priests make them, and the priests are what the national belief makes them. Let the instruction be pure, the priests and the people will be pure; but when the gods are not known, and the *mysteries* neglected, then comes idol worship and gross pride. It was taught by them of old time that there are but three supreme gods, and these are, Justice paternal, Love the inspirer and Truth the obeyer; whom *Moyses* named *Elohim*, the Beings—and this not of himself, but out of the ancient wisdom given to the first fathers of men. But this knowledge was now suffered to lie out of sight, and the people stuffed with gross inventions of sacrifices, enthusiasm, the worship of *Isis*, and a thousand new-fangled sacred names, expressing not gods, but mere passions, desires and things—a rich contrivance of priestly avarice to rob the poor of their faith and their money."

"Allow me," said the Ionian, "to express my perfect agreement with you in regard to these priestly inventions which we name *gods*. To me they are dreams only, fabrications of human wit. As for your *trine* of supreme gods, I am willing to admit them, if it seems necessary as standing at the height of the popular contemplation. The state must have gods to swear by, else we could not sufficiently terrify our witnesses; and for tragedies and pastoral days, to say, nothing of hymns and fables, your gods, like *Esop's* beasts, are very serviceable."

"Pray, sir," said Lysis, "do you know the dangerous effect of such opinions in the minds of young persons? Could I persuade our friend Cymon here, that there are no gods, would it not be doing him an injury?"

"I have too great an opinion of his



virtue," replied the Ionian, "to think it would make a difference in his conduct. He seems to me altogether inspired by delightful sentiments. The generous impulses of his own nature will lead him aright; he needs only the outward accomplishments, the finish of travel, rhetoric and conversation, with a proper self-respect, (which I will engage to teach him if he chooses,) to be a very complete person. The picture promises divinely if one could but animate it."

Cymon hung his head low upon this burst of Ionic impudence. Then Socrates, who seemed half asleep during the narrative and conversation, rose a little on his couch, and fixed his eyes cheerfully but steadfastly on those of the sophist. "O divine stranger," said he, "that is a difficult art which you profess, of teaching men properly to respect themselves; but to me it seems infinitely desirable that they should learn to do so. If any man would teach me this art, I would call him saviour—if the principle I learned from him would suffer me."

"The function of our venerable entertainer," replied the Ionian, "is to teach the art of love and the discipline of honor. Mine, on the other hand, is to inspire self-respect, which I do by the use of certain maxims and instructions, by no means difficult or disagreeable. See," said he, holding out his right hand, "here are the evidences: This diamond I had of a wealthy Agrigentine, for teaching his daughter to hold up her head. The girl learned so easily, she got a confidence in herself at the first lesson, and a month after was the impudentest chit in the city—an example of the effect of my teaching in its excess; her father, who had been grieved by her excessive modesty, was in a transport with the change;—I left her, followed by a train of suitors and toadies, whom she disciplined in the prettiest fashion. This emerald I had of a young Italian prince, who stammered through excess of diffidence. I cured him in a twinkling:—so that he rose in council, and made a speech for war, without the least knowledge of the policy. His father gave me this ring in full court. This ruby I had of a woman of quality in Cyprus, much given to blushing. By the use of my doctrine she quickly recovered herself, and from the extreme of modesty, rushed into a surprising excess of confidence. She is now a very famous and accomplished courtesan, and amasses

great riches. I would have you to understand, my friends, that I do not carry my instructions to such extremes, unless at the desire of the pupil; I take them with me as far as seems proper for the case. If Master Cymon, for example, should be enamored of some beauty of good family, whom his modesty hinders him from pleasing, I might easily inspire him with a harmless confidence, by the proper maxims regarding women, and the arts of approaching them."

"But that," said Lysis, "would be an invasion on the province of our entertainer."

"Our accomplished friend," said Diotima, with a smile, "would by no means trespass on my province. I am a mere diviner; I profess only to predict the success of enterprises;—he, on the contrary, professes to teach the arts by which they may be brought to a successful issue."

The Ionian bowed, and seemed well pleased with Diotima's answer. Then Socrates, abating nothing of his steadfast look, spoke again: "Beseech you, sir, is this all your teaching; or is there any thing behind—any science, or any universal principles from which you draw your instruction;—or are these sealed up in your own breast?"

"To the wise and mature," replied the other, "I willingly open my principles; and you are one of the wise, if I may judge by the shape of your questions."

The sophist spoke with less confidence, and turned his eyes carefully away from those of the questioner, who seemed no way moved. Then Lysis looked at Diotima, as if expecting her to continue her narrative, which she did as follows:

"Manes' unpopularity increased to that height, he was finally deposed from his office of supreme magistrate, under a false accusation of showing favor to certain Greek merchants in a decision on a case of contraband trade. These merchants purchased a cargo of corn at a village below Heliopolis, which was sold them contrary to the law which gave the Pharaoh a monopoly of all the corn. With singular effrontery the sellers charged the buyers with the whole weight of the fault, but Manes, notwithstanding a majority of the judges were against him, set the Greek merchants at liberty, and fined their accusers for contempt in bringing the accusation, beside the inflicting the usual penalty for violation of the monopoly.

"At the time of Manes' degradation from the judgeship Pythagoras was with him, and by way of consolation, proposed a journey through Syria, for he had heard much of the Syrians whom Moyses led out of Egypt, and wished to know their customs and opinions. Finding ourselves deserted in the city, we easily consented to the plan, and putting on Greek dresses we descended the Nile and joined a caravan which was just going eastward from Pelusium.

"Our party consisted of about one hundred of both sexes, slaves and free. We carried a great quantity of goods for the trade of interior Asia. The baggage camels were loaded with the cloths and fine manufactures of Egypt; knives, swords, chariots, harness, utensils of brass, and finely wrought furniture; together with a great store of grain for sustenance and traffic. On the second day of our journey, Dione fell sick, and while we waited for her recovery in a Syrian village, on the third day she died. And now permit me to dwell for an instant upon the fate and the character of Dione, that I may render some justice to her worth. On the second day of her fever, which was the third of our journey, we made a couch for her in the court of the caravanserai, an inclosure of four walls, in which was a spring of cold water, which we named the water of grief; but Dione named it the fountain of immortality. To her it had a sweet taste, but to us it seemed brackish and bitter. Pythagoras, who had a perfect knowledge of medicine, exerted all his art to save the life of our friend, but the mark of death soon appeared in her face. At the hour of sunrise of the third morning she rose suddenly on her couch, and calling me to her in a clear sweet voice, threw her arms about my neck, and in that posture expired with a smile upon her lips. Let us with a decent care refrain from describing, or even fancying, the agonies of the final hour, or the grief of those witnesses whose life was, for the time, but a living death.

"Among those who have connected themselves among my friends, and whom I too have so accounted, this good girl must have the first praise; for that in true temper and fullness of spirit I have not known her equal among women. In her I seemed to see a proof, that though virtue be a teachable thing in its forms and its ideas, the capacity for it is a divine gift, and not impartable. Her

knowledge of the true and the since flowed from her as the water from deep spring, calmly and constantly. She knew no science, and needed none; she knew no experience of misfortunes, and needed none—she esteemed herself so lightly, her thoughts dwelt upon others in no spirit of contrast; but in admiration, or in love, or in pity. Her motions were composed, and dignified their simplicity. Her face rayed out vanity, and shone with no complacency—nor did the absence of a smile impair its sweetness; the misery of another infused no selfish horror into its expression. Her love appeared in her action only, and her anger in silence and averted looks. Only one thing moved her to jealousy, that another should have behaved more honorably than herself. She was the measure of conscience, and the rule of equity, and if she looked for any pleasure, it was in the contemplation of being shared by another. To me—burning as I was with vain pride and the false passion of knowledge, and happy only in the display of conversational graces—the clear character of Diotima stood in contrast. Her habitual silence and stately composure, bred in me a feeling akin to jealousy, nor could I always endure to hear her praises; though I affected often to advise her mild spirit, and spoke of her promising youth with an air of elderly satisfaction: now she, with the gods, and mingled in the spheres."

"You describe the character of your friend," interrupted the Ionian, "in a manner perfectly elegant. One would almost be willing to lose a friend for the pleasure of paying them such a tribute."

"That would be in accordance with the wish of a certain wise Athenian whom I knew," said Socrates, "who preferred to be absent from his friend that he might enjoy the pleasure of writing to them."

"It is indeed a luxury," said Lysis "to be compared with no other—the luxury of discovering the most generous and friendly desires, without the necessity of putting them to the test; and therefore, without the danger of finding them warped by the cross purposes of one's own selfishness."

"Yes," exclaimed the Ionian, with peculiar animation, "it is this petty intercourse of necessity and familiarity which debases and fritters down the

ble sentiments of friendship. I would have men live to each other as the gods do in heaven (if, indeed, there be such a place, which I doubt), each on a throne of his own, connected by no belittling intimacies, but observing each other at a respectful distance, in a manner perfectly universal and magnanimous. Ah!—that were a divine friendship!"

"I am loth," said Socrates, "to jar the nerves of so delicate a thought; but I have been assured by some very pious persons, that the friendships of the deities are even closer than our own;—so close, it is said, are their intimacies, one of them cannot do the least trifling thing, without the presence of all the others; and it is further related that nothing more perfectly symbolizes their friendship, than the union of two lovers, or of a mother and her infant; when they eat off the same dish, drink from the same cup, move together, do the same acts, think the same thoughts, and forever, like Venus' doves, are together and inseparable."

"So was it, O excellent man," said Diotima, "with Dione and myself, the better with the worse; for we were one and inseparable; and I am persuaded of the goodness of the spirit which united us."

"An old story you tell us, my friend," said the Ionian, addressing Socrates, "of this union, or friendship of the gods; but for me, I observe first, that as the office of a deity must be compared with the function of a king, these divine friendships should be perfect impossibilities; as much so as are intimacies between magnanimous mortals here. Diotima, as befits her amiable nature, and her office as a love-prophet, would fain see a divinity in these kinds of connections—but observe the injury the soul suffers by submission to the whims of another. That a lover is a slave, no wisdom is needed to see; he is subjected to all manner of indignities. That it is not agreeable to that freedom of the soul which I profess to teach and to cultivate, need not be urged. Men should not be subject to each other, and if any passion subjects us to the caprice of another, we should endeavor to subdue it. Hence the fearless confidence of those who subdue that excessive modesty which depresses the soul. Hence the superior happiness of those whom nature has endowed with the gift of indifference; they are not harassed and perplexed, pulled

this way and that; made fools of by love, fear, desire, ambition, religion, patriotism, or the dread of poverty. Let us then subdue within ourselves this troop of tyrannical impulses, and learn to regard men and things, nay, life itself, with a high indifference. In a word, let us respect ourselves sufficiently."

"I was not disappointed, then," said Socrates, "in my expectation of a discourse of wisdom from you, accomplished sir. You might be Metrodorus of Ephesus, who is indeed a golden rule to his pupils."

"I am that same Metrodorus," said the Ionian smiling; "my opinions are very current, I may say prevalent, in Ionia, especially among the better classes, whose station in life allows them to exercise a proper degree of self-respect."

"How is this?" exclaimed Lysis; "did you say that one must be rich and idle to profit by your doctrines?"

"Independent, one must be, certainly," said the Ionian, "to profit by a doctrine such as mine; for you will easily perceive, that no slave or dependent person can exercise true liberty. As for idleness, if you please to slur an elegant leisure with that name, I will make no objection; names are of slight moment."

"How is it, then, that you teach your doctrines to young persons dependent on their parents?"

"My instructions," said the Ionian, "tend to liberate the young from any unnecessary dread of their fathers; a condition very injurious to the fine enthusiasm of youth."

"And how for the citizens of a state," added Socrates; "do you liberate them, too, from any unnecessary bondage to the laws and customs?"

"I profess to do as much," continued the Ionian, "and who does not see the absurdity of excessive reverence for a set of temporary regulations: while we find it safe and convenient, it is excellent to obey the laws; but surely you and I are as able to enact or abrogate laws as the Athenian assembly. We might even do better than they! I see nothing sacred in these regulations! they are for a popular purpose, and may be set aside at pleasure. Why should I, then, harass myself with a gratuitous reverence for laws which work me no benefit? Indeed, Socrates, I should be happy to hold a disputation with you on this or any other point of morals, when the occasion is convenient: I see you do not agree with

me. But now let us listen to our venerable entertainer."

Saying so, Metrodorus threw himself into an easy attitude, reclined nearly prostrate, with his eyes fixed on the silver cup which he held empty in his right hand; the fingers of the left, which his position required him to stretch out upon the table, being employed in rolling little bread balls, or keeping slow time to a sort of peacock's music, or hero-musio, audible only to himself. Seeing her guests attentive, Diotima resumed her narrative:

"On the third day after her death," continued she, "we caused the body of our friend to be buried, the nature of her malady forbidding its preservation. Then we mounted fleet horses, and rode swiftly over the desert until night; hoping to rejoin our company at Sidon. But the gods gave us another destiny. In the night, in our tents, midway between Sidon and Egypt, we were set upon by robbers, and my husband slain defending me, by a spear thrust at him from behind. The robbers bound Pythagoras and myself, and setting us together on a strong courser, galloped fast over the hills to a city of Judah which is named Jerusalem. Here we were carried bound into the market-place, and exposed for sale. While we stood there half dead with grief and the sense of our mutual misfortunes, exposed to the examination of the buyers, who used no ceremony with us, a venerable man came by, who stopped when he saw us, and gazed attentively on my face.

"*'Are not you,'* said he, speaking in Egyptian, *'the wife of Manes, the Hieropolitan?'*

"I answered that I was, and gathering hope from his inquiry, I told him by what misfortunes I had been brought to Jerusalem. When the old man had heard my story, to which he listened with a patient attention, he said that God had now given him an opportunity, which he had long looked for, of requiting Manes for his own redemption out of captivity; for that he himself had been a slave in Egypt and was his freed-man. So saying he pulled a purse of gold from under his girdle and paid down my ransom to the keeper. Happy as I was to have fallen into such hands, the thought of leaving Pythagoras was intolerable to me. I urged the old man to purchase him also; but he remained as if deaf, and giving me time only to embrace my friend, whose

grief at parting was at least equal to my own, I followed my new master to his home with many tears.

"We entered a court, in a narrow street that ran next the wall of the city. From the court, my master led me into an upper chamber, which overlooked the wall and opened into a corridor connected with it by a wooden platform thrown over the space below. The privilege of building this platform between his own house and the wall, belonged to every keeper of the walls in time of peace—an office which my master used for his own advantage, for he converted his house into a receptacle of contraband goods, which his smugglers brought thither in the middle of the darkest nights; and he, letting down a cord, drew up the packages and bestowed them.

"The name of this old man was Beraliel, which means, shadow of God. For the first seven days he left me to myself, sending a little Jewish girl with food to my chamber twice in each day. I passed the time uneasily, and soon began to be so weary of my solitude, which was unbroken save by the momentary appearance of the child, I could have endured the meanest company in the world and have been grateful for it. With all this I felt more and more sensibly the terrible losses that had fallen upon me in such quick succession. I had hardly time to feel the force of one before it was followed by another."

"Did you ever learn the particulars of Pythagoras' escape, or whether he remained long in slavery," said Cymon.

"I never again saw him," continued Diotima, "nor heard of him, until I came to Athens. I then learned that he fell into the hands of a Sidonian Merchant, who was so charmed with his discourse and character, he gave him his liberty, and furnished him with money and merchandise for his eastern expedition. After several years of travel he went over to Italy and established a school of science.

"On the morning of the eighth day Beraliel entered my chamber. He had on a rough sleeved robe, girded at the waist and gathered close at the throat, without collar or ornament. His beard, which was black and wiry, reached down to his girdle, and the whole bush of it moved in a disagreeable manner when he spoke. In one hand he held a scroll with writing materials, and in the other a woman's dress of the fashion of his people. I came forward as he entered, and kneeling

before him, would have kissed his hands but for the dress in one and the scroll in the other, which prevented me; in lieu of either, I took up the hem of his garment, and saluted that, though I remember it smelt of fish. Without letting go the scroll or the linen, (for it seemed impossible for Beraliel to let anything go, of which he once had hold,) he commanded me to rise, and when I did so, kissed my forehead, which brought his beard all over my face like a furze-bush. Then he sat down upon a bench at one side of the room, and bidding me sit by him, which I obsequiously did, he began to open his intentions. I was to live with him, in the capacity of a housekeeper, for as long a time as he himself had been a servant to Manes—which was for the space of a year; after which I should receive a sum of money, the same which Manes gave himself, and be at liberty to go where I pleased. Such were Beraliel's notions of gratitude.

"I had anticipated a worse fate, and could not complain. Resolving to make the best of my destiny, I took the Jewish dress and put it on before him, with which he seemed much gratified, and sending for the little girl, a niece of his, he bade her kiss me and call me aunt, and then added, that I should have the freedom and the care of all his house, except a particular chamber near my own, of which he carried the key at his girdle. Then, unfolding the scroll, he desired me to sign my name to it. This I did, in the Egyptian character. He then read the instrument aloud, translating it word for word, into Egyptian. Its purport was, that I had agreed to serve him for a year, (adding the several particulars of our agreement,) and declaring the obligation he owed my former master, and his desire to requite it exactly. On such a scale did Beraliel measure his justice, which he mistook for gratitude. Everything he did bore the impress of the same conscientiousness. He carried his frauds upon the revenue, as I afterwards learned, just far enough to indemnify himself for the withholding of his salary as warden of the walls. He cheated the smugglers who supplied him as far, and no farther, than they defrauded him. He revenged himself evenly of his enemy, and retaliated all injuries, according to the law of his nation, with a perfect and singular fidelity—in a word, Beraliel was indeed the

shadow, and not the substance, of good; a just man devoid of mercy and of honor. Nevertheless, he was the favorite of his city.

"I lived out my year with this piece of legality, serving him according to the letter. I kept his house in order, and did the required offices without repining. He would have had me adopt his own religion; but I conceived too ill an opinion of the doctrine from his application of it, and resisted his persuasion to the last, suffering him only to instruct me in the articles of his faith, which, indeed, I could not conceal an inclination to learn."

"Pray, let us hear some particulars, good Diotima," said Socrates, "of this Syrian religion; unless you were about to relate some surprising adventures which befel you in Jerusalem."

"I can tell you in brief, my friends, all that I remember of the faith of the Syrians of Judea. They profess to worship only one God, whose name it is unlawful to utter; if that can be said to have a name which includes all beings, and is the source of all. A name, say they, is given to a thing to distinguish it from some other thing; and to a man to distinguish him from other men; and if there were many gods, each should be distinguished by a name; but if there is only one God, he cannot be named without impiety. His titles signify his Being only;—These are, '*Elohim*,' the Powers, or the Beings, because he includes all Beings;—'*I am*,' signifying pure being;—'*I am because I am*,' meaning that he is uncreated, and does not exist (or stand forth in time and space); but simply Is, and is the Source of Time and of Space and of all things.

"They worship the One Being with prayer and sacrifice, according to a ceremonial appointed by Moyses; which, in some particulars, resembles the Egyptian ceremonial. A body of priests are set apart for this service, as they are in Egypt. They teach that a sacrifice is intended, not to win the favor of God, as we Athenians imagine, but that it is an affair of the sacrificer himself—a testimony of his faith, and a proof of his penitence for wrong committed or meditated. Some of their priests teach a strange doctrine, which they declare may be found in their holy books; that the One Being shall, by and by, become visible, or incarnate, in some person of

their nation. The Egyptians affirm, that no deity ever appeared in human shape. Their story of Osiris and his battles with Typho shows that their gods are personifications of mere passions and desires. Now, the God of the Jews is not a personification of any passion, though he is sometimes poetically described as having the passions of a man. He is indeed that Principle, whatever be its name, which controls and subdues, and absorbs and annihilates all passions, emotions and desires, of whatever name; a Principle superior to life and death, to flesh and matter; above fate, and more than will. Now, these Syrians affirm, that by and by a man shall appear in their nation, in whom this principle shall evidently shine; and that he shall give new laws and a new religion to all the world. His name, as a man, is to be called Messias. When I asked a reason for so extraordinary a belief, they referred me to their holy books. But this did not satisfy me; for I reflected, that the prophets of any nation might make what predictions they pleased, shaping them so as to make sure of their being believed by the ignorant; indeed, I myself could prophesy tolerably well in the Egyptian fashion, and have something of the art still left in me. There was a something divine and stupendous in this Syrian prophecy, which I could not comprehend. But now, when I reflect upon the character of this Hebrew people, the antiquity of their traditions, which reach authentically back to the creation of man; when I consider the wonderful purity of their manners, compared with all other nations—the sublimity of their prayers and hymns to the One Being—their perfect knowledge of the right and the wrong, and contempt of all things in comparison of that knowledge; when I remember the series of their holy prophets, God-appointed spirits, and the exquisite wisdom recorded of them—making the words of Solon trivial, and the wisdom of Hermes contemptible; when I remember the amazing grandeur of their Epic poetry, compared with which our *Iliad* is an infant's babble—for their poets make men converse with God in a language well befitting such amazing discourse, unfolding the principles of all existence, and showing all things penetrated with the Eternal, and this, too, in a solemn melody, not unfit to be chaunted by a choir of deities praising their ineffable source; it seems no longer won-

derful to me, that their prophets should have predicted an incarnation of the Highest in the body of one of their race. Nay, I myself, ignorant as I am, will even now prophesy the same, and declare that some one shall arise in that nation whose name alone shall subdue the world, and whose faith shall extinguish the memory and overthrow the empire of the gods of Egypt."

The Ionian seconded Diotima's enthusiasm with an approving smile, not moving from his easy posture.

"It gives me inexpressible pleasure," said he, "to hear you utter such opinions; but I am troubled in spirit for the poor ignorant multitude," he continued, relaxing into a laugh, "when I consider what they will do for consolation when the Mercuries and the Jupiters are thrown from their pedestals."

"Men," said Lysis, "will never be at a loss for gods, any more than children for playthings. Religion, though the most expensive, is the most necessary of all luxuries, and seems to have a very beneficial effect. I believe, if nothing else were left men, they would worship their grandmothers."

Cymon seemed mightily amused with this suggestion; but Diotima answered gravely, that she had heard of certain Eastern nations beyond the Indus, who not only did so, but offered monthly sacrifices to their ancestors, even to the fifth generation.

"Is it possible," cried the Ionian, "for rational beings to have sunk so low?"

Then Socrates spoke, rising first upon the couch, and sitting with his feet folded under him: "I fear we are abusing our entertainer's goodness with these perpetual interruptions; but indeed it is her own fault. Instead of launching into a narrative of terrible adventures, which she might easily do, I think, she excites our attention with a sketchy narrative, and deludes us into listening to philosophical discourses."

"For my part," said Cymon, "I care not so much for the story as for the opinions."

"And I," said the Ionian, "am delighted with both."

"I, on the contrary," said Lysis, "would have been content with the opinions without the history. Diotima's ability seems to me by no means that of a story-teller, or rhapsodist; but she seems to enter with reluctance on the

recital of adventures, and runs lightly over the narrative; but when you tell us of Pythagoras and Dione, or of the reason of things, or of opinions of divine matters, then, Diotima, your face glows with a youthful color and you speak like the Pythoness, with a kind of violence, which puts us in awe of you."

"I am not used," said Metrodorus, speaking in a low voice, "to discover in myself any excessive awe of Pythonesses or the like—they incline me rather to a mirthful vein; but I do confess to a little of a certain kind of fear, when our entertainer is at the height of her eloquence, but my fear is of a generous kind; I am afraid I shall never be able to compete with her in the art of speech, her diction exceeds anything I have ever heard. For the sweetness and purity of her Greek, she should have been an Ionian."

While Lysis and the sophist banded in this style, meaning to engage the favor of their entertainer, Socrates conversed apart with Cymon, seeming to urge some request which the other made a difficulty of granting; Diotima, meanwhile, remained silent, with a look of abstraction such as they are apt to wear, who often hear, and always neglect, the sound of their own praises.

Presently Cymon spoke as follows: "Socrates urges me to ask you, Metrodorus, whether I shall be a better or a worse man for the instruction you wish to give me."

"A better, of course," answered the other; "I were a dog else."

"So he said you would reply, and now he will have me ask in what particulars I am to be the gainer by your teaching."

"In self-knowledge," said the other, gathering himself up with a ready look, and a smile of courtesy upon the questioner.

"He then would have me inquire whether this knowledge will be of my defects or of my good parts."

"Of both," said the Ionian, nodding keenly at Socrates, who sat upon the couch with his eyes cast down, as if listening. But Metrodorus now got up, and loosened the folds of his dress, and sat down again with his feet under him, as if ready for a dispute; for it was his custom in all places and at all times, regardless of persons or circumstances, to engage in arguments, and to make extemporaneous speeches on all manner of topics, rather to show his wit than his

knowledge, and because this was his first opportunity at Athens he resolved to make the best of it.

"One more question, and he is satisfied," said Cymon; "tell me, Metrodorus, whether you instruct for the love you bear to *others*, or for the love you bear to *yourself*; meaning your self-respect."

The sophist hesitated a moment, and then answered guardedly, "If I say for *others*, it would prove me enslaved by love; if I say for *myself*, it would—" here he hesitated; but Lysis answered quickly—"agree with your principle." Metrodorus assented with a nod, but seemed all the while to be arranging a speech in his head; presently he broke out:

"Forgive me, Diotima, for so often interrupting the delightful course of your divine narrative, which, indeed, though it interests me more than Homer himself, may be continued with equal pleasure and advantage at some other time; but you will easily see how I am constrained by this man. Coming into Athens a stranger, desirous of living in the good opinion of all, I am driven by him to a defence, lest I be condemned unheard, and upon an accusation perfectly gross and infamous, which his questions imply of me, and which I see he is ready to declare of me everywhere, in his conversation with the shrewd Athenians. I perceive he is jealous of my coming here, and would willingly see me driven out of the city, lest I impair the eminence of his reputation, and force him to confess that there are others as wise and as skillful in disputation as himself. Confess, Socrates, lest you be forced to it by a sharp argument—confess that your first question, through the innocent lips of my friend, (for you dared not ask it of yourself,) was intended to fill his mind, and the mind of my friend Lysis, and of Diotima, with a cruel suspicion of me, that I make my pupils worse by my discipline. Confess, too, that by your second and third questions, through the noble mouth of Cymon, which he too courteously lent you, you wished to plant a doubt in their minds of my honesty, hinting that I pursued the vile and easy occupation of a flatterer, under pretence of giving self-knowledge to the young; that while I showed them their good parts, I neglected to guard them against their weaknesses and vices. Lastly, acknowledge the rancor and jealousy of your last question, delivered through the

amiable Cymon, whom you wish to prevent me from benefiting by my knowledge—confess, I say, that by this question you wish me to appear as a person of mercenary soul, who instructs for the sake of the money and the gifts which his rich pupils force upon him.

“So you cast down your eyes, and will not confess, until you are forced by a sharp argument? Hear, then, the proof of your insinuations. With a skill given you, for evil purposes, by an evil genius, you balanced your questions in such a manner, that if I assented to one side, it should contradict my principles (which you wrought out of me in our previous conversation, when I had no suspicion of your forward maliciousness); but if I assented to the other side, then was my honesty impeached, and I proved a nuisance, and fit only to be carried out of the city on a pole, like a dead dog.

“Not to dwell long upon these proofs of malice in you, I will merely ask whether he who makes men worse by his instruction, who does this for hire, and who under pretence of giving self-knowledge, is a gross flatterer of youth, confirming them in every unhappy weakness and conceit, is not of all men the most to be hated and avoided? See you in me, my friends, any of the signs of these vile qualities—am I, Metrodorus of Samos, a descendant of Hercules, a man of fortune, a priest before the altar of Zeus, a man praised even by his enemies and worshiped by his friends—am I the mischievous creature this rude man would have me seem to be? But I scorn to make advantage of these externals. Look now at my doctrine: and I beseech you hear me patiently; *as if not I alone, but a vast and now increasing multitude spoke through me.*

“We know, my friends, that the Grecians are not inferior to any people of the world in their natural abilities; yet there was a time, and that not long ago, when they were ignorant of liberty, and content to be the servants of kings. By a wonderful fate, and the exercise of their proper virtue, their cities, excepting a few, threw off the burden of tyranny, and established themselves upon laws; but before that time, their laws were the words of certain wise old men, the counsellors of their kings: If the king commanded, it was done; the will of one man, guided by the opinion of a few old men, was the divine law of the Greek cities.

“But when the people came together in the market-places and tumultuously expelled the kings, and agreed among themselves that no one man’s will should be law, but the will of a majority; wherein was this will more sacred than the other? Because all law is a birth of necessity, and that only to be obeyed which necessity urges. They affixed penalties to their decrees, that they might have the force of fatal and natural laws.

“It is not necessary for me, my friends, to remind you of that multitude of evil decrees inflicted on us by this majority; depriving some men of their fortunes, under pretence of fines; ruining the internal industry of the cities, under a silly hatred of monopolies; banishing wealthy citizens, for the sake of confiscation; slaying some, imprisoning others, under false accusations, because of jealousy; nor is it needed here to speak of their wars; city against city, and the strongest enslaving the weakest.

“Why are these things so long endured? Shall I declare it to you? It is because we do not sufficiently respect ourselves; *the habit of obedience is not yet worn out of our souls!* We dare not act at liberty, each acknowledging a divine law in himself, sufficient for the rule of himself. We live in childish terror of opinion, and of the popular voice; though we know that there is no divinity in its decrees: therefore only, are these laws valid, “*because we fear to disobey them*; remove the fear, and the law is of no force, so say the judges. They are therefore of no effect with the brave and the wise. Such being a law to themselves, and to those who are weaker than they.

“Come then, why should we argue long, (for I see you begin to feel it in your souls,) the laws were not made for us, but for the weak, the slavish and the ignorant.

“Of this then be assured, the Grecians will never attain the felicity rated their superior natures, until they cease to respect their laws and their gods; seeing they are the makers alike of both. I would have the wise, the wealthy, and the noble, be a law to themselves—a natural aristocracy, discrete and irresistible: they should be the law-makers, if laws are to be made, and by no means submit to the will of a blundering majority.

“Interrupt me not Socrates;—I know you love not the Athenian decrees, though you affect to obey them: making a vir-



tue of your necessity (as we all do);—and now since you have heard my opinion of the laws, (and who is able to confute it?) let me show you my doctrine of the divine natures. We know, excellent Diotima, the secret of divination and of the invention of deities, and for them we have to thank the poets and the priests who made them for us, and established their worship. They, in their wisdom, meaning to amuse and subdue the vulgar, invented terrible fictions, and not caring to betray the secret of their invention by a written testimony, drew the whole world, wise and unwise together, into their net; and soon the inheritors of the mystery began to worship the things which their fathers made. You, Cymon, who seem astonished at my doctrine, may ask Socrates if it is not a true one;—his master Anaxagoras thought so.

“And now once more, and I have done. Touching the obedience due from a child to its parents. I hold it a matter of necessity, like the other species of obedience. Our parents would fain have us do to them as they did to *theirs*; and fathers delight exceedingly in the adoration of children:—what do I say? adoration? Yea, the father would be a god to his child, and would have the child a slave to himself. But for this, too, we may thank our priests and their maxims. Many a free spirit have I seen unnaturally crushed by the tyranny of a father. Our women, too, look in what a slavery they live and suffer; doing things merely servile, fit for slaves and those baser natures, whom nature makes happy in vile uses. Have I not seen a fair young woman, fit to be a queen, bearing a sickly infant in her arms, stunned with its cries, sickened with its noisome habits, and wearied with its flaccid weight. Intolerable servitude! Have I not seen a venerable man, a nobleman, teaching his son the use of the pruning-hook, himself resembling the wretched Socrates; while near at hand, his wife an august matron, able to control an empire, busied her noble fingers with a distaff, and sometimes kneaded dough in a trough. To such vile use may we come!

“Need I weary your souls with a narrative of the sufferings of noble persons, born to be the lords of barbarians and slaves, (whom nature always inspires with a predilection for gross and filthy occupations.) Think you these are evils inherent and irremediable? If I thought them so, I should be the last to complain

of them; but I perceive that they are the fruit of an unnatural humility forced upon us by a tyrannical education. Some natures there are, (I repeat it,) in whom meanness and a servile temper is ingrained, and wrought into the substance of the soul. Let these remain as they are; but let the naturally wise and the few intelligent (the natural aristocracy) be rescued from servility. Let those possess the wealth who alone know how to use and to enjoy it. Let those govern in whom is native authority. Let them receive honor to whom honor is due; *but first, let them honor themselves*; for it is a secret of the old wisdom, that as we honor ourselves we shall be honored—the world give us the place we see fit to take.

“A word concludes the matter. *Men should know their own worth*—that is the secret. Know thyself, and act as becomes thy worth. Away with false shame, antique scruples. Be afraid only of thyself, O man, and thou shalt be friends with the gods, *and have thy will*.

“You have heard my doctrine. Behold in it the panacea, the universal physic for souls. But these are fine words. Come we to actions, and soon we shall have a fair world made to our hands; and we who made it shall be lords of it. To you I open a deep matter, not fitted for the ears or for the souls of the vulgar. In public, and in the company of the ignorant, my talk is only of behavior and the art of self-confidence. Men are not yet ripe for the whole doctrine. I have done. Speak, Socrates; I am ready; and these shall be umpires.”

When Metrodorus had made an end of his speech, he looked about him with an air of expectation, as if for applause—but none followed; nor did either Diotima or Lysis discover the least astonishment or admiration. Cymon, on the contrary, seemed lost in a kind of stupid surprise, and looked with a troubled countenance at his friend, as if wondering what he would reply. Then Socrates, seeing the others expectant, began quietly as follows:

“It was not I, Metrodorus, but yourself, that aspersed you. What injury have I done you? or have you injured me hitherto in secret, that you are so violent against me now? Surely, was I a father, with a son or a daughter to be educated, and you, a stranger, named to me as one capable of teaching them, your friend who proposed you would not fall out with me if I inquired of him whether

my children would be the worse or the better for your teaching ; or whether, by too great a leniency, you might not nourish evil in them ? And if assured the contrary, I should then desire to know the particulars of your instruction—whether my children might not learn of you to despise me, and to speak with contemptuous pity of my infirmities:—your friend would not be angry with me, nor esteem my questions impertinent ?

“Come, then, let us lay the fault of this difference upon the wine, and so forget it. Believe me, I am astonished at the freedom and elegance of your speech, and I think the Athenians would rather have heard it than a comedy written in ridicule of the gods, or an oration from Pericles to advise the laying of cushions on the seats of the theatre. Be your doctrine true or false, it is fitted to these times and to this people, as I think. The Athenians have long since laid aside modesty ; and if they praise it in boys, they abhor it in men. The vilest of them wait not to be rich before they are impudent ; and it is even dangerous to do any man a courtesy, lest you be thought servile—so little used are we to what our fathers practiced upon instinct. But tell me, I beseech you, Metrodorus, are the Ionians more impudent than any other people of the Greeks ?”

“If you mean to ask,” replied the sophist, “whether they *transcend* all other Grecians in the divine quality of self-respect, I may say they do so.”

“A transcendent quality, indeed,” continued Socrates, “and beautifully born in the soul ; for it seems to me the offspring of superior contemplations ; such as none but the superior man may indulge, suffering all things to dwindle and fall before him when he opens his heart to the influence of his own excellencies, and is taken, like Narcissus, with the beauty of his own *person*. Did you not comfort us with this opinion, that the truly wise and the truly great—or those who know that they are wise and great—should be the masters of those who do *not* know that they are either wise or great ?”

“I did,” replied the other. “What follows upon that ?”

“A very surprising matter,” continued Socrates ; “no less than that you should be my master, and possess my house, and hold me for a slave ; for, as I live, I have no such consciousness : nay, I am perpetually sunk in the sense of my own unworthiness and ignorance. The blessed-

ness of the superior man is not conceded to me ; I have never dared transcend the common opinion, or that experience which tells me I am mortal, and a creature of mere accidents and impulses. How much, then, should I be bound to you, divine Metrodorus, if I might recover my natural right to my house and land, and even to my personal liberty, by receiving from you that royal opinion of myself which belongs only to the wise, and entitles them to be masters, possessors and instructors. Only one thing troubles me. Did you not say that they alone should be the masters of men and of riches who know how to govern and to live handsomely ; and that if it were not for a foolish modesty the wise and magnanimous would immediately assume what is by nature theirs ?”

“I said as much,” replied the sophist.

“Then am I lost in doubt,” continued Socrates, “whether both of us, having an equal degree of self-respect, might not by some accident lay claim to the same land ; or, happening to differ in a point of science, one of us might be compelled to yield, and confess himself in the wrong, which would argue a beastly humility in one of us ; or, if both were lovers of the same woman, and desired her in marriage, being equally meritorious, (that is to say, equally full of proper pride,) and she, too, a superior person, how would she conclude in a choice ? Or, indeed, to push this matter to the worst, would it not argue a contemptible modesty in me if I failed to gratify a generous passion for my neighbor’s wife, my neighbor not being a superior person ? Indeed, Metrodorus, I am severely tried, and involved in unspeakable difficulties, through my ignorance. You will, doubtless, be able to resolve me in them, as the superior man should do, by some short and simple argument.”

“It is necessary, Socrates, not to drive a principle into its extremes,” replied the other.

“But I do no such thing, divine sophist,” continued Socrates. “On the contrary, so ignorant am I of the art of the superior man, I cannot so much as open my lips, or walk the streets, or visit a friend, or buy in the market, without an afflicting sense of my ignorance. Injurious shame follows me. I dare not walk naked in the street—I dare not speak an offensive word—I dare not blaspheme—I dare not lie. If a child loves and reveres a foolish father, I dare not undeceive him. If the Athenians

revere the gods, I, though I chance to be an infidel, dare not insult their belief. Ignorant as I am of all things, taking my science from Anaxagoras, my politics from Pericles, my religion from antiquity, having my very clothes and food provided for me by the industry of slaves, my body subject to the call of death, and my soul drawn to and fro with passion and folly, I seem so abject and wretched a creature, so much a part of others, and dependent on them, so much a servant of the city, the state, the nation, my life protected by the powerful laws, I am pressed down by shame, and humbled to the earth.

"But this is not the only reason of my shame that I depend on others for each article of my life—a greater awe and shame oppresses me when I see superior natures like yours, Metrodorus, riding in a manner triumphant over all my weakness, and filled with a divine complacency. But now tell me, was it born in you this peculiar liberty, or did you acquire it?"

"I acquired it," said the other.

"Happy man!" continued Socrates, "how may I too attain to this felicity of soul?"

"By meditation," responded the other, "and by listening to right instruction."

"What shall be the form of my meditations?" continued the questioner.

"Begin," said the sophist, "with observing the meanness of material, compared with spiritual things. Consider next the species of life, how they lift themselves proudly above the earth, in a manner despising it. Then, ascending into the region of the soul, observe how it soars superior, trampling life and matter under foot. Consider next the quality of Reason, how it is lord paramount in the region of the spirit; how the passions, the fears, and the affections are inferior to it. Consider, lastly, that Reason and self are identical, and that, therefore, there is nothing superior to self; that whatever self commands is of a truth the only and supreme law, to which all must yield; that, as that king is most honored who subordinates everything to his instant word, so, that man shall be the freest and most powerful among men who discovers the most absolute predominance of self in self."

"But how far," said the questioner, "shall I carry these meditations, or to what height, seeing that all are inferior to the divine natures? or shall we regard ourselves as superior to them?"

"Do so," replied the Ionian, "and remember, that if these divine natures which we call gods existed out of our own brains, they would be equally manifest to all, and there would be no difference of religions; but because the imaginations of men are the only and true mansions of the deities, these phantoms differ according to the nature and education of those who imagine them, and are not to-day what they were yesterday. Then think whether there be anything truly permanent and eternal; and, (if there be any such *thing* or *being*), think whether it is not altogether self absorbed, and independent, subsisting like Fate, and acting for its own sake purely, with a perfect superiority to consequences. Then inquire whether in this human body, this Infinite Pride, or Divine Self-love, is not the very Inspirer—the true and only soul. In a word, my friends, the reason of man is wholly composed of self, and is a perfect unity, without parts. There is but one person in each man, which is the same person in all men."

"And that person," rejoined the questioner, "is an infinite self-respecter, or, to speak grossly, an infinite pride. This, great sir, is your one and indivisible being—the same in the universe and in the heart of man."

"Right," said the other; "we shall not quarrel about names. And now, to quit this somewhat discursive talk of spirits and the like, with one word added, namely, *that the currents of this eternal pride never cease to flow through and inspire us with a right conceit of ourselves*, let us run out a little into the practical."

"Good," exclaimed Lysis, "I would fain know what kind of deeds this great devil of yours sets you about doing; what kind of machinery the eternal current of him puts in motion. I fancy this is the force that keeps a certain wheel turning to which Ixion is bound in hell."

"Or that which grinds the faces of the poor," said Cymon.

"Both," exclaimed Lysis, laughing.

"I fancy this is the power, too, that inspires Socrates' wife, when she beats him."

"The same," added Cymon, "which flows through the souls of the Athenians, when they vote a good man to death."

"Once more," added Lysis, "this is the current which flows through men whom the gods hate; for it is written,

"whom the gods mean to destroy, they first make mad."

Metrodorus could not quite stifle his rage when he saw his magnanimity and wisdom made a jest of; but being used of old to these kind of attacks, he fortified himself with a cup of strong wine, and smacking his lips to seem more sensible of that than of the sarcasms, he spoke cheerfully as follows:

"Earnest men of this day, my friends, busy themselves with deeper speculations than can be uttered in mere words; and that is my plague that men misunderstand me. Seriousness surprises us, and we laugh. Beginnings are ridiculous; endings, otherwise. What seems evil to-day, (*kakos*), will seem good to-morrow (*kalos*). It is often necessary, in looking for a pearl, to dig through a dunghill. As men by habit become accustomed to the vilest savors, so may you to my doctrine. All things are as we see them; there is no particular truth; what seems true to-day will seem false to-morrow; the time may come when your present opinions shall make you ashamed. Meanwhile, listen while I show you some of the practical results of my faith."

"Tell us, Metrodorus," said Socrates, who now began to laugh, and made no offer to answer what the other advanced; "tell us, for example, something of its workings in love and friendship. There, if anywhere, we shall test it."

"In love," continued the Sophist, gulping a full cup of wine, "the working of these principles is not to be too much admired, for it enables the lover to subdue both his passion and his mistress. He nobly refuses to be the slave of an inordinate desire, and employs all his ingenuity to bring others under its power. He glories in the number of his lovers and mistresses, while he rests content and powerful in the freedom of his own soul. He will not suffer his mind to be occupied with the vain fancies of a mad lover. He will not indite verses to a mistress, full of slavish praise and idle protestations. He rushes to no banquets or public festivals, in hope of snatching a look from his beloved. He is not seen, at midnight, sitting on the sill of her father's mansion. He goes not searchingly about, with open eyes, in the market-place, to light on some trinket, or delicate fruit, for a gift. He buys no verses to read to her; he wastes no time nor money upon her; he entertains her as slightly as possible in his thoughts; but if the giving fit is on

him, he thinks that the giver is more fortunate than the receiver. By these disciplines, joined with the easy baits of condescension and delicate praise, maintaining always his high tone, the poor and inconsiderable youth may win himself a fortune."

"Which," said Lysis, "is the true aim of a judicious affection?"

"Ay," said the other, "for a wife; but for a mistress, it imports not much."

"Inform us, excellent sir," said Diotima, "with the principle of this procedure."

"That is easy," said Metrodorus; "when it is perceived that hearts are conquered by appearances, more than by force—by neglect and scorn, more than by solicitation. The principle is evident; the ostent of pride does more than the discovery of passion; but nothing so effectual as a due mixture of these. As a single coin found in the earth, persuades the rustic there is a treasure hid thereabout, so a little show of love through a deal of proud neglect, draws on the lover to look for great sums of affection."

Then Socrates, turning to Diotima, with a look of feigned admiration, spoke as follows:

"Metrodorus said no more than truth when he declared himself no participator in your occupation. Or perhaps he is dealing shrewdly with us, to try the temper of our souls. For himself, I will believe that his observation of nature and of men is perfectly universal, and scorns not to be acquainted even with the despicable arts of courtesans and male coquettes; and that, as Pericles is not ignorant of the arts of mousing politicians, and is contemptuously familiar with the skill of the demagogues, so this wise and elegant Ionian is equal to feminine delusions, and knows all the intricacies of vanity. But he means not, surely, to mislead us by advising the use of a cunning which himself would be ashamed to employ."

"All things," replied Diotima, "are indifferent to our friend. He is a man of strong heart; able to digest the wickedness of the age in himself, and turn it to use."

The Ionian saw nothing but praise in this remark, and, gathering a little courage, bowed gracefully to the complimenter.

"I have shown you only one," said he, "out of a thousand pretty principles I have by me, collected by much reading

and no slight experience. Diotima's elegant observation reminds me to protest against the one-sided view of life which our good Socrates seems to adopt. I am of opinion that a man of liberal spirit will try all things and hold fast to the useful. I profess utility and the practical, purely. I must see which way a thing leads before I take up with it."

"Have with you, good sir," exclaimed Lysis; "a noble sentiment! By Zeus! we shall be friends again if you can show me what good your infernal science is to bring. By all that is just, I aver, you made me hate you with the apprehension of your doctrines. Confirm us now; show us some good thing to come by them."

Lysis evinced so great anger and contempt in his manner, the other could not but resent it, and answered violently. Then Lysis, forgetting the venerable rights of a stranger, for he was heady with wine, returned answer with a kick in Metrodorus' rear, which was open to his foot; and at it these wise men went, until Socrates, coming suddenly between them with his broad shoulders, put them asunder; but not without a smart token, dealt him in the eye by Metrodorus, in payment for his caustic questions.

When this affair was pretty well over, the combatants turned to make their apology, but Diotima had retired unobserved by the others; and so ended her second banquet.

J. D. W.

## SHORT CHAPTERS ON EXOTIC AND NOVEL METRES.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE HEXAMETER AND THE PENTAMETER.

"Why Homer made the Iliad in Hexameters no man can tell."—KIT. NORTH.

OH, Christopher! Christopher! Christopher on Colonsay! You that have been and are a horseman, to say thus! How can a lover of horses and Hexameters gallop the one without thinking of the other? For my own part, I have a complete conviction that the day when Homer was inspired with the Hexameter he had been "sitting behind" a pair of even steppers, regular *ἐπιστραφεὺς πεδίοιο* for fifteen or twenty miles, and had heard their hoofs go in concert for an hour or more. I am just as fully persuaded of it as I am that Jim Polk is a snob, or Eugene Sue a prime agent of the Evil One. Expunge, therefore, so much of our motto as precedes and follows the words "no man," and substitute therefor *meo periculo*. "That the horse's gallop suggested Homer's Hexameter no man can doubt."

To be sure they didn't ride in those days. At least the mountain-dwelling Centaurs might have done so, but it wasn't the fashion for gentlemen. Nevertheless, their steeds galloped; even as those glorious English stage-coach teams used to do before the uncomfortable railroads supplanted them. It doesn't answer to run horses in harness on our

roads. Your vehicle goes to bits and you go to the father of all Loco-focos. But on good roads in a good phaeton, we have galloped a pair for miles, without any of the parties being the worse for it. By the way, this same custom of running horses in harness (if the very limited horse-gear of those days can be properly denominated harness), is strong testimony in favor of a high Homeric civilization. For assuredly, either the *ἑλκυσθοενοιοί* must have laid down better metal than our own beloved country can usually boast of, or the *τέκτρονες ἄνδρες* must have turned out better work than John Lawrence does.

But we are going too fast. Let us pull up short, and come back to our Hexameter. The question is, how far it can be made available as an English metre? Used as such it has been, and will be. Sir Philip Sydney wrote Hexameters. You will find plenty of specimens in his Arcadia. So did other poets of that time. But the experiment was not eminently successful. No one thought of re-attempting it until Coleridge and Southey were induced, by the success of the Germans, to make a bold push. They have found several followers, especially

within the last year or two; and at present two Hexametral translations of the Iliad are in course of publication in England.

The famous accent and quantity question, which will always be written about and never understood, need not trouble us here. In the case of some other classical metres, it becomes very puzzling; but we *feel* instinctively the true rhythm and *swing* of the Hexameter. To imitate it we put *strong* and *weak*, or *accented* and *unaccented* syllables for short and long one. But then we must take care to make the verses smooth. This is an element by no means to be omitted. To be sure we can *coax* our words a great deal; "and," "of," "in," and such monosyllables suffering a virtual apocope in reading. But there are limits to this, and it is not every combination of one accented with two unaccented syllables, nor even every tri-syllable, with the first syllable accented, that will make a good dactyl. This the Germans, not considering, give us at times, very odd *dactylic apologies*. As, for instance, almost at the beginning, of Schiller's "Spaziergang."

"Dich auch grüß' ich, belebte flur, euch säuselnde linden."

What sort of a dactyl is *säuselnde*, with its three consonants together? Oh, but we are not guided by quantity. True, you are to forget all your rules of ancient prosody, all about "vocale brevis," and "si consona bina sequatur;" think no more of them than if you had been brought up in New England, where nobody knows anything about such matters. But we must be guided by smoothness of verse, and I say again, that a syllable ending in three such consonants cannot be made a weak syllable. You may cram it into the place of one, as Cinderella's sister crammed her foot into the slipper, but the line will suffer from it as much as she did.

In English, however, there is a greater tendency to the opposite fault, that of making a weak syllable do duty for a strong one. This naturally results from our poverty in spondees, that is to say, in fact of two strong syllables. Here the Germans have a great advantage over us. The character of English verse is eminently iambic, considerably trochaic and dactylic, somewhat anapestic—anything but spondaic. Indeed it has been said, that there are no spondees in English. But this is going too far; not to mention anomalous words like *princess*,

there are many compounds such as *tree-rose*, *true-love*, &c., fully entitled to the designation. And the test is, that they may be substituted for iambs or trochees at will, *e. g.*

"Oh! that 'twere possible,  
After long years of pain,  
To find the arms of my true love  
Around me once again."

"Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;  
My true love sighed for sorrow,  
And looked me in the face to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow."

But in general we are forced to make up spondees with pieces of different words. The usual course is to *make trochees do*. But they don't do. In such a line as "Fortune lays him at last asleep on Ithaca's margin,"

(in a recent Blackwood,) the faltering at the weak syllable is evident even to an unpracticed ear. And when it comes to one like

"Damon, you in the shade of a beech at your ease reclining,"

we want its name written under it, and require to be told that it is a—spondaic? no, a *trochaic* hexameter, I suppose.

In consequence of this difficulty, English Hexameters have a tendency to abound in dactyls, (or the most practicable imitations of them,) not always to their benefit. The following line,

"Shadowy mountains enow, and the roaring expanses of ocean,"

would, *me judice*, be improved by reading,  
Shadowy mountains enow and loud-voiced  
billows of ocean.

Now a word or two on the Pentameter. Müller has shown it may be formed from the Hexameter, (provided the fourth and fifth feet are dactyls,) by dropping the latter half feet of the third and sixth feet, thus—

Μῆνιν ἄειδς Ὀδῶ—ληϊάδω 'Αχιλλῶ—

Perhaps it was suggested by the horse breaking his pace or changing legs in his gallop. Schiller, to be sure, has a different theory for the Elegiac stanza.

"Im Hexameter steigt des Spring-quells  
flüssige Säule  
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch  
herab."

Translated (without acknowledgement) by Coleridge,

"In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,  
In the Pentameter aye falling in melody back."

There is one delicacy about the Latin Pentameter which we do not perfectly understand. Ovid always ends his lines with dissyllables.\* The Greeks were not so particular: some of their finest Pentameters end in polysyllables, e. g.

Μουσίδης Δάφνις ταῖσιν ἀηδόνειν.

In English the tendency is to terminate with a monosyllable.

I imagine that to write *harmonious* English "longs," or "longs and shorts," is harder than writing harmonious blank verse, and, *à fortiori*, far more difficult than any rhyming metre. Usually the best are accidental ones, such as

"Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them,"

in the received version of Scripture, or

"Gold once out of the earth is no more due unto it,"

in Brown's *Hydrotaphia*. A succession of them usually becomes tedious, prosaic, and eminently *sticky*. Show one of the ordinary specimens (such as you may find in Blackwood or the Boston translations of Schiller) to any gentleman of your acquaintance who is not fresh in his classics, and ten to one he will read it as prose, and not be able to detect any metre in it. *Probatum est*.

It is not surprising then that rhyme should have been resorted to to help out the melody. The monks, whose ideas on the subject of quantity were very limited, had set the example in their Latin verse.† In Walsh's *Aristophanes*, the Greek hexameters are translated into something very like English Hexameters with the hemistiches rhyming alternately.

"When that the eagle of hides his crooked lipped jawbones shall wag on  
The innocent speckled sides of the wise-acre blood-sucking dragon,

Then to the venders of tripe the gods give glory and sudden Honors, if they are ripe for leaving off selling black pudding."‡

But in these, the hexametral rhythm is by no means the leading feature. Indeed it is not very readily recognized, and the hemistiches would usually be read as separate lines. A recent contributor to Blackwood, claims the merit of introducing rhymed Hexameters and Pentameters. He is in error, Percival was before him, and Tennyson before Percival. Tennyson rhymed his Hexameters with each other, and the hemistiches of his Pentameters together.

"Down by yon pine-tree tall, rivulets babble and fall."

This was the tendency even of the classic Pentameter.

Open Ovid or the Greek Elegiacs anywhere, and you will not have to look for lines like

"Hæc erit admissa meta terenda rota,"

or

"Τεύχεα, τῶν ἀδίκων ἦνδ' ἀπὸ γυγνέων."

Yet where the Hexameters rhyme alternately, it seems to give more connection and unity to the stanza if the Pentameters rhyme also, thus, as in Percival's imitation of Tyrtæus.

"Oh it is sweet for our country to die where ranks are contending,

Bright is the wreath of our fame: glory awaits us for aye,

Glory that ne'er shall grow dim, shining on with light never ending,

Glory that never shall fade, never, oh! never decay."

This if perfectly managed, makes a strong, clear, and ringing metre.

The subjoined specimen was a *ξένιον* from my friend Ned Jerrold; he gave it to me one day last winter, as we were walking down from Virgil's Tomb into the City of Lazzaroni. Wherever Ned

\* Very rarely he admits a quadrisyllable—

"Cantabat mœstis tibia funeribus."

In the case of *est* ending a line with an elision immediately preceding, as

"Nec tibi ut invenias longa terenda via est,"

the two words must be considered equal to one dissyllable.

† The monkish Latin verses, which have usually a false quantity in every line, are interrhymed internally and externally, "criss-cross," as boys say—all sorts of ways, in short; but the most usual form is to rhyme the hemistiches of each line, as in the following inscription at Cologne,

"Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna Magorum:

Ex his sublatum nihil est alibive locatum."

‡ This is part of a burlesque oracle. Walsh's translations are exceedingly clever, and have suggested some of Ingoldsbay's quaintest rhymes.

may be now, whether among the "be-nighted British," or those models of civilization and virtue, the Parisians, or in whatsoever region of articulately-speaking men, I am not sure he will not be angry with me for putting him into print,

## A DIFFERENCE.

Roaming along the highway t'other even, enjoying the twilight,

Thus I accosted a boor, breaking up stones on the road.

"What is that house, my friend, on the hill-side, with the tall sky-light?"

"Whoy, its the Squire's," he replied; "Lauk, I thought every one know'd."

"Squire's? what Squire's?" then I asked "Whoy, zur, the Squire of our village.

All on us calls 'un the Squire," answered the thick-headed boor.

"Is he a farmer, or rich man, famed for pasture or tillage?"

"Oh, he's an odd 'un the Squire! very rum cove to be sure."

"Rum! why what has he done that is rum? let's have it, old fellow!"

"Oh, zur, gets drunk as a Turk; only last Zunday a year

Challenged in church the old clerk for to fight un when he wur mellow:

Old Parson Gubbins, they zay, guv it him rayther severe.

But its' a zad thing, zur, to see what the Squire's reduced to

Zince he was blowed by the Priest; 'tain't the zame man as before."

"Oh, he's reformed, I s'pose, and don't get drunk as he used to."

"Drunk? a gets drunk enow, but—doant go to church any more."

CARL BENSON.

## THE RAILWAY SYSTEM IN EUROPE.

THERE is no emotion so soon deadened as the sentiment of wonder. The most astonishing event which could be presented to the senses would, by frequent recurrence, soon cease to excite attention. It is, in fact, only so long as a miracle is novel that men will suspend the current of their ordinary thoughts to yield to the excitement it is calculated to produce. One who should convert water into wine, or restore vitality to a corpse, would command every ear and eye; but if he should repeat the experiment daily, he would soon be regarded with indifference. That which is deemed absurd in one age is possible in the succeeding one, practicable in the next, and an event of ordinary and daily occurrence in the following generation. Until the thing ceases to be strange and novel, it excites inquiry. Every one wonders and is curious to know how it is brought about. When it connects itself by daily use with the common affairs of life, no one troubles himself about it, no one wonders, and no one is ashamed of being ignorant of the philosophy of that which no one can dispense with.

Half a century has not elapsed since an individual announced to the world that ready-made flame could be manufactured in establishments to be constructed for the purpose in the suburbs of cities, and might

thence be conducted in pipes under ground, so as to be supplied and used in every part of the town for illuminating streets, the interior of buildings, shops, theatres and private dwellings. This individual was by most persons regarded as being afflicted with monomania. His hallucinations, however, assumed gradually the air of reality, and those who regarded his mental aberration with compassion, now, forgetting their former incredulity, walk without astonishment through streets lighted with gas, and look with indifference at the brilliant illumination of the theatres, the shops, and all the other buildings of the modern city.

When Franklin proposed, in a letter addressed to the Royal Society of London, to draw lightning from the heavens by means of an iron rod, the council of that learned body received his suggestion with laughter, and, out of compassion to their correspondent, and having more regard for his character for sanity than he seemed to have had himself, they declined printing the letter in their proceedings. There is now, however, an iron rod over the room in which this learned body meet, and it excites neither astonishment nor inquiry how this rod keeps the lightning from striking the room.

Great advances in the application of



science to art are generally slow. Many causes conspire to retard their progress. Various practical difficulties must commonly be surmounted before the desired effect can be produced, with the requisite economy. To surmount these difficulties, a combination of sufficient scientific knowledge, practical and mechanical skill, and pecuniary resources, must be found. It rarely happens that these requisites exist in the same person. Sometimes the same individual may combine scientific and practical knowledge—or, at least, he who possesses the one may acquire the other. But it almost never happens that the capital necessary to carry out an invention or discovery is possessed by the inventor or discoverer. Opportunity alone, or chance, must bring together the man who invents and the man who has the means and the will to realize the invention.

But even when all these requisites are combined, there is still another condition, not less essential to the realization of the final result. The public, who are to use the invention and to pay for it, must be so well convinced of its excellence, that they shall be willing to avail themselves of what the inventor and the capitalist have to offer them. It not unfrequently happens that this is the most difficult of all the conditions on which the success of an invention or discovery depends. James Watt made his great improvements in the steam-engine about the middle of the last century. Many years elapsed before he found a capitalist able and willing to engage in the enterprise, so as to realize his conceptions. He at last met with Matthew Bolton. When the engines were perfected and offered for sale, no one would buy them, and the capitalist was some forty thousand pounds out of pocket. Parliament was appealed to to protect the inventors by an extraordinary extension of the patent right, and the mining interests were coaxed into the adoption of the improved engine as you would coax a child to swallow a black dose.

The application of steam power to the rapid transport of passengers on iron railways, affords a rare example of a mechanical invention starting suddenly to a high degree of perfection without encountering any of these difficulties or delays. Indeed this power of locomotion burst on the public with all the effects of a new and unlooked-for phenomenon. It was as little anticipated by engineers, or men of science, as it was by the public; and

when the first locomotive placed on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway started off at thirty miles an hour, the very constructors themselves stood aghast, and like the artificer of Frankenstein, recoiled in affright from the work of their own hands.

Before habitual familiarity with its effects has blunted the edge of curiosity, let us inquire what has produced this vast revolution in locomotion, what are the predominant advantages of this new system, and whence have they arisen? It is now not quite twenty years since the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, a line thirty miles in length, was projected. The object which its projectors had mainly in view was the transport of goods, merchandise and coal between these two great commercial marts. This was to be accomplished by wagons drawn along the railway by steam-engines; but whether the engine should accompany the load or should be erected at fixed stations and connected with the load by a rope to be carried along the line between the rails, sustained at convenient intervals on rollers, was a question of grave doubt. The directors of the enterprise were divided respecting this question. The best engineering authorities differed upon it; and it was determined that four engineers of the highest repute should be commissioned to report upon this knotty point, with ample means to defray the expense of extensive experiments. The individuals selected for this purpose, whose names have since become still more universally known, were, James Walker, since President of the Society of Civil Engineers, George Stephenson, of railway celebrity, William Urpeth Rastrick, engineer of the London and Brighton and other railways, and Nicholas Wood, the author of the well-known work on railways. The result of their labors and investigations was that Messrs. Stephenson and Wood reported in favor of making the engine travel with the load, and Messrs. Walker and Rastrick reported in favor of the stationary system.

Happily for the progress of art the directors adopted the counsel of Messrs. Stephenson and Wood. At this period, however, the idea of obtaining any considerable traffic in passengers, much less of superseding stage-coaches on the common road, never entered into the minds of the directors. Some more sanguine spirits, it is true, ventured to hint, with some diffidence, however, at the

possibility of obtaining with a locomotive steam-engine a speed equal to, or perhaps, even exceeding that of horse-propelled coaches on common roads. Such absurd anticipations were, however, prudently repressed. Mr. Wood, in one of his published works, indignantly disclaimed sharing the theories of such wild speculators, and very properly rebuked them, expressing a hope that, although he advocated the locomotive in preference to the stationary system, no person would do him the injustice to confound him with those hair-brained and hot-headed enthusiasts, who imagined it possible for a locomotive engine to travel with a carriage at such a speed as twelve miles an hour!!

The locomotive system was, therefore, to be established to supersede the wagon on the common road, for the transport of goods, combined, as a subsidiary advantage, with a traffic more or less in passengers. In the very first trial, however, the public was thunderstruck by the phenomenon of a speed of thirty miles an hour, attained by one of those very machines, in recommending which, Mr. Wood had the prudence to disclaim the supposition, that anything like twelve miles an hour was possible! This result, of course, changed the entire character and destiny of railways. The great object now was the transport of passengers and dispatches, at speeds unattainable by mere animal power; and merchandise, formerly the chief, if not exclusive object, was regarded as a matter of secondary importance.

The moment that it became apparent that the locomotive must supersede horse-power, and railway carriages supply the place of stage coaches, the railway system acquired prodigiously increased national importance, and it soon became evident, that all the thoroughfares throughout England must ultimately be converted into railways, and that the whole system of intercommunication which had subsisted since the invasion of the Romans, must be obliterated from the face of the land, and that the surface of the country must be overspread with a network of artificial tracks, the course of which must be obstructed by neither hill nor valley; that they must pursue their straight and level way; that valleys must be exalted by artificial mounds or bestridden by colossal bridges, to bear these tracks; that mountains must either be cloven by artificial valleys, or pierced

by enormous tubes through which these iron tracks are to be conducted; that nature must everywhere yield to the omnipotent hand of art, to enable man to fly over the surface of this planet with an expedition, compared with which, the speed of the wind is sluggish!

To an intelligent government, watchful of the public weal, this condition of things would have presented a noble opportunity of interfering to guide and assist private enterprise by the supervision of legislative wisdom and administrative skill. A completely new system of intercommunication was to be designed and executed for the most active, wealthy, industrious, and intelligent population in Europe. The project was unencumbered by any pre-existing lines of road. The beauty and symmetry of the design was unobstructed by the want of harmony in any pre-existing elements. The council of the crown had a *tabula rasa* before them. They had a *carte blanche* for their design. It was possible to lay down a grand system of roads. Great trunk lines would be carried between the chief centres of wealth and population; branches would spread from these to the smaller places, and secondary branches again diverging from these, would penetrate into the sparsely peopled localities. The branches of each trunk would interweave and unite with those of the others, and the uniformity of plan, in the working machinery, would enable the circulation to pass freely through every part of the system. A more noble occasion was, perhaps, never presented to the civil administration of any country.

This splendid opportunity was lost. Whether it was that the government did not perceive the vast revolution in intercommunication, which was imminent, or that distracted by the miserable strife of political parties, they shrunk from the labor and responsibility, which a scheme so comprehensive would entail upon them, or yielding to the influence of custom and precedent, always so powerful with English statesmen, they passively allowed a succession of private companies to obtain acts of parliament, sanctioning lines of railway through different parts of the country. A few of these coming into operation exhibited such profitable results, that capital was attracted to that species of investment so irresistibly, that parliament soon found itself besieged by applications for legislative sanction for projects involving an

amount of capital, bearing a serious proportion to the sum total of the national debt.

As each individual company acted for itself, and considered its own interests and objects, irrespective of all others, it has followed inevitably, that the confused net-work of railways, with which England is now being overspread, will be made without any unity of design, consistency of parts, or harmony of objects. The different meshes will not connect with each other. The pieces will not fit or mutually dovetail. Nay, in some cases, the traffic of one section of the country cannot flow into another section without the heavy charge of the cost of transhipment. When we compare, however, the evils which might have arisen from this *pêle-mêle* system with those which actually have ensued, we must conclude that the country has reason rather to be thankful that so little injury has ensued, than to regret the omission of a proper system of design and operation in the first instance.

The evils which have arisen are chiefly these: First, that capital has been misapplied and unprofitably expended in the construction of some lines on which the traffic will not be proportionate to the cost. Secondly, that in some instances, several independent lines have been constructed where the service would be better executed by one main trunk with lateral branches, which would have required less capital, and on which a less amount of traffic would have afforded adequate profit. Thirdly, that the railways are constructed with two different gauges, or width of rails, from which cause, the traffic on the one cannot pass upon the other without the expense and delay of transhipment.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the first of those adapted for the swift transport of passengers, was opened in 1829. Some years afterwards the lines connecting the metropolis with Birmingham, and the latter town with Liverpool, were completed and brought into operation, and from that time the construction of railways has been in constant progress, new lines having been opened for traffic in each successive year.

Of the great arteries by which traffic is now circulated through the United Kingdom, the most considerable is the London and Birmingham line, with its ramifications and dependencies. The Company which constructed and directs this,

has absorbed several other Companies, independently of its proper branches, and it now forms by far the most important and powerful body of this kind in England. The Grand Junction Railway Company, (from Birmingham to Liverpool,) the Liverpool and Manchester, and the line from Liverpool to Lancaster, have been successively amalgamated with it, and this combination now represents above three hundred and fifty miles of railway, forming the chief means of intercourse between several of the largest and most opulent centres of population and commerce. Next to this in importance, is the Company which directs the line called the Great Western, with its dependencies, extending from London, through Bristol to Exeter. The eastern section of the kingdom is reached by lines called the northern and eastern, and the Eastern Counties connecting London with Cambridge, Norwich, Yorkmouth and Colchester. Finally, the traffic of the south and south-west, is executed by three main lines connecting London with Southampton, Brighton and Dover.

Scotland has not yet made much progress in the establishment of this means of inter communication; the only considerable line in operation being that which connects Edinburgh with Glasgow. In Ireland, the only railway of any considerable length, is that between Drogheda and Dublin.

On the Continent of Europe, Belgium presented a most favorable theatre for railway operations. The country, almost everywhere a dead level, required only that the surface should receive the road structure, without the cost either of earth works or masonry. Here no expensive viaducts or tunnels were required. The rails with a proper substratum were all that was necessary to make the road; accordingly, Belgium is the first of the European States, after England, and hitherto the only one, which has been overspread with a system of railways. These enterprises, however, were not left to private competition, but were retained by the Government, in which they are now vested.

In France, notwithstanding the enlightened condition of the country, all great social improvements are late in their adoption and slow in their progress. The railway system has been especially so. Hitherto, but few lines have been brought into operation; but many are in a state

of progressive execution. Two lines connect the capital with Versailles, one following each bank of the Seine. The line from Paris to Rouen has been some years in operation, and will be continued by two branches to Havre and Dieppe, which will probably be in operation soon after these pages are in the hands of the public. The line to Orleans has recently been completed as far as Tours, and is now in operation, and the great Northern Railway, connecting Paris with Brussels, has just been opened for traffic.

While the construction of railways has been thus prosecuted with vigor and zeal, great efforts have been made to introduce improvements into the machinery by which they are worked, and the locomotive engine has undergone progressive improvement in its efficiency, though no signal change has been effected in its principle or its form. The great aim of those who have directed their attention to it, has been to combine safety with power; but, above all, and at whatever cost, to improve its speed, and wonderful have been the results of these exertions.

Although at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, in 1829, the first locomotives were shown to be capable of attaining a speed of thirty miles an hour, yet this rate was not attempted in the regular traffic of the line. The fastest passenger trains completed the trip between Liverpool and Manchester, with a single stoppage, for about two minutes at Newton, in an hour and a half. The actual rate of the most rapid traveling, was therefore only twenty miles an hour. When the railway between London and Birmingham, was brought into operation some years later, the rate of the fast passenger trains, exclusive of stoppages, was fixed at twenty-two and a half miles an hour, the trip between London and Birmingham, (112 miles,) being five hours and thirty minutes.

While the Birmingham line was in progress, the Great Western line was

projected and commenced. Hitherto the railways which had been constructed not only in England, but elsewhere, were laid down with a distance of 56½ inches between the rails. This width, or gauge as it has been since called, was the result of accident, not of choice, or guided by any clear reasons. The Liverpool and Manchester line was constructed with this gauge by Mr. George Stephenson, simply, because the Coal railways, to which that engineer had been accustomed in the Northern Counties, were so constructed; and the succeeding lines followed the same scale, partly from that inertia which disposes men to follow what has been already done, and partly, because some of these lines were intended to be connected, directly or indirectly, with the Liverpool and Manchester line. The latter reason, however, was inapplicable to the Great Western, which was intended to traverse a different and independent tract of the kingdom, and the superintendence of it was placed in the hands of a young man ambitious of doing something by which his name should get into the mouths of the public, and who, having been before unconnected with any railway works, was free from the influences and prejudices arising from their traditions; Mr. Brunel,\* Junior, the engineer of the Great Western determined to break the charm of the 56½ inch gauge, and to lay down the rails of that line with a width of 72 inches.

This change entailed upon the enterprise a large additional expenditure of capital in all its departments. An increased width of line produced, in the original construction of the road, a sadly augmented amount of work of every kind. Wider embankments, wider cuttings, larger bridges, arches of greater span, tunnels of larger calibre. In the working of the road, when completed, a necessity arose for larger wagons and carriages of every kind, larger and more powerful engines, larger engine houses, sheds, and every other species of subordi-

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\* A mistake prevails very generally, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic, on the subject of the engineer of the Great Western Railway; the public supposing that it is the same person who has been rendered justly celebrated for the construction of the Thames Tunnel, the Block Machinery, and other master-pieces of Engineering skill. This, however, is not the case. The gentleman in question, is the son of that celebrated engineer. At the time the Great Western Railway was placed under the superintendence of this gentleman, he had never been engaged in any public works, except as a subordinate assistant, and even in that capacity, not to any considerable extent. He, however, was lucky enough to meet with a body, in the Directors of the Great Western, who allowed him unrestrained power to adopt what course seemed best to him. The Great Britain Steamship is another of the projects of this Engineer, being built and appointed under his superintendence.

ary works. But on the other hand, there would be a more ample provision for traffic, and a greater capacity for augmented power in the machinery.

In the disputes and controversies which have subsequently sprung from the competition of the companies of the lines constructed with these two gauges, much needless complexity and obscurity have been introduced. What, let us ask, is the difference between two railways, having different gauges? What virtue is there in 56½ inches or in 72 inches, rather than any other width greater or less, or intermediate?

Nothing can be more simple or obvious than the answer to this question. Railways, like all other structures or systems of mechanism, may be constructed on any desired scale of magnitude. Railways in Lilliput would be in all their dimensions smaller than railways in Brobdingnag. But between the different dimensions a certain harmony or proportion must be maintained. True, this proportion is not rigorously invariable, but still in the main it must be observed within certain narrow limits. One of these dimensions is the distance between the rails. In great and powerful railways, destined for a large and extensive traffic, that distance must be greater than in smaller lines, intended to accommodate a less amount of transit; for that width may be assumed to be the most obvious, the most convenient, and the most exact modulus of all the dimensions of the road.

But this principle must not be applied with mere reference to the commercial exigencies of each individual line. It is necessary to consider that the various lines which articulate a country or the section of a country, must run into each other, and that the carriages and engines working on branches must be capable of running on the main lines from which these branches diverge. Hence all lines of railway which communicate with each other ought to have the same gauge. Whatever magnitude of gauge, therefore, may be deemed sufficient for the traffic of the great main or trunk lines, must be adopted by all other lines great and small which are to form parts of the same system.

In commencing to construct a system of railways through a country, it is, however, impossible for any degree of foresight to enable us to predict what future intercommunications may be ad-

vantageous or requisite, and it would evidently, therefore, be desirable, unless some good reason exist to the contrary, to lay down all railways, without exception, in the same country, with one uniform gauge. In that case, however, care should be taken to adopt a gauge of sufficient magnitude for any future demands of increasing commerce that can be reasonably expected. An excess of width is evidently more advisable than a stinted magnitude.

These views, however apparent now, did not present themselves until the railway system had made such progress in England that their complete realization became impracticable. Two gauges had been adopted. One, the original 56½ inch gauge, was common to a very large proportion of the lines. The other, the 72 inch gauge, was that of the main artery, which, taking a westward direction from London to Bristol, reached the centre of the south-western peninsula formed by the counties of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. The evil so far was irremediable.

If we had now a *tabula rasa*, and were, with our present knowledge, commencing a system of railways in England it is certain that the first measure of the Legislature would be to render imperative an uniform gauge. But it is not so evident what the measure of this gauge would be.

The 56½ inch gauge would perhaps have been considered too small, not for the present exigencies of business, but for the probably future traffic. On the other hand, the gigantic scale inferred by a 72 inch gauge, and the proportionably increased expense, would have deterred prudent calculators from its adoption. An intermediate magnitude would doubtless have been selected. As matters now stand, the 56½ inch gauge appears likely to prevail, for ages to come, in every part of the globe. The total length of railway already in operation in England, amounts to above 2,000 miles, of which 1,800 miles are laid with the 56½ inch gauge. In every other part of the world where railways have been constructed or projected, this latter gauge has been universally adopted.

In the period of some sixteen or seventeen years, which have elapsed since the locomotive engine, on railways, has been applied to the rapid transport of passengers, its powers have undergone gradual development, although no signal advance

has been made by the adoption of any new mechanical principle in its construction. Machines of greater magnitude and powers are now constructed than were formerly used. This increase of weight has rendered proportionably increased strength in the rails necessary. The original rails laid down on the Manchester and Liverpool line had a weight of less than 40 lbs. per yard. This was soon after increased to 50 lbs., and rails weighing 75 lbs. were subsequently used. It is probable that even a stronger rail may still be adopted.

The augmented power of the machines have given them greater capacity for speed, and also greater power of traction in respect to the amount of load. But as passenger business is in general more regarded, and found to be more profitable, than merchandise, increased speed seems to have been the object to which, mainly, the efforts of engineers have of late years been directed; and it cannot be denied that considerable success has been attained in this respect.

As might be expected, the British railways have taken the lead of all others in mechanical improvements. The rivalry of the broad gauge and narrow gauge lines has in a great degree stimulated this progress of locomotion.

At present, on the principal English railways, there are three classes of trains, in which different degrees of expedition and accommodation are offered to the public, and for which a different tariff of prices is fixed. In a country so thickly peopled as Great Britain, considerable towns and villages are thickly sprinkled over those districts, more especially, through which the main lines of railway are conducted. For the accommodation of such places, very frequent stoppages are necessary. Thus, between London and Bristol, on the Great Western railway, in a distance of 118 miles, there are twenty-five stations; being at the average rate of one for every five miles. Of these, fourteen are considerable places. It is evident that trains which supply all these places, cannot make great average speed. The trains which stop at all the stations on this line, take nine hours to complete the trip, giving an average speed, including stoppages, of not more than thirteen miles an hour. On the London and Birmingham line, the corresponding trains complete the trip of 112 miles in a little less than eight hours; giving very nearly the same average rate. In these trains,

which are distinguished by the appellation of cheap trains, the fare is at the rate of a penny (two cents) per mile, for each passenger.

The trains which stop only at considerable towns, attain a much greater average speed, and often much better accommodation in the construction of the carriages. On the Great Western Railway, these proceed at the average rate of twenty-seven miles an hour, stoppages included, and when in full speed, have a velocity of thirty-one miles an hour. On the London and Birmingham line, the speed of the corresponding trains, stoppages included, is twenty-five miles, and when in full speed, their rate is twenty-seven miles. These trains consist of carriages of two kinds. First-class coaches are constructed with all the elegance and luxury of the best private carriages. Each passenger, however, has a separate seat, or stall, cushioned, not only at the back, but at each side, so that the passengers cannot press upon or incommode each other. The second-class carriages are not cushioned, nor are the passengers separated. They sit on parallel benches, facing each other. The carriages have roofs, but are open at the sides. The third-class carriages (in which alone the fare is so low as a penny a mile) are open wagons, without roofs or cushions, but supplied with benches. In the first-class carriages, the fare is generally from two pence to two pence half-penny (from four to five cents) per mile, and in the second-class, about one-third less.

The extreme rapidity of transit is reserved for the chief places only on each main line, and is performed by what are called Express Trains. The extraordinary speed to which these trains have attained would have been regarded, even by sanguine speculators, a few years ago, as a physical impossibility. Nor has this incredible expedition as yet attained its limit. While we are writing this report, engines are in progress and are under trial by which even greater speed has already been attained in experimental trips.

The distance from London to Exeter is 194 miles. An express train leaves London twice a day at a quarter before ten in the morning and at half past five in the evening. The morning train reaches Didcot at ten minutes before eleven, performing fifty-three miles in sixty-five minutes, being at the rate of forty-

nine miles an hour! It arrives at Swindon (77 miles from London) at twenty-three minutes after eleven. After a delay of ten minutes at this station it proceeds, touches at Bath (106 miles) at nine minutes past twelve, and reaches Bristol (118 miles) at twenty-eight minutes past twelve. Delaying five minutes at Bristol, it starts for Exeter, stops at Taunton, and arrives at Exeter (194 miles) at a quarter past two. If the stoppages, and the time lost at each stoppage in gradually retarding the train when it comes to rest, and gradually accelerating it or "getting up the speed," be taken at thirty minutes, (half of which time is actually consumed at Swindon and Bristol,) the whole time of the trip at full speed would be four hours, being at the average rate of  $48\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour! The actual rate from terminus to terminus, stoppages included, is  $43\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour. The express trains consist of first and second class carriages. The fare in the first-class coaches is at the rate of threepence (six cents) per mile, and that in the second-class at the rate of twopence (four cents) per mile.

The speed of the express trains on the other lines is rather less than on the Great Western. On the Birmingham line the Express Train leaves London at five o'clock in the afternoon, and reaches Birmingham at eight o'clock, stopping at Wolverton (52½ miles) at twenty minutes past six, and at Coventry (94 miles) at twenty-five minutes past seven. The entire trip of 112½ miles, including the stoppages, is done in three hours, being at the rate of  $37\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour; and, exclusive of stoppages, the rate is 40 miles an hour! The fare by this train is twopence halfpenny (five cents) per mile.

It is necessary here to observe that these are not the results of experimental trips expressly prepared for the exhibition of extreme velocity, in which it is possible to suppose the machinery to be expressly put into racing order, and things so managed as would not be practicable in the common working of the road. What we have stated is, on the contrary, what takes place in the ordinary and regular working of the line, the trains starting at hours regularly advertised, and open to the use of the public.

This expedition exceeding the bounds of all former belief, seems however not

to satisfy the ambition of the railway conductors or the desires of the public, and engines have recently been constructed on different lines capable even of more astonishing results. An engine has recently been put upon the Great Western Railway, which actually made the trip from London to Exeter (194 miles) in three hours and twenty-eight minutes. The stoppages for refreshments and an accidental interruption were equivalent to twenty-eight minutes, so that the actual time of the trip may be taken as three hours, giving an average rate of traveling of very near sixty-five miles per hour! During the trip, however, the speed sometimes attained seventy-one miles an hour!! The same engine, on another occasion, took a train of coaches weighing *ninety tons*, from Paddington to Didcot, a distance of fifty-three miles in fifty-one minutes!

Thus it appears that this extraordinary power is not confined to the traction of small loads but is applicable to heavy trains. An ordinary first-class railway carriage, such as are used on the European lines, weighs about three tons, and it carries about twenty passengers. A third-class carriage, weighing  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons, will carry about fifty passengers. Such a load, therefore, as the following would be taken by this engine at above sixty miles an hour:

	tons.
5 first-class carriages, carrying	100 passengers, 25
10 third-class do.	500 do. 65
	—
	tons 90

When it is remembered that writers of acknowledged practical experience and scientific attainments demonstrated, or professed to demonstrate, twenty years ago, that it was physically and mechanically impossible for a locomotive to take a load of twenty tons on a railway at so great a speed as thirteen miles an hour, the intelligent and reflecting reader will ask, where shall we expect to stop in this career of progress? Where does the possible end and the impossible begin? What is a miracle? Whose predictions, either of what will be done or what cannot be done, are we to believe? Twenty years ago, a man who would have declared that a machine could be constructed by which six or seven hundred men, with their luggage, could be transported over the surface of the earth

with the speed of a hurricane, would have been pronounced to be a fit occupant of no place but Bedlam—his affairs would have been consigned to the care of his friends, and proper guardians of his person would have been nominated!! Yet this is now a matter of everyday occurrence, and no one wonders at it, or troubles himself about it.

A rational curiosity will be felt as to the conditions on which the attainment of these astonishing speeds depends, and as those conditions are neither difficult to be understood, or doubtful, so far as they depend on the species of locomotive power now in use, it will not be uninteresting here briefly to explain them.

Every one knows that the progressive motion of the locomotive-engine is produced by the large or driving wheels being made to revolve by arms which are attached to them, or to the axle on which they are fixed. These arms work them exactly in the same manner as a man works a windlass. The ends of these arms are attached by a joint to the piston rod of the engine, so that every motion to and fro made by the piston, will necessarily produce one revolution of the driving wheels, and consequently make the engine advance through a length of road equal to the circumference of those wheels. Let us suppose that these wheels are seven feet high, which is their magnitude on some of the English engines. Their circumference is then about seven yards. One motion of the pistons to and fro will then advance the engine seven yards. But to produce one motion to and fro of the piston, it is necessary to admit steam at one end of the cylinder, and discharge it at the other, and then to admit it at the latter, and to discharge it at the former. It is necessary, therefore, to open and close the two steam valves and discharge valves once, and as this takes place for each of two cylinders, there are four such motions while the engine moves over seven yards, and there are four cylinders full of steam supplied by the boiler to the cylinders, and discharged by the latter into the chimney.

If the train moves at the rate of seventy miles an hour, it will move over thirty-five yards per second. This will require five revolutions of the driving wheels, and will consequently require—First, that the steam and discharge valves shall be opened and closed on each cylinder, ten times per second. Second, that the

boiler shall supply twenty cylinders full of steam per second to the cylinders, and Third, that the cylinders shall discharge these twenty measures of steam into the chimney. Thus, in the brief interval of time, which elapses between two successive ticks of a common clock, the train moves over thirty-five yards, the slides of each cylinder are shifted ten times, and the steam is ten times admitted to, and ten times discharged from, each cylinder. The movements of various massive parts of this ponderous and colossal machine are, therefore, executed with such celerity and precision, that when the train is advancing uniformly at seventy miles an hour, these movements divide time into tenths of a second with as much precision as could be accomplished by the exquisite mechanism of the astronomer's chronometer!

But to turn from what is astonishing in this performance to the examination of the causes which appear to determine the limitation of its increase, we must first observe that the origin of the moving power is the rate at which the furnace is capable of producing the evaporation of water in the boiler. In the case above mentioned, twenty cylindrical measures of highly compressed steam per second must be supplied. If each cylinder contains  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cubic feet, and the steam be worked in the cylinder at forty-five pounds pressure, each cylinder of steam would correspond to about six cubic inches of water, and twenty such measures would consume a hundred and twenty cubic inches of water. This would require to be evaporated, exclusive of waste, about two hundred and forty cubic feet of water per hour, which is equivalent to about fifteen hundred gallons.

This evaporation will be perceived to be enormous, and let it be remembered how limited is the capacity of the fireplace of a locomotive. We have ourselves witnessed in a single trip of forty miles, a new set of grate-bars fused by the intense action of the fire.

There is no mere mechanical expedient that can supersede the necessity for this evaporation. Change the dimensions of your wheels, and you may modify the velocity of the slides, the eccentrics and the other moving parts; vary the proportions of the cylinder, and you may modify the velocity of the piston, but make what changes you will in the details of the mechanism, you must produce the requisite quantity of steam



per minute, otherwise the speed cannot be attained.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the fuel used should be such as in a given weight, to have the greatest heating power. Coke is universally used in England, and it has been found that the quality of the coke materially affects the speed. Thus the coke obtained from gas-works is inadmissible. The great railway companies make their own coke, and the best Newcastle coal is preferred for this purpose.

It would not be consistent with the limits of this notice, nor the objects of our work, to go into the details of the mechanism of the locomotive, but we have indicated enough to suggest to the unprofessional reader, what are generally the characters of the obstacles against which the railway projector has to contend.

When it is intended to adopt those high speeds much greater strength and stability of structure must be given to the road itself than is required on lines where lesser speeds only are attempted. In England, accordingly, the weight and strength of the rails, and the security of the fastenings, have been continually augmented from year to year, as the speed has been increased. Curves, when the radius is short, are inadmissible at high speed. Except at particular places, no curves were allowed on the English railways with a radius of less than a mile. We are, however, inclined to think that this caution has been carried to a needless extent by English engineers, and that a half-mile radius might have been allowed. The error, however, if error it be, has been on the safe side. It appears, then, that the structure of the railways which have been constructed, not only in England, but in other parts of Europe, is such as to admit of the greatest speed of trains which has yet been attained.

When these results, actual and prospective, are considered by the practical man and the statesman or economist, it will immediately occur to him, to inquire at what cost of original capital sunk, and at what current expense to the public, this prodigiously accelerated traffic can be established and continued.

In estimating the cost of constructing and working different railways, so as to compare one with another, and draw from the comparison inferences of any practical utility some reference to the length of the line must be made. A

large part of the expense of railways in thickly inhabited parts of Europe consists in the construction of the chief stations at the termini of great trunk lines. This will be understood when we state that the stations of some of the great lines at London have been constructed at an expense considerably above a million of dollars. Now whether the line be long or short, whether it measure 50 miles or 150 miles, the cost of these stations will be nearly the same. Therefore, in proportion to their length, shorter lines may be expected, *ceteris paribus*, to be more expensive than longer ones.

In England the expense of obtaining the necessary legislative authorization is always considerable, and in some cases has been excessive. Thus it is not a very uncommon thing for a single company to disburse a million of dollars in parliamentary expenses alone. In comparing English with foreign railways, this is to be taken into account.

The railway connecting London with Birmingham measures 112½ miles, and its several branches measure 63½ miles, making a total of 176 miles of railway of double track. It is laid with rails varying in weight, but chiefly 75 pounds per yard. The principal turnpike roads which intersect it are carried either over it or under it by bridges, constructed at the expense of the company; and where it intersects a farm, the company is bound to supply a bridge of communication. The sides are also properly fenced so as to prevent cattle from getting on the road. The total capital expended by this company up to June, 1846, has been £7,417,217, or nearly seven millions and one half sterling. This is at the rate of £42,133 per mile.

The Midland Counties' railways connect the great central towns, Manchester, Sheffield, Derby, Nottingham, and Leeds, and have a total length of 169 miles, being a few miles less than the London and Birmingham line, with its branches. The total amount of capital sunk by this company is £6,636,105, or a little over six million and one half sterling, which gives a cost per mile of £39,267.

These rates of capital sunk are not extreme in comparing the English railways one with another. The Liverpool and Manchester, a line thirty-one miles in length, has cost at the rate of £57,237 per mile: while the grand junction between Birmingham and Liverpool cost only £21,827 per mile.

In the cases of very short lines, for the reasons we have already explained, the cost per mile is much greater. Thus the Manchester and Bolton line, which measures only ten miles, cost at the rate of £84,272 per mile, and the London and Blackwall, which measures only four miles, and passes through a thickly peopled district, cost at the enormous rate of £269,690, or above a quarter of a million sterling per mile!

Although certain items of expenditure, such as parliamentary expenses, be much greater in England than in other parts of Europe, yet on the whole the cost of railways does not seem to be considerably less elsewhere. The cost of the line between Paris and Orleans, which is now in full operation, has been £2,082,916, and as the length of the line is 82 miles, the cost per mile is £25,400. The cost per mile of the line between Paris and Rouen has been £29,419. The great northern railway, extending from Paris to the Belgian frontier, (which has just been put in operation,) has been eight millions sterling. Its length is about 182 miles, and its cost per mile must therefore be about £44,000.

These figures will convey to our readers some general idea of the scale of expenditure on which these great arteries of European commerce and intercommunication are constructed, and will show how little analogy they can be truly said to have with similar lines carried through a new country such as ours.

The magnitude of the capital thus invested would naturally raise doubts whether any amount of traffic which could be expected would render these vast enterprises profitable. The commercial advantages, however, which have resulted from most of those which have been brought into actual operation, have been so great that an incredible extent of railway has within the last two years been projected, not only in England, but in every country of Europe, in the West Indies, and in India.

This is the natural consequence of the high profits obtained on most of the capital already invested. It is true, that in some instances the dividends are low, and the shareholders are losers; but new projectors flatter themselves that such losses proceed from want of judgment in the speculators, and retain undiminished confidence in the probable results of the enterprises which each has taken into his favor.

That a large mileage of capital does not necessarily infer an unprofitable enterprise, we have abundant proofs. The Liverpool and Manchester line, of 31 miles, which cost above a million and three quarters, sterling, divides ten per cent. per annum among its shareholders. The London and Birmingham line, which cost forty two thousand pounds per mile, makes a like dividend; and the original shares of these companies are now sold at 128 per cent. premium. The York, and North Midland line, of equal length with the Liverpool and Manchester, cost nearly the same amount of capital, and produces the same dividends.

We have now before us the returns of forty railways in actual operation in Europe. Of these, six pay ten per cent. per annum on the subscribed capital, eight pay seven per cent. and upwards, sixteen pay five per cent. and upwards, and the remaining ten pay from two to five per cent.

The extent of railway in actual operation in England, is two thousand miles, the construction of which has cost seventy millions of pounds sterling, being at the average rate of thirty-five thousand pounds per mile. On this seventy millions of capital, the dividends annually paid amount to about four millions, which, one with another, give an average dividend of five and seven-tenths per cent. on the capital invested.

These results are given in round numbers, without affecting to aim at the last degree of numerical accuracy; but they are sufficiently exact for the present purpose, and put the matter in a clearer and more striking point of view than would be effected by the complexity of the most exact numbers.

The railways which are projected, and for which the Legislative sanction has been actually, or will probably be, obtained in England, independently of those now in operation, involve a further investment of capital, amounting, in round numbers, to a hundred millions of pounds sterling; which, supposing the cost of the lines per mile to be equal, on an average, to those already constructed, would represent about three thousand miles of railway, but, as it is contended that the cost of construction and other expenses are and will be reduced, we may perhaps take this capital to represent three thousand five hundred miles; which, with the length of the lines already open, will make a total of about five

thousand five hundred miles of railway in the Island, costing a hundred and seventy millions of pounds sterling; and in order to pay the same average dividends as those which are paid on the present lines, there will require to be a gross annual dividend of little less than ten millions of pounds sterling.

But in order to obtain a net profit annually of this enormous amount, what must be the gross receipts, or, in other words, the gross amount paid by the public for transport? We shall obtain the means of this with some degree of accuracy, by taking the gross annual receipts of

the railways, and comparing them with dividends.

We find that the annual gross receipts of the roads now in operation are about six millions, of which four millions are net profits or dividends. To produce dividends of ten millions, therefore, the gross receipts must be fifteen millions. To make the system of railways projected in England, and about to be executed, pay, therefore, so as to give average dividends of five and seven-tenths per cent. on the capital invested, the public must pay, annually, fifteen millions of pounds sterling for transport.

### LONGFELLOW'S POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE.

WE have an old Greek saying, to the effect that "a great book is a great mischief;" an adage which, like most other adages, is sometimes true, often false, and oftenest appealed to when it is false. It would not be strange, therefore, if some critic should be found, ill-natured and unscrupulous enough to apply it to the large and beautifully printed volume before us. Even we, with all our respect for the book, rich as we deem it to be in the most various materials for instruction and amusement, if compelled to read it in regular course, from end to end, should, in all probability, be tempted to make the application ourselves. It is, indeed, not a little questionable, whether any reader will arise, gifted with the dogged patience, the Herculean perseverance, necessary for so vast an undertaking. The nature of the work allows little continuity of thought or interest. It is a collection of short pieces, loosely strung together, like the articles of a dictionary, or the dates of a chronological table. Hence that propensity to skip, which spoils the connected reading of so many productions more connected than the present, besets us here with irresistible importunity. Under such circumstances, the reader should make a virtue of necessity, and yield with a good grace to the temptation which he cannot overcome. If he would draw from the book a maximum of pleasure, he should give himself up to the guidance of fancy or caprice; move backward or forward, as chance may direct;

turn leaf after leaf in one place without stopping for more than a hasty glance; and pause at another, attracted by an illustrious name, a piquant heading, or a whimsical combination of metres. He is not to regard himself as in a hostile territory, and so take it for his rule to leave behind him nothing which he has not mastered. It is, in fact, a book to be read *in*, not read *through*. From the vast variety which it presents, of matter and of style, it is for each one to select that which appears most congenial to his tastes and habits. From the crowd of distinguished personages to whom he is introduced, let him choose his own society. He may rest sure of finding associates enough, and such associates as he will not need to blush for. He is allowed to hold converse with the great and wise; with those who have spoken most eloquently and most truly to the hearts of men; those who have swayed the minds of their contemporaries, and impressed their influence upon posterity; who are to live through all coming time, as the guides, instructors, and benefactors of mankind. There is something ennobling in the communion we are thus permitted to enjoy with the master-minds of modern Europe. Though, in the disguise of a translation, we may understand but imperfectly the language which they speak, it cannot be unprofitable for us to read their names, to dwell upon their memories, to recognize and revere their merits.

Mr. Longfellow has stated in his pre-

face, briefly and modestly, the object which he has had in view, and the course which he has taken in the preparation of the work :

"I have attempted only to bring together into a compact and convenient form, as large an amount as possible of those English translations, which are scattered through many volumes, and are not easily accessible to the general reader. In doing this, it has been thought advisable to treat the subject historically, rather than critically. The materials have, in consequence, been arranged according to their dates; and in order to render the literary history of the various countries as complete as these materials, and the limits of a single volume would allow, an author of no great note has sometimes been admitted, or a poem which a severer taste would have excluded. The work is to be regarded as a collection, rather than a selection; and in judging any author, it must be borne in mind that translations do not always preserve the rhythm and melody of the original, but often resemble soldiers moving on when the music has ceased and the time is marked only by the tap of the drum.

"The languages from which translations are here presented are ten. They are the six Gothic languages of the North of Europe—Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German and Dutch; and the four Latin languages of the South of Europe—French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. In order to make the work fulfill entirely the promise of its title, the Celtic and Slavonic, as likewise the Turkish and Romain, should have been introduced; but with these I am not acquainted, and I therefore leave them to some other hands, hoping that, ere long, a volume may be added to this which shall embrace all the remaining European tongues."

Throughout the volume are scattered literary notices, which add much to its size, and still more to its value. The translations made from each of the languages embraced in the work, are introduced by a brief historical survey of the poetical literature belonging to that language. We have also a particular account of the life and writings of each poet prefixed to the specimens of his poetry. For most of these biographical sketches the editor professes himself indebted to Mr. C. C. Felton. It is hardly necessary for us to say of them, what all would infer from the name of their author, that they are admirably executed. A large amount of literary history and criticism is thus presented to the reader. He has the means furnished to his hand for tracing the origin and progress of

poetry among the nations of modern Europe, and forming a critical estimate of the most eminent poets. For such as may wish to examine more minutely any portion of the ground surveyed in these sketches, copious references are given to the best special treatises both in English and in foreign languages.

Mr. Longfellow has omitted in the body of the work all mention of the translators to whom we owe the pieces in their English dress. Probably he thought it sufficient to give their names in the table of contents; and he may have been influenced by an unwillingness, natural enough in a modest man, to bring his own name repeatedly before the notice of the reader. Yet it is clumsy and irksome, especially in so bulky a volume, to be continually turning to the index for that which might equally well be given us from page to page, for that which we always wish to know, or ought to wish it, if we do not. The inconvenience, though trifling in each case, becomes burdensome by constant repetition. It can never be a matter of indifference to the reader by whom the version before him was executed. Two elements enter into every translation: the author and the translator. If you would understand aright the nature of the compound, you must take into account both these elements. But the translator is in general the more important of the two. It is his influence which predominates. The compound takes its character chiefly from him. Thus, Hoole's Ariosto is nearer to Hoole than to Ariosto. So, in Pope's Homer, the Greek is nothing—the Englishman everything. The reader should never forget that if there are some versions which reflect the original, there are more which reflect the translator. He should beware how he makes up his judgment of the former without knowing the name and qualifications of the latter.

The editor of this work, speaking of "the authors upon whom he has chiefly relied, and to whom he is indebted for the largest number of translations," names first the veteran Bowring. This indefatigable writer has studied the poetry of many different nations, with the view of introducing it by select specimens to the acquaintance of his countrymen. For this purpose he has mastered not only the Teutonic and Romance languages, but also the Slavonic dialects, and even the difficult Idiom of the Magyars. He has published Russian, Polish, Servian

and Hungarian Anthologies, which, of course, furnish nothing to this volume, but would be exceedingly useful in preparing a supplementary work such as Mr. Longfellow has suggested. It is by his translations from the literature of Holland and of Spain that he comes before us here. But for him, indeed, Dutch poetry would make a sorry show. Two-thirds of the pieces which appear under this head, are taken from his Anthology. He has made it the labor of his life to botanize for the flowers of poetry in places where no one else had ever thought of finding them; and, upon this quest, chancing to visit the Netherlandish flats, was rewarded for his enterprise and industry by the discovery of new and unsuspected treasures. He translates in a fair workman-like manner, precisely as a man should who has made translation his business. He gives you the sense of his original with sufficient fidelity, in language not particularly felicitous, yet perfectly well chosen; sustaining himself always at a certain moderate elevation; without genius to rise very high; with too much taste to sink very low.

Under German poetry we meet with some excellent translations by the celebrated William Taylor of Norwich. His version of Bürger's *Ellenore* has the fire and spirit of an original performance: it must take one of the highest places in the ballad literature of our language. The same may be said of the Spanish ballads translated by Mr. Lockhart. They are not, like most translations, dried specimens of foreign song preserved in scientific collections: though exotics, they take firm root in our own soil, and flourish, green and vigorous, side by side with plants of indigenous growth. High praise should be awarded also to the Danish ballads as rendered by Jamieson; and to Weber's translations from the *Heldenbuch* and the *Nibelungenlied*, which represent with wonderful fidelity the form as well as the spirit of the rough old Teutonic originals.

The editor himself has repeated here the beautiful translations which he has published from time to time in periodicals, and inserted in the collections of his poems. He gives us also other translations of his own, which, as we have not seen them before, we presume to have been made with special reference to this work. There is an old proverb, which warns us "not to look a gift-horse in the mouth." It may seem un-

gracious and ungrateful to complain of one who has given us much, because he has not given us more. Yet we cannot refrain from expressing the regret which all must feel, that the number of pieces contributed to the work by Mr. Longfellow is so small—so much smaller, certainly, than we could wish to have it. As a translator he has no reason to shrink from comparison with the ablest of those by whose labors he has profited. His versions are delicate, spirited and faithful in the highest degree. No one has succeeded better, scarcely any one so well, in solving that most difficult problem of translation, to reconcile idiomatic ease and grace with literal exactness. There is a *curiosa felicitas* in his phraseology. His words appear to us not simply as the best which could be used under the given requisitions of rhyme and metre, but as best in themselves—better suited than any other words to convey the meaning of the writer. It would seem as if he could discern by intuitive perception under every vocable and phrase of Swedish, German, Spanish, the most perfect English equivalent; and as if, by some happy accident, the expression which occurred to him were always in exact conformity with every metrical and rhythmical condition.

It is a charge, which has sometimes been brought against Mr. Longfellow, that he adheres with over-scrupulous exactness to the letter of his text; or at least that its principles would lead him to do so, and that only his delicacy and purity of taste preserve him from the prejudicial influence of his erroneous maxims. We are not disposed to deny that the majority of translators, should they attempt to act upon the rules which Mr. Longfellow seems to have laid down for himself, would be in danger of falling into an awkward, unintelligible style—neither English, nor Greek, nor German, nor anything else known among articulately speaking men: or, avoiding that, would exhibit a dexterous word-mongering scarcely less detestable, in which the form should be imitated, while the spirit was suffered to evaporate. That there is such a thing as being too literal, cannot be questioned. The mere mechanical substitution of word for word will by no means answer the ends of a translation. The words of different languages have seldom the equality of those mathematical figures which, on being applied to each other, coincide throughout their

whole extent. And even if the correspondence of single words be absolutely perfect, it will not follow, that the similar combinations formed from them are precisely equivalent. Such is the influence of usage, analogy, association, complex and variable causes, which it is difficult to measure, and impossible to predict, that an expression which in one language is elegant and dignified, may be rude or vulgar, may have a wholly different meaning or no meaning at all, when presented word for word in another. Take now a poem, the *Iliad*, if you will, or the *Æneid*. The principle of literal translation, vigorously enforced, would lead us into the clumsiest prose, such as we find in Clarke's Latin Homer, or the Interlinear Virgil of the Hamiltonian system. Allow us some relaxation; permit us to substitute for the Latin or Greek expression some vernacular idiom which shall represent its spirit though departing from its letter; and we may produce a version, still in prose, but not wholly wanting either in elegance or clearness. But suppose we would give our version a metrical form; we then subject ourselves to additional difficulties, and are driven by sheer necessity to the use of greater license. Here, too, the versifier, who from scruples of conscience refuses to avail himself of any liberty not absolutely indispensable to the construction of his rhythms, will produce a work of the same order with the Latin *Iliad* and the Interlinear *Æneid*. So great a man as Milton amused himself once with "doing into metre nine of the Psalms, wherein all but what is in a different character are the very words of the text, translated from the original." Take a favorable specimen:

"How lovely are thy dwellings fair!  
O Lord of Hosts how dear  
The pleasant tabernacles are,  
Where thou dost dwell so near!  
My soul doth long and almost die  
Thy courts, O Lord, to see:  
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
O living God, for thee."

Hear now the passage as it stands in our common version.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

Will any one say that the original is

better represented in the rhymes just quoted, than in the following paraphrase?

"How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.  
My flesh could rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God."

or, as it stands in this more condensed version:

"Lord of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair,  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are!  
To thine abode my heart aspires  
With warm desires to see my God."

From this example we may see what must be the consequence of adopting the rule countenanced by so many recent authorities, that a metrical translator should use no liberty beyond those which metrical conditions imperatively demand. An original—at least, any original worth the labor of translating—has freedom, ease, and grace. In a servile version, these qualities are inevitably lost. But if the impression of the original is to be reproduced in the translation, the latter must have the ease and freedom of the former: and no translation can be considered as good, if it fail to represent these characteristics of the original.

Yet on the other hand it cannot be denied, that *liberal* translations are generally worthless. In most instances, they are hastily and carelessly executed. There is a fatal facility about this mode of rendering, which is likely to prove a snare to the translator. It is such a simple matter to string together rhymes on the same theme with your author, availing yourself of his ideas, when your own happen to come short, or supplying the deficiency of sense by an easy flow of verse, that we cannot be surprised at the number of those who practise after this fashion. It is a method, undoubtedly, which has great advantages. It supercedes the necessity of extensive and exact philological attainments. It requires no insight into the genius and spirit of an author. Without the toil and trouble of real acquisition, it procures for the indolent or incapable the fame of great proficiency in languages, and prodigious acquaintance with foreign literature. It enables an aspiring dunce to put forth his own dullness and absurdity under the shelter of a distinguished name, to divert towards himself some part of

that attention and respect which belong to the writer whose productions he travesties, to imitate the ivy which climbs to eminence on the ruins of a magnificent edifice. Mickle, in the preface to his translation of the *Lusiad*, assures us that it was not his object to satisfy those stupid persons whose only desire was to see exactly what Camoens said. His ambition was loftier. He wished to produce a poem which should live in the English language. He was desirous, it appears, of taking an independent rank in English literature; and certainly whatever merits his book may have, they are almost wholly independent of Camoens. The Englishman does, indeed, adopt the same subject with the Portuguese, divides his materials into the same number of cantos, and even follows him so far, that you may see on every page he had his eye upon him; but as for presenting his thoughts and images, one after another, as they stand in the original *Lusiad*, that was a piece of servile drudgery far beneath a man who aspired to independent rank in English literature. The consequence is, that he has produced a flat and vapid poem, in which the beauty, fervor and sublimity of Camoens make way for the buckram rhymes and conventional sentiments of Mr. Mickle. Such a style of liberal rendering is far less desirable, or rather, far more undesirable than extreme literal exactness; as it is better to have the words of the writer, even if the spirit be wanting, than to lose both words and spirit, without getting anything valuable in their place.

As regards the true and proper object of translation, at least in works of literary art, it should seem that only one opinion can be entertained. The words of an author are means which he employs for certain ends. They are intended to create a series of connected impressions in the mind of the reader. But if the reader is not acquainted with the language of the author, if he does not understand his words, they fail to produce the effect for which they were designed. They become useless as means, and must be replaced by other means, adequate to the ends proposed. To supply these is the province of the translator. It is his duty to change the words of his original—and to change nothing else. The effect of the work, whether taken in whole or in part, he must retain with scrupulous fidelity. What-

ever impression it is adapted to make upon the mind of one thoroughly familiar with the language in which it is written, he must study to reproduce in the minds of those for whom his version is intended. The task is unquestionably difficult. It is one which requires for its successful execution, a combination of the rarest qualities—extensive learning, quick susceptibility, unflinching ingenuity, and great command of language. Strictly construed, it may even present incompatible conditions. Thus it demands of the translator, that he should exhibit, not only the modes of thinking which belong to the author, but also his modes of expression. Yet, if the translator were to construct every phrase and sentence after the pattern of his original, the effect in many cases, owing to the different idiom and genius of his language, would be materially changed. If, on the other hand, he depart from the forms of the original, he is, perhaps, equally in danger of changing the effect, by omitting much that is peculiar and characteristic in the views and feelings of his author, and introducing much that belongs to the views and feelings of a different age or country. Thus perplexed and harassed between opposite courses, each attended by difficulties of its own, he finds that no course will bring him fully to the object of his efforts, and is forced to content himself with coming as near it as he can. Perfect translation is in general an impossibility. It might be otherwise, if the conceptions of an author were independent of the particular language which he employs. In this case, a second person setting out with the same conceptions, might hope to represent them equally well in some other language. But on most subjects the thoughts of a writer are influenced to a great extent by the language in which he expresses them. The mind will accommodate itself to the peculiarities of the instrument which it has to use. It will run of itself into the channels which offer it readiest issue. Hence it comes, that the meaning of an author may be, and usually is, much better conveyed in his own language, than it could be in another of vastly greater general capabilities. All that we can require of the translator, then, is, that he should have continually before him the ideal of perfect translation, and be always doing his utmost to realize it in practice. If he cannot preserve everything which be-

longs to his author, let him retain as much as he can. He should settle in his own mind the relative importance of different objects subordinate to his general aim. He should take broad views of his province and his duty—distinguishing the essential from the non-essential—placing the spirit higher than the form, the end higher than the means. He must not copy with painful exactness, every detail of the landscape before him, while perspective and shading are forgotten. He must beware, lest, while he imitates his original in rhythms, in phrases, in the order and connection of clauses and sentences, he should fail of representing its general character and effect; lest he make awkward, what was elegant—obscure, what was perspicuous—artificial, what was simple—dull and heavy, what was light, airy and graceful.

After all, translation is a rude process; and it is only the hardier graces of a poetical composition which can survive it. The undefinable charm of language, the minute delicacies of expression, the subtle associations which hang like an atmosphere about particular words and phrases, are sure to disappear. We may have the outline of the picture, (even this is often distorted,) but we miss the infinite variety of light and color which gave it character and beauty. The pleasure to be derived from poetical translations is chiefly critical. They are enjoyed more by the scholar than by the common reader. The former loves to compare the original with the copy, to see how far the difficulties of the case have been overcome, to observe how much has been retained, how much lost in the process of translation. As he reads the version, he has the original continually running in his head, and combines all the pleasure which each taken by itself is capable of affording, with the intellectual enjoyment of comparison and criticism. Thus, the very defects of a version by which others are offended become to him sources from which he contrives to extract a species of satisfaction. Hence, we find that metrical translations of the ancient classics—excepting Pope's *Iliad*, which may be called an independent poem on the Trojan war rather than a translation of Homer—are chiefly read by scholars. We suspect that even translations from the German are little read, except by those who have gained some degree of acquaintance with the originals.

But we will give over this strain, which is, perhaps, unjust, as well as querulous. It is wiser to accept and relish what is good than to quarrel with it, because something else is better. In this disposition let us turn to the "Poets and Poetry of Europe," and survey briefly and hastily some portions of the volume.

Mr. Longfellow, like a true descendant of the Teutons, has given the first place to Teutonic poetry. He commences with the literature of our fathers, the Saxons of England. For though our fathers in genealogy, they are foreigners to us in language. German and Dutch are not more unintelligible, than the speech of those ancient English to the Englishman and Anglo-Americans of the present day. Their writings must be rendered into what they would have regarded as a barbarous semi-Norman jargon, before we can understand their meaning; and with all the helps of translation, we are far from understanding it very well. We do not easily enter into the spirit of their poetry. The feelings which it expresses, the modes of life which it represents, are widely remote from our own. Amid scenes of fighting and feasting, beer-wasailing and bloodshed, we find ourselves ill at ease, as if surrounded by savage and dangerous companions. The rude wild strength of our ancestors is little to the taste of their descendants. The polished Greek, the lordly Roman lie nearer to our knowledge and our sympathies than these fierce inhabitants of the Saxon forests, these doughty conquerors of Britain. Their poetry is untranslatable. To say nothing of the alliterative form, which no one has thought of representing in a version, it has a nervous brevity that defies imitation. Scorning mere logical sequence, it rejects particles. It is a Cyclopean structure, built up with large rude blocks of stone, and no mortar. The writer hurries on from thought to thought, from figure to figure, with breathless rapidity, unimpeded by that cumbrous array of articles, prepositions and conjunctions, which, although convenient for the understanding, and in parsing quite indispensable, are a heavy clog on the imagination. The following lines illustrate well the external peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon verse, the rhythm, the alliteration, and the asyndetic structure of which we have spoken:

"Flah mah fliteth,  
Flan man hwieth,



Burg sorg biteth,  
Bald ald thwitheþ,  
Wræc-fæc writheth,  
Wrath ath smiteth."

"The strong dart fitteth,  
The spear man whetteth,  
Care the city biteth,  
Age the bold quelleth,  
Vengeance prevaileth,  
Wrath a city assaileth."

It must be understood, however, that the rhyme is an ornament sparingly used by the Anglo-Saxon poets. Indeed they needed not this additional restraint upon the free expression of their thoughts. It was enough that in each couplet of two short lines, three emphatic words, perhaps a full half of all the words in the couplet, should have the same initial sound. Forced to break up their matter into short fragmentary clauses, and then fettered in the construction of these clauses by the rules of alliteration, they were debarred from the natural development of their ideas, and compelled to exhaust their powers in a continual struggle with the difficulties of the verse. It is interesting to observe the tendency among nations imperfectly civilized to the adoption of complicated and artificial systems of versification. Such systems are found in the poetry of the ancient Arabs, and still more, in the early bardic songs of the Celtic tribes. The barbarian delights in poetry, not so much as a beautiful representation of nature, but rather as an exhibition of skill, a display of mechanical dexterity. He is pleased with the jingle of the verse, and amazed at the art required for its construction. The more numerous and burdensome the restrictions which the poet imposes on himself, the greater will be the art which he evinces, and the deeper the admiration excited by his success. Perhaps this feeling is not altogether peculiar to barbarians. Something of the same kind appears to exist in the most cultivated people of modern Europe—at least, if we are to believe those French writers who defend their male and female rhymes, middle *cæsura*, and other similar technicalities, so much insisted on in their poetry, by extolling in rapturous terms the pleasure with which they contemplate the ingenuity of a skillful writer in surmounting the mechanical difficulties of his work.

In reading the specimens of Saxon poetry, it is impossible not to be struck with their sombre and gloomy character. The shadow of the grave seems to rest upon them. Ideas and images of sorrow,

suffering, death, pass before us in funeral pomp. We feel as if walking in an antique gallery, where dark pictures in heavy frames frown upon us from the walls, and fill us with profound sadness. This impression is deepened, not effaced, by occasional fits of wild and boisterous merriment. We find something fearful and startling in the mirth of festival and banquet. Like the lightning, it flashes out in the darkness, only to leave it darker and more oppressive than before. This general gloom may be seen, in combination with wonderful sublimity, in the "Paraphrase of Portions of Holy Writ," by Cædmon, the Milton of Saxon England. For examples, we refer the reader to his descriptions of the "Fall of the Rebel Angels," "Flight of the Israelites," and "Destruction of Pharaoh." In the first of these are many extraordinary passages. Thus of Satan :

"Boiled within him  
His thought about his heart,  
Hot was without him  
His dire punishment.  
Then spake he the words :  
'This narrow place is most unlike  
That other that we ere knew,  
High in Heaven's kingdom,  
Which my Master bestowed on me.'

That of sorrows is to me the greatest,  
That Adam shall,  
Who of earth was wrought,  
My strong  
Seat possess,  
Be to him in delight,  
And we endure this torment,  
Misery in this hell !"

Then he adds, with a proud sorrow, a despairing resolution, and a profound sense of the gloom around him, quite worthy of the Fallen Angel of Milton :

"'Oh, had I power of my hands,  
And might one season  
Be without,  
Be one winter's space,  
Then with this host I——  
But around me lie  
Iron bonds,  
Presseth this cord of chain :  
I am powerless !  
Me have so hard  
The clasps of hell,  
So firmly grasped !  
Here is a vast fire  
Above and underneath,  
Never did I see  
A loathlier landskip ;  
The flame abateth not,  
Hot over hell.'"

We now suffer chastisement in hell,  
Which is darkness and heat,  
Grim, bottomless;  
God hath us himself  
Swept into these swart mists.' "

It would be a curious inquiry, which we shall some time follow out, whether Milton ever saw this old Saxon poem, and how much he may possibly have borrowed his idea from it. Cædmon lived as early as 680.

In the "Destruction of Pharaoh" there is exceedingly picturesque and vigorous language:

"The tide's neap,  
With the war-enginery obstructed,  
Laid bare the sand  
To the fated host,  
When the wandering stream,  
The ever cold sea,  
With its ever salt waves,  
Its eternal stations,  
A naked, involuntary messenger,  
Came to visit.  
Hostile was the spirit of death  
Who the foes overwhelmed;  
The blue air was  
With corruption tainted;  
The bursting ocean  
Whooped a bloody storm."

The air was shaken,  
Yielded the rampart holds,  
The waves burst over them,  
The sea-towers melted.

Ocean raged,  
Drew itself up on high,  
The storms rose,  
The corpses rolled;  
Fated fell  
High from heaven  
The hand-work of God;  
Of the foamy gulfs  
The Guardian of the flood struck  
The unsheltering wave  
With an ancient falchion,  
That in the swoon of death  
Those armies slept,  
Those bands of sinful  
Sunk with their souls  
Fast encompassed,  
The flood-pale host!"

The same characteristics appear in the poem on the "Battle of Brunanburh," where

—"Athelstan king,  
Of earls the lord,  
Rewarder of heroes,  
And his brother eke,  
Edmund atheling,  
Elder of ancient race,  
Slew in the fight,

With the edge of their swords,  
The foe at Brumby!  
The sons of Edward  
Their board-walls clove,  
And hewed their banners,  
With the wrecks of their hammers."

In the venerable poem of Beowulf occurs the following beautiful description of "An Old Man's Sorrow:"

"Careful, sorrowing,  
He seeth in his son's bower  
The wine-hall deserted,  
The resort of the wind noiseless;  
The Knight sleepeth,  
The Warrior, in darkness;  
There is not there  
Noise of the harp,  
Joy in the dwellings,  
As there was before;  
Then departeth he into songs,  
Singeth a lay of sorrow,  
One after one;  
All seemed to him too wide,  
The plains and the dwelling-place."

The disposition to dwell upon thoughts and images of death, is most strikingly exhibited in the piece, entitled "The Soul's Complaint against the Body." We quote the closing lines:

"Crieth then, so care-worn,  
With cold utterance,  
And speaketh grimly,  
The ghost to the dust:  
'Dry dust! thou dreary one!  
How little didst thou labor for me!  
In the foulness of earth  
Thou all wearest away  
Like to the loam!  
Little didst thou think  
How thy soul's journey  
Would be thereafter,  
When from the body  
It should be led forth.' "

Still more striking is "The Grave," which, with "The Soul's Complaint," is the beautiful translation of Mr. Longfellow:

"For thee was a house built  
Ere thou wert born;  
For thee was a mould meant  
Ere thou of mother camest.  
But it is not made ready,  
Nor is its depth measured,  
Nor is it seen  
How long it shall be.  
Now I bring thee  
Where thou shalt be.  
Now I shall measure thee,  
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not  
Highly timbered;

It is unhigh and low,  
When thou art therein,  
The heel-ways are low,  
The side-ways unhigh;  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh.  
So thou shalt in mould  
Dwell full cold,  
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,  
And dark it is within;  
There thou art fast detained,  
And Death hath the key.  
Loathsome is that earth-house,  
And grim within to dwell;  
There thou shalt dwell,  
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid  
And leavest thy friends;  
Thou hast no friend  
Who will come to thee,  
Who will ever see  
How that house pleaseth thee,  
Who will ever open  
The door for thee,  
And descend after thee;  
For soon thou art loathsome  
And hateful to see."

"The Song of Summer," as the earliest of songs in our language, is worthy of extracting, as well as for its merit as a melody:

"Summer is a coming in,  
Loud sing, cuckow;  
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,  
And springeth the wood now.  
Sing, cuckow, cuckow.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,  
Loweth calf after cow,  
Bullock starteth, buck departeth;  
Merry sing, cuckow,  
Cuckow, cuckow.  
Well singeth the cuckow,  
Nor cease to sing now;  
Sing, cuckow, now,  
Sing, cuckow."

Akin to Anglo-Saxon poetry, closely resembling it in spirit and in form, but far richer and more copious, is the poetry of Iceland. This frozen and desolate region, towards which Nature seems to have acted the part of a step-mother, was, for many centuries, the chosen home and retreat of the Scandinavian Muse. The spirit of poetry was kept alive among its people, by the scenes of grandeur and sublimity in which they lived. Remote from the political convulsions which agitated their brethren of the main-land, they had nothing to call them away from the cultivation of literature. Here, then,

the ancient language was retained in its purity, while new and corrupt idioms sprung up in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Here, too, the old stock of songs and traditions which the earliest settlers had brought with them to the island, was preserved with religious care; and largely augmented, from age to age, by the compositions of succeeding writers. The grotesque and wonderful fables of Northern Mythology were handed down in the Eddas, long after the worshipers of Odin and Thor had been converted to Christianity. The history of the Scandinavians was recorded in Sagas, or Chronicles, which preserve for us, in the Odes and Death-Songs scattered through them, many of the most important remains of old Norse poetry. The number of Skalds, or poets, was very great. Before the close of the thirteenth century "flourished more than two hundred, whose names have come down to us, with fragments of their songs." The actions and the glories of gods, and chiefs, and heroes, are the constant subjects of their strains. They have much to tell us of the sea, and of maritime exploits and adventures: for they were an "oar-loving people," whose ships entered every harbor, and sailed up every navigable river of Southern Europe; whose daring mariners discovered Greenland, and cruised along the whole coast of North America, as far as Rhode Island. The spirit which animated the rovers of the North in their long and dangerous expeditions, is vigorously expressed in the following

#### SONG OF THE BERSERKS.

FROM THE HERVARAR SAGA.

"The wind was brisk, and lifted the streamers; the sun was bright; and the ship, with its twelve heroes, scudded hissing along the waves toward Samsey, while the crew thus sang:"

Brown are our ships,  
But the Vauns admire  
The haunts of the brave;  
Horses of the sea,  
They carry the warrior  
To the winning of plunder.

The wandering home  
Enriches the fixed one;  
Welcome to woman  
Is the crosser of ocean;  
Merry are children  
In strange attire.

Narrow are our beds,  
As graves of the nameless;  
But mighty our rising,  
As the storms of Thor;  
He fears not man,  
Who laughs at the tempest.

Who feeds with corpses  
The whales of Æger  
Shall deck his hall  
With far-fetched booty,  
And quaff at will  
The wine of the South.

The translations of Henderson, Taylor, and Jamieson, which are unrhymed, please us better than the rhymed translations of Herbert and Pigott. The rhythm and cadence of the latter are, it is true, more agreeable to the ear; but for that very reason we like them less. Whatever their merits in other respects, they are not true to the originals. They give us a modern article in place of the genuine antique. The rude simplicity and nervous strength of Scandinavian poetry are abandoned for a superficial elegance and smoothness. Hence arises a striking incongruity between the spirit and the form, between the truculent energy of the ancient Northman, and the modern embellishments with which he is decorated. He is made to resemble a dancing bear: the native savageness of the animal contrasts oddly with his artificial graces. If the piece be a ludicrous one, this incongruity contributes to the ludicrous effect, and the rhyme becomes an advantage. Such is the case in "Thrym's Quida," a poem which informs us how the hammer of Thor is stolen by Thrym, king of the Thursi, who positively refuses to surrender it, except on one condition, that the lovely Freyia shall be given him as his wife. But as the lovely Freyia herself is vehemently averse to the proposal, Thor, by the advice of Loke, is drest in bridal attire, and conducted to Thrym, who receives his supposed bride with great rejoicings, and lays the hammer as a wedding-gift upon her lap. But he soon discovers his mistake. For

"The Thunderer's soul smiled in his breast,  
When the hammer hard on his lap was placed.  
Thrym first, the king of the Thursi, he slew,  
And slaughtered all the giant crew.  
He slew that giant's sister old,  
Who prayed for bridal gifts so bold;

Instead of money and rings, I wot,  
The hammer's bruises were her lot.  
Thus Odin's son his hammer got."

After the close of the thirteenth century the number of Skalds diminished very rapidly. Since that time, Icelandic poetry has been in a state of confirmed decline. But whilst the parent language has ceased to be cultivated, the idioms of Denmark and Sweden, its lineal descendants have risen into celebrity, and have come to contain literary treasures of great value. In each, the earliest compositions appear to be the popular ballads. These are very numerous, and present the same characteristics in both languages. In many cases the Danish and Swedish ballads are only different versions of the same original. This intimate connection will surprise no one who considers that Danes and Swedes belong to the same race, that they have received the same traditions from their common ancestors, that from age to age they have been subjected to nearly the same influences, religious and political, and that their languages resemble each other very closely, insomuch, that a person familiar with one of them, can readily understand much of what is spoken in the other. In these countries, as in Germany, the best poets belong to the last half century. Tegnér in Sweden, and Oehlenschläger in Denmark, are universally recognized as the greatest authors who have adorned the literature of their respective nations. In the preparation of this work, they have been treated by the editor with the respect due to such exalted rank. Tegnér is an old favorite with Mr. Longfellow, and it will be strange if the specimens which are given us of his poetry, do not make him a favorite with all readers. His "Nattvardebarnen," or "The Children of the Lord's Supper," appears in the beautiful translation, with which we have long been familiar. His great epic poem, "Frithiofs Saga," which was designed to embrace in one comprehensive whole, the various elements of ancient Northern life and culture, is described in a full analysis, and represented by copious selections. Still greater attention is paid to the Danish poet. He is permitted to take up a larger portion of the volume than any other writer. But we venture to say, that no one who shall read the admirable translations of Gillies, will grudge the space they occupy. They make us acquainted with three of Oehl-

lenschläger's principal dramas, "Aladdin," "Hakon Jarl," and "Correggio." Although it is impossible by one short extract, to convey any adequate idea of the simplicity, force, and truth, which distinguish this great dramatist, we cannot refrain from inserting the following noble soliloquy of Correggio, and a part of the dialogue that follows:

ANTONIO DA CORREGGIO, AND MARIA HIS WIFE.

ANTONIO (*alone. He sets down the picture, and seems confounded.*)

Is this a dream? Or has indeed the great And gifted Buonarrotti been with me? And such his words! O, were it but delusion!

[*He sits down, holding his hand over his face; then rises up again.*]

My brain whirls round.—And yet I am awake!

A frightful voice has broke my sleep.—"A Bungler!"

Such name, indeed, I never had believed That I deserved, if the great Buonarrotti Had not himself announced it!

[*He stands lost in thought.*]

On my sight  
Rose variegated floating clouds. I deemed  
That they were natural forms, and eager  
seized

The pencil to arrest their transient beauty;  
But, lo! whate'er I painted is no more  
But clouds again,—a many-colored toy,  
Wherein all nobler attributes of soul  
Are sought in vain;—even just proportion's  
rules

Are wanting too! [*Mournfully.*]

This I had not suspected!  
From deep internal impulse, with pure  
heart,

Have I my self-rewarding toil pursued.  
When at the canvas placed, methought I  
kneeled

Even at the everlasting shrine of Nature,  
Who smiled on me, her favored votary,  
And glorious mysteries revealed. But, O,  
How have I been deceived!— [*A pause.*]  
I well remember,

When but a boy, I with my father went  
To Florence on the market-day, and ran  
Alone into St. Lawrence church, and there  
Stood at the graves of Giulio and Lorenzo;  
Contemplated the immortal imagery,—  
The Night, the Day, the Twilight, and  
Aurora,

All in white marble cut by Buonarrotti.  
My stay was brief, but on my heart the im-  
pression

Was deep and lasting;—I had then beheld  
The high Unique; the noblest works of  
art!

All was so strange,—so beautiful and great,  
And yet so dead and mournful,—I rejoiced

When I came forth and saw once more the  
fields  
And the blue sky. But now again I stand  
Beneath the cold sepulchral vault. The  
forms,

So fugitive, of light and cheerfulness,  
Are vanished all away. Shuddering I stand  
Before the Twilight and the Night,—de-  
spised,—

Forsaken! [*Much moved.*]  
Well! henceforth I paint no more!  
Heaven knows 't was not from vanity I la-  
bored,

But rather as the bees erect their cells,  
From natural impulse,—or the birds their  
nests.

If this is all a dream, then he shall once,  
Yet once more, not in anger, but with calm  
And tranquil dignity, such as his art  
Has on Lorenzo's tomb portrayed, confirm  
My sentence. Then farewell, ye cherished  
hopes!

Then I am still a poor and humble peasant!  
Ay, with a conscience pure and peaceful.

Still,  
I shall not mourn, nor sink into despair.  
If I am not a painter, yet my lot  
Is neither mean nor abject;—if this great  
And far-famed Angelo should so denounce  
me,  
Yet would an inward voice, by Heaven in-  
spired,  
The assurance give, "Thou art not base  
nor guilty!"

MARIA (*enters.*)

How's this, Antonio? Thou art melan-  
choly.

Thy picture's thrown aside.—'T is strange,  
indeed,

To find thee unemployed, when thus alone.

ANTONIO.

Maria, dearest wife, my painting now  
Is at an end.

MARIA.

Hast thou, then, finished quite?

ANTONIO (*painfully, and pressing her  
hand.*)

Ay, child,—quite finished!

MARIA.

How is this? O Heaven!  
Thou weep'st, Antonio!

ANTONIO.

Nay, not so, Maria.

MARIA.

Dear husband, what has happened here?  
O, tell me!

ANTONIO.

Be not afraid, Maria. I have thought  
On many things relating to our life;  
And I have found, at last, that this pursuit,  
By which we live, brings not prosperity;  
So have I, with myself, resolved at once  
To change it quite.

MARIA.

I understand thee not!

ANTONIO.

Seven years ago, when from thy father's hand

I, as my bride, received thee, canst thou still

Remember what the old man said? "Antonio,

Leave off this painting. He who lives and dreams

Still in the fairy world of art, in truth, Is for this world unfit. Your painters

all, And poets, prove bad husbands; for, with them

The Muse usurps the wife's place; and intent

On their spiritual children, they will soon Forget both sons and daughters."

MARIA.

Nay, in truth,

He was an honest, faithful heart. Methinks,

Such to these useful plants may be compared

That grow beneath the earth, but never bloom

With ornamental flowers. No more of this!

ANTONIO.

"Be," said he then, "a potter, like myself,—

Paint little figures on the clay, and sell them.

So, free from care, live with thy wife and children,

And unto them thy time and life devote."

MARIA.

He saw not that which I then loved in thee, Thy genius, and thy pure, aspiring soul!

He knew not that thine art, which he despised,

Had shared my love, and was itself a blessing!

ANTONIO.

My child, full many things have been believed

That were not true. Thy hopes have all been blighted!

MARIA.

Antonio! wilt thou force me to be sad?

[Concluded in our next.]

## TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

Come l' Araba Fenice—  
 Che ci sia—ognun lo dice—  
 Dove sia—nessun lo sa.

METASTASIO.

Shapeless sights come wandering by—  
 The ghastly people of the realm of dream.

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

## THE SHADOWLESS EARL.

THE oldest legend of a lost shadow upon record is that of the Devil of Salamanca, which Körner has wrought up in a manner so poetical. Laun has availed himself of the Scottish tradition. This last still disputes with the Spanish the honor of having suggested to Chamisso the first idea of his immortal Peter Schlemihl. So various have been the tales woven out of this material, that perhaps it may be allowable to give one that shall preserve the simplicity of the tradition more than would be consistent with poetic embellishment.

On an autumnal evening, during the reign over Scotland of one of her early monarchs, two young men on horseback might have been seen approaching an old mansion-house, in one of the remote eastern districts. Their dress denoted their rank as belonging to the class of the gentry, but it was soiled and travel-worn; and from the appearance of the horses, it was evident they had ridden hard all day. As they reached the gateway, where they were met by two or three servants, the younger of the travelers threw himself from his horse, and hastened into the mansion without

waiting for the other, who dismounted more leisurely, and stopped to question the domestics.

"Her ladyship is still alive, but, we fear, about to pass away," was the reply. The young gentleman was then conducted into the house, throughout which reigned every sign of that melancholy disorder always occasioned by the approach of death to the master or mistress. He remained about an hour alone in the deserted and spacious drawing-room, when an attendant appeared, evidently much affected, and uttered his name in a faltering voice.

"My lord," said he, "my mistress would see you."

Without answer, the young Earl of Glenvin (for such was his rank) rose and followed him. They ascended the stairs, and passed through the long corridor to the chamber of the dying Countess. The room was dimly lighted by a small silver lamp on the table, and the Earl, as he paused a moment at the door, contemplated a mournful, yet most interesting scene.

The furniture of the apartment was of the richest description, but old and faded; and seemed to indicate the decayed condition of the family—once wealthy and distinguished, reduced by change of times; but retaining, in the midst of poverty, the noble pride which is, to true hearts, a heritage precious as inalienable. With all the remains of splendor, however, in the apartment, it lacked the ordinary appliances of comfort now deemed indispensable in the dwelling of the artisan or the peasant. The ceiling was so lofty, that the fire within the ponderous jaws of a chimney, vast enough to have served for a dungeon, which threw a ruddy glow over the room, scarcely served to diffuse a genial warmth. Nor were the rich hangings sufficient to exclude the wind, which came at intervals with such force that the lamp flared and the tapestry was shaken. The dust lay upon the huge beams that supported the ceiling, and on the heavy cumbrous ornaments of the large Venetian mirrors. The floors were covered with a kind of matting instead of the gorgeous carpets afterwards in vogue; and the seats, massive as they were and embroidered with armorial bearings, offered nothing of the inviting and luxurious ease belonging to modern invention.

Upon the bed curtained with heavy

velvet hangings, the dying lady reclined, supported by pillows, the whiteness of which was almost surpassed by the mortal paleness of her emaciated countenance. Her wan, almost transparent hands lay on the silken embroidered coverlet. At the bedside stood a priest in his dark robes; and near him a young girl was kneeling, her face buried in the folds of the covering. The son, who had but arrived in time to receive his mother's last breath, stood by her, every feature expressing the agony he endured—too deep even for tears. As he looked up and saw his friend at the door, he beckoned to him to advance, but without speaking a word. In obedience to the sign the Earl came forward, and stood at the foot of the bed.

"Thy friend, Wildeck?" asked the mother.

"It is," he answered—"Edward of Glenvin."

"You will pardon, my lord," said the lady, addressing the stranger with the courtesy which even in illness had always distinguished her—"you will pardon the anxiety of a mother, about to leave her only son almost alone in the world. You have been his friend; will you continue to be so?"

The Countess spoke with difficulty, and in a feeble tone; but the intensity of maternal solicitude was expressed in the large, dark, earnest eyes, already dimmed with approaching death. Edward, deeply affected, bowed his head, and answered by a solemn pledge never to desert his friend while life should be spared to him.

"Promise me," said the mother, "to keep him with you after I am gone, till the first bitterness of his grief has passed away."

The promise was given. "Now is my heart at ease," murmured the invalid. "My daughter will be safe in the convent walls from the storms of the world: for thee, my son, I feared; but one more friend is the best defence; and Edward of Glenvin were not the son of his noble father could he betray such a trust. Farewell, sir, and I thank you." With a heart full of sympathy, the Earl again bowed, and slowly quitted the apartment.

The night passed without further interruption; but as the day dawned an attendant entered Edward's chamber, to inform him that the Countess had peacefully departed soon after midnight.

The burial took place with all the

state usually observed on such occasions, and was attended by the dependents of the family and a few neighbors. The same morning, the Lady Anna, the sister of Wildeck, set forward, accompanied by the priest, on the journey to the Cistercian convent. The Abbess had been her mother's friend, and had promised to receive the orphan girl, who was to enter immediately on her noviciate. When this was completed, should no suitable offer of marriage recall her to the world, she was to take the veil by her mother's command, devoting the rest of her life to the fulfillment of religious duties.

The parting between the bereaved brother and sister, though brief, was mournful indeed. The grief of the young girl—she had in truth hardly passed the years of childhood—was the more touching, that it was speechless. In silence she extended her hand in adieu to Edward. He thought he had never seen a face more interesting—pale as it was with anguish, such as the young heart rarely knows. Then she was placed in the litter, accompanied by one female attendant; the curtains were closely drawn, and she was borne forever from the now desolate home of her infancy. Wildeck remained but to fulfill his mother's last directions, and then accompanied his friend to his ancestral castle, intending in a few weeks to enter the army.

Glenvin castle was situated in a wild and mountainous region, far in the northern part of Scotland. The country around it was at that time uncultivated, and covered in large tracts with savage woods, which offered an unlimited field for those devoted to the pleasures of the chase. Hunting was a passion rather than a pastime with the young Earl; his falconer, Ralph, had for years been his only favorite companion; and into these exciting amusements he failed not speedily to initiate his friend. Wildeck proved himself expert in the accomplishments necessary to a huntsman, and soon became equally enthusiastic; so that the days were spent by both almost entirely in the forest.

Some weeks had elapsed. One evening Edward returned after dusk, and alone, from the chase. He stopped not in the hall, where Wildeck was at supper; nor did he leave his own apartment for the rest of the night. The next morning he went forth earlier than usual, without asking his friend to accompany

him. For several days this mysterious behaviour continued, to the chagrin of the open-hearted Wildeck, who at last demanded the reason of his singular change of manner towards him.

"I had it on my mind to tell thee already," was the ingenuous reply. "But wait until evening; I must go forth once again ere the sun set."

"It is not many days," the Earl resumed, when at night they sat after supper in the hall, "since, as thou knowest, Wildeck, I left thee in the western wood. I was in flying pursuit of a beautiful roe, that bounded swiftly before me, leading me deeper and deeper into the forest. But I heeded not, eager only to overtake the lovely animal; and saw not that the long shadows had shut out the sunlight."

"Suddenly I found myself in a strange and wild spot. Lofty trees interlaced their boughs so closely overhead that the gloom was almost that of night; and I heard a hoarse murmur, as of falling water close at hand. Upon a small eminence directly before me, stood a tall female figure, in a green hunting dress, and wearing a cap of green velvet, surmounted with a snowy plume. Her form was symmetry itself, and her face of the most wondrous and surpassing beauty. Her eyes were large, flashing, and black as midnight; and her raven hair, parted over a brow of the purest ivory, fell in ringlets upon her neck."

"Ha—my pet! art thou here again?" cried she, in a voice of clear, rich melody, as the roe sprang joyously to her side. She patted the animal's neck with her small, white hand, and then, turning towards me, while a frown changed the expression of her beautiful face into something fearful, said menacingly—"Follow my roe again, sir, at your peril."

"With these words she walked away, and with the animal, was lost to sight an instant after. Every hour since, my heart has been full of her image alone. Every day I have sought the spot where I saw her, but in vain. Was it Diana herself, just alighted upon earth in so peerless a form? or some malevolent spirit, sent from the abyss to torment me? For had it been a being of mortal mould, I should have dared to follow her. I had not quailed thus beneath the eyes of a woman."

Wildeck was, equally with his friend, at a loss to divine the meaning of this



singular apparition, and cheerfully offered his aid to fathom the mystery. But the search of both was fruitless; they could never find again the spot to which Edward had followed the roe.

"Let us ask help of the old falconer," at length suggested Wildeck. "Ralph has lived all his life in the forest."

The old man listened to the strange story—crossing himself repeatedly, while his face grew pale as death. "It is Adelstane!" at last he exclaimed, in a tone of alarm.

"And who is Adelstane?" asked both the young men in a breath.

"The wood-witch!" answered the falconer. "Oh, my lord, flee from her presence!"

"Wherefore should I flee from one so beautiful?"

"Her beauty but allureth to destruction. Stay; I will tell you all I know. My father, as my lord knows, was forester to the late noble Earl. When a little child, I used often to hear him say, if he had no good fortune in hunting, 'Adelstane must be angry with me.' If I asked, 'who is Adelstane?' he would either make no reply at all, or answer evasively.

"When I grew older, my father often took me into the forest. His luck at this time was wonderful, and every day he brought home the finest game to be found in the whole country. All the other huntsmen envied him. But I observed that my mother was very melancholy; that she often wept bitterly, would catch me in her arms, and strain me with frantic fondness to her breast. The cause of her suffering was apparent, from the fact that my father, who had once loved, now hardly ever noticed her; and that he was often absent days and nights from home.

"One evening as I lay upon the hearth, half asleep, I was awakened by the sobbing of my mother. I heard an old dame, who was with her, say, as if endeavoring to console her, 'Be patient only. Your husband will return to the right way, if he keep not from prayer. Adelstane is a powerful witch, but God and the blessed saints are still more powerful.'

"'Hush!' said my mother. 'She knoweth our words—our thoughts! Has she not mocked me since the day —. Speak not her name—speak not her name!'

"And rushing towards me, she clasped

me wildly in her arms, exclaiming with tears of bitterness—'My child—my dear child! forsake me not! Do thou love me always!'

"Some days after, I heard my father say to her, 'Margaret, I will go no more to the three oaks.' He went on the sabbath to church with my mother, and in the evening sat beside her and read the holy book. But from this time he brought home no more game. Nothing prospered with him: the castle woods were filled with poachers; and none of the trees he planted took root. He grew ill, and wasted day after day, with a burning pain at his heart, which no medicines could remedy. Once I heard him say, in the midst of his groaning, 'Cruel Adelstane, cease to suck forth my life blood!'

"As death approached, he sent for me to his bedside, and said, in a voice of deep emotion:

"'Ralph, my dear son, when thou art grown to manhood, heed the warning of thy dying father. If ever thou shalt find thyself in a solitary spot in the western forest, where three lofty oaks stand close together, turn thee quickly, and flee! If ever thou shalt meet a fair woman in hunting garb, whom the beasts of the forest follow like household dogs, avoid her, as thou lovest life!'

"Then, stretching out his hand to my mother, 'Forgive me, Margaret!' he faintly breathed, and expired as we bent over him.

"My lord, I have been obedient to my father's warning; I have shunned the haunted place. When I have seen the beautiful huntress mounted on her stately horse, I have made the sign of the cross and fled.

"Few dare to speak of Adelstane, because they fear her power; but I know of her this—here the falconer again crossed himself—" that she is the daughter of an evil wood nymph, by a son of the earth. She is always young and beautiful; and nothing can destroy her, save a death-wound from the hand of a man who has loved her and been beloved in return. Her art can easily avert this; for she has secret spells to take away the life of any one who, having once been ensnared by her, seeks to escape—no harm can be done to herself. This, my lord, is all I can tell you. May you—and you also, Master Wildeck—be kept from her beguiling!"

The Earl answered nothing to the

falconer's story; but remained musing for the remainder of the evening. The next day he rode forth alone. Some hours he wandered through the woods, till, to his great joy, he found the spot marked by the three oaks.

Long he stood gazing upon their tops, that were swayed to and fro by the surging of the wind. The murmur of the water-fall was heard; its clear stream glided at his feet. He longed for Adelstane's presence; but dared not utter her name. She appeared not; and, disappointed and sorrowful, Edward of Glenvin slowly retraced his steps homeward.

"It is well," said Wildeck, some days after to his friend, "that Ralph warned us against the beautiful huntress. I saw her yesterday at a distance in the wood; but quickly made the sign of the cross, and rode away."

"Without speaking to her?"

"Think you I have any fancy for the acquaintance of a witch? I want no favor that may cost the destruction of body and soul."

Edward answered not, but a strange smile was on his lips. "A witch—an evil being—in so lovely a form?" thought he. Again and again he roamed the forest alone, and visited the haunted spot. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of the fair huntress at a distance; but he dared not pronounce her name, and she always vanished at his approach.

No longer could he hide from himself that he loved this mysterious enchantress. The warning of the falconer recurred to him. Should he, then, bind himself the slave of a woman? Should he deal with evil spirits? or was she indeed one of such?

At this juncture a letter arrived for Wildeck, brought by a messenger from his sister Anna. He permitted the Earl to read it; the hand-writing was delicate and fair as the maiden herself; and in those times few women were accomplished enough to write a letter. The expressions of sisterly affection touched the heart of Glenvin. He saw now a means of escape from the tyranny of his passion for Adelstane. He proposed at once to Wildeck for his sister's hand; it was joyfully promised to him; and a messenger was immediately sent, with a letter and ring of betrothal, to the convent.

The Earl followed the messenger even sooner than he had proposed, for his tormenting dread of the fascination which

had already obtained such power over his heart, increased every day. How beautiful looked the gentle and blushing Anna, as she came to meet him in the convent, led by the Abbess, and timidly answered his entreaty that she would bless him with her hand! In a few days the marriage was solemnized; and the Earl conducted the fair bride to his ancestral home.

A year passed. The loveliness of the youthful Countess, and her devoted affection, were all the heart of Glenvin asked. His cup of blessing was full when Anna clasped a son to her bosom, the heir of his name and possessions. Wildeck had left the castle some months before.

The summer advanced, rich in its luxuriance of flowers and verdure, and the Earl one day prepared to accompany his lady upon a short excursion. The morning they were to set forth, he was out hawking in the forest. Absorbed in the excitement of the sport, he knew not he had penetrated into the deepest recesses of the wood. The silence was profound, and even startling. Suddenly, he perceived a slender and beautiful roe bounding from the cover of a thicket. He threw off the falcon from his wrist; the bird dashed like lightning upon the roe, and struck its neck. The animal fell to the ground. At the same instant, the beautiful huntress stood by it, and seizing the falcon, disengaged it from the roe's neck, holding the bird in one hand, while with the other she soothed the wound of her favorite.

Edward stood for some moments as if rooted to the ground. At length, approaching the huntress, "Forgive, lady," he said, "the injury my bird has done the roe, which I knew not was yours; and be pleased, also, to give me back your prisoner."

"Thou didst know well," said the lady, in a voice of silvery richness, "to whom the roe belonged. I warned thee once. The falcon is mine, unless ransomed."

"I will ransom it!" cried the Earl, eagerly. "A whole county for the noble bird! Ask what thou wilt."

"Thy wife and son?"

"You mock me, lady."

"Well, then, simply a lock of thy hair."

The Earl drew his dagger, cut off one of his brown locks, and kneeling on one knee, offered it to the beautiful stranger. She smiled as she received it, gave him

back the falcon, and a moment after disappeared.

It was noon when Edward reached home. The Countess had already set out, and he rode hard to overtake her. They returned late in the evening to the castle. At midnight the Earl sought his chamber, where his fair Anna was already buried in the slumbers of innocence. He was sensible of a strange, but not painful sensation of burning in the spot where he had severed the lock from his head. With sleep came unquiet dreams, wild and extatic, for Adelstane appeared to him, even more radiant in beauty than he had yet seen her. He awoke with a fierce longing at his heart. The walls of the chamber, the closeness of the air, oppressed him; he rushed out of the castle without the usual morning greeting to the Countess, threw himself upon his horse, and rode away alone into the forest.

Close to the well-known spot of the three oaks, Edward dismounted and threw his bridle over a sapling. Under the shadow of the oaks he stood; silent and trembling, a few moments; then called aloud, "Adelstane! Adelstane!"

The fair huntress stood before him, a vision of beauty too bright for earth!

"Wherefore hast thou called me?" she asked, haughtily.

"Wherefore, Adelstane?" repeated the Earl, passionately. "To say that I love thee—that I implore thy love!"

"Wilt thou be mine wholly—mine alone?"

For an instant, Anna's sweet and gentle face rose to Edward's thoughts; but the burning eyes of the enchantress were upon him; the only heaven he saw was her dazzling brow; and murmuring the words, "Thine only—and forever!" he sank at her feet.

From this day, the Earl passed almost every day in the woods. He no longer noticed the devoted tenderness of his wife—the playful caresses of his child. He was kind, but cold and reserved; and from day to day grew moody and restless, as if preyed upon by some melancholy that left no space for cheerful thought.

The Countess was at first disquieted, then alarmed, at this change, and his frequent and prolonged absences from home. In vain she wearied him with entreaties to disclose his hidden grief. Sometimes he would seize her hand suddenly, and as suddenly let it fall again, as if under some uncontrollable impulse; or gaze

at her mournfully and fixedly, and turn away without speaking. Anna wept and prayed in the solitude of her own chamber; but asked counsel or sympathy of none. Of all the household, who failed not to observe the changed demeanor of their lord, none divined the cause save Ralph, the falconer, and he dared not speak, though he saw, with bleeding heart, that his master had fallen into the snare.

Some months passed thus, when Wildeck came to visit his sister. It was not long ere he guessed her unhappiness, and its cause. He questioned her closely.

"Thou art right, sweet sister," said he, when she had told him all her sorrows, "to judge Edward still true to thee in heart. It is *sorcery* that has enslaved him." Therewith he related the story of Adelstane, and advised the Countess to reveal the whole to her confessor—that by the aid of prayers and penances, her husband might be delivered from the power of the witch.

The Countess listened to all in silence; then rising, she embraced her brother, and retired to her own apartment. Some hours after, she sent to summon the falconer to her presence.

The old man found his mistress arrayed in riding suit. Her countenance expressive of the most determined resolution.

"Thou art rather friend, than servant," said she graciously to him; "and I know that my lord esteems thee well; therefore have I chosen thee for this service. Have my horse ready, and prepare thee to ride with me."

The falconer bowed and withdrew. In a few moments they were riding down the hill upon the side of which the castle stood. The Countess urged her horse to his greatest speed, and directed her way to the entrance of the western wood. Ralph followed wondering, yet without venturing to question her intent.

As they passed the border of the forest, the Countess suddenly drew up her horse and turned towards her companion:

"Show me now the way," she said, "to the three oaks."

The old man grew pale as death. "What is it you ask, lady?" he exclaimed.

"Obedience."

"Oh, noble mistress!" cried the falconer, tears starting to his eyes; "I conjure you to return as you would shun destruction!"

"Forward—this instant!" said the

Countess, in a stern and resolute tone. "Begone, then!" as the old man hesitated, and I will seek the way alone."

"No, lady!" answered Ralph. "Since you will go, it is my duty to go with you. And I will pray to Heaven that the holy saints may guard you from evil."

So saying, he rode forward, with drooping head, through unknown paths, deeper and deeper into the forest. At length stopping, he said, "We can go no further with the horses, by reason of the thickness of the wood. Yonder are the three oaks."

"Remain here, and wait for me," said the Countess; and the old man, not daring to dispute her will, but sighing deeply, helped his lady to dismount, and fastened her horse to a tree. She walked hastily, though with unsteady steps, towards the place pointed out by the falconer, but stopped short as she came within full view of the spot.

Under the shade of those venerable trees two figures were reclining. One of them the Countess recognized as her husband. His hand clasped that of the beautiful huntress; his eyes were fixed on her face. So earnest was their conversation, that neither saw the intruder.

For some moments the young wife gazed upon this scene, speechless with amazement, anguish and horror. At length the word "Edward!" escaped from her lips in a piercing, agonized cry.

The Earl and the strange lady looked up: Glenvin covered his face with his hands.

"Edward!—my husband!" repeated the Countess. "Dost hide thy face? and wherefore? Ah! I know but too well, Edward, that sorcery alone hath turned thy heart from me. I come not to chide—I come to win thee back! Pray with me, my husband!—pray with me unto God, that He deliver thee from the power of the evil spirit!"

"Anna—my wife!" faltered the Earl; "depart hence, I entreat thee!"

"Never—without thee!" replied the Countess. "Come; for I know, Edward, thou lovest me still! What binds thee, then, to another?"

"My oath"—broke involuntarily from Glenvin's lips in a low murmur.

"Thy oath? and is not that thou didst swear to me at the altar more sacred?" Then addressing Adelstane, who stood surveying both with haughty looks: "Lady," pleaded the Countess,

"be noble as you are beautiful! Release him from his oath. See him no more!"

Adelstane smiled scornfully, and there was something more fearful in her smile than her frown.

The Countess drew a crucifix from her bosom. "By this holy image," she cried, passionately, "I implore you—Ha! she turns away!—Then hear me! I am, before high Heaven, the wife of Glenvin! I yield him up to none! Edward is mine—mine alone—and none shall tear him from me!"

With an enery, the offspring of highly wrought feeling, that defied all fear, the Countess had advanced, and grasped her husband's arm. Adelstane burst into a mocking laugh that rang, like silvery music, through the wood; and Anna shuddered as she thought she heard it echoed by unearthly voices. Then turning to the Earl, Adelstane said scornfully: "Thou art but a cold lover, in sooth, that waverest between two; but it is my pleasure to hold thee bound, and if once thou fail me, thou shalt dearly rue it! For this willful Countess, she shall have thy shadow when thou art with me; and in truth it is worth as much as thyself."

With these words the beautiful wood-witch vanished. Edward rushed from the spot to hide his shame and despair in the depths of the wood. The Countess returned, sorrowful yet hopeful, to the place where Ralph awaited her, and without speaking a word, remounted and rode back to the castle.

At midnight she sat alone in her chamber, strengthened by the prayers she had offered up with fervent, trusting heart. The Earl entered; Anna rose in silence and extended her hand to him. After a long pause he asked—"Didst thou hear Adelstane's threat?"

Anna bowed her head.

"And she will keep her word! Oh, that I had never forsaken thee, mine own true wife, and our son! But I must not, dare not, break my oath!"

The two conversed together till the dawn of day; but scarce had the sun risen in the east, when the Earl started up, exclaiming, "It is the appointed time;" and hastened, trembling, from the apartment. Anna heard the tramp of his horse as he rode away, and flung herself on the couch to weep in bitterness of soul.

About an hour had passed, and she thought with anguish—"Now he is with

Adelstane;" when she heard the door softly open. A dark shadow entered, but it was followed by no living human form. Pale and trembling stood the Countess, as she recognized distinctly the outline of her husband's figure. It moved slowly about the apartment, stood still before her, and then glided to the cradle of the child.

In speechless terror the Countess watched the spectral apparition; till at length, uttering a piercing shriek, she sank to the ground in a swoon. Her brother and the attendants who came to her assistance, saw with horror the pale phantom, as it wandered restlessly through the chamber. It vanished about two hours before the Earl's return.

Day after day the apparition visited the castle, walking by the side of the Countess; and day after day the lady's fair cheek grew paler, and her slight form wasted; while the Earl's mood was one of hopeless gloom. The prayers of the monks and holy water failed to banish the spectral visitor. Still Glenvin went, like one enslaved by a spell, every day into the forest. Yet he loathed the thralldom more and more, and strove, but feebly, to escape.

One morning he refrained from going to the accustomed haunt. But noon had

not passed, ere he was driven, by a stern force he could not resist, to seek the presence of the relentless Adelstane. She received him with scornful laughter. But he had no longer power to flee from her. He did not return that night, but wandered, crushed by despair, through the forest. As he came in sight of the castle next morning, a black flag was waving from its walls. The Countess knelt beside the corpse of her son.

From the chamber, and from the castle, fled the conscience-stricken Earl. Some days after he was found dead in the wood. The wound by which he perished had been inflicted with his own weapon. His family and name became extinct with him.

The Countess retired to a convent. Glenvin Castle was said long after to be haunted by the shadow of its last lord. It might be seen, sometimes at noonday, passing through the deserted chambers, or crossing the park. The most wonderful tales respecting its appearance, and the strange caprices of the wood-witch Adelstane, were current among the country people; and even at this day, among the nursery legends of that part of Scotland, are various versions of the history of "the Shadowless Earl."

## PAPERS ON LITERATURE AND ART.\*

THESE volumes are interesting to the general reader in many respects, as they show the disposition of the Author, the character of the sect to which she belongs, and the fashion of phraseology and sentiment at present, or very lately, in vogue with those of her persuasion. Independently of these points of interest, they show an unusual degree of practice with the pen, and a great deal of literary observation and experience. They are well, and in parts, handsomely written, but defaced by transcendental bombast, and an outre phraseology. The placing of the words is often far from English, and the lines slip occasionally into a kind of thumping blank verse,

"Beethoven towering far above our heads  
Still with colossal gesture points above," †  
are written as prose, but have the effect of very heavy verse. Another and principal fault of style we have to notice, is a violation of Aristotle's rule, that a great matter should be plainly worded, a mean matter exalted by a more elaborate phraseology; or, as Coleridge has expressed it, "Works of Imagination should be written in very plain language. The more purely imaginative, the more necessary is it to be plain." ‡ The volumes before us being decidedly works of imagination should have been composed in a less magnificent phrase. But the fashion of the day is otherwise; we prefer an author who *seems* to be possessed

\* Papers on Literature and Art. By S. Margaret Fuller. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

† Part II. p. 48 of the Essays.

‡ Table talk, p. 114.

by his enthusiasm, to one evidently possessing and governing it; a fashion which cannot last, as it has the property of wearing itself out. Authors, as well as painters, might be reminded that nothing compensates for great strength and quantity of light except great depth and breadth of shadow; there is an arid excitement spread over every line of these pages, which reminds us of the glare of the desert, but which properly represents the effects of a nature totally given to admiration. The Author's eulogy is unrelaxed and overpowering; she is the transcendental Boswell; of which office, let us be happy to find it fallen where it belongs, upon one of the gentler sex.

"Papers on Literature and Art," is the given title of these Essays; but they are truly "Papers on Literary men and Artists." There is nothing in them of the practical; nothing is said of counterpoint, or *chiaro-oscuro*, subject or composition, style or choice of words; in fact there is nothing critical in these volumes but only a great deal of amateur remark. To include their whole description under one definition would be difficult, but to come near it one might call them, "Eulogistic essays, showing the effects produced upon a feminine spirit of the transcendental-Boswell world, by reading the memoirs of great writers and artists, and the praises bestowed upon them." Such a title would be as definitive as it is clumsy and inelegant.

Miss Fuller, like her English Analogon, Boswell, and the very singular Thomas Carlyle, has the happiness of looking beyond the surface of her hero's actions to his heart, and of there distinguishing that manly quality of self-respect. This is all that the Boswell genus look for. Why Carlyle, Boswell, and our Author, should be possessed with so prodigious an admiration for this very English and very American virtue, the philosophical reader will know, and the shrewd one will surmise: it is a matter which it were uncourteous to explain. As Johnson to Boswell, so is Goethe to Carlyle, and all remarkable men to our Author: the reader has now the key and will be able thereby to understand what follows.

We propose in the shortest limits possible, first to notice the contents of these volumes, with comments on their spirit and purpose; then to give an idea, if possible, of the transcendental doctrine, as we have it from Goethe and the Con-

cord sect; and lastly, to make a few observations on the method of criticism.

The two parts of these essays contain eight pieces each. The titles of those in the first volume are as follows: 1. "Poets of the People;" this is a eulogistic and sentimental notice of the poems of Thom, Prince, and Mrs. Norton. 2. "Miss Barret's poems;" a eulogy on them, in the same strain. 3. "Browning's poems;" a eulogy. 4. "Lives of the great composers;" sentimental eulogies on Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, and other musical geniuses; from materials furnished by Bombet's valuable lives, and other sources. This article has a number of interesting anecdotes from Bombet. 5. "Record of Impressions produced by the exhibition of Mr. Allston's pictures in the summer of 1839;" another purely eulogistic article. 6. "American Literature;" qualified eulogies on Bancroft, Prescott, Channing, Emerson, Irving, Cooper, and the rest, with acidulous remarks, judiciously thrown in. 7. "Methodism at the Fountain;" a eulogy on Wesley; and 8. "Swedenborgianism;" a eulogy on Swedenborg.

The second volume opens with a short Essay on Critics, in which the writer's *method* is explained. 2<sup>d</sup> comes a dialogue between the poet and the critic, in which the former has greatly the advantage but is very unamiable. 3. "The two Herberts;" a transcendental dialogue of the Concord make. 4. "The prose works of Milton;" a personal eulogy. 5. The life of Sir James Macintosh;" in the same strain, but qualified. 6. "Modern British Poets;" eulogies on the nine modern poets of Britain. 7. "The Modern Drama;" eulogistic defence of actors, dramatists, and artists in general, in the same inevitable strain. 8th and last, is another "Dialogue," which is purely sentimental, in the Concord or sub-Goethean manner. A clear statement is half the argument. The Author of these volumes is clearly a eulogist par excellence. Eulogy is her business and profession; for if we except the essay on critics, with here and there a sub-acid remark, there is nothing but eulogy, or eulogistic sentiment to be found in these volumes. The thing is clear; our Author is a genuine Boswell, more genuine in kind than even Boswell himself; for Boszy was of the male sex.

But there is nothing without an excuse. If family toadyism must be suffered, nay, encouraged, as a part of the

natural system of things, so must literary toadyism be conceded to mere men and women, because of the softness of their hearts. Not that we imagine any true advantage to be reaped from them—but that, like the jail and the rod, the law court and dissecting room, the brandy shop and the fashionable rout, they are great evils endured to keep off a greater.

Literary toadyism, however, so far from being ashamed of its vocation has even made to itself a philosophy, like all the greater sins, and stands defended behind a barricade of unintelligible phrases. It pretends to have invented a new kind of criticism—æsthetic criticism is its name, appreciation of the beautiful its ostensible purpose. It originated in Germany with the Goethean school of writers, and received its finest form from the amiable, but all too reverent, Schiller. Not that æsthetic criticism had not always been practiced in a manly way, by the great writers of every nation, from the days of Horace and Longinus to those of Addison and Lessing; but now it was destined to be set up as an art, and received a new stamp. Winckelmann, in his treatise of ancient art, gave the first idea of it. This author quitted the religion of his youth, and suffered himself to be made a Catholic, in a most uncatholic spirit, for the sake of studying ancient art at Rome, under the protection and patronage of the cardinals. His learned works are composed in such a singularly agreeable and elegant manner, but are, withal, so grossly adulatory of Greek sensuous artists, and works of art, we know not how sufficiently to thank his industry, or despise his meanness. Winckelmann is the type and inventor of the æsthetic method of the adulatory school. Lessing, though the greatest master of true criticism in Germany, was of an English spirit, it is said, and keeps a certain liberty of tone; but Winckelmann's inflated and all too humble enthusiasm, made him the darling of his humble, enthusiastic nation. Nor did Goethe, even, fail to seize the advantage offered by this new method; he affected to penetrate the very spirit of a writer, and, feeling as he had felt, to reproduce an image of his thoughts, not as an echo or a reflection, but as a true analogon, more full and exquisite if possible than the original. The most imitative of writers could not cease from imitation even in the critical office, and would not only reproduce every form of

ancient and modern art, but criticise every form by reproducing it. Goethe's success in this magnificent variety is at present much questioned by the critics, and we shall not pretend to discuss it; what we mean here to call attention to is the effect of his example upon feeble intellects. Goethe, himself a dramatist, might enter in the heart of the English tragedy, and more or less successfully reproduce the Hamlet or the Faustus. But for the perfect irreligiousness of his nature he might even strive with Milton, as he did with Shakespeare and Marlow; but Milton's pride, so like his own, (but brought to a true temper by Christian Stoicism,) was terrible to him. Milton hated and avoided the sensual school of Ovid and the impure lyrists, as much as Goethe admired and approached them. The pride of the German haughtily indulged his appetites and vanities, as the savage Blackfeet approve their sons' passion when they see them strike their mothers. Following his early matured scheme of universal conquest, the German found himself reduced to use a stratagem to bide his defeat when the rival seemed too strong for him; he would then take refuge in this new æsthetic criticism, and if he could not reproduce the work, would at least show the spirit in which it was conceived and executed. Hence originated his famous criticism of Voss's poems, and the no less famous picture of Hamlet, which any one may read and admire in Carlyle's translation of Wilhelm Meister. He attempts, in these criticisms, to separate everything that is profound or elegant in the method and spirit of his object, and to reproduce it in plain phrase. The attempt alone was sufficient glory; he had no need to succeed, nor did he, as we think.

The distinguishing mark of these criticisms is, that they are perfectly free from adulation or praise; Goethe's only praise is silence, his notice is contempt. His notice of Hamlet and Vossius forces us to despise Hamlet and Vossius, while we pity them for being so good as Goethe pictures them. Instead of praising Shakespeare's self, which he dares not do, he endeavors to appropriate him; while at Milton he merely grumbles, and complains that he made him melancholy; indeed, the general haughtiness of the English character affected this vain man so powerfully, he would never go to England (a motive surmised). He even

complains, rather weakly, of the melancholy spirit of our literature, and hints something of the melancholy of Shakespeare as not of the healthiest.\*

In such a way did Goethe appropriate the æsthetic method of criticism. Schiller, a humbler man, adopts it also, but in a different spirit. His idea of a review, or criticism, is indeed the same in form with that of his master Goethe; but while he says that the reviewer should take the topic out of an author's hands, and if possible make something better of it, working on the same material in a finer spirit, he was much too humane a critic unconsciously to throw contempt where he offers praise. Satire and ridicule he could use, or give an honest account of an author's true excellencies, wrought in the very best spirit of Longinus or Addison, and with more learning and art than either; but we never find in him the least taste of gall, or haughty admiration.

To Winckelmann, therefore, and to Goethe we owe the suggestion of the modern critical method, in which the haughtiness of the one is assumed without his power, and the meanness of the other without his taste. Critics of this school, of which the Author of the work before us is a fair example, while they fail not to smother the good qualities of what they admire under a torrent of unseemly adulation, yet are careful so to intermix their praises with phrases of patronage and approval, you are led to doubt their sincerity, and cannot determine whether they were affected by envy or by admiration. We wish to warn the unsuspicious reader of this new and most ingenious trick of the old goddess Dullness. Writers of this class read Winckelmann, Plato in German or French, the works of Goethe, Wordsworth, Schiller, Carlyle, Emerson, and their imitators: from these they imbibe a peculiar spirit; but differently according to their proper natures. Transcendentalists of the one class, give themselves over to a peculiar worship, to wit, hero worship; a disease, we opine, curable only by the Pope and the confessional, as Mr. Brownson will testify; he has even publicly advised the author of these essays to a like course with his own, and is ready to swear she is a born Catholic; we defer all to his knowledge and experience: there are

many in Boston and elsewhere, for whom the Convent and the Church waits as for its own. That Germany, the land of humility, should be the native soil of this species of transcendentalists need not be wondered at; it is the characteristic of that branch of the Teutonic stock; no man in England or America could ever touch the height of such a fame and authority as Goethe's, because in these countries the body of the citizens are of a free and proud nature, and would rather remain ignorant than be haughtily instructed.

The other class of transcendentalists, at whose head stands the despot of Germany, are those who collect about them the stray sheep of the Church, and for a time play the parts of Gods or Mediators. It is not necessary that they should have genius or learning, or physical strength, or strong affections or passions, or any great degree of any special faculty; only a vast and overwhelming pride, exalted by meditation into the likeness of a deity or demon; this only is their essential quality, the quality of the true king of weaklings. Add to this all the other qualities of the man; genius, language, grace, strength, ardor, fine perception, everything but piety and humanity, and you have a Goethe: then take away the pride, and in its stead put justice, piety, and a generous mind, and you have a good great man, be he of what nation he may.

To sum up all, the transcendental school embraces two natural orders, the worshipers and the worshiped; neither of these will ever be at ease apart; they are as necessary to each other as master and slave.

When the worshipers imitate the style of the worshiped, as do the imitators of Goethe and his analogons of all sizes, the effect is ludicrous in the extreme. Nor can we parallel it with anything but the motion of a shadow, grotesquely imitating the body from which it falls. As the shadow figure is often longer and more terrible to appearance than the form of flesh, more terrible and odd in its motions, so is it with this Goethean shadow which stretches over New England; but it is like the shadow of the Giant Superstition in one of Goethe's own legends, able to strike down flesh and blood, when the substance that casts it has become inert and powerless.

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\* See his Autobiography for these and other particulars to the same purpose.



The transcendental school, embracing the new æsthetic method of criticism, which affects to discover and reproduce the veritable spirit of an author or literature, has hitherto signalized itself by the production chiefly of extravagant sentimental eulogies. From the remote ages of Brahminism, to the date of yesterday, nothing has escaped them, they have eulogized everything, from Deity to Devil; even now we are expecting the publication of a promised eulogy, by a certain democratic editor, on the name and hellward career of Maximilian Robespierre; the frightfullest idol whom God ever sent upon men for their sins.

Let it be clearly understood then, that as in the English school of Charles' court, ridicule and vituperation reigned supreme; so reigns, in our day, the fashion of indiscriminate and overwhelming eulogy. Some have suggested that this eulogistic tendency is the sign of the advent of a literary millennium, when difference of opinion shall be no more; we would just hint to the body of authors and editors, that such an advent would extinguish them utterly—when all is right all are silent.

Nor should it ever be forgotten that malice and impertinence hide themselves as easily in the folds of a gorgeous transcendental eulogy, as in the armor of a veritable critic. The unfortunate man of genius who falls into the hands of one of these unmerciful praisers, may think himself happy if he escapes annihilation: the thing praised is only a topic, a ball skillfully played with, a horse put through his paces. Noble animal!—how he trots, gallops, canters!—what an eye, and what an elegant tail. A majestic sadness declines his neck, a brave hero-courage expands his nostril—egad! I never rode a better piece in my life!

A thorough-paced eulogist sticks to nothing; even lechery and drunkenness are accessories to heroism, and the sad egotism of a poor child of genius passes for moral tone and a divine consciousness.

With these shrewd enthusiasts there is no greater nor less. If they speak of Moore, he is the wonder of lyristis. If of Pindar, he is the same. If "Southey's muse is a beautiful statue of crystal, in whose bosom burns an immortal flame," eulogy is already exhausted, and nothing greater can be said of Sophocles or Virgil. Scott is perfect in character. Shakespeare is the same. Goethe walks a visible god; so does Mr. Emerson.

Now, be it known to the oncoming generation of critical eulogists, that the English language is quite exhausted. They need not hope to excite the least new emotion in a reader; all the great names are used up; the æsthetic anaconda has slavered them over and bolted them whole; and waits only for the approach of new heroes to serve them after the same fashion. So much for the spirit of these volumes. A word only need be added on their literary merits. Few, if any, of our lady writers discover the practice and literary skill manifested by Miss Fuller in these and other writings. She is not only skillful in the dress and conventionalities of style, but shows an unquestionable acquaintance with the lives and works which she eulogizes. She has read and can use all the finer common-places of poetry and philosophy, and now and then throws out a bit of mysticism of the esoteric sort, betraying hinting if she dared she could say more. Her eulogies are often elegant, and composed in tolerably pure English; we fancy that almost any person of an ardent imagination would find a pleasure in reading them. We were particularly pleased with those upon Southey and Wordsworth, not only as pieces of good writing, but as examples of that all-exhausting style of eulogy which pours all the perfections of a god over the head of one poor mortal. Let them be their own witnesses, but let the reader not forget that, if the praise is great for these authors, it is not much greater than what is given to all the others, in almost equal quantity.

"Wordsworth! beloved friend and venerated teacher; it is more easy, and perhaps less profitable, to speak of thee. It is less difficult to interpret thee, since no *acquired* nature, but merely a theory, severs thee from my mind.

"Classification on such a subject is rarely satisfactory, yet I will attempt to define in that way produced by Wordsworth on myself. I esteem his characteristics to be: of spirit—

- Perfect simplicity,
- Perfect truth,
- Perfect love.
- Of mind or talent—
- Calmness,
- Penetration,
- Power of analysis.
- Of manner—
- Energetic greatness,
- Pathetic tenderness,
- Mild, persuasive eloquence."

My dear Miss Fuller! hugh! it is a pity so to empty your jewel-box; I approve your generosity, but blame your imprudence. But this is not all. "Wordsworth is emphatically the friend and teacher of mature years." "He delights in penetrating the designs of God." "He scrutinizes man and nature with the exact and searching eye of a Cervantes, a Fielding, a Richter." "He has the delicacy of perception, the universality of feeling which distinguish Shakspeare, and three or four other poets of the first class," &c.

In this her eulogy, as elsewhere, has the good Fuller opened up a not-to-be-too-much-admired harvest of that unendurable, by a sensitive nature, satire. Truly the harvest is great, and we regret our time will not let us reap it; but there is a day for all things: we shall now be content with one more quotation, and the remark, that a reader of a humorous turn will find as much pleasure in the book as one of a transcendental or eulogistic affection; for ourselves, we set a particular value upon it, as standing at the acme of its kind, and serving as the key to a great labyrinth of social and literary fanaticism. The following extract is from the first volume, and to the critical reader needs no comment:

"And thou, Anacreon Moore, sweet warbler of Erin, what an ecstasy of sensation must thy poetic life have been. Certainly, the dancing of the blood never

before inspired so many verses. Moore's poetry is to literature, what the compositions of Rossini are to music." (A Boston remark, take notice.) "It is the heyday of *animal* existence, embellished by a brilliant fancy and ardent, though *superficial* affections." What would Mr. Moore think of all this? Let it be known, however, that to a transcendentalist, everything is "superficial" that has signs of reality about it. Coleridge says that love, without a sensuous basis, is fiendish; ergo, this transcendental stuff is fiendish—or how? Again: "*All* Southey's works are instinct and replete with the experiences of piety." The verses, for example, on an inkstand dried in the sun. "As a scene of unrivaled excellence, both for its meaning and its manner, I would mention that of Florinda's return with Roderic, when they seat themselves exhausted on a bank, and watch together the quiet moon. *Never has Christianity spoken in accents of more penetrating tenderness since the promise was given to them that be weary and heavy laden,*" &c. &c.

The eulogies on Swedenborg and Wesley are done in the same genial style, and with the same irredeemable faults. But more of this at another time. We have not everything censurable to say of Miss Fuller. Her appreciation of the good is worthy of regard, if her too-great tolerance of the bad is to be regretted and condemned.

## THE NEW CONSTITUTION: ARTICLE VI—THE JUDICIARY.

[The precedent which New York is creating by the most extraordinary innovation in the greatest department of the State—the department of Justice—a province hitherto, in all civilized nations, the most carefully guarded, is of such vital concern to the nation at large, and is in itself so fraught with danger to the very foundations of Social Order, that we could not refrain in this number from expressing our opinion of it in the fullest terms, though it may be of no avail to avert the evil. We therefore admit a second article, setting forth more completely the innovation, which our leader partly embraces. We design in this Review to avoid local and sectional matters. But this belongs to the whole country, and the people must understand it. As the writer of this article conclusively argues, it is not so great a matter that the highest judges should be chosen by popular election, as that *when chosen* they are to be *turned out again in eight years*, thus subjecting what *no nation* has yet subjected, the high seats of Justice to all those temptations to corrupt action, all the miserable caballing and strife which now pertains to the most petty political office, whose incumbent may desire a re-election. How different would it be, if, when once chosen, in the tumult of a popular election, they could settle down into that calm atmosphere which invests a judicial office whose term is to cover nearly the residue of life? Then what is to be said of the probability under such a system, of possessing in the places of judgment any accumulated treasures of judicial wisdom and experience? All beneficial changes in the Constitution, however necessary and advantageous, are but feathers in the balance against the inestimable evil of this. But we commend the article below to the attention of our readers.—ED. AM. REV.]

“JUDGMENT is what gives force, effect and vigor to laws; laws without judgment are contemptible and ridiculous; we had better have no laws than laws not enforced by judgment.”  
BURKE.

“I stand for JUDGMENT; shall I have it?”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE new Constitution of the State of New York is about to be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection, and will soon have passed the popular and final audit from which there lies no appeal. Shall we ratify the proposed Constitution, or shall we abide by that which we already possess, modifying its defects through the intervention of the legislature, or of a Convention to be called hereafter? To deliberate upon and decide this momentous question, the people have had but a few days; about as long a time as is often occupied in trying an Insurance cause in the Superior Court, or a bank robber at the Sessions. Considering that we are a busy, toiling people, submitting to our daily tasks and destiny of labor, we have really but a few hours to revise what the Convention has been many months in doing. Indeed, indeed, “this is a sorry sight.” The reconstruction of the Constitution and political society of a great State; the fundamental law of property and life for millions of men for a quarter of a century; in theory, *the work of the people*; is to be puddled over for a few days, and huddled through; done in hot and indecent haste, without deliberation or scrutiny, or an eye to the careful adjustment of its parts, so as to secure a symmetrical and perfect whole, which a

work of such vast magnitude and fraught with such tremendous consequences so imperatively demands. This is to be hereafter cited against us, and, we fear, cited with resistless force, as one of our examples of our boasted capacity for self-government. A Constitution of government is to be struck out by the people at a single heat—cut out and finished as quick as a tailor could make a decent suit of clothes! Doubtless, it deserves to last about as long; and the people will be wise to begin to think of having a whole wardrobe of constitutions, that they may be the more conveniently cleansed and repatched, as they, from time to time, grow seedy and threadbare.

In the little time that remains between this and the hour of final decision, we mean to free our skirts from all responsibility for the evils we apprehend, and the greater evils which we surely foresee, from the adoption of the proposed Constitution. We owe to the people of this State and nation, to men of all parties and without distinction of party, a fearless exposure of the fundamental errors in the principle upon which it proposes to constitute the JUDICIARY. What is done in the State of New York is not done in a corner. Standing at the head of commerce and opinion on this Western Con-

minent, her example has much of the weight and authority of law to the New World. She has a corresponding responsibility; and her example, pure and elevating, *should be worthy of universal imitation and praise.* Our new Constitution and its issues are to go upon the record, and to become an important chapter in the history of our State and of free institutions. We mean to put upon the same record our earnest protest, and we indulge the hope that the people of this State will place upon it their solemn verdict—against a novelty and heresy in government, hostile to and subversive of the very foundations on which all social order rests.

It will be useful, preliminarily to the discussion of the new Judiciary system, to glance at the Convention and the circumstances under which it was called. We were not of the number of those who looked very confidently to the Convention for any useful reform. We thought, and think, that nothing in so important a thing as government, and more especially a change in the organic laws of society, should be undertaken in haste, or without a definite end in view; and that when undertaken, all the means should bear a natural and just relation to the proposed end. It appeared to us that those who most eagerly advocated a call of the Convention had no definite view, either of a good to be effected or an evil to be remedied, or the means to accomplish the one or the other. With some there was a vague hope that something might be done that would somehow effect good. Others, panting for place and distinction, saw, or thought they saw before them, a long and cheerless vista of exclusion from the honors and emoluments of office. The places of honor, trust and emolument in the State, already filled, were coveted, and a new Constitution was deemed to be the most convenient instrument for vacating them. The "gracious Duncans" were to be "taken off" by constitutional parchments instead of daggers. The objects of this large and most active class of constitutional reformers were quite intelligibly announced in their oft-repeated declaration, that they were in favor of a *new shuffle and deal of the cards.* By means of a portion of the newspaper press, and of political committees, they generated a spurious public opinion; and the love of change, for its mere novelty, is so almost universal a sentiment, that it may be easily stimulated to blood heat with a

little zeal and policy. Public opinion—that overpowering force in a free State—in this way came to be manufactured, and declared in favor of a Convention. But the feeling in its favor was never violent. When the delegates came to be elected, an extraordinary apathy prevailed, as was demonstrated by that infallible criterion, the ballot box. Few public meetings were called, and those were thinly attended and showed little enthusiasm; and the vote polled was very much smaller than is cast in a Presidential or Gubernatorial election—smaller even than is cast in an ordinary local election. The people did not, and could not, be stimulated to feel that the Convention was of any great consequence. This proves that there was no oppressive defect in the Constitution which the people desired to remove; no radical abuse requiring a radical reform of the organic law, or a re-institution of political society.

This apathy operated most disastrously against the character of the Convention. When the people are aroused to dethrone an oppressor, or pluck down a despotism—to pursue any great good, or repel any great evil—they are led by a natural instinct to seek the wisest and ablest men in the country. If the occasion be civic, age, experience, genius and virtue, tried and proved in the public councils, are invoked to meet its exigencies. Comparatively, such an occasion, when the Convention of 1820 was to be convened, summoned our Kents, Spencers, Tompkinsees, Van Burens, and others of kindred ability and eminence, to serve the people in the reformation of their fundamental law. If any great work had been called for by the people in 1846, they would have required such men to perform it. This was not such an occasion, and it failed to produce such men. We make a few honorable exceptions, which will readily occur to our readers, to the generality of the last observation; but with these few exceptions, the men who composed the Convention, neither by their age nor their talents nor their weight of character, authorized any just expectation of any great good to be accomplished by it. A large proportion are, or were the representatives of, the *NEW SHUFFLETES*, eager and panting for a re-cast of the characters in the political drama, a new deal of the cards in the game of politics. The sacred obligation of truth obliges us to declare that, (with the exceptions before spoken of, embracing some experienced minds, and

some young men of great promise,) this was a Convention of shallow men, undistinguished by either great learning or great talents, a profound knowledge of books, or a deep insight into human nature or society. Shallow men are generally extreme in their opinions, seeking to make up in extension what they lack in depth of attainments or character. Such are always the political empyrics, the inventors of universal remedies, and the founders of political Utopias. They are the reformers *par excellence*. Men of this description swarmed in the Convention; and there, in grave council and solemn debate, these Solons and Justinians, these founders of systems and reconstructors of states and dynasties, each in turn proposed his petty scheme for laying over again the foundations of Justice, and rebuilding the structure of Social Order, in an important and powerful State. Such men were to construct an example for the rest of the Union, and a proof of the beneficent operation of Free Institutions. We again declare, what we believe no one will venture to deny, that the body of the Constitution-makers of 1846 are not for a moment to be compared with those who composed the Convention of 1820, either for the integrity and attainments they possessed, or for the solemnity of purpose with which they assembled.

The scene, indeed, exhibited beneath the dome of the Capitol at Albany, forcibly reminded us of another scene which we owe to the great dramatic genius of our English tongue. The wholesome light of the outer world partially illumines the dark cave; a caldron rises as from the depths of the earth; the thunder mutters over our heads; the "secret, black and midnight bags" enter; and we are now prepared for a potent incantation:

## 1st WITCH.

Round about the caldron go;  
In the poisoned entrails throw:  
Toad, that under the cold stone,  
Days and nights hast thirty-one, &c.

## ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

## 2d WITCH.

Fillet of a fenny snake  
In the caldron boil and bake, &c.

## ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

## 3d WITCH.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witch's mummy; maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark, &c.

## ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

## 2d WITCH.

Cool it with a baboon's blood—  
Then the charm is firm and good.

## HECATE.

O, well done! I commend your pains;  
AND EVERY ONE SHALL SHARE ' THE  
GAINS!!

## ALL.

*Black spirits and white,  
Blue spirits and gray,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may!*

What wonder is it that from such an incantation there should go forth a charm potent enough to cause

"Nature's germins tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sickens?"

We are not more struck with the immensity, than with the harmony, of the material creation. Designed and formed by one infinite mind, it was launched into the fields of space harmonious in all its parts, and perfect as a whole—amid its alternations of day and night, its changes of climate and seasons, its sunshine and shower and dew,—unchangeable in perpetual change,—still breathing up an everlasting hymn to the all-bountiful and powerful Intelligence, who knew how to work with so complete a wisdom. The most perfect works of man are doubtless but faint copies of the work of the Divine hand. But the absence of all unity of design, and of symmetry of product, is quite too painfully apparent in the Convention, and its labors even for any human work. This is, in a great degree, attributable to several causes already hinted at. If our Constitution had withheld any great natural right, had oppressed any class of citizens, had left our persons or our property without that security which creates the chief necessity for political society, the Convention would have been called with reference to that evil; and a remedy for that defect would have produced, as to that at least, a united and harmonious purpose. Or if, without any such harmonizing cause, the Convention had been composed of men of profound political attainments, familiar with the history of ancient and modern States, and qualified

by their powers of investigation and habits of thought, to deduce from the experience of the great Past, valuable lessons to guide the great Future, some new and grand reforms might possibly have been made in our system, without destroying its symmetry. Unfortunately, neither of these causes existed to mould the labors of the Convention. It was a revival of the controversy between Anarch and Old Night, where

“Chaos Umpire sat,  
And by decision, more embroiled the fray.”

Committees were appointed on the motion of everybody, to inquire and report about everything. The Convention was soon swept beyond the old piers and harbors, and places of anchorage, far out on the tumultuous sea of reform; and there was no man of such intellect, or weight of authority in the Convention, as to enable him to control the helm.

Unpropitious as was this state of things, the Convention might still have been turned to some useful account, if any deep interest in its proceedings could have been excited. But the popular indifference manifested at the election of Delegates, rather increased during the Session of the Convention. During the four mortal months, through which the session extended, the people appeared to be indifferent spectators of the proceedings. The press plainly indicated this popular indifference. Short abstracts of the proceedings were published in the newspapers from day to day, and those brief summaries gradually grew beautifully less, until they almost ceased to be. They could not compete for public attention with the money articles or price currents; nor even with the ordinary vulgar newspaper marvels; and seductions, murders, little men and big babies, mannikins and monkeys triumphantly carried the day with the people, against the collective wisdom of the State, assembled in Convention at the Capitol.

We do not mean to deny that the Convention has proposed some useful amendments. It would be wonderful if two hundred men could not, in the space of four months, produce some slight improvement in the mere details of the Constitution. Elections by single districts we regard as a real reform. But the good bears a very small proportion to the evil; and as we cannot have the good without the evil, we shall not take many and great evils for a little good. As we

must take the whole, or reject the whole, we elect to reject. The poison is mingled with the water, and it is better that we should thirst, than that we should drink and die.

The objectionable features of the proposed Constitution are too numerous to be presented within the limits which we have prescribed to ourselves for this discussion. Our special business is with the Judiciary. The changes proposed in our Judicial system are extensive and alarming. The mode of appointment, and the tenure on which the judges are to hold office, are radically changed. Now, the Governor and Senate appoint the Judges: under the New Constitution, they are to be elected by the people. Now, the Judges hold during good behavior, (or until they are sixty years old,) under the new Constitution they are to hold for a brief term of years. This we deem to be the plague spot, the *immedicable vulnus*, of the proposed Constitution.

It is an undeniable fact, that an enlargement of our Judicial system was greatly needed, and that but for this, a majority could not have been obtained in favor of calling the late Convention. We asked for bread, and the Convention has given us a stone. The real and substantial purpose for which the Convention was called, has most signally and completely failed; and the very reason which urged the people to call a Convention, is the very, and most conclusive reason, why the people should reject the Constitution proposed by it. The Convention has given us radical change, but not reform, not improvement. We wanted greater judicial force; they have not essentially increased it. We wanted a simpler system; they have made it more complex and cumbrous. We wanted to preserve, and if possible to increase, the weight and authority of the Courts, and to strengthen their hold on public confidence; they have dragged the Courts upon the political arena, and have devised the most effectual method to destroy the purity and independence of the Judges, and the confidence of the people in the administration of justice. Our Constitution was generally felt to be an excellent instrument, under the administration of which, our State had advanced in a career of unexampled prosperity. There was one vital defect, not original and inherent, but resulting from our rapid growth. It was extensively felt, and especially by the profession most conversant with the

matter, that the number of our Judicial officers, and the arrangements of the Courts for the dispatch of business, were entirely inadequate to the labors which devolved on them. Insufficient force was the evil ; an increase of that force was the natural and appropriate remedy. The proposed judicial system will prove entirely inadequate to the administration of justice, without ruinous delays. The names of Courts and officers are changed, but their number is not essentially increased. But while the new Constitution does not augment the judicial force, it creates an increased necessity for such augmentation. Instead of a County Court, for civil and criminal business, in each County of the State, and one Supreme Court, with Circuit Courts held in each County, we are to have eight Supreme Courts. These Courts are of equal jurisdiction, but each confined to its own local district. The decisions in one Court or district, will have no binding force in the others. The laws of property will become more and more unsettled and uncertain. On one side of a line, A, according to law, will be entitled to judgment against B ; but by going a few rods to the other side of that line, and into another district, B, upon precisely the same state of facts, will be entitled to judgment against A. The want of a common rule of right, will produce endless uncertainty and confusion, fraught with consequences ruinous to individuals and destructive of the most sacred ends of society. Wretched indeed is the servitude of that people where the laws are uncertain.

The want of uniform decisions and a uniform rule of right, will produce another great evil in the infinite series of mischiefs in this new Pandora's box, without a hope at the bottom, which the Convention has opened to the People. Men will have no confidence in the conflicting decisions of these co-ordinate and jarring tribunals ; and instead of appeals, as now, from two high Courts of original jurisdiction, presided over by men of mature years and acknowledged learning and talents, whose decisions have commanded great respect and been generally acquiesced in, there will be appeals from eight Courts. The number of cases appealed from the Court of Chancery, or removed by Writ of Error from the Supreme Court, to the Court of Errors, has always been exceedingly small, compared with the number of cases decided in those

Courts. Not one case out of a hundred, indeed not one out of many hundreds, so decided in the Supreme and Chancery Courts, has been carried to the Court of Errors. A desire for delay has carried many cases to the Court of Errors, where there has been no hope of obtaining a reversal of the judgment, or decree in the Court below. This acquiescence in the decisions of our two highest Courts of original jurisdiction, is no doubt attributable to the confidence universally reposed in the pure and able men who have presided over them. But under the new system, this confidence must, in a very considerable measure, cease, for the reason already adverted to, and for other reasons which we shall present when we come to consider the new judicial tenure and mode of appointment. The want of uniformity in the decisions of the eight independent Supreme Court jurisdictions, and a lessened and ever lessening confidence in the learning, capacity or impartiality of the Judges, will yearly produce a bountiful harvest of appeals. All seasons will be equally seed time and harvest. The consequences are obvious to the meanest capacity. The Court of Appeals will, in a little time, be blocked up with business. It may spend six months in each year in hearing, and the other six months in deciding, causes. It may devote itself with ceaseless toil and unwavering fidelity, to the performance of its functions ; its judges may be as sleepless as the tides, with brains and nerves toughened to the hardness of steel, knowing no relaxation, no pleasure, no rest from their Sisiphrine labors ; and yet the Court will be utterly and hopelessly overwhelmed with business in less than two years. New delays in the dispatch of its business will produce additional crops of appeals for the sake of the delay. That Court will be the final outlet to the tides of litigation, and that outlet will, in a little while, become almost impassable : an overslaugh, over which no keel can pass, until it has lain upon the bottom long enough to rot. Litigants will go in young, and come out of it with gray locks ; and appeals, like border fends, will be bequeathed from sire to son, connecting generation with generation of men, by perpetuated legal controversies. The delay is very often the denial of justice. Protracted litigation is a heavy burden for the rich ; it is utter ruin to the poor. A long suit requires to be pensioned on a long purse ; if the purse be

very short, the suit dies, and with the suit perishes the right which it asserted. "There is great mercy in despatch," says Lord Bacon; "delays are tortures, where-with, by degrees, we are rent out of our estates." If any man imagines that the new judicial system will lessen the law's delays, he is doomed to bitter disappointment. Here, there has been the most absolute failure of a much needed reform; and to accept of the pretended reform, which the Convention has given us, is to postpone any real reform for an indefinite period.

But the worst feature of the new Judiciary remains to be discussed. Was the change in the mode of appointing, and in the tenure of the Judges, demanded by public sentiment, or can it be beneficial? We answer this question with a downright negative. An elective judiciary is a novelty and a heresy among us. The thing was never entertained in any quarter, until after the Convention had been decided on; and then was not discussed by the newspapers, or in the primary assemblies of the people. The idea was so utterly radical, that no man dreamed that it could be incorporated into the new Constitution; and it were a gross falsehood to pretend that it had become the public opinion of the State. It is very confidently believed, that if that question could be passed upon alone, and disconnected from other things, upon whose popularity it is mounted, the people would decide against the change by a vast majority. We hope that they will, even now, vote against it; and that they may be induced to do so, we shall present the objections against an elective judiciary, more fully and distinctly than has yet been done. The change is desired by Demagogues,—by New Shuffeites,—and not by the People. The people have not asked for, but the New Shuffeites dictate the change. The people have had reason to think well of our present judicial tenure. It is unquestionably the tendency of party politics to produce a large amount of political corruption, and to deteriorate the standards of character and capacity, as qualifications for public office. Where, in our history and experience, have this tendency and deterioration been most manifested? In the judicial, or in the legislative and executive departments of the government? Most unquestionably in the two latter. Every department of government has been affected by the bit-

terness of party strife, but the executive and legislative the most and the worst. In the main, we have had pure and enlightened Judges; the Courts have maintained their respectability; they have deserved and enjoyed public confidence; and, with rare and unimportant exceptions, our citizens have felt that neither their politics, nor the politics of the judges, rendered them insecure in their persons or property, or was a barrier to the effective maintenance of their legal rights. But does this correspond with our experience in respect of the other departments of the Government? Have they been equally confided in, and equally worthy of confidence? Have both parties, have the people, believed them to be incorrupt, or administered with an eye single to the general good? On the contrary, is it not notorious to all parties and all men, that the legislature has acted more as the political committee of the party having the ascendancy in the State, than like the Legislature of the whole State and people? And has not the Governor too often been the worthy coadjutor of a party legislature? Such, certainly, has been our sad experience. The inference is irresistible and close at hand. The mode and infrequency of high judicial appointments, and the independent tenure on which the judges have held their offices, have withdrawn them from close and prolonged contact with political parties, popular elections, and partisan excesses; while the other departments of the government, differently constituted, have been left to the full force of these malign influences. Our history, and the history of all free States, bear a concurring testimony in favor of keeping judicature at the widest possible remove from party influences. No man, or party, felt aggrieved or oppressed by the principle on which our judicial system is constituted, or thought that any useful change could be made in that principle. The Whig party has called for no such change; and it is but justice to the Democratic party, as a political organization, to acquit it of any purpose to effect it.

Amid this general content, the demagogues enter upon the scene. They tell the people that they are unjustly precluded from their natural right to elect the Judges. They could elect everything else, and why not the Judges? Down by the ear of the People, the disgusting reptiles of the political scene,



squat like the filthy toad in the Paradise Lost. The dear people must be flattered; cozened and deluded by fulsomeness and falsehood. The awful and instructive scene in Eden, rises in our memory: the glorious earth which had not known mildew or blight, and the happy pair in unsinning obedience and blessedness. Of only one tree in that garden of the Lord might they not eat; or, eating, die. "And the Serpent said unto the Woman, 'Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.'" Thus tempted, the tree became "pleasant to the eyes" of Eve, "a tree to be desired to make one wise," and she ate of the fruit thereof:

"The fruit

Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our  
wo,  
With loss of Eden."

And in this way, imitating the foul example of the arch-demagogue, the New-Shuffleites have sought to delude the people to their ruin. An elective Judiciary is made pleasant to the bewildered eye, "a thing to be desired," and forthwith the charm is wound up, and the abominable proposition foisted into the new Constitution. We were surprised; we blushed for Whiggism; we blushed for the legal profession; that no voice of Whig or of lawyer was raised in denunciation of this new and foul political heresy. Such a voice on the floor of the Convention would have awakened loud echoes in every county of the State. But those who would have united in such an opposition, felt disheartened and betrayed. We will yield to no such despondency. A good cause is never lost while life and courage are left to fight its battle, even single-handed, against a world in arms. We will strike at least one stout blow for the Judiciary as it is. We lift our voice in solemn warning to the people against this dangerous heresy. We reiterate the unheeded admonition given to our first parents: "The day ye eat thereof, ye shall surely die." There is "death in the pot" of which you are invited to partake; a murderous dagger lies beneath the pillow on which you are urged to repose.

We want language to express our loathing for the ingrained and thorough demagogue. His daily life is a daily lie. Ever ready to "crook the preg-

nant hinges of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning," he is a swindler by profession, and his mind subsists on the vilest garbage of the political sewer. Selfish, corrupt, utterly base in his means and aims, he is the worst pest of society, and a vile excrescence on the otherwise healthy trunk of the fair State. The character of the demagogue was once drawn in lines of fire by a great Whig statesman, recently lost to his country, who had qualified himself by severe and profound studies in history and political science for a career of the widest usefulness and renown. His worth even far transcended the appreciation of his country, which shed bitter tears over a great man cut down suddenly in the prime of his manhood, and in the midst of public service and honors. "History is written in vain," said the lamented Legaré, "if mankind have not been taught that demagogue and tyrant are synonymous; and that he who professes to be the friend of the people, while he persuades them to sacrifice their reason to their passions, their duty to their caprices, their laws, their Constitution, their glory, their integrity, to the mere lust of tyrannical misrule, is a liar, and the truth is not in him."

Are the people likely to select more learned, pure or able men for judges than those who have been selected under our present system? Shall we have Kents and Spencers, Storrs and Marshalls elected? We are told that "if the people can be entrusted to elect Presidents and Governors, no good reason can exist why they should not elect judges." This short asseveration contains two palpable fallacies. First, it falsely assumes that the reason why judicial officers are *not* elective is, that the people are not thought worthy of being entrusted with their election; and secondly, that it is expedient to elect them, because the people are worthy. We deny both assumptions. The paramount reasons against making judges elective are, first, that electing them would bring them into too close contact with party excitements and excesses, and tend to impair their purity and impartiality; and second, that such contact, even if it did not in fact make judges partial and corrupt, would destroy the confidence universally reposed by the people in the courts, and in the pure and impartial administration of the laws. Hence, it will be seen that the worthiness of the people is a point not all involved. Ad-

mitting their virtue, general intelligence and patriotism, as we do most cordially and sincerely, it does not show that the true reasons for making judges non-elective are not absolutely conclusive. It by no means follows that because the people are intelligent and honest, they are necessarily capable of selecting the best men for *all* offices. The people elect the President—but do they elect his cabinet? Do they elect foreign ministers? Does any man of common intelligence suppose, that it would be discreet to make the heads of departments and foreign ministers and consuls elective by the people?

Are the people necessarily able to determine who are the best qualified for high judicial stations? It is doing the people no injustice to say, that the average capacity and intelligence of those whom they elect to high offices are, or should be, greater than their own. The Governor and Senators are, or ought to be (for the people should select no others than) men of the highest talents, character and attainments. If they are not, why have the people, who are so bespattered with praise by demagogues, the power, and the want of intelligence and virtue, to elect them? But if they are, their talents and character have given them an acquaintance with public men, and men of high judicial qualifications, throughout the bounds of the State, which peculiarly qualifies them for making a wise selection. For example, suppose that a Chancellor or Judge of the Supreme Court is to be appointed. The station requires a man of spotless integrity and great attainments in the law. But the most learned and eminent lawyers, pursuing the quiet paths of their profession, do not become much known in political circles, to the people, or to political managers, throughout the State. The people's knowledge of able men, and more especially of those who are not politically prominent, is almost exclusively local; and, as a general thing, the men who are best qualified for judicial offices are the least known to politicians—to the wire-pullers of parties—to the men who, by their tact and activity, obtain a controlling voice in the nominations. Would the people, under such circumstances, be *very* likely to make the best selection of a judge or chancellor? But take the other mode of appointment. The Governor and Senators are in public life; in active correspondence with all parts of the State; in frequent contact with men of command-

ing influence and intellect, of all parties; and have the best possible opportunity to know where the highest qualifications for the office may be found. If the Governors and Senators are upright men, and perform with fidelity the duties of their office, will they not, knowing the best men, appoint the best men to office? If they are corrupt, and will not, we ask again, why have the people been so stupid as to elect such men to the offices of Governor and Senators? Is it not a little absurd to say that the people can (and therefore ought to) appoint good judges, because they cannot (though they ought to) appoint good Governors and Senators, who should appoint good judges?

But supposing, for the sake of the argument, what is utterly false in fact, that the people are as favorably circumstanced as the Governor and Senate to know what men in the State are best qualified for judicial offices, there is yet another powerful reason why they are not likely to obtain the best men by means of a popular election. Many men of the highest ability have little or no inclination for office. They are averse to the crimination and uproar which have become inseparable from political life and popular elections. Such men love their country quite as well as those who make a more ostentatious display of their patriotism wherever they hope to find a good market for it. They would feel constrained by a sense of duty, in many cases, to fill an important public office, if tendered by the appointing power; but they would by no means consent to be run as a candidate for the same office; to be assailed by all the Billingsgate of a degraded political press; to have their life misrepresented, their characters vilified, their secret and most sacred feelings bared to the foulest obloquy, for the chance of being elected over, or, quite as likely, under the pressure of "regular nominations," defeated by opponents in every possible sense infinitely their inferiors. It is a very great mistake to suppose that the best and ablest men are in public life; on the contrary, the people are deprived of the services of many of the very purest and most eminently gifted of our fellow-citizens, by the causes just adverted to.

But if we were to waive these objections, others, much stronger, remain to be stated; namely, the bad effect of such elections upon the judges, the people, and the administration of justice. We may safely assume that no man will take a

nomination for a Judgeship, who does not desire to obtain the office. If a candidate, he will use the means ordinarily used by politicians, to be elected, and to retain his office by successive re-elections. To suppose the contrary, is to suppose the grossest absurdity. If he be a lawyer, as he most probably will be, he will be even more anxious to keep, than he was to get, his place. A lawyer cannot be long from the Bar without breaking up his professional connections and losing his business; and, once lost, they can only be regained by years of assiduity and labor which few are found willing to bestow. If he do not possess an independent fortune, and if, in addition, he have a family dependent upon his official salary for support, the retention of his office becomes a dire necessity. An elected Judge will be nothing more than a man, with a man's frailties. No man can live by politics without living among politicians. No man can live among politicians without acquiring their opinions and habits, their ways of thinking and acting. This is human nature, which will outlast the new Constitution, and the parchments on which many subsequent ones will be written. The political Judge must keep a firm hold upon his place, and upon those party leaders and managers who have the power to keep him in, or turn him out of, his place. He must stand well with them, and with the masses of his party. He must keep popular, that he may continue to be available. A necessity is put upon him to do and to be all this, and it is said that necessity knows no law. Does any man of sense believe that a Judge, so circumstanced, will be any purer than other politicians? In political causes, which not unfrequently arise, and which must arise more frequently under the new order of things, he must, necessarily, and therefore will, incline towards those who hold his place in their gift. He may look like the innocent flower, but he will be the serpent under it. Now, it is precisely in this class of cases that the most dangerous assaults may be made on the liberties of the people. The constitutional guards are those which protect political rights and freedom; and political parties, in high party times, and in the frenzy of political excitements, are most tempted to cast them down. It is then that the citizen flies to the Courts of Justice, as to an inviolable sanctuary; but if a political Judge is the ministering priest at its altars, the place of safety be-

comes a scene of sacrifice. But the evil is not confined to this class of cases. The Judge is constantly solicited and tempted to the exercise of favoritism. His political friends at the bar receive indulgences which are not conceded to others. In the details of practice, in matters of discretion, in cases of doubt upon the law or the evidence, the inclination of the Judge's mind will always be in one direction. If this will be so, with reference to counsel, it will be more so with reference to the litigants. The political friend will have the benefit of all doubts, and his adversary may rejoice if the partiality and favoritism stop there. Lawyers, especially, who know how frequently these doubtful points and matters of discretion are presented for judicial determination, will feel the immense force of these considerations. Subject these views to a practical test, and let any man make the case we suppose his own. A is an active politician; B is equally active and influential in the opposite and dominant party. If an important question, in respect of property, should arise in the Courts, between A and B, would A prefer to have it determined by a Judge appointed in the present mode—a no party and unpolitical Judge—or by one whom B had caused to be elected at the last, and could cause to be re-elected or defeated, at the next, election? Every man feels that the answer to this question is self-evident. Every man feels that the moment party politics are introduced into the Courts of Justice, their sanctity is profaned, and no rights of person or property are safe. Can any man tell us how party politics are to be kept out of the Courts, when party Judges are sent to preside in them? It is the most consummate folly to imagine that the name of an office can change the nature of the man who fills it. The same causes, self-interest and habit, will make Judges as political as legislators; and being political, one will just as soon as the other, lend himself to his party, and to party purposes; to politicians, and to politic considerations, in matters of public and private concern. We deem it to be impossible, in the very nature of things—as human nature and political parties are constituted—for an elected Judge, who desires to be re-elected, (as most Judges will,) to be pure and impartial under the influence of self-interest, and with a party motive to be partial and corrupt.

Under the present system, Judges hold

during good behavior. If political considerations influence the appointing power, they relate rather to the past than the future. But once appointed, the judge no longer depends upon a party; he holds by an independent tenure; his fears, his hopes, his necessities, do not warp his mind. He is not constrained to conciliate the favor of the dispensers of office, or buy the applause of the people, by the sacrifice of his integrity and independence. He little understands human nature, and has mingled among men to very little purpose, who does not see the gulf which lies between a Judge elected for a temporary period, and another appointed for a term closely approximating to the extreme limit of human life. In the one, the virtues and the magnanimity of the man have fair play and development; in the other, they are chained down and crushed by a power against which most men would struggle in vain. Another cause of the greater purity of the independent Judge, lies deep in human nature. He is independent, and therefore supposed to be above sinister influences. Being deemed incorruptible, no man attempts to corrupt him. It is said, if a woman hesitate, she is lost. A woman's strength and safety often lie in the supposed purity of her character. Her chastity being deemed unassailable, it is unsolicited; whereas, solicitation might prove her ruin. An independent Judge, being deemed incorruptible, remains untempted and uncorrupted. But the same law operates with equal force in the opposite direction, in the case of the elected dependent Judge. He is believed to be vulnerable to the influences to which other men, similarly situated, ordinarily yield. He is solicited, and he yields to the necessities of his situation. He becomes corrupt, because men have deemed it possible to corrupt him. As the safety of some lies in their supposed strength, so his overthrow is owing to his suspected weakness. "A popular Judge," says the great Bacon, "is a deformed thing; and 'plaudites' are fitter for players than for magistrates. Do good to the people, love them, and give them justice; but let it be, as the Psalm saith, 'nihil inde expectantes,' looking for nothing, neither praise nor profit."

We have seen how the proposed change will affect the Judges; what will be its effect on the people?

The need of justice is as universal as man. In a state of nature, natural jus-

tice needs political sanctions to enforce it. There, right is grasped, or wrong inflicted, by the strong hand. This creates one of the greatest necessities for civil society and political institutions. The man represented in the scriptures as "sitting under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make him afraid," is the very type and personification of a perfect civil state. Politically speaking, a man has no rights, except such as society effectually secures to him by institutions and laws faithfully administered. If our life, or limbs, or reputation, or property, may be destroyed with impunity by any man, or combination of men, because there are no laws, or the laws are not enforced, for their protection, we have no right to life, limbs, reputation or property. A higher sense of property, and better guarantees for its conservation, are among the most powerful causes of human progress from barbarism to the highest civilization. An active and sustained industry, the enterprise which achieves everything, because it dares everything, (qualities which are so conspicuous in the Anglo-Saxon race, and especially marked in its American offshoot,) could not exist if not fostered by laws and judicature. Acquisition is the spur to labor. The well we dig, the hut we rear, the clearing we make in the wilderness, the seed which we sow in hope, trusting to the Lord of the harvest for an abundant increase; whatever thing of necessity or luxury we produce, to supply the wants of our physical, or gladden the love of beauty in our moral and intellectual, natures, become *ours*, by virtue of the labor which we have bestowed on them. In obedience to this great law, the rude productions and implements of art are formed, and with advancing accumulations of property, spring up in all the paths of social life, poetry, painting, sculpture, the higher orders of architecture, and the refinements of civilization. The sacredness of acquisitions makes wealth possible; and wealth affords the leisure and means for those higher studies which minister to the noblest achievements in art and literature. The operations of this law are everywhere observable in the growth and decay of states. Without the dominion of laws and tribunals of justice, the world would become a jungle, and its inhabitants ravin and devour each other like beasts of prey. Industry is the parent of wealth, and security the parent of indus-

try. Security is scarcely more important than a sense of security. Fear paralyzes the bodies and minds of men. It is the worst of tyrants. Under its iron rule, "all virtue sickens, and all genius dies." It smites the sturdy arm of toil with paralysis, and the teeming earth with blight.

Nor do men labor merely because they love to gloat over the glittering heaps which they accumulate. The sanctities of the wedded state, and the tender love of offspring, are the mainsprings, the vital and perpetual forces of enterprise and industry. We lay up wealth to secure comfort and consideration for our heirs. The house which we rear is to shelter our children after we are gone, and the tree which we plant at our door shall give a welcome shade to the posterity which inherits our blood and perpetuates our names. Nor is this a mere individual concern; for, affecting all men, and in substantially the same way, it affects through their aggregation the whole people and state. It thus operates upon national industry and wealth; visiting every stream, engine, and forge; every forest which resounds to the stroke of the woodman's axe, every field which whitens to the harvest, every road, lake, river and ocean, on which commerce, land or water borne, is busy in maintaining the intercourse of the world, by exchanging the products of every clime; armies and navies—the glories of nations, in literature, arts, and arms, stand in this close relation to industry, and owe a perpetual allegiance to justice.

We thus see the importance of constituting our Judicial Institutions upon a principle which will make them worthy of, and secure to them, universal confidence. It is our boast, indeed it is a noble virtue, that we are a law-loving and law-abiding people. The judge should be the living voice of the law. The judicial is the highest of all magistracies; elevated by its tenure beyond the vicissitudes of other official stations, having no fear but the fear of God, no aim but to administer justice, above all natural and "supernatural sollicitings," it strikes the mind with almost the awfulness of Eternal justice. From its high seats upon the Zion of our Constitution, and girt about by all the subject land,\* it administers the principles of that univer-

sal law "whose seat is the bosom of God, whose voice is the harmony of the world." Submission to the law, and security under the law, are mere correlatives. Universal confidence alone can secure that universal obedience in which lies our perfect security. Can we have that general confidence, obedience, and security, under a system so necessarily calculated by the very principle on which it is constituted, to make corrupt and vacillating judges, and to excite suspicion against their parity? No character in ancient story makes a deeper or more uniform impression on the mind than that of the elder Brutus. He is an image of stern, inexorable justice. He rises upon the judgment-seat, and with unaverted face, pronounces the death-doom of his son. The heart of the father bleeds, but the stern judge knows no relenting. How many Brutuses will Tammany Hall, National Hall, the Anti-rent districts, or any other districts, give to our annals to interest and ennoble distant generations?

What necessity calls for the proposed change? Have the people lost their confidence in an independent judiciary? Has their independence made the judges tyrannical or unjust? Nothing of the kind is pretended. The reason given, is, that adherence to our present tenure and mode of appointment, violates the principle of representative government. But forms were made for man, not man for forms, and should be subordinated to his best interests. Those interests require an adherence to popular elections as to certain officers, and a departure from them as to others. What the people should desire is, the best means to effectuate the ends of society. Justice is the particular end; by what means can it best be secured? Justice is not a matter of will, of numbers, or majorities. Numbers constitute no element in judicature. The people, through their representatives, make the laws, and will; and numbers, and majorities, enter into that process; but the law once made, it ceases to be a matter of will, and its administration should be sacred from all interference, whether by minorities or majorities. The idea, therefore, is perfectly fallacious and absurd, that the appointment of judges should be brought nearer to the people, and that the judges should

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\* See Burke's letter in reply to the Duke of Bedford.

hold for temporary periods, to make them dependent on the popular will, because our institutions are representative.

Political judges have always been distrusted and despised: is it wise for us to make them political? To render them objects of suspicion and contempt? Is the character of a Scroggs or a Jeffries so admirable, that we wish to see it imitated in this country? Should the judicial mind be stained with the dust of the political arena, and the emblematic ermine of his sacred office dragged with the filth of party politics? The judge is emphatically the *Aegis* of the Constitution and the rights of the people. He stands aloof from the contentions of parties; instead of representing a faction, he represents the whole people; with a placid dignity he surveys the wide fields of human action: the rich man and the poor, the widow and the fatherless, the oppressed struggling against power, and legitimate authority struggling against popular excess, all appeal to him with confidence. With a voice unmoved by passion, and a heart which renders a perfect allegiance to the law, he interprets the sacred charter, and stands a ministering priest at the venerable altars of the Nation's justice. In this pure and impartial administration of justice lies the sweet sense of security;—life, liberty, reputation, the fruits of our toil, painfully gathered for those we love and who may enjoy them after we are dust, seem to us to be safe. Take away this sense of security, by destroying its best guaranties,—unpolitical courts, unpolitical judges, unpolitical

justice—and life becomes one lingering apprehension, and our death-beds would be tormented with the most agonizing anxieties for the fate of the dear ones who should survive us. We could no longer bequeath our children to the justice of our country, but only to that Eternal Mercy which “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”

To recapitulate our objections to the proposed judicial system: It will prove inadequate in force to the necessities of the State; it will destroy the independence and purity of the judges, and confidence in the administration of justice; and, destroying respect for the judges, the courts, and the laws, it will tend to overthrow the best securities of life, liberty, reputation, and property.

We commend to the people of this great State, the following observations of that profound statesman, and early, and fast friend of America—Edmund Burke: “It has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself; I mean justice: that justice, which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us as our guide with regard to ourselves, and with regard to others, and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes, our Advocate or our Accuser before the great Judge, when HE comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.” J. M. V. C.

## PURIFICATION OF WATER.

### JENNISON'S FILTER.

THE recent invention of a cheap and simple contrivance for the purification of aqueduct waters in cities, by which the impure element is made to assume in part the properties of spring or natural fountain water, has been noticed by this Review, as an event of universal importance, as it promises an increase of health and comfort to a large part of the human family. By the abundance of good and wholesome water, great cities are made habitable, and from being hospitals of disease, become abodes of longevity. But water is not merely accidental to us, in the matter of health and disease; we

exist in it, and are, in large parts, composed of it. Indeed, during the first nine moons of our lives we lie submerged in it; and for a period of twice that length, after our delivery from the home of our genesis, nature provides for us an aliment suspended and dissolved in water. By water alone the liquidity of our mobile organism is maintained, and the parts made pliable, free, and apt for the nutritive processes of life.

To water, then, as much as to the earth and more than to the air, we are obliged for our existence; if the spirit of the nature worship were still in us we might

well revere it as a deity, and crown Neptune the *Water*, with no less honors than Jupiter, the *Air*, or Pluto, the *Earth*.

Mystically, water is the type of purification, and of the genesis, or process of creation. The waters of the great deep, on which the Spirit brooded, represent the incipency of all things, when the universe was in solution, waiting for the creative will to precipitate from it suns and worlds: The blue expanse of ether, a seeming watery floor, represented to the ancient astronomy those waters above the firmament, or crystalline sphere, within which, as in an egg, the world was hatched by the brooding of the Spirit.

From the mystical, it is but a step to the scientific meaning of water; for in science it is the universal solvent, and holds all the simple elements in suspension. Water is the grand material of the chemist; to bring all substances into solution is his art, and by water he does it; for even those famous solvents, the "royal waters" of chemistry, aqua regia, aqua fortis, vitriol, and spirit of salt, not excepting the most potent of all, the biting devil of fluor spar, that digests more than an ostrich, and melts down hard glass like a white heat—owe all their potency to a combination with water, and without it are quite dry and inert.

Philosophically considered, water is the type of the liquid state in general, and by its boiling and freezing points, is the limiter of the conditions of life. Because water is the liquid from which the parts of the bodies of animals receive their softness and mobility, no organism can exist on either side the temperature of ice and steam.

The mechanical properties of all liquids are therefore studied in water, as those of all gases are in air. Though there be no element that is not as capable as water, of the three conditions of matter, the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous; yet because of its relation to organic life, being the very element in which that life originates, and possessing the properties of a liquid in a higher degree than molten earths, or metals, or than condensed gases, and remaining so, within the limits of life, it has the preference; so that to think of liquidity, is to think of the properties of liquid water; as to think of eriformity is to think of air.

It is composed of two elements, one of which is the most active and susceptible,

the other the most passive and insusceptible of bodies. Both are gaseous, at the temperature of water, in their free state; and no one has yet been able to condense them into a liquid; though when united, they form the most liquid of liquids. One of these, oxygen, the nutritive part of the air we breathe, always forms solids when it unites simply with metals, or other bodies, at the common temperature. The other, hydrogen, a gas much lighter and more aerial than the first, always forms, or, if we may so speak, strives to form, liquid or gaseous compounds with other elements; its tendency is aeriform, it has but little affection for heavy bodies, and will hardly join with any of them. It is the least susceptible, too, to effects of heating and cooling, and will not permit itself to be tightly bound to anything; it is very proud, transcendental, airy, cold, thin, and neutral; a demon of the Ariel sort, with great gaiety and spirit, and but little affection.

Now by the marriage of sober, weighty earth-loving oxygen, with light, giddy, and repugnant hydrogen, is formed water; a body perfectly the mean, or midway of these opposites: for its affection for the metals is only equalled by its affection for the lighter elements and gases; it enters into every sort of combination with a ready good will, and a happy adaptiveness, which, though it diminishes our respect for its individuality, excites our admiration for its utility.

That water contains elements of an active, fiery nature, may be easily shown by throwing a few drops of it into a fire of coals; it is converted first into steam, as might be expected; but no sooner is this steam produced, and in contact with the burning coals, than it is separated into its two elemental spirits, or elements. The oxygen discovers his affinity for heavy matter by uniting with a portion of the coal, and adding to the fume of choke damp, or carbonic gas, which ascends the chimney; while the light hydrogen, escaping at the same instant, mingles with the air of the draught, and finding oxygen mixed in it, (as usual,) is instantly married to it again, the heat which they receive from the fire being the ardor which brings them together; for in all unions of *different* natures there is an ardor to be the cause of it; while, in common aggregations of multitudes, there is a mere selfish cohesion, which any mechanical accident may dissolve.

Thus, by a very trifling experiment in

a coal fire, we see a divorce and two material marriages, happening as quick as thought; water is unmade; carbonic gas is made, and water is re-made, notwithstanding all the efforts of high-flying hydrogen to remain a maid; fire has bound them together, the heavy and the light, and only by a fiery opposition and the aid of a third party, can they be re-divorced.

Chemistry, by the use of certain tubes, bottles, and glass jars, has determined very exactly the quantity of the two elements in a measured quantity of water; this quantity is about 8 of the heavy to 1 of the lighter gas, in pounds or ounces, or any measure you choose to employ. They seem to have no weight, because they are gases, and are buoyed up by the air; but if you will weigh certain quantities of them in bottles, in a space from which all the air has been sucked out by an air-pump, and then weigh the empty bottle, and compare the result, you will find, that all the gas that can be got from 9 grains of water, weighs also 9 grains; and that one of these grains is hydrogen and the other eight oxygen; this proportion never varies—it is fixed, as Lavoisier first proved. Now, if 1 grain of hydrogen is in a bottle, and just fills it, 9 grains of oxygen would only half fill the same bottle.

Chemists have a way of reasoning from a large bulk to a small one; this is the analytic, or scientific method; the reverse is the constructive, or philosophical; that is, from the small to the large; now, reasoning in this former way, we infer, that if the smallest possible particle of each of these elements, (that is to say, an atom of each,) could be measured, the oxygen atom would be only half as big as the hydrogen one, but would weigh 8 times heavier; so, we compare the souls of an airy transcendental and a solid old churchman; one is only half as big to the popular eye, but is vastly weightier.

So much for the unsophisticated element. But this very pure and absolute water, like a faultless character in a novel, is quite insipid and devoid of spirit. It must contain something of the earthy and something of the gaseous, to be sapid and palatable. When pure water, made by a chemical process, is exposed to the air, it is immediately penetrated, and saturated, by it. The gases whose mixture we call *air*—namely, nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic, gas, are

greedily soaked up by the water, as by a sponge; and on precisely the same principle; unless we except the carbonic, which is an acid, and has a chemical affinity for water; tending to form with it a carbonate of water, which is our mis-called "soda-water." Nitrogen and oxygen are soaked up in small quantities; but all together unite in giving the water that lively taste which is so delicious to the palate.

The most perfect contrivance in the world, not even Jennison's filter, though it resemble the head of a metaphysical radical, is not able to exasperate it. Nothing short of boiling can do this.

The points of analogy between Jennison's filter and the metaphysical thing alluded to, may not be instantly obvious, but a careful comparison discovers a wonderful parallelism of properties between them: for 1. The filter is inclosed in a brass case, made smooth externally by a rotating machine; now brass is the emblem of a certain transcendental virtue, and the thory of rotation is, that every man shall be just like his neighbor. 2. The case is stuffed full of a very hard and crude material, resembling live rock; so is the other thing. 3. The water flowing through the case, lets go by all the fine spirit and flavor of the water, but detains every kind of sediment and wriggling impurity; so does the other thing. 4. The filter chokes itself after it has been screwed on a while, and then you have but to turn it, and it instantly is washed clean by the water, and presently gives a clear stream as before; so, the thing alluded to, when it has stood infidel for a time, gets choked with mud and grubs; you have then but to give it an adroit twist, with an eye to utility, when, *presto*, all the trash gushes out, and the stream runs the other way. *Lastly*. The filter is cheap and universal, and does as well by the side of great Lakes, as on the Mississippi, or on an aqueduct; so the other thing, go where it will, is ready for the dirty work of the people, and is cheap and easily fitted to all occasions.

The waters of great lakes, agitated by the wind, become saturated with aerial spirit. Those which drain out of marshes and creep over shallows, have a flatter taste because they lose some of their air by the exposure. The rays of the sun, shooting through shallow waters, heat the soil or sand over which they flow, and this heat is communicated to the water from the sand, and by expanding



and lightening the absorbed gases, causes them to separate and fly off in minute bubbles. These form on stones and roots of water plants, where they may be seen shining like minute pearls.

Turbid waters are more easily injured in this way; for it happens that the sun's rays excite little or no heat in the water they shine through, but only in the specks of impurity which float in it, and in their turn heat the water; as it happens with a head full of blunders and mud, the least ray of critical insight puts it in a heat; it expends itself in a frothy simmer, and tastes all the flatter.

Water drawn from wells, or natural springs, contains usually a fair proportion of carbonic acid, collected by contact with the soluble strata of the earth. Limestones are gradually dissolved by the trickling of underground rivulets, and thus immense caves are worked out, in gradual dissolving of ages, like the Mammoth and Derbyshire caverns. The waters flowing through, or over, lime rocks, or limey soils, prove unhealthy, from

containing carbonate of lime, or limestone, in a soluble state. The excess of its carbonic gas enables the water to dissolve the rock, acting slowly and gradually; as the constant flow of a free and witty spirit gradually wears down the solidest personalities; but when this water is exposed to the air in small drops, or thin layers, it loses its spirit, and deposits a film of lime; forming, by layer upon layer, the beautiful stalactites of caverns; like the bright works of a Burton or a Lamb, dissolved out of the hard masses of a rugged, dark and ancient literature, and deposited in a meditative seclusion, out of the heat and turmoil of the world.

The natural properties of water, placing it in affinity with a great variety of substances, through the single or joint effect of the elements which compose it, enables it to dissolve minute quantities of all the rocks and soils through which it flows. From woods and marshes it takes many kinds of vegetable matters, formed in the decay of leaves and fibres

\* Though the American Review is not intended to be made a Record of Inventions, we think it a part of its duty to notice great discoveries in science and art, more especially such as promise an increase of health and pleasure to the Race, or to any considerable portion of it. But of this kind we have met with nothing more ingenious, or more admirable through its simplicity, than the little contrivance for filtering water, invented by Mr. Jennison of this city. If this inventor were a Frenchman, he would probably receive an Order of Merit for his ingenuity, but in America the only order of merit is popular fame. Let the reader observe, that wherever vast and permanent utility is joined with simplicity in the same invention, it is said to be "great," and the inventor becomes famous. Now, here is a little instrument, a brass box shaped like a dish, or flattened spheroid, about six inches in diameter, with a screw-fitted orifice in the centre on both sides; this box screwed by either orifice, to a hydrant pipe, suffers the water to pass through it, but detains all its impurities;—gives it all the properties of rock water; for this reason, and because the material in the box is a kind of hard-pan, or sandstone made by vast pressure, the instrument itself should have been named "the rock-filter," or, the "artificial rock-filter." This artificial rock is inclosed between two diaphragms of fine wire gauze, within the box; through which the water has to pass on entering and escaping; and has been named from this feature, "the diaphragm filter," but the merit of the discovery is not in the diaphragmatic form, but in the filtering material, or artificial rock. When the water has run for a time through one of these rock filters, (which it does under hydrant pressure, with a rapid stream, and not trickling tediously,) by unscrewing and reversing it upon the hydrant, you easily wash out the collected impurities; and presently the water runs pure as before. The impure drainage collected in a glass is discovered to be a perfect menagerie of animalcules and minute crustaceans. It is, moreover, full of vegetable and animal impurities. Whoever, therefore, wishes to avoid the necessity of drinking worms, waterlice, and decayed animal matters, &c., will do well to get one of these cheap and durable filters. They suit all kinds of waters, and where there are no hydrants, can be screwed upon a small forcing-pump. We venture to predict, that the "artificial rock filter" of this inventor (Mr. Jennison is absolutely the originator), will soon become one of the regular and necessary comforts in all regions where water cannot be taken from the live rock, or from deep wells.

We understand that the fostering care of the American Institute, by its encouragement of Mr. Jennison's invention, has been the means of its successful presentation to the public. Two gold medals were awarded for its invention and improvement. Such an institution cannot show the good results to be hoped from it, more than by the encouragement of such discoveries of universal benefit. We have noticed that many eminent physicians and chemists have attested the value of the invention.

of dead plants. From the floating fumes of putrid vapors in the air it brings down ammoniacal matters, and receives that alkaline, or *soft* quality, which makes it easily take up grease and oily impurities from cloth, or from the skin. The *softness* or alkalinity of water is derived from the slate and other rocks over which they flow, as well as from the clouds; but it oftener happens, that the waters of springs and mines incline to an acid or saline quality, which prevents their making soluble compounds with oil or grease; and so, as we say, *hardens* them. River and lake waters are apt to be soft, because they are fed by rains.\*

Beside the gases, salts, and alkaline substances dissolved in natural waters, they invariably contain particles of vegetable and mineral matter floating insoluble in them. Thus, in the Croton water, accounted not unusually impure, the quantity of vegetable matter, from leaves and roots decaying in the marshes, is so great as to form a yellow sediment, which easily putrifies on standing. Schuylkill water is still more impure, and has in addition, a quantity of earthy matter suspended in it, which gives it a slight milky color. The Mississippi, the Nile, the Ganges, the Ohio, the Missouri, and Connecticut, are charged with a great quantity of earthy material, which discolours their streams, and even gives them a harsh taste.

All large rivers hold a great quantity of animal matter, from dead carcasses dissolving in them; so that, when taken on ship-board, or allowed to stand in a warm place, they soon putrify and throw up a scum.

But by far the most remarkable contents of natural waters are the animalcules, who inhabit them in such prodigious

numbers: a single inch of space often contains many thousands. As nature approaches her limits on either side mediocrity, her shapes become uncouth and hideous; minute, no less than huge creatures, are monstrous in their forms, and rare in their lives; but the rarity of the greater kind is in numbers, that of the lesser in duration; the large last long, and are few; the small compose an infinite multitude, but their duration is but for a day or an hour. The multitude of animalcules in all seas, rivers, lakes, and pools, would, doubtless, compose a much larger mass, if brought together, than all the bodies of large animals. Many of the minutest kinds are inclosed in shells, like a crab, or an oyster; but these shells are of pure flint, or silex, separated by organic processes from their earthy or vegetable food. When the animalcule perishes in the water, it drops its shell, and the perpetual shower of millions of these shells, covers the bottoms of rivers and lakes with a fine silicious mud—which, when dried, is an impalpable dust. The existence of these shells in the composition of certain rocks, was first shown by Ehrenburgh, who established the surprising fact, that a very large proportion of the crust of the earth is entirely, or nearly, composed of animalcular shells. Such, for example, is the common rotten-stone used for polishing; and such, in all probability, the fine-grained silicious layers, which lie between and above the coal and iron beds of England and America. Such, too, in great part, are the fine-grained silicious strata of all the formations:—indeed, it is not impossible, that, not only all the carbon, sulphur, and limestone, but that every grain of silica in the earth's crust, has, some time or other, been digested

\* The Croton Water contains (in 100,000 parts), of

Common salt, (and a trace of potash,) . . . . .	167
Glauber's salt, . . . . .	153
Chloride of lime, (chloride of calcium,) . . . . .	372
Chloride of aluminium, (clayey matters,) . . . . .	166
Phosphate of alumina, (clayey matters,) . . . . .	532
Common limestone, (carbonate of lime,) . . . . .	2,131
Carbonate of magnesia, . . . . .	662
Plaster of Paris, (sulphate of lime,) . . . . .	225
Dissolved quartz, (silica,) . . . . .	377
Nitrates and crenates of soda, result of vegetable decomposition, . . . . .	1,865
Total of solid dissolved matter in 1 gallon, (after ignition,) . . . . .	6,000
Cubic inches of carbonic acid in ditto. . . . .	17,517

"The peculiarities in the composition of this water are the large quantity of carbonic acid (gas), holding up lime (which is separated by boiling), the large proportion of phosphate of alumina, and the acids formed by decay of plants."—*Report on the Analysis of Waters, by B. Silliman, Jr., from the Report of Boston Water Commissioners, 1845, City Doc. No. 41.*

and exuviated by an animal; a conception much more remarkable than any other in science, for it makes the solid earth to have been a work of minute animals;—the huge lump of this planet has gone atom by atom, through the bowels of worms and little wriggling creatures. Nothing is easier than to be satisfied of this: we have but to examine the residuum, collected in the artificial rock-filter, to find abundant proofs of it. When the stream of rain or river water has run for some time through the filter, reverse it on the hydrant, and the impurity will instantly wash out. Examine this impure water with the naked eye in a strong light, and you will see the small crustaceans and worms, frisking about in it. Under a microscope, a drop of this dirty water will seem perfectly alive with various kinds of minute animalcules. Professor J. W. Bailly of West-Point, has examined their species,\* and found the names for them as they were assigned by Ehrenburgh. The water of the Mississippi is quite alive with them. Professor B. remarks, "that the inhabitants of St. Louis consider the water they drink as remarkably wholesome, and are surprised that strangers wish to have it filtered for their use. Whatever its effect on health may be, it is certain that it contains a sufficient amount of animal matter to be somewhat nutritious." The dry dust of the residuum of Croton water obtained by the Jennison-rock-filter, so abounds in shells of animalcules as to be an excellent polishing powder, preferable to emery, or rotten-stone. It resembles an impalpable gray dust, of the color of certain fine layers of silicious sand-stone and gray slates, which line the intervals, between the coarse sand rocks of the coal formation; indeed, there is little doubt, these layers were formed by filtration. They are even now in the process of formation on every rock surface, penetrated by river, or lake water. We have heard of a certain Scotch agriculturist who filters water for his cattle and tenants, by causing it to percolate a basin lined with sandstone, which is only a rock filter in the natural way; there is no question but the surfaces of

the stones in this basin are covered with a layer of this animalcular powder. In this process all the valuable properties of the water remain in it; its gases, and alkaline qualities cannot be separated, but by the charcoal filter and distillation; but rock-filtered water has no animal or vegetable impurities, nor any earthy matter to clog or injure the system. Earths, whether suspended or floating in water, operate medicinally; most part injuriously; some suppose intermittent fevers to be caused by drinking waters that contain vegetable impurities; others, that pin-worms, and other ascarides are introduced into the stomach of men and animals in impure waters. Be it so or not, we may secure ourselves against the chances of such evils, by passing all the water we use, except what is taken from a deep well, through some kind of rock filter. It is not impossible that the use of such a process may add something to the average length of our lives; which, through improvements in medical and other arts, is now considerably on the increase; notwithstanding that the Croaker philosophy represents it otherwise.

There is hardly any use to which water can be put, except brewing and watering of plants, in which it is not improved by natural or artificial rock filtration. Chemists are necessitated to use pure water in all their processes. Bleachers find that rock-filtered waters are essential to giving a whiteness to clothes. Daguerreotypists can use none but spring waters with any success. River or lake water, artificially converted into spring water, is the best for all kinds of washing and cookery; in fine, there is no doubt, that the method of artificial rock filtration, in whatever way applied, will add in a thousand ways, to the health and comfort of the human race. It is to be regarded as one of the great and permanent discoveries of this day, nor was it attained, we may be assured, without great ingenuity, study, and labor, on the part of the inventor; not less, perhaps, than it cost Arkwright to perfect his spinning mill, or than was given by Watt, or Fitch, to the applications of steam.

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\* See Report of Geological Association, for 1845. Professor Bailly's Paper on Infusoria of Mississippi river. Professor Hare of Philadelphia, on examining the residuum of the Schuylkill water, taken from the filter, states, that what Mr. Jennison considered an embryo leech, resembles more the *lumbricoides*, the name of the intestinal worms in children.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE English papers are full of accounts of disturbances and destitution in Ireland. On the last week of September serious riots occurred at Clashmore, near Youghal, in the county of Cork, and at Dungarvan. At the latter place the military were ordered to fire upon the mob, and several were killed and wounded. The cause of these riots is said to be the discontent among the peasantry respecting the amount of wages of the public works. In the first instance eightpence a day was offered, but the people refused that rate as utterly insufficient. At numerous other towns the peasantry were in a riotous and starving condition; at Crookhaven the misery is described as most appalling. Masses crowded into Golen on the morning of the 25th September, many of whom had been living for some time on one bad meal in twenty-four hours. They however listened to the exhortations of the priests, and dispersed. The operation of the recent Labor-rate Act is represented as unsatisfactory, diverting the industry of the country from the substantial improvement of its natural resources and stimulating those "habits of laborious indolence" which are the disease of the nation. The *Daily News*, after exhorting the government and people of Ireland against giving way to panic, sums up the actual state of available resources and presents the following as a favorable picture of the actual condition of the country. "The stores of food already in the country or on their way to it, are sufficient to feed the people till the next harvest. There is a very considerable amount of home-grown grain and Indian corn in private hands in Ireland. About the middle of August there were in the various depôts 430 tons of oatmeal; 7,500 sacks, 13,000 barrels, and upwards of 5,000,000 lbs of Indian corn meal, besides 8,000 bushels of Indian corn. The stores since that time have rather increased than diminished. The Commissariat sent out large orders for Indian meal and other grain to the United States by the packets of the 4th and 19th of last month, and further orders are to be sent by the packets of the present month; so that large supplies may be expected in the course of six weeks. Commercial letters from New York mention large shipments of grain making there to private account. The military stores in Ireland have been placed at the disposal of the Commissariat. Six government steamers are incessantly busy carrying fresh supplies of grain and meal to the several depôts; and several

frigates are being fitted up as floating depôts.

While government is thus providing reserve stores to meet any possible short coming in private supplies, the arrangement for providing employment whereby the people may earn the means of purchasing the food, are in active progress. There are (including counties of cities and towns) 322 baronies in Ireland. Extraordinary presentment sessions have been proclaimed for 202 of them; and a majority of these have met, passed presentments and voted assessments. The county surveyors and the officers of the Board of works in all these baronies give lists of works which can be begun immediately; and the money is to be advanced out of the Treasury; so in a month or six weeks at furthest, the unemployed destitute may be set to work in every barony where immediate distress prevails in Ireland. Already laborers are employed on some of these works in Tipperary."

It is objected that in some baronies they have presented sums of money exceeding the valuation of the rental of those baronies, and that the kind of labor given to the starving population (that of breaking stones for roads) is not calculated to stimulate them to enterprising industry. Roads are now laid out leading nowhere; works planned which will benefit none but the county surveyors, and the land which pays for all, derives no benefit from the measure.

There has been a general failure of the potato crop and consequent scarcity and privation in the Highlands of Scotland. A Commissariat officer was to be sent there by government to make report of the probable supply of food required. The annual meeting of the London city livery to elect a Lord Mayor took place Sept. 29th, Guildhall: Alderman Thomas Wood had a majority over the other candidates, but the election was not decided. The bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington by Wyatt, was raised to its place at Hyde Park corner. This statue is much ridiculed by Punch and the London press generally. Covent Garden Theatre is to be opened as a rival to the Italian Opera House early in 1847; this novelty in the musical word is said to be owing to a breach between the manager of the latter, Mr. Lumley, and his musical director, Signor Costa, who is to direct the new establishment.

The London papers record the death of the venerable Thomas Clarkson, the Apostle of British Slave Emancipation, on the 26th September, at the age of 87. He pub-

lished a prize essay against slavery so long ago as 1786, and the whole of his active life from that time was devoted mainly to the same object.

The *Spectator* notices as the most recent instance of the progress of International Copyright an Act of her Majesty's Privy Council, dated Aug. 27th, in pursuance of a reciprocal treaty between England and Prussia: it directs that the authors and makers of books, prints, and articles of sculpture, dramatic works and musical compositions, and any other works of literature and the fine arts "first published in Prussia, shall have the same copyright therein as the law assigns in the like cases to the proprietors of works first published in the United Kingdom. The *Spectator* thinks the exchange of a similar treaty with the United States would be an inestimable good fortune, and quotes the *Courier & Enquirer* to show that publishers here have already to some extent, by purchasing of English authors the right of publishing in the United States, recognized the necessity of an International system of copyright.

The Literary Gazette contains full reports of the doings of the British Association for the advancement of Science, at their session this year at Southampton. The invention which attracted most interest was that of an explosive cotton, a preparation of the common article intended to supersede gunpowder; its inventor, Prof. Schonbein, has not divulged the mode of preparation, but the qualities of the substance as tested at the meeting of the Association were such as leave no doubt of its adaptedness for its proposed purposes. It explodes at about 400°; it emits no smoke; it leaves not a stain behind; it is not deteriorated by damp or wet; at least dried again it is as readily explosive as at first; a flock of cotton touched by the hot iron explodes, a flash of orange flame is seen, and no trace of gun-cotton or spot is left. The manufacture of this gun-cotton is stated to be cheaper than that of gunpowder, and its force in small charges as two to one; but in larger quantities the difference in favor of the cotton is much greater, owing to the waste of the powder by incomplete combustion. It has been submitted to a board of artillery and engineer officers, who, after a series of experiments and trials of its powers with muskets and rifles have reported most favorably of its value and utility as respects small arms, and recommended that further experiments should be made upon a larger scale, with a view of testing its applicability to heavy ordnance.

The domestic state of France is represented as most distressing. It is said that trade of all kinds was never so bad. Throughout the country the prices of bread stuffs were continually rising. The working-classes begin to suffer severely all over the kingdom. There was a bread riot in Paris, Sept.

30; it was quelled, however, without serious difficulty.

The governments of Baden and Wirtemberg in consequence of the deficient crops, have issued ordinances permitting the free importation of corn. All the crops throughout Europe seemed to have failed except the vine, which is unusually productive.

Our foreign files this month are unusually barren of interesting or important intelligence. Parliament in England is not yet in session. All those questions of difference, which have hitherto created so much and so angry discussion with foreign powers, have been amicably adjusted; the elections in France have re-established and confirmed the power and policy of the Guizot ministry. The new policy of the Roman Pope has hushed, for a time at least, the angry murmurs of his discontented subjects. And the attention of the public in England and France, is divided between the Irish troubles, affairs in the East, and the Spanish marriage. Of these three topics of discussion, the last, and to the American readers, the one of least interest, attracts the most attention. The Queen Isabella is to marry her cousin Don Francisco, and her sister, the Infanta, Maria Louisa, is to become the wife of Louis Phillippe's youngest son, the Duke of Montpensier. The Court of England has been for a long time diligently engaged in efforts to prevent the latter match, and the British press has made it the theme of constant, vigorous, and violent denunciations. Their efforts, however, have been unavailing, and both the marriages have been, formally announced to the Spanish Cortez, and the assent of that body has been given in replies to the Queen's address. The response of the Senate was made on the 16th of September, and on the 18th that of the Chamber of Deputies was adopted with only a single dissenting voice. The British minister at Madrid has formally protested against the marriage, and a similar remonstrance has been made by the minister at Paris. The ground of exception to the match is the alleged violation of that article of the treaty of Utrecht, by which the Orleans in common with the other French members of the house of Bourbon, are declared to be disqualified from ever reigning in Spain: it is further said that the proposed marriage is contrary to the terms of an agreement assented to between the English and French ministers, on the occasion of her Majesty's visit to the King of the French, at the Chateau d'Eu. It is said that a reply to this protest has been drawn up by Guizot and forwarded to Lord Palmerston: but its contents have not transpired.

The subject has certainly excited an unusual degree of feeling on the part of England. Should Queen Isabella die without heirs, the Duke of Montpensier would become though not the king, husband of the

Queen of Spain: and it is this possible union of the Courts which excites the jealousy, and meets the hostility of England. Nothing seems more unlikely than that such a question as this should be permitted to disturb the peace of Europe; and yet many of the most influential journals of London insist that the marriage should, and predict that it will, be prevented by the forcible intervention of Great Britain, if it cannot be done in any other way. Such a result, however, is scarcely possible; and we have no doubt that both the marriages will soon take place, and receive the acquiescence of all the powers concerned.

The English are making rapid progress towards an establishment of their authority and power in the seas around Borneo. Mr. James Brooke, whose adventurous settlement in Borneo has been made known to the world through the admirable and interesting work of Capt. Keppell, is using the power delegated to him by the Sultan of Borneo, with vigor and effect, and has already invoked and procured the intervention of the English in his behalf. A naval force under Rear-Admiral Cochrane was sent out to aid in the suppression of piracy, on the northern shores of the Island. The Admiral succeeded in forcing his boats up the Borneo river, and compelling the Sultan to seek safety in flight. There is little doubt that the English will take possession of the island of Labuan, situated a little north of Borneo, and make it a naval depot for their trade in the Eastern Archipelago. This must inevitably lead to increased intercourse with that region of the earth,—to the settlement of Australia, and the opening of trade with the Empire of Japan, which hitherto has repelled all attempts of the kind, chiefly, as is believed, through the predominant influence of the Dutch. The *Times* is already calling upon the government to take

some efficient steps to destroy the monopolizing supremacy of the Netherlands in that empire and pronounced Mr. Brooke "one of the greatest Englishmen of this century," for the truly wonderful results which he has achieved in the Island of Borneo. "The unexampled energy of a single Englishman," says that journal, "has already gone far to make our name respected, and our intervention welcome, and if our projected occupation of an island near Borneo should issue in a more familiar intercourse with it and with Japan, both at present, probably misinformed of our character and intentions, it will be a result as favorable to the natives of these mysterious islands as it will be gratifying to the curiosity of all the historians and philosophers of Britain."

Of literary intelligence there is none. The first number of *Dickens's* new novel has been issued and is said to be worthy of his fame in its best days. Several American works are very favorably noticed in the London Critical journals. Miss Fuller's *Papers on Literature and Art* receive very warm commendation from some of the ablest and best of them; and Hawthorne's *Mosses from an old Manse* are also heartily praised. The Athenæum reviews the books of GILLIAM & THOMPSON on Mexico, and has a brief notice of WAYLER's Ecclesiastic reminiscences of the United States. SOUTHERN'S *'Life of Wesley'* has been republished, with notes by COLERIDGE, which materially enhance its value. It will undoubtedly be reprinted here, as it is one of the very best productions of the age. COLERIDGE's notes are characteristic and instructive. The Athenæum notices the *'Story of Toby,'* which has been published as a sequel to *'Typee,'* and says of it that it does not essentially confirm the suspected truth of the original work.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Etchings of a Whale Cruise, with Notes of a sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar; to which is appended a brief History of the Whale Fishery, its past and present condition.* By J. Ross Brown. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The little narrative put out some years since by Mr. Dana, entitled "Two Years before the Mast," was read as widely, perhaps, as any book ever written by an American. It deserved its popularity, for it had uncommon characteristics. Most writers, with the various opportunities which Mr. Dana had for ambitious description, would

have made great efforts for eloquent and poetical outbursts. By a happy judgment, or a no less fortunate carelessness of producing any great effects, the writer of "Two Years before the Mast" made use of a perfectly straightforward, simple, unornamented style, as if he were relating his two years life to a fire-side companion. There was present in the book the evidence of a fine imagination—but no display was made of it; and the humanity imbuing the narrative was a charm superior to all others. In brief, the book was found to be, like Beauty, "when unadorned, adorned the

most." This narrative of a Whaling Cruise, by a young man of the West, appears to us very nearly as clever a book as that of Mr. Dana. It is not in any respect modeled after it, and does not treat of any similar scenes, except those in which the ill-treatment of sailors is painfully exhibited. But it has nearly the same simplicity of style, directness of remark and earnest spirit of humanity, with a decided though never boisterous vein of humor, of which the "Two Years before the Mast" possesses very little. It is, unquestionably, one of the best books of the season, and deserves, as it can hardly fail to have, a wide circulation. It is published in the most elegant style of paper and typography, and embellished with a large number of engravings.

There is a great deal in the book that is really interesting. The writer tells his narrative not merely for amusement but for a purpose. He has, throughout the pleasures of his wandering descriptions, like Dana, a design to show up the abuses of authority on the sea to which sailors are subject. Some of his censures are perhaps not quite reasonable, but in the main he teaches some noteworthy and painful lessons. The part of his adventures occupied by his whaling experience is amusing, and presents a good many clever scenes. After arriving on the eastern coast of Africa, comparatively unfrequented by vessels of commerce, the adventurer, whose whaling ambition had been quite *tryed* out of him, bought off his discharge, and remained several months at the Island of Zanzibar. His descriptions of the possessions, government and character of the Imam of Muscat are of decided interest. He tells us many things that are new, and our stock of knowledge of the whole eastern coast of Africa is increased. Our readers will recollect that portions of these chapters were published some months since in the Review. He afterwards visited the Island of St. Helena. The volume concludes with a very full history of the Whale Fisheries, abounding in novel and interesting matter. The book is a thoroughly readable one.

*Engraving of the Capture of Major Andre, from a painting by A. B. DURAND, in the possession of the Hon. James K. Paulding. Figures engraved by ALFRED JONES; landscape by SMILLIE and HINSHELWOOD. Published by the American Art Union, exclusively for the members. 1845. (Size of Plate 18 in. by 13.)*

Engraving in this country has not failed to keep pace with other arts: our best line engravings would compare well with the best of Italy and Germany. The excellent work before us, if it be taken as a measure of the public and artistic taste, shows nothing of the weak and superficial handling

of the late English school. There is more of Woollet and of Kilian than of Finden or Bartolozzi in the landscape and figures. The style of its execution leans more to strength and feature than to softness and smoothness: an inclination which speaks well for the rising spirit of the art. The shadows are profound and simple, the distances bosky and varied: the whole has a firm and clear effect, and produces an agreeable impression on the eye; but for its effect on the deeper sense we could find some fault with it. Only one thing strikes us, in the graver's part, as amendable, and that is that the accidental shadows on the figures are hard and patchy. The artist, in his effort after clearness, has fallen naturally enough into hardness—a fault in the present state of engraving which we incline rather to praise than to blame.

A word on the design of this excellent picture, (which we are compelled to judge of through the engraving only.) It strikes our fancy, or our understanding, or both, that the action of the soldier refusing Major Andre's offer of a bribe, is too theatrical. The honest man seems to be acting, in the worldly eye, not as an honest, bluff soldier of Washington's army, but as a very honest piece in one of Mr. Coleman's tragicomedies. The Andre looks finished and elegant, has a Washington-like, *i. e.*, first-rate gentleman-like, air, which is pleasing enough; but the sitting figure pleased our fancy best. By the by, are the "lights" of the flesh and draperies strong enough?

*The Complete Poetical Works of ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D., (late Poet Laureate.) Collected by himself. New York: Appleton & Co.*

This is a volume of eight hundred and forty pages, printed in clear and handsome type, on paper of the finest quality, and illustrated with engravings from a variety of celebrated pictures. The publishers deserve much credit for introducing the poetry of this distinguished author to the American public in so beautiful a form. The fact is, the time has now arrived when, in the mechanical execution of a book, our best Houses are getting to feel that they ought not to be eclipsed by the noted Houses of London. This is as it should be: many valuable works published within a few years have been remarkably cheap, but utterly unfit to put into any permanent library.

As an intellectual man, Robert Southey belongs to the race of giants. Very few are the men who, on the whole, have done more to enrich the treasures of polite literature; but on the present occasion we shall only express our opinion of him as a poet. Like all the master-minstrels of the past, he stands alone, and cannot with propriety

be compared with any of his brother poets. In his poetry, we find a most strong yet delicate imagination married to plain practical common sense; and the results of this union are of peculiar value to the lovers of what is true and beautiful in nature and humanity. The prominent feature of Southey's poetry is its versatility. The lover of heroic and historical poetry will find in Joan of Arc and Madoc in Wales the love of Freedom recorded in the most faithful style. The reader who would have glimpses into the inner being of the unfortunate, need only turn to his English and Botany Bay Eclogues, and his occasional pieces, where the pauper's funeral and the sorrows of the bereaved are so truthfully described. He who would enjoy a hearty laugh, can turn to the Nondescripts and the Devil's Walk. If one would participate in the wild and fascinating delirium of an imagination at once grotesque and chastened, he must read the marvelous legends of Thalaba and Kehama, which are enough in themselves to perpetuate an eminent reputation. No library can be considered complete without his poetical works, and no person can understand the full power of a *virtuous* minstrel without reading the poetry of Southey, whose morality is as eminent as his poetic faculty. Southey is not only a fine poet—he is an impulsive yet most rational philosopher; and neither his most charming prose, and almost as charming poetry, have been sufficiently read in this country.

*The Jerusalem Delivered* of TORQUATO TASSO. Translated into English Spenserian verse, with a life of the author, by J. H. WIFFIN. New York: Appleton & Co.

2. *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*, translated by FAIRFAX. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

"In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more," (unless you hire the gondolier to sing him;) but the chief effort of the second great poet of Italy will not easily die. "The Jerusalem" is, still, more popular among the Italians, as it has been for the last two centuries, than the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, though not placed by their critics in so lofty a rank, as an original work. It has also been translated into every cultivated language of modern Europe. This has spread widely the knowledge of it, though not, perhaps, its just reputation. If a translation be not very excellent, it inevitably lowers the idea of the original in the mind of the new reader of taste. Whether it is a favor, then, to an author, especially a poet, to melt his fine creations over again in a foreign crucible, depends entirely on the skill of the alchemist. Byron was glad to buy off some am-

bitious Italian from turning his strong English into lame Tuscan; Milton, on the other hand, would very probably be gratified and proud if he could see the version of "Paradise Lost" made, some years since, into bold and sublime Icelandic. Tasso has not been unfortunate in obtaining an English dress. He is by no means so difficult an original as Dante. Not to be measurably successful would be a disgrace. Fairfax's version, of which Wiley & Putnam published some time since an elegant edition, was very rich and felicitous, possessing a fecundity and flow of expression almost Shakespearean. Fairfax, indeed, belonged truly to the Elizabethan age. Dr. Johnson put the wretched translation of Hoole before it; but the Doctor was a follower of Dryden and Pope, and had no appreciation of the riches of that earlier period. We never could get a great way into Hoole; it is very smooth and very dull. The present version, by Wiffin, is infinitely superior to it. In some respects it is better than Fairfax's. It is as flowing and eloquent, but not so richly simple and picturesque—has not so much of the quaint old splendor of adornment, like the illuminations of the Missal and the Gothic window. It has, however, the very great excellence of being more literal; it possesses also about equal strength. It is written in the Spenserian measure. We are not certain but the original octave stanza would have been better. An objection to taking it was, doubtless, that Fairfax had also chosen it. The octave is less monotonous. It is the same with that of Berni and Pulci and Ariosto, and which Whistcraft first imitated, and after him Lord Byron, in "Don Juan." It is ridiculous, by the way, to call it the *Don Juan measure*, as if Byron invented it. The volume is executed in this same beautiful style with the Dante of the publishers. There is in the front the finest head of the poet we have seen—a high forehead, crowned with laurel, and eyes strangely soul-full, but filled with profound melancholy. Poor Tasso! his whole face is as unnaturally sad as that with which "the woe-worn Dante smiled."

*Rudimental Lessons in Music*, and *Primary Note Reader*: 1 vol. 18mo., pp. 252, and 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 72, by J. F. WARNER, translator of Weber's Theory of Musical Composition, &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The former of these two works, namely, *Rudimental Lessons in Music*, contains the intellectual information which is properly concerned with the primary elements of Music, regarded either as an art or as a science, either in its relationship to vocal performance or to instrumental; and it is



intended alike for all persons taking their *first steps* in musical studies, of whatever description. Its distinguishing properties are completeness, valuable accession of new matter, late improvements in the method of teaching, naturally consecutive order of topics, clear and intelligible style, simplification of musical terms, extended and minute lists of questions, (adapted the more easily and thoroughly to impress the mind of the learner with the material points of the subject, and to facilitate the use of the book by teachers,) equal adaptation to both teachers and learners—to both vocal and instrumental students, and a peculiarly exact and methodical arrangement for the purposes of schools. The work bears obvious marks of proceeding from a master's hand, and of being admirably adapted to its object.

The *Primary Note Reader, or, First Steps in Singing at Sight*, consists of a series of note exercises fitted to beginners in vocal music. These exercises commence with the simplest rudiments of the vocal art, namely, with the mere scale, and proceed onward by a gradually ascending course of drills, through all the principal varieties of rhythm, the more common melodic or interval progressions, all the leading keys, both major and minor, the more usual modulations, chromatic progressions, exercises in two, three and four parts, (including pleasant little songs, with words,) passages with ornamental notes, exercises in the 5-clefs, and vocalizations for the discipline and improvement of the voice. The characteristic peculiarities of these exercises are brevity, gradual progressiveness, intrinsic agreeableness, methodical classification, variety and completeness.

The two works, taken together, constitute a complete set of books for persons taking their first steps in the study of vocal music, and seem very finely adapted to lead the pupil, by a plain path, to thorough attainments.

Combined with the very great simplicity of those works, there is, withal, an elevation of character which entitles them to more than ordinary regard. They hold a marked distinction above most books of the kind which have heretofore been thrown into the market.

—  
*The Philosophy of History, in a Course of Lectures, delivered at Vienna, by FREDERICK VON SCHLEGEL. Translated from the German, with a memoir of the Author, by JAMES BURTON ROBERTSON, Esq. Fourth edition, revised. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1846.*

A fourth English edition of a very famous book, which has furnished a whole generation of historic dreamers with plastic

notions. The author, one of the most learned and speculative of the conjectural school, entered upon the field of ancient and primeval history, as, in a dream, fancying ourselves kings, we enter and take possession of fairy land. Of all men that ever wrote or speculated on history, he is the most skillful in the use of facts, and out of two or three, will easily build a world, and carry it through a century of events. Particular institutions, the growth of ignorance and necessity, such as that of caste, of monarchy, of hierarchy, &c., have with him the force of divine ideas, and seem to be presiding like demons, or world spirits, over human destiny. The individuality of man is lost; his only merit is obedience; his only wisdom a tradition; all divine knowledge is the precious relic of a primeval communication to first created man. Dreaming happily amid these plastic topics, he seems to delight in the very tenuity and shapeless darkness of the past. He is eloquent amid his phantoms; and, by a copious and powerful style, and a free discursiveness, whirls his reader along with him through the wastes of his dream land. From such writers, as guides and instructors, we pray to be delivered. Let them delight us, and open our intelligence, but we need not too much admire them. Speculative intelligence is cheap enough nowadays: we have a deal too much of it. Meanwhile this writer has the praise of firing many a good intellect into a grander activity. While we deny and doubt him, he exercises us in an admirable manner; but the well-informed will read him with more profit than tyros in history. He stands first among his class.

*Scenes in the Rocky Mountains, Oregon, California, New Mexico, Texas and Grand Prairies. By A NEW ENGLANDER. Carey & Hart.*

On the whole, a very poor book;—loose observations, loosely put together, intended witty parts utterly flat, and pathetic incidents set forth, often in the worst kind of lymphatic sentiment—a plentiful mixture of bombast and lack of sense. The simple and picturesque language of the Indian, where he attempts to give it—and the attempt is, unfortunately, frequent—is in general thoroughly spoiled by the stilted anglicising of our book-making traveler. What is worse, the volume gives us very little new information—"two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff." He claims, in his preface, to add greatly to our stock of knowledge of these regions; but we have seen nearly the whole of it before. Then the writer must needs take up the idea, that great vigor and rapidity of style is to be gained by mincing the whole up in small paragraphs. More than half the book

is in paragraphs of single sentences. Still, hardly any volume can be written about the wilderness of prairies and mountains in the west, without containing some passages of interest; and it may be affirmed with reasonable safety, that a portion of the book is —worth reading. Several pages together are sometimes narrated with tolerable simplicity—and here and there a new fact may be gleaned. Something good is occasionally said of some animal or bit of natural scenery, when he does not attempt fine writing. For instance, a passage about the mountain sheep;—the fine writing we have “pounded” in brackets.

“The flesh of this animal is equal in flavor to that of the buffalo. It is generally in good order, tender and sweet, and slightly assimilates our common mutton in taste.

“The habits and appearance of mountain sheep resemble those of no other animal.

“They select for their favorite habitation the rugged fastnesses of rugged and inaccessible mountains. In the cold of winter, they descend to some of the numerous valleys that so beautifully diversify the scenery of these regions, where the verdure of spring so rarely fades; and, as the warm season advances, they commence their return towards the lofty snow-peaks, keeping even progress with spring and fresh flowers along the mountain-side.

“[Their is a life of unbroken spring—, beauty and grandeur are their dwelling-place—and mid the awe-inspiring sublimity of nature's works, is their home: They gambol upon the fearful verge of the steep cliff, or climb its perpendicular sides, bidding defiance to all pursuers. There, secure from enemies, they rear their young, and teach them to leap from crag to crag, in mirthful gait, or traverse the dizzy heights in quest of the varied sweets of changeable spring.]

“These animals are remarkably acute of sight, and quick of scent and hearing. The least noise or tainture of the air excites their attention, and places them instantly upon the alert. Mounting upon some high rock, they will stand for hours in the same posture, gazing in the direction of the fancied danger. If fully satisfied of its reality, they abandon their position for another and a safer one, high among more rugged peaks, and often beyond the possibility of offensive approach. Their hue is so near akin to that of the rocks which grace their range, they are with difficulty identified when standing motionless, and the hunter is constantly liable to mistake the one for the other.

“In size the mountain sheep is larger than the domestic animal of that name, and its general appearance is in every respect dissimilar—excepting the head and horns. The latter appendage, however, alike belongs to the male and female. The horns of the female are about six inches long, small, pointed and somewhat flat—but those of the male grow to an enormous size. I have frequently killed them having horns that measured two feet and a half or three feet in length, and from eighteen to nineteen inches in circumference at the base.

“These ponderous members are of great

service to their owner in descending the abrupt precipices, which his habits so often render necessary. In leaping from an elevation, he uniformly strikes upon the curve of his horns, and thus saves himself from the shock of a sudden and violent concussion.

“The color of these animals varies from a yellowish white, to a dark brown, or even black. A strip of snowy whiteness extends from ham to ham, including the tail, which is short and tipped with black.

“Instead of wool, they are covered with hair, which is shed annually. Their cry is much like that of the domestic sheep, and the same natural odor is common to both.

“It is extremely difficult to capture any of them alive, even while young—and it is next to impossible to make them live and thrive in any other climate than their own. Hence, the mountain sheep has never yet found a place among our most extensive zoological collections.”

He tells us some things which we never heard of before;—we doubt if any one else:

“While winding among the ravines and aspen groves, we obtained an indistinct view of a strange-looking, dark-colored animal, that my companions pronounced a ‘*carcaque*.’

“Of the character, or even the existence of such a creature, I cannot speak from positive knowledge—this, if one, not being sufficiently near for a scrutinizing observation, and no other of the kind ever came in my way—but, in answer to inquiries, I am enabled to give the following description, for the correctness of which, however, I will not vouch, though, for my own part, inclined to accredit it.

“The ‘*carcaque*’ is a native of the Rocky Mountains, and of a family and species found in no other part of the world as yet known. He seems a distinct *genus*, partaking the mixed nature of the wolf and bear, but is far more ferocious than either.

“His color is a jet black, hair long and coarse, and body trim and slender. His head and neck are like those of a wolf, but his tail and feet assimilate to the bear, and his body presents the marked qualities and appearance of both.

“In size, he is considerably larger than the common cur-dog, and is more agile in his movements. Unlike the bear, he will not run from the presence or scent of man, and regards the ‘lord of creation’ with neither fear nor favor. Hence, he is looked upon as a creature much to be dreaded by all who are anywhere conversant with his character and existence.

“The representatives of his family are seldom met with, which affords the principal reason why so little, comparatively, is known of his nature and habits.”

He afterwards makes some ridiculous efforts to show that the Sioux had intercourse with the Romans. Thus—*Bestia*, (Latin,) a wild beast; *Beta*, (Sioux,) a buffalo; (!) *Tepor*, (Latin,) warmth; *Tepe*, (Sioux,) a lodge; (!!) *Pater*, Latin, father; *Pater*, (Sioux,) fire; (!!!) *Mena*, (Latin,) a narrow sharp fish; *Mena*, (Sioux,) a knife; (!!!!) —a kind of reasoning by which Fuellen

showed Menmouth to be like Macedon; and Adair and Boudinot, that the Cherokees were the lost tribes of Israel.

He, again, p. 199, informs us of the existence, among the mountains, of a colony of *white aborigines*:

"By information derived from various sources, I am enabled to present the following statement relative to this interesting people:

"The Munchies are a nation of *white aborigines*, actually existing in a valley among the Sierra de los Mimbros chain, upon one of the affluents of the Gila, in the extreme north-western part of the Province of Sonora.

"They number about eight hundred in all. Their country is surrounded by lofty mountains at nearly every point, and is well watered and very fertile, though of limited extent. Their dwellings are spacious apartments, nicely excavated in the hill-sides, and are frequently cut in the solid rock.

"They subsist by agriculture, and raise cattle, horses and sheep. Their features correspond with those of Europeans, though with a complexion, perhaps, somewhat fairer, and a form equally if not more graceful.

"Among them are many of the arts and comforts of civilized life. They spin and weave, and manufacture butter and cheese, with many of the luxuries known to more enlightened nations.

"Their political economy, though much after the patriarchal order, is purely republican in its character. The old men exercise the supreme control in the enactment and execution of the laws. These laws are usually of the most simple form, and tend to promote the general welfare of the community. They are made by a concurrent majority of the seniors in council—each male individual, over a specified age, being allowed a voice and a vote.

"Questions of right and wrong are heard and adjudged by a committee selected from the council of seniors, who are likewise empowered to redress the injured, and pass sentence upon the criminal.

"In morals, they are represented as honest and virtuous. In religion, they differ but little from other Indians.

"They are strictly men of peace, and never go to war, nor even, as a common thing, oppose resistance to the hostile incursions of surrounding nations. On the appearance of an enemy, they immediately retreat, with their cattle, horses, sheep and other valuables, to mountain caverns, fitted at all times for their reception—where, by barricading the entrances, they are at once secure, without a resort to arms."

Of course, our philosophic traveler considers them a colony of Romans;—some persons might doubt if the people described exist at all.

The book is, perhaps, worth purchasing; but, with several others that have lately been written about these regions, it quite sinks out of sight in comparison with Fremont's Narrative, some parts of which are almost as admirable as Cæsar's Commentaries.

*Light in the Dwelling; or A Harmony of the Four Gospels.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a large and finely printed volume of nearly six hundred pages, intended to supply a short homily, to be read at the family altar, for every day in the year. For those who live not in the present, it is a most valuable work.

*Chambers's Information for the People. A popular Encyclopædia. First American edition, with numerous additions, and more than five hundred engravings.* Philadelphia: G. B. Zeiber & Co.

The name of "Chambers"—so long connected with one of the most unaffectedly useful and intelligent journals published in the language—is sufficient to insure for this compilation a general regard. Looking into the work itself, we find it in every way admirable, full of interesting information on a thousand topics, and, what is more, information to be relied on. The articles are, of course, by different hands, as is evident enough by differences in style; but the language employed is generally lucid and flowing, and marked with a simplicity suited to the subject.

*Pictorial History of England, Nos. 5, 6, 7.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have before commended this work, as undoubtedly affording more accurate information respecting the early ages of England, especially of the customs and manners of the people, with local annals, incidents, individual characteristics and gleams of biography, than any other history in the language. It has not the originality and polish of Hume, or perhaps the fullness of political changes to be found in Turner; but it is in general respects superior to them both, and is full of interest on every page. It is issued by the publishers with much elegance—quite equal in the main to the English copy, of which it is designed to be a close transcript.

*A Text Book of Chemistry; for the use of Schools and Colleges.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume contains the substance of the lectures which Mr. Draper has been accustomed for some years to deliver in the University of New York. It is much fuller than any school book on Chemistry yet published, containing, in a popular form, and lucidly arranged, all the modern discoveries in this interesting and important field of knowledge. The illustrations are ample.

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A Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art and Science.

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THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW:  
A WHIG JOURNAL

OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

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"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

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NO. XXIV.

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DECEMBER, 1846.

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July, 1846.







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THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW.

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*Edward O. Jenkins, Printer, 114 Nassau street.*

# TO THE PUBLIC.

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We have, in this our last number of the year, a few words to say to our friends. They are words of confidence and hope, and need not be many.

In view of the condition of public affairs—the first and paramount consideration—we cannot but here express, to such as read this Journal, a profound gratitude, that the Providence which overrules the affairs of Nations has chosen to bring good out of so great evils as our country has lately suffered, by making them the means of spreading through the public mind a healthier and more determined state of feeling and opinion. Our position has given us some advantages of observation, and we cannot hesitate to say, that the progress of the last year's events has indicated a great and permanent change in the sentiment of the Nation. May we add the hope, that every reader of our pages will work to this end. What may lie in our power to do, we shall labor for with more earnestness than ever.


As regards the Review, we have but a remark to make. It has now been conducted to the end of its second year. These two years of its existence have been among the most trying for all interests—more especially for all new enterprises—that this country has ever known. If the Review has successfully lived through this part of its course, its future cannot be uncertain. We know what it *can* be made. We think we know what it *will* be made. But we must again declare, that, for the noblest result, an enlarged list of patrons, and the continued favor of those who have been with us, is most necessary. Increased and liberal arrangements, involving a great increase of expenses, renders this requisition the more imperative, and we sincerely trust that the friends of such a work will not let its power be reduced, for want of the fullest support.

Such new arrangements as may be made, with regard to the next year's conduct of the Journal, will be more particularly stated in the January No., with the Prospectus for the new year. It may be remarked, however, that a large amount of miscellaneous matter has been engaged from writers of the first order, embracing a series of articles on social and moral questions of national interest, from the pen of an eloquent writer of this city, whose contributions we had hitherto been unable to obtain; with many others, which will prove, we believe, somewhat more brilliant and interesting than what we have been able, heretofore, to present. The Political Department will be still more amply provided for; arrangements having been entered into for articles of importance from the pens of some of the most eminent public men in the North and South. The Department of Foreign News will be much extended. The Embellishments will be continued: the Portrait of Hon. Rufus Choate being in hand for the January No., to be followed by that of Hon. Mr. Berrien of Georgia.

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*The delay of the present number has been occasioned by the transferring of the subscription list of "The National Magazine" (conducted by Mr. Redwood Fisher) to that of the American Review. The suddenness of the arrangement, the additional production, on its account, of an extra half-sheet, and the necessity of supplying Mr. Fisher's subscribers with our work, put back our presses.*

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 May we request all those of our patrons whose subscriptions are yet due, to remit by mail at once, on the reception of the present number. Our friends must all be in by the New Year. Those who intend to discontinue with this month, will please inform us before January, or be considered as subscribing for another year.

# AMERICAN REVIEW:

A WHIG JOURNAL

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1846.

No. VI.

## THE TWENTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

One session of this Congress has gone by; another has begun. The country has reason to rejoice that it is so near its end. The late elections exhibit an extraordinary revolt in the public mind against the principles, professions and practice of the dominant party which has guided the conduct of this Congress. The elections yet to be held, we may believe, will speak with equal emphasis to the same purport. The Twenty-Ninth Congress will terminate its career in a blaze of popular reproof.

In the brief review which we propose to make of some of the leading measures to which this Congress has given its sanction, we are led, by many considerations, to recur to that with which it stands in very remarkable contrast—the ever-memorable Twenty-Seventh. These two legislative bodies may be regarded as rivals in the public view. They are antagonistic in nearly every point of doctrine and policy affecting the management of public affairs; each the sign and exponent of a new administration; each the type of the party by which it was controlled. We can find no better index, in the events of our time, to the characteristic temper, aims and practical purposes of the two great parties which divide the nation, than is afforded in the history of these two Congresses.

Of the Twenty-Seventh it may be said, that its ruling influence was Conservatism. It was careful to maintain the national institutions as they were known

to the earlier statesmen of the Union. Turning its back upon that wretched conceit of the day, which calls itself the progressive principle—and which, as exhibited in our legislation, is nothing more than the charlatanism of small politicians, who come into the public service unprovided with the experience, and unendowed with the capacity, for the grave duties of statesmanship—it placed itself upon the ground which was occupied by the last administration of Madison, and which was preserved through the two administrations that followed, with the approbation and support of the most eminent and capable men who have ever graced the public councils of this country. It should never be forgotten that the Twenty-Seventh Congress, in the scheme of its action, aimed at perpetuating that system of measures which may be described as the Madisonian platform, and which was sustained, in 1816, by the whole democracy of the Union;—which had Madison himself, Clay, Crawford, Calhoun, Lowndes, Sergeant, and a host of others not less renowned, for its champions; which gave to the country the Tariff, the Bank, the Internal Improvements, as its measures, and the careful restraint of Executive power, economy of administration, and faithful execution of the Laws as its principles.

Endeavoring to conduct its action according to this scheme, the Twenty-Seventh Congress was industrious to suggest and promote whatever was likely

to enlarge the national prosperity. It sought to regulate the currency by a National Bank, improved and guarded by every guarantee which a long experience had suggested as likely to protect it against abuse. It became, in the most liberal sense, the patron of domestic industry; and, with infinite care and study, enacted a Tariff by which it imparted the greatest vigor to every resource of labor. It provided means for the protection and expansion of our lake and river commerce, for the multiplication and scarcity of harbors and the erection of lighthouses. It directed a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands to be made amongst the several States, as long as the country should be at peace—in accordance with a policy which all parties had once approved, and which never fell into disfavor until it was discovered that its adoption might add to the already brilliant reputation of one of the wisest and best of American statesmen. It enlarged our foreign trade by the Chinese Treaty; and laid the foundation of a permanent peace with Great Britain by the wise and just spirit in which it met the difficulties of the Macleod and Boundary questions. And it cannot be doubted that the equitable disposition manifested by this Congress, in reference to these negotiations, prepared the way for the adjustment of the dispute as to Oregon, and thus contributed, in no small degree, to the removal of the only remaining point of collision between two great communities, of whom it has been justly said—that they possessed the means of doing to each other and to the cause of civilization more good or more harm than any other nations upon the globe.

It established an economical administration; arrested the ruinous policy by which, in a time of peace with all foreign powers, a national debt had been permitted to grow up; provided means for its extinguishment, and restored the credit of the government, which a wasteful system of expenditure had impaired. It repealed the Independent Treasury—that most absurd abortion in legislation which partisan pride and obstinacy ever inflicted upon the country. It enacted the single district system for the election of the House of Representatives—a measure so eminently just, so exactly in accordance with the spirit and design of the Constitution, that we cannot cease to wonder at the hardihood which made

it the subject of denunciation and even of State nullification in some sections of the Union, by a party which affects to be the champion of equal rights and assumes to call itself the democracy.

This Congress resisted, and with complete success during the period of its own existence, that ill-fated policy, which has, under less propitious counsels, added the Republic of Texas to the Union. A scrupulous adherence to the limits of constitutional power, a becoming sensibility to the injustice which might be done to the rights of a friendly neighbor republic, and an apprehension of those unhappy consequences which have since been realized, and were then foreseen and foretold, will ever vindicate the wisdom as well as the humanity which refused to concur in the Annexation.

These are amongst the triumphs of the Twenty-Seventh Congress. Several of the measures which we have enumerated in this summary, it is true, were not permitted to take effect. They fell under that formidable power of the veto which the accidental occupant of the chief magistracy of that day has rendered even more odious than it had been before, by his attempt to make it subservient to the mean flattery of one party and the deliberate betrayal of the other. Still, what that Congress accomplished is not more honorable to its fame, than what it was denied the privilege of giving to the country. Nor is it less to be commended for its many labors that were not matured into actual legislation. It devoted its attention to every branch of the public service; its investigations in this field were careful, minute and comprehensive; and there may be found, in the reports of its committees, a digested mass of information upon the public affairs, and an amount of prepared business touching the various interests of the nation, which may serve as the basis of useful legislation for many years to come. The Twenty-Seventh was, in fact, a working Congress. It aimed to present to the country, in visible shape, an embodiment of that political philosophy which the Whigs have ever believed to be essential to the prosperity and grandeur of the nation. It was steadfast to this purpose, and spared no toil to commend itself to the judgment and affections of the people by its industry, its patriotism and its fidelity to every interest embraced within the circle of national concern.

The Twenty-Ninth Congress is, almost

in every respect, the reverse of the Twenty-Seventh. Its first characteristic is its tendency towards destructivism. There is apparent in its action a recognition of positive pleasure in doing what is calculated to surprise the country by its boldness and its novelty. It harbored the utmost ultraism on the Oregon and Texas questions:—nothing was too extravagant to be said or done on those topics. It has given to the Constitution an entirely new character. They who could not find authority to pave the Pennsylvania Avenue, or to make a national turnpike, have now discovered power to bring new empires within the Union. With this body the will of party is everything. In the advocacy of the President's movements against Mexico, it has stripped itself and its successors of the right of judging upon the expediency of a war, and given that question over to the arbitrament of the Executive alone. In the re-establishment of the Independent Treasury, it has not only been guilty of a piece of inexcusable folly, but it has defied the public will and treated it with contumely. In the repeal of the Tariff of 1842 it has grievously assailed the welfare of the people, and consummated an act of perfidy which, for its intrepidity—if not for its impolicy—is without a parallel in our history. The country has looked with amazement upon the hardihood with which their representatives have advanced in this work of destruction; and the public sensibility to their misdeeds seems, for the moment, even to have been blunted by the frequency of the recurrence of acts which singly could not escape a quick and indignant denunciation.

To say nothing of the unfortunate exhibition made by the President and some of his friends in the Oregon question—the peculiar absurdity of which has been sufficiently re-proved in the manly and wise statesmanship of the Senate—we can find no language too strong to express our objections to the course of Government action by which the country has become involved in the Mexican war. The Twenty-Ninth Congress has made itself accessory to the folly and improvidence of this act, not only by its acquiescence but by its vindication of the President and its active co-operation in his views.

We see no justification of that war in any incident of its history. It had its origin in an untruth. It was impolitic

and useless. The object of the war, if it be what it is pretended—for we are as yet without any clear avowal of its real purpose—could have been better accomplished without an invasion than with it. It is, therefore, but an indefensible aggression upon a weak and distracted country, wholly unworthy the prowess of our arms.

We began by the annexation of Texas. The extent of our duty, after that measure, was to defend this new possession. To that point the country would have been with the administration—even those who opposed the policy of the annexation. To this extent, the President has had ample evidence that all parties would have united with him and lent their aid to the achievement of a secure and honorable peace. With all due allowance for the natural ebullition of Mexican feeling against the annexation, there is scarcely a doubt that wise forbearance on our side, and firm assertion of our purpose to resist all attempts on the part of Mexico to repossess herself of her lost province, would have soon been followed by a restoration of friendly relations. But the President has gone far beyond this position. We have become invaders—not to defend Texas but to add new domains to our national territory.

Without intending to dwell upon the history of this war and its objects, there are one or two inquiries, connected with our pretensions, upon which the people will hereafter demand an explanation.

When the question of annexation was brought to the consideration of the last Congress, a distinguished member of the Senate, whose course upon this measure entitles him to the respect and the thanks of the nation—we mean Mr. Benton—very pertinently asked: What Texas is it, that it is proposed to annex to this Union? Is it the province of that name, formerly belonging to the Mexican confederation, which revolted and, on the plains of San Jacinto, won its independence? that Texas which was bounded by the Nueces and the Red River, and known to all geographers as definitively, as any other Mexican State?—Or is it proposed to annex that country which is defined only in an act of the Texan Congress; which claims to have the Rio Grande for its limit up to the forty-second parallel of latitude, and includes large portions of five Mexican provinces that have never revolted, but now live contentedly under the Mexican law; within whose borders no hostile Texan has ever been, except as a pirate.



over of war? This was, in substance, Mr. Benton's inquiry. The reply was: There is no purpose to annex any other State or part of any province, but that which has conquered its independence—the Texas of the Mexican confederation. It was said, moreover, that the acquisition of any boundary beyond the recognized limits of that State, would be made the subject of friendly negotiation with Mexico. This answer, more than any other argument, secured the passage of the resolution which brought the new Republic into our Union. There was a pledge given that no war should be provoked upon this question. It fell to Mr. Polk's lot to redeem this pledge to the country. His first movement was to demand a negotiation for the new boundary, but coupled with that for the settlement of divers other complaints, and at the same time to order armaments both by sea and land to the Mexican border. The answer from Mexico was that of a people irritated with the unfriendly character of the whole proceeding for the annexation. They would treat only for the settlement of the Texas question, as preliminary to all other questions for discussion. This did not satisfy Mr. Polk; and our army was marched to the Rio Grande, and planted upon territory at that time in the unquestioned occupation and under the jurisdiction of Mexico. Batteries were constructed to threaten the Mexican town of Matamoras; and the entrance to the Rio Grande was blockaded by our vessels. A skirmish took place, as might have been expected; a few American soldiers were wounded; and Col. Cross, a valued officer of our service, was waylaid and slain. These events were calculated to arrest the attention of the country and draw it to the seat of war; they were of a nature to excite some degree of sensibility. Advantage was taken of this by the Government press, to raise a cry of vengeance against the Mexicans, "for the shedding of American blood upon *American soil*." We were now informed that the pledges given at the date of the annexation were nought—mere empty promises to secure an object:—that the territory of Texas extended to the Rio Grande and covered the space defined within the limits of the act of the Texan Congress; and that the portions of the five Mexican provinces, spoken of by Mr. Benton, were embraced in the new acquisition of the United States. That for the maintenance of this acquisition we were now in arms; that

the march of Mexican troops on the left bank of the Rio Grande was an act of war begun by Mexico herself; and, that having thus begun the war, she was to bide the consequences. This untruth regarding the first act of war was inserted into the preamble of a bill to provide supplies necessary for the protection of our army, now threatened by a force of superior numbers to their own. The minority of the House, the Whigs, avowed their readiness to vote the supplies as essential, in the existing state of affairs, to secure the means of an early peace:—they protested against the falsehood of the preamble, but the previous question, called, not to terminate but to forbid all debate, was rigorously enforced, and no alternative was left but to pass the bill, or stand exposed to the odium of abandoning our gallant army to its fate in the midst of an exasperated enemy. Contenting themselves with their protest against the misrepresentation contained in the preamble, which they justly regarded as a snare of legislative trickery, they treated it with the contempt it deserved and performed their duty to the country in placing all the means necessary for the speedy and honorable termination of the conflict at the disposal of the Executive. By whatsoever event began, they saw that a war was now actually waged, and that the only mode of extricating the nation from it, without discomfiture before the whole world, was to furnish the Government every facility for its prosecution with effect. They properly left the Executive to take the responsibility of conducting it to its conclusion. Looking to the provocation of the war, the temper in which our demand upon Mexico was made, the occupation of territory to which, to say the least of it, the Mexican claim was as good as ours, and to the palpable violation of the constitutional restraint upon the President which confines the question of war with a foreign nation exclusively to Congress, we cannot conceive a quarrel more indefensible in its origin, more worthy of censure for the recklessness with which it was hurried forward, or likely to be more pernicious in its results than this. We have acted towards Mexico too much in the spirit rebuked in the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, and have held her to a bloody account for muddying the stream, at which, with a little moderation, forbearance and Christian charity, we might both have quenched our thirst in amity.

There is another subject of remark connected with our pretensions in regard to this war. If the annexation was intended by Congress to include the whole territory embraced by the boundary as defined by the Legislature of Texas in 1836—that is, if it extended to the Rio Grande and thence to the forty-second parallel, it included a large portion of New Mexico, containing the city of Santa Fe. But the same Congress which made the annexation, passed an act allowing a drawback on merchandise received at our ports, and exported to Santa Fe. The question arises: Why was this drawback allowed? The answer is: Because Santa Fe was, in the opinion of Congress, in a foreign country: it was clearly, therefore, no part of Texas, as then understood. Now, if Santa Fe was not a part of Texas and incorporated by the act of annexation into the Union, neither was Point Isabel, nor the country adjacent. If Point Isabel was not a part, then the blood which was drawn in the skirmish upon the Rio Grande, was not shed on *American* soil: and if that again be true, there is need of some abatement of the tone of Executive declamation against the profanation of the American soil; some good reason to question that solemn preamble which asserted that “war exists by the act of Mexico;” some warrant to dispute the truth as well as the wisdom of the same declaration, made in the Presidential message, communicating it as a fact to rouse the warlike spirit of Congress. This presented a dilemma to the administration. Formidable enough it was. We have heard that Mr. Secretary Walker, with a view to extricate the Government from this dilemma, meditated the issuing of a circular to forbid the payment of the drawback upon exports to Santa Fe;—that this device, however, upon second thoughts, was abandoned, as a little too bold even for this administration. Mr. Polk treated the matter more cunningly. He dispatched Gen. Kearney to take possession of our territory of New Mexico; not to conquer it, but to organize a government there,—which he has done with most soldier-like peremptoriness and promptitude. New Mexico is not *conquered* therefore, but organized and brought into line, and prepared to send her delegates to take their seats in Congress: and so now we may trade there without paying duties or getting the drawback. The act of Congress is nul-

lified. All this by virtue of the mere Executive command! The representatives of the people have had nothing to say to it: the people themselves have had nothing to say to it. Annexation has grown more summary than ever; the constitution is more elastic than we dreamed of, and new domains crowd in upon us like the multiplication of a juggler's balls under a cup. Truly, the strict constructionists have kicked up some new notions of late.

It will be the deep reproach of the present Congress, if these acts are suffered to go unquestioned. That body will not escape the severest condemnation if the outrage which has been perpetrated upon the Constitution in this extraordinary proceeding be not visited with a most signal rebuke. We cannot but fear, from the past, from all that we have seen of party subserviency, that the Twenty-Ninth Congress possesses neither the disposition nor the faculty to do the country justice in this matter; that even the echoes of that voice, which has spoken of late with such emphasis from mountains and plains that have, heretofore, been wont to send forth no other than notes of assentation and fealty, will not be able to rouse the bated spirit of this Congress to the task of checking its too lordly master. The Whigs may speak, and, we predict, will speak, in no dulcet accents, on these points; though they will, doubtless, find all the apparatus of parliamentary restraint brought into use to suppress the inquiry, and even silence the voice of complaint. But it is not long before the people themselves will have a potent word to say in their own behalf, and to pass their judgment upon these events. With whatever gratulation they may look upon the prowess of our noble little army; whatever solace they may find in the glorious exploits of those brave men who have obeyed the summons to the field, as we trust our people ever will obey the first summons to any battle-field, in which American soldiers, marshaled under the national flag, may stand in need of succor; however freely they may consent to furnish all supplies and aids necessary to hasten the war to a termination which shall leave the lustre of our arms untarnished—they will still not abate one jot of their condemnation of an administration that has brought us into hostilities so unnecessary, by means so derogatory to the constitutional power committed to the

**Executive.** We have seen, in these proceedings, the right asserted and acted upon by the President, to wage war beyond the territory of the United States, without a declaration of war being authorized by Congress. We see in them the assumption that territory may be acquired to this Government by *conquest*—a point not heretofore settled—and that, being so acquired, the President may annex it to the Union, and provide for it all the machinery of a provincial government; that this may be done, too, without the authority of Congress. It would seem, moreover, to settle, as far as such authority can settle a question, the point so often mooted, and so constantly denied, by the strict constructionists, that the United States may hold and govern colonies. These are grave questions, and are gravely to be answered.

We do not wish to be understood as denying the power of acquisition by conquest: much less are we prepared to affirm it. It is a new question, not very distinctly contemplated in the Constitution, and very pregnant of weighty consequences. If it be decided in the affirmative, then it seems to us quite clear that the power to establish and maintain colonies is inseparable from it. When we make a conquest, it is inevitable that we must provide for it, govern it, and turn it to the best account. In what way we shall govern it, must necessarily rest in the discretion of the Federal authorities. The colonial form may be the most obvious and the most useful. Again, if we can acquire territory by conquest, we may acquire it in any quarter of the globe. What more probable than that, following up the spirit of aggrandizement so recently developed in our Government, we should find early motive and occasion to make a conquest of the Sandwich, the Marquesas, or other convenient islands of the Pacific? Could we not hold them by the same tenure by which we assume to hold parts of Mexico? There is no difference in the principle applicable to the two cases. We should thus possess territory in no proximity to our present Union; but possessing it, what is there to restrain us, under the recent precedents, from annexing it to the Union? We can see no limit to the extension of these principles. The most startling consequences seem to follow in lawful succession, after the first step which took us across the old confines of our Confederacy. What influ-

ence such changes may have on our Government, we may hardly venture to foretell.

Before we conclude this article we have a few words to say upon the course of the present Congress in reference to the Tariff. Nearly sixty years have gone by since the adoption of the Constitution, and in the very first year of its existence, the question arose regarding the power of the new government to protect and encourage the labor of the country, against the competition of foreign nations. That question has been decided affirmatively by every Congress, from the first in which it arose down to the Twenty-Ninth. It has been decided affirmatively by the gravest enunciations of the Judiciary. It has been maintained by every President until the election of Mr. Polk. It has been affirmed by the great majorities of the people in every national election. One would suppose the point was settled. It was reserved to the administration of Mr. Polk and the Twenty-Ninth Congress to refute and disallow these combined authorities. The President has recently asserted the doctrine, that whatever duty has the effect to restrain or diminish importations, is unconstitutional; in other words, that whatever duty lessens the competition of foreign manufacturers against the American, is forbidden by the fundamental law of this Union. We gather no less than this from the argument of the Message. That this point might not be misapprehended, the Secretary of the Treasury reaffirmed the Presidential declaration in still more explicit language, and the same doctrine is announced by the committee to whom the subject was entrusted by the House. The result was the Tariff of 1846, which was not exactly an illustration of this ultra doctrine, but as near an approach to it as the House of Representatives dare make. It is not our intention to comment upon the details of that bill. It has been sufficiently exposed in the almost universal condemnation it has received from every press in the country, that is not a partisan retainer of the Administration, or the exponent of those peculiar opinions, which are endemic in certain sections of the Union, known to political naturalists as 'the region of abstractions.' We will remark, however, of this act, that it is not only a mischievous act, demonstrating equal ignorance of the condition of the country, and indifference to its opinions and wants; but it is, also, a coward-

ly, equivocating, and false act, which, whilst it professes to be built upon the foundation of the Free Trade principle, flagrantly departs from it in almost every instance in which it encounters an interest sufficiently powerful to be felt in an election. It bullies the weak and succumbs to the strong. Even these concessions have not saved it from the denunciation of those whom it designed to favor; and we have already some significant whippers afloat, that the present session of Congress is to be called on, and directed to equivocate still farther, in the hope of averting that wrath which the democracy of the administration has not pith enough to defy.

We have heard of great 'joy in London'—to use Mr. Ritchie's phrase—and over all England, when the Secretary's precious exposition of the American policy reached there. It is not often that Loco-focoism receives such compliments. The delight which the parliamentary honors awarded to the Secretary's report, spread over the hearts of his friends in Washington, will not soon be forgotten—especially by those who were accustomed to read the sneers of the government paper and its auxiliaries, conveyed in the term 'British Whigs,' whenever a surmise was indulged that Mr. Polk could, under any circumstances, take less than "fifty-four, forty:" this 'joy in London' will not soon be forgotten by the mechanics of America who have been sacrificed, nor by those who wish well to the mechanics.

We refer to this expression of British gratitude towards our Secretary, for his friendly support of British policy, because we find in it a significant illustration of a very important truth, upon which the statesmen of this country may profitably reflect. In the general acclaim which arose from the depths of the English nation to honor the American Premier, we recognize the sincere delight of that people, that the United States should, at last, propose to them the most acceptable atonement in our power, for the injury done them by our Declaration of Independence and successful revolt. The privileges of what Englishmen call Free Trade constitute, according to the opinions of their best informed statesmen, the sum of all the benefits they had hoped to derive from retaining the American Colonies in their allegiance to the British Crown.

Some years ago, Mr. Clay said in the

Senate, in reply to Gen. Hayne of South Carolina, when the subject of Free Trade was in debate, "It is, in effect, the *British Colonial System* that we are invited to adopt; and if their policy prevail, it will lead substantially to the colonization of these States under the commercial dominion of Great Britain."

That remark is as true to-day as it was in 1832, when it was uttered. We are enabled to show how accurately this language of Mr. Clay represents the convictions of sagacious Englishmen on this point; and for that purpose we refer to the opinions of the Edinburgh Review—the most authentic champion of Free Trade on the other side of the Atlantic—given to us in an article written after Mr. Secretary Walker's report had elicited the commendations of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen. From these we make a few extracts.

"In what," asks the Reviewer, July, 1846, in a discussion of the '*Sophismes Economiques*' of Bastiat, "do the commercial advantages of colonial possessions consist? They consist *simply*, as it seems to us, in the power which the mother country thereby enjoys of securing a fair and open market to her goods. They consist in her *power of preventing the colony from excluding her from its market by restrictions and discriminating duties*, and all the perverse follies which the union of national jealousy with false systems of political economy have engendered. . . . It, (the colony,) if it were independent, would, however small in extent, *attempt to set up a separate industrial and commercial system*. Certain bodies of producers and traders would raise a cry about native industry, and the public, partly from simplicity and partly from national antipathies, would yield to the interested delusion. . . . For these reasons, we have, in the present state of the world, a substantial interest in the dependence of our colonies. We can secure an open market and a free trade so long as we can procure a safe passage over the seas and maintain the allegiance of the subject territories. . . . Generally, therefore, the advantage we derive from the possession of colonies may be said to consist in this—that, in consideration of the responsibility and expense of superintending their government and defending them against hostile attack, we require them to trade freely with us. They are separate political communities, each with

its peculiar though not sovereign government, managing its own revenues and expenditure, levying custom-house duties of its own, and maintaining a distinct system of taxation, *but not permitted to use its power so as to impose restrictions and disabilities upon the trade of the mother country.*"

This is the language of Great Britain, speaking her conviction of the value of her colonies. The reader will be struck at the prevailing idea which runs through it all, the fear that a community left to itself would never adopt this genial principle of Free Trade, but must be coerced to take such a blessing—that the "let us alone" policy, so lauded by these same writers, is the most imaginable privilege to be conferred upon a country with which England wishes to trade, and that, in fine, that celebrated saying, so current at the date of our Revolution, "America shall not manufacture a hob-nail," lay at the very foundation of these notions of free trade. Mr. Walker's report was greeted in England because it fell in with these views; it proposed a commercial re-colonization, and offered to Great Britain all that she found valuable in the colonial relation, without even "the responsibility and expense of superintending our government." There is abundant reason in these disclosures for the fervid congratulations of the Secretary. It is the first time that such a piece of flattery has ever been bestowed by a British Parliament upon an American minister for such aid to British policy in its struggle against American, and we hope it will be the last.

We charge it against the Twenty-Ninth Congress that, with a conviction on the part of several of its members of the unsoundness of the free trade principle, with a knowledge, on the part of many more, that it was contrary to the interest and wishes of their constituents, and, on the part of all, that the policy was both new and, to say the least of it, *hazardous* to the country, they gave their support to this British system in contradistinction to our American system, and that, in this act, they have struck a disastrous blow at the comfort and prosperity of a large mass of the people.

We hasten to a conclusion. In what we have already written, we have briefly

noticed the chief topics upon which the country arraigns the Twenty-Ninth Congress. We have passed over the absurd rhodomontades of the Oregon debate, and many subjects of minor import which concern the morals and decorum of the Halls of Legislation, and have brought into view only the War, the Tariff, and the Sub-Treasury, as the special questions by which the fame of this Congress, in good or evil report, is likely to be determined. In regard to these, we have no language but that of censure. But there are—and we take pleasure in adverting to them—there are incidents belonging to the proceedings of this Congress which entitle it to commendation. It has done an act of justice in the French Spoliation bill, for which it deserves the thanks, not of the claimants only, but of every citizen who respects the integrity of the nation. We commend this Congress for the spirit with which it has shaken off the trammels of old party discipline in the question of the Internal Improvements. We are not disposed to scrutinize the ingenuity with which the River and Harbor bills were reconciled to the rescripts of Gen. Jackson, nor to do more than congratulate Mr. Calhoun for his happy and timely discovery of the Mediterranean Seas, through which he has found a safe passage for the Constitution in its voyage to the Western Rivers: we are too much gratified at these retrogrades towards the old and approved Whig doctrines, and too much pleased with the prospect they open of future good to the country, to allow ourselves to call up invidious recollections or comment upon the mode in which the change has been produced. We applaud the Twenty-Ninth Congress for these, and could wish it had been thus in all things. The veto of Mr. Polk has cropped these honors in the moment of their ripening, and it is with no small gratification we perceive signs of growing displeasure against this fearful prerogative of the Executive in quarters where it is likely to be effective. We rejoice that this is one item in the bead-roll of grievances which the people are reckoning amongst the motives that are every day growing more cogent to place the Whigs in power.

## JOHN P. KENNEDY.

HAVING designed to present to the public, occasionally, the features of some one of our distinguished Representatives, as well as of our Senators, or eminent national characters deceased, we have chosen to commence with a gentleman, whose withdrawal (temporary we hope) from politics, has left him for a time in the quite of private life.

The services of Mr. Kennedy to the public, in both a literary and political capacity, have been great enough to give occasion for an extended notice. We must content ourselves, however, with presenting a few scattered facts in his life, from the want of more ample materials.

MR. KENNEDY's father emigrated from the north of Ireland, and settled in Baltimore, where he became an active and prosperous Merchant. He married a daughter of Philip Pendleton, of Berkley County, Virginia. From this union there were four sons, of whom John was the oldest. He was born in Baltimore, 25th of October, 1795, and was educated at the Baltimore College, where he was graduated in 1812.

In 1814 he served as a volunteer—a private soldier in the ranks at the battles of Bladensburg and North Point.

In 1816 he was admitted to the Baltimore Bar, and began a successful practice in that city.

In 1818 he, in conjunction with his highly accomplished friend, Peter Hoffman Cruse, published in Baltimore a little work in 2 vols. called *The Red Book*. It appeared in numbers, at intervals of about a fortnight, and was of a playful, satirical character. The book, though of an ephemeral nature, excited a good deal of attention.

In 1820 Mr. Kennedy was elected to the Legislature of Maryland, as a delegate from the city of Baltimore, and was re-elected in 1821 and 1822.

In 1830, Mr. Kennedy first became an author, publishing *Swallow Barn* in the course of that year. This book was designed to be a picture of the manners, customs and peculiarities of Eastern Virginia. The narrative was pleasantly drawn up, and obtained for the young Author a gratifying reputation. Leaving out of view for the present his political occupations in the interval succeeding,

we will proceed to enumerate his literary productions.

In 1832, he published *Horse Shoe Robinson*, the first idea of which he received from an accidental acquaintance with the Hero of it, whom he met in the Pendleton District of South Carolina in 1818, and from whom he received some interesting particulars of his own participation in the war of the Revolution, which were faithfully introduced into the story. This work of fiction was perhaps as extensively read as any one produced among us, with the exception of two or three of Mr. Cooper's.

In 1838, he produced *Rob of the Bowl*, a story intended to illustrate some portion of the early history of Maryland. In particular the wild, reckless character and stern and bloody career of the Buccaneers of the Gulf—"The Brothers of the Bloody Coast"—was vividly set forth in this fiction, one of their leaders with his piratical crew being introduced as cruising along the shores of Maryland.

In 1840, he wrote and published *Quodlibet*, a political satire written during the Presidential canvass of that year, and having special reference to the scenes and topics of that contest.

Mr. Kennedy, besides these more extended writings, has delivered many public addresses upon invitations from various Societies; among them, In 1834, One before the Horticultural Society of Maryland.

" 1835, A discourse on the Life and character of William Wirt; delivered at the request of the Baltimore Bar.

" " The Annual Address before the American Institute of New York.

" " Address before the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of the University of Maryland; in which he had been appointed Professor of History.

" " Address delivered at the consecration of Green Mount Cemetery, near Baltimore.

" " Sundry Lectures on various subjects.

" 1845, Address before the Maryland Historical Society on the Life and character of Geo. Calvert.

Mr. Kennedy's life may be regarded in a two-fold aspect—his labors as an Author and his career as a Statesman being diverse but inseparable. The latter may be said to have commenced with his election to the Maryland Legislature in 1820, when 25 years of age, four years after his admission to the Bar, two years after his *debut* as an Author. Re-elected in 1821, and again in 1823, he was the following year appointed by President Monroe Secretary of Legation to Chili; which appointment he resigned before the Mission was ready to sail.

Epousing the side of the Administration of Mr. Adams, while continuing to reside in the strongly Jacksonian city of Baltimore, Mr. Kennedy was now virtually shut out from public life for years. But his interest in public affairs was undiminished, and his activity in support of his cherished principles unimpaired. In 1830 he wrote an elaborate review of Mr. Cambreleng's Report on Commerce and Navigation, ably controverting the Anti-Protective fallacies of that Report. The next year he was a Delegate from Baltimore to the National Convention of Friends of Manufacturing Industry, which met in New York, late in the autumn, by which he was appointed on the Committee to draft an Address in defence and commendation of the Protective policy, which, in conjunction with his colleagues, Warren Dutton of Massachusetts, and Charles J. Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, he did, each writing a part.

In the autumn of 1838, he was elected a member of Congress from the double district of Baltimore city and Anne Arundel county—the first time a Whig had been elected from that district. He was promptly recognized and respected as one of the ablest of the many able new members, which the changes consequent on the monetary revulsion of 1837 had brought into the House. In 1841 he was again elected, and, on the assembling of the Whig Congress of that year, he was appointed chairman of the Committee on Commerce. In that capacity he drew a Report on our so-called Reciprocity Treaties, and their effect on the

shipping interest of this country, which widely commanded attention. Several other reports from his Committee evinced like ability and research. He also, in behalf of a Committee appointed by a meeting of the Whig members of both Houses, drew the celebrated "MANIFESTO" of the Whig members at the close of the Extra Session, exposing and denouncing the treachery of John Tyler—a document rarely surpassed in ability, perspicuity and scathing vigor.

Indeed, it may be asserted, that no person in this country writes on political questions with more clearness, eloquence and convincing argument, than Mr. Kennedy. His style in his literary productions has always evinced many excellent qualities; but when he touches great national topics, he seems to be imbued with a new power. The same qualities which give him this peculiar ability on such topics, render him also a rapid and eloquent narrator on historical subjects, as several of his public addresses testify, and as will doubtless be shown by his Biography of William Wirt, on which he is now engaged.

The State having been re-districted, he was again elected to the House in 1843, from the single district composed of the greater portion of the city of Baltimore, and served through the XXVIIIth Congress. In 1845 he was once more presented for re-election, but defeated by the diversion of a small portion of the Whig vote to a 'Native American' candidate. In October of this year, (1846,) the Whigs of the city insisted on having his name on their Assembly ticket, and, to the astonishment of their brethren throughout the Union, he was elected, with two of his colleagues, in a city which gave a heavy majority against Henry Clay two years before, and still heavier against the Whig candidate for Governor in that year. So Mr. K. will this winter serve the city of his nativity in that capacity wherein he first evinced the qualities which have elevated him to a rank among the most eminent of American Legislators and Statesmen.

## RECIPROCITY TREATIES.

Among the means recently resorted to by the General Government to regulate our commercial relations with foreign nations, no one has had a more injurious effect upon our best interests, both foreign and domestic, than what are very falsely called "Reciprocity Treaties."

Some of these the writer has already commented upon in the National Magazine, with a promise, then given, to notice others. It is now his purpose to show up the Treaty made by Mr. Wheaton with the German Zoll-Verein, which was, very properly, rejected by the Senate.

His reason for so doing is, that he has been informed, from good authority, that a new Treaty with that power is in anticipation; and there is no better way to place before the public the merits of our commercial intercourse with Germany than by a reference to the former Treaty, which, had it been adopted, would have done, as will be shown, the most manifest injustice to our commerce, and to the home industry.

The great article of export from the United States to the territories included in the Zoll-Verein, is Tobacco; and it is to aid that particular interest that it is still proposed to make a treaty with them.

The writer has examined this subject with great care, aided by an investigation into the able reports and documents of J. Dodge, Esq.; who was sent to Germany in 1837 by our Government, as special agent, and at the particular instance of the Tobacco interest of this country. Mr. Dodge appears to have well understood the subject in all its bearings; and it is to be regretted he was not continued as the public agent, for, from the various documents emanating from him, (and published by order of Congress,) in the discharge of his duty, little doubt can be entertained that he would have effected the object of his mission, in a manner that would have given satisfaction to all parties, abroad and at home. Mr. Dodge's mission ended in 1841, by our Government refusing to continue it.

Let us now examine the proposed benefits of the Wheaton Treaty; for in so doing, with the aid furnished by the published documents of Mr. Dodge, from which we make large extracts, we shall get at the merits of the case, and thus, perhaps, aid in preventing similar sacrifices from being hereafter made.

Before, however, we commence this particular subject, we desire to enter our solemn protest against this mode of abolishing our revenue laws. The power to regulate commerce is expressly given to Congress by the Constitution, and therefore it cannot be competent for the President and Senate, by the Treaty-making power, to annul a law of Congress which has fixed the rate of duty payable on articles imported, or to be imported, from any one country, by reducing them. We might show the unconstitutionality and injustice of making treaties to favor one particular interest at a great sacrifice to others; but this is unnecessary, as the broad ground first assumed is perfectly tenable and has been taken and sustained by some of the ablest men of the country.

But to return to the matter in hand: the benefits urged by the friends of Mr. Wheaton's treaty were, first, a diminution of duty on rice of twenty per cent; second, no duty to be assessed on our raw cotton; third, a diminution of twenty per cent. of the duty on lard; fourth, a deduction of one and a half Prussian thalers per centner on American leaf tobacco, and of two and a half Prussian thalers per centner on American tobacco stems.

Let us first examine the matter as regards "Rice."

The Dutch Government, in 1838, sent Commissioners to Berlin, with a view to the reduction of duties on certain articles. Among these was Rice, the produce of Java. These Commissioners succeeded, and the duty on Rice, both from Java, and subsequently from the United States, was reduced two thalers per centner. This reduction produced a great augmentation of the revenue, by increased consumption; and about six years since, it was understood that a further reduction would be made on Java and American rice, as soon as experience had confirmed the increase in the revenue. So that the reduction on rice did not depend upon the Treaty, but would and will take place, from motives of self-interest.

With respect to Raw Cotton, it is the settled policy of the Zoll-Verein, and one from which they dare not swerve, to admit cotton free of duty. Mr. Dodge has fully shown this, and we refer to the following extract of his report to our Min-



ister at Berlin, dated Berlin, August 31, 1839 :

"I have heard it remarked in Germany, that should the United States apply retaliatory duties on the manufactures of this country, the Zoll-Verein might possibly, in that case, put a duty on our raw cotton. I do not feel the slightest apprehension of their so doing; for Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, and Saxony, in which countries the manufactures of cotton, and in the last named of hosiery, exist in most perfection, know too well their own interests ever to put a duty on our raw cotton; and, from my personal knowledge of the industry of Germany, I know that such a measure would be destructive to their spinneries and to their cotton cloth and hosiery manufactures, and any one conversant with the subject must know that such a measure would fail of its intended effect, (injury to our cotton planters,) for it would not prevent one single pound less of our raw cotton from being exported to and manufactured in Europe. The injury it would do would be solely to German industry, to the great benefit of England; the injury would be to the Rhenish provinces, to Bavaria, to Baden, to Saxony; for one of these two things would be the consequence: either the German manufactures of cotton cloth and hosiery would, from the enhanced price of the raw material in this country, be driven from foreign markets, or they would have to obtain their twist and yarn from England; thus destroying the German spinneries and enriching the English spinner. I again repeat, the Zoll-Verein will never lay a duty on our raw cotton, for it would be solely to their own injury and to the benefit of England, and it would not prevent the consumption of one single pound less of our raw cotton in Europe; for the same quantity of cotton cloths and hosiery would be sent to foreign markets, and the only difference would be that the English weaver and hosiery manufacturers would have an increased demand for the supply of those markets."

This report of Mr. Dodge was communicated to the Prussian Government by the American Minister, October 1st, and from that period no duty was exacted on raw cotton, nor is there any fear that it will hereafter be subjected to any, as it would destroy the manufacture of that article throughout the territories of the Zoll-Verein; and yet this is pretended to be an advantage gained by Mr. Wheaton's treaty.

On the subject of "Lard," little need be said, for it is not an article of export to the Hanse towns or to any other part of Germany. That country produces Lard enough for its own consumption.

We come now to the article of tobacco, and here we shall have to draw largely upon the documents furnished by Mr. Dodge.

The diminution on tobacco, in Mr. Wheaton's treaty, is one and a half Prussian thalers per centner—equal to about one cent per American pound, or about twenty-seven per cent. from the former duty of five and a half thalers per centner. And on stems the deduction is two and a half Prussian thalers per centner—equal to one and a half cents per pound, American. The treaty diminution is still a specific duty, levied on the weight without regard to the quality or cost of the article, and though less in amount, is liable to the same inconveniences, as pointed out by Mr. Dodge in his report already referred to. We quote also the following from that document:

"But the practical operation of the tariff of the Zoll-Verein is, on the contrary, against the produce of the United States, particularly as regards the leaf tobacco of our country, and greatly in favor of the Spanish colonies; for it is well known that the Cuba tobacco is far superior to that of the United States, and costs a much higher price; yet the tariff of the Zoll-Verein levies as high a duty on the leaf tobacco of our country as it does on that coming from the Spanish colonies."

In the preceding paragraph to the one quoted, Mr. Dodge has fully shown that there is no reciprocity in the tariff of the Zoll-Verein towards the liberal policy of the United States. Nor is it believed there is anything in the treaty to prevent the Zoll-Verein from diminishing, in like manner, the duty on Cuba tobacco, and in case of such reduction, the advantage now enjoyed by that tobacco over the American will still continue.

The consumption of American leaf tobacco and of stems, within the limits of the Zoll-Verein, is about 30,000 hhds., and of leaf tobacco, 26,250 hhds. Estimating the average weight at 1,000 lbs., the proposed reduction of duties on leaf tobacco, of one cent per lb., would be \$262,500; and on stems, at one and a half cents per lb., would be \$56,250—making a total reduction in the duties on these articles of \$318,750.

There is little probability that the proposed reduction would much increase the consumption of American raw tobacco in the Zoll-Verein. Messrs. Wheaton and Dodge conjointly addressed a memorial to the Deputies of the Zoll-Verein,

assembled at Dresden, in the summer of 1838, which contains the only scale of reduction which would really benefit the growers of American tobacco. We quote from it:

"1st Project.—To reduce the import duties now levied on tobacco stems to two thalers per centner, and to reduce the duties on all other kinds of tobacco imported from North America to three thalers per centner.

"2d Project.—1. In order to continue the protection already granted to the cultivation of the indigenous plant, a considerable duty might be levied (of three thalers, for example) upon all kinds of tobacco costing not more than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  thalers, at the first port of entry in Europe, which is deemed the average price of indigenous tobacco in Germany.

"2. To lay upon leaf tobacco imported in hogheads from North America, of which the value at the first port of entry is more than  $4\frac{1}{2}$  thalers, a duty of two thalers and 23 silver groschens per centner. This duty will be equal to the average of that levied in Bavaria and Wurtemberg, according to the tariff of 1829, namely: of five florins per centner, sp-gewicht, equal to four florins and twenty-seven and one half kreutzers per Prussian centner, and in Baden according to the tariff of 1827, that is to say twenty-five kreutzers; and in Prussia according to the tariff of 1831, which is the present tariff of the Zoll-Verein, of five and one half thalers per centner. The average of those several rates is two thalers and twenty-three silver groschens per centner.

"3. To lay a duty on tobacco stems imported from North America of two thalers per centner."

Such a diminution would be of real service by increasing the demand, while the slight reduction of the "Wheaton treaty" would be next to, if not quite, nugatory. Mr. Dodge on this part of the subject justly says:

"A slight diminution of the duty on our leaf tobacco would not effect the object we have in view. To be effectual and of mutual benefit to both parties, it ought to be reduced to such a rate as will encourage an increased consumption and prevent smuggling."

To effect this Mr. D. proposed three thalers per centner as the proper duty to be levied, while the duty of the Treaty was four thalers.

It should here be stated that previous to the joining of the Zoll-Verein, by Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Wurtemberg, and the other countries now composing that Union, the duties on

American raw tobacco were, in these countries, very small; not half what they now are, except in Prussia. And this notwithstanding that in the two first-named States, the greatest quantity, and the best quality of tobacco is produced, that is grown in all Germany. Yet when these States successively entered the Zoll-Verein, Prussia succeeded in having her Tariff adopted, so that in fact the tobacco planters of the United States have most severely felt the adoption of the Prussian Tariff on that article, in forming the German Union of Customs.

We have no other desire than fairly and candidly to examine the Wheaton Treaty, and for the sake of the argument may admit that some increase in the consumption might possibly have taken place in case it had been adopted; but it surely could not have been beyond the ratio in which the duties were diminished, and had such increase taken place, it must necessarily have been by a slow process. Now suppose the term of the Treaty to be four years, the first year's increase would not have exceeded 800 hogheads; the second year in the same ratio 2,040 hogheads; the third year 4,247 hogheads, and the fourth year 7,067 hogheads—the annual average being 3,543 hogheads, and the total increase 14,174 hogheads. The increase on the stems the first year 250 hogheads, the second year 550, and the fourth 1,687 hogheads. Total of stems in four years 3,374 hogheads, or an annual average of 884 hogheads.

Now the cost in the United States of 3,543 hogheads of tobacco, of the quality which is usually sent to Germany, and of 884 hogheads of stems, at an average of \$3.55 per one hundred pounds, is \$155,738. And it is on this small amount alone, that the most sanguine friends of the Treaty could possibly urge its benefits. For it has already been shown that, so far as regards the articles of cotton and rice, the decided interest of the Zoll-Verein has been to diminish the duty on the first, and to admit the second duty free, without reference to the Tariff of the United States, and with regard to lard, it is only matter of astonishment how it found its way into the Treaty at all.

Having thus examined with candor the supposed advantages of the Wheaton Treaty, let us now look at the positive evil to this country which would have resulted from its adoption, and which must result from the future adoption of such a treaty.

There is no difficulty in proving that it would have greatly lessened the Revenue of the country. From the report of the Hon. Rufus Choate, of the Committee of Foreign Relations, of the Senate, the following concessions were made, under the false assumption that they were only equivalents to those made to us, by the Zoll-Verein.

"Article 1. The United States of America agree not to impose duties on the importation of the following articles, the growth, produce, and manufacture of the States of the German Association of Customs and Commerce exceeding—

First, twenty per centum ad valorem on the importation of—

1. All woolen, worsted, and cotton mits, caps and bindings, and woolen, worsted, and cotton hosiery, that is to say, stockings, socks, drawers, shirts, and all other similar manufactures made on frames.

3. On all musical instruments of every kind, except piano-fortes.

Second. Fifteen per centum ad valorem on the importation of—

1. All articles manufactured of flax or hemp, or of which flax or hemp shall be the component part of chief value, except cotton bagging or any other manufacture suitable for the uses for which cotton bagging is applied.

2. All manufactures of silk, or of which silk shall be the component part of chief value.

3. Thibet, merinos, merino shawls, and all manufactures of combed wool, or of worsted and silk combined.

4. Polished plate glass, silvered or not silvered; small pocket looking-glasses, from three to ten inches long and from one and a half to six inches broad; toys of every description, snuff boxes of paper mache, lead pencils, lithographic stones, and wooden clocks, known under the name of Schwarzwalders clocks.

5. Cologne water, needles, bronze wares of all kinds, planes, scissors, scythes, files, saws, and fish-hooks; gold, silver and copper wire, tinfoil, and musical strings of all kinds.

6. Leather pocket-books and etuis, and all sorts of similar fine leather manufactures, known under the name of Offenbacher fine leather fabrics.

Third. Ten per cent ad valorem on the importation of—

1. All thread laces and insertings, laces, galoons, tresses, tassels, knots, stars of gold and silver, fine, or half fine.

2. Mineral water, spelter, and hare's wool dressed."

Here is enumerated almost every article of German produce or manufacture usually imported by us, as Mr. Dodge

has made fully appear by his able Report, in which ninety-six articles of the growth, produce or manufacture of Germany are detailed, but many of which in the treaty are concealed under their Generic names.

The large importations into the United States of German manufactures are not known in this country. Our official Report of Trade and Navigation states the country from which articles imported are shipped, and makes no reference to the place of their production or manufacture. Germany has but few shipping ports, hence its most valuable articles, as silk, velvet, &c., come to us through the Port of Havre, and thus appear as importations from France. From information which the writer collected in Paris he has no doubt at least \$2,500,000 of silks, silk velvets, and other fine merchandises of German manufacture are actually shipped to the United States from French ports. Many also of their bulky articles, manufactured in the Prussian provinces of the Rhine, and in the south of Germany, bordering that river and the Mayne, or in their vicinity, the seat of great industry, are shipped through Rotterdam, at the mouth of the Rhine; the Mayne flowing into that river near Mayence, and now that there is a railroad from Cologne on the Rhine to Aix-La-Chapelle, and from thence to Brussels and Antwerp, it is probable many German goods will be shipped from Antwerp. The importations to the United States of German goods from Rotterdam is estimated by Mr. Dodge to be above half a million of dollars annually.

The extremely imperfect manner in which the report of trade and navigation annually issued by the Secretary of the Treasury is made up, so many goods being placed under the term of articles not enumerated, we can only approximately arrive at the articles mentioned in the treaty, and by examining the list of articles in the report of Mr. Dodge, it would appear that at least an amount equal to five-sevenths of the importations direct from Germany, and all of the indirect importations, through France, Holland and Belgium, would certainly be included in it—those through France being mostly silks and silk velvets, the duty on which is diminished to fifteen per cent—a rate of duty on these luxurious articles much below what is charged on some articles of the first necessity. Mr. Dodge on this subject says, Sec. 4:

"According to the aforementioned report, the importations into the United

States direct from Prussia; the Hanse Towns and other ports of Germany from the 1st day of October, 1834, to the 30th day of September, 1836, amounted to \$8,790,192; making an annual average amount of German produce and manufacture of \$4,395,096. To which are to be added the importations of German produce and manufactures by the way of Holland and France, which, from a strict examination of official documents, and other information derived from correct and well-informed sources, may fairly be estimated at an annual average for those two years as follows:

"Through Holland, \$525,000; through France, \$2,500,000. Making an annual average total of importations into the United States of German produce and manufacture of \$7,420,096."

During the fiscal years 1836, 1837, the exportation of German manufactures direct and indirect, amounted to \$8,700,000.

The annual average value for 1834, 1835, 1836, was \$4,395,096, of which at least five-sevenths are included in Wheaton's treaty, and amount to \$3,139,355, and to which are to be added the average amount of the indirect importations through France and Holland, \$3,025,000, making an average amount included in the treaty, \$6,025,355.

It is not an easy matter to make exact comparative calculations between the duties fixed by the Tariff of 1842 and the duties in the treaty; but upon the best data, we have no doubt the reduction will average fifty per cent. The rate of duty in German manufactures is on an average about 30 per cent. under that law. Then 30 per cent. on \$6,025,355, would be \$1,807,606, and the treaty diminution of fifty per cent. would amount to \$903,853.

But this is a small part only of the mischief which would have resulted to the revenue by the adoption of the Wheaton treaty. Suppose England should choose to follow in the train of this *reciprocity treaty*, the actual duty there is three shillings sterling, or 72½ cents per pound on unmanufactured tobacco—(a nice comment by the way upon the pretended Free Trade.) The annual consumption of unmanufactured American tobacco may be estimated at 18,000 hhds. Twenty per cent. deduction on 72½ cents, would be about 20 cents, which would make the reduced duty in England, upon the principle of the Wheaton treaty, 52½ cents per lb., which enormous duty for all practical purposes, would be as restrictive upon our tobacco

trade as the present duty. But even if it would increase the consumption twenty-seven per cent., it would only be for four years a total of 9,720 hogsheads, or annually 2,430 hogsheads—which being of a superior quality, may be estimated at \$75 per hhd.; the reduction would then be \$182,250, for which reduction we should have to grant Great Britain an average diminution of fifty per cent. on the duties on the importation of a large portion of her manufactures. Let us by way of argument see what such reduction with less revenue would amount to. Mr. Dodge states in his report to Mr. Wheaton, that from the 1st of October, 1834, to the 30th September, 1836, the average total importations for those two years into the United States from Great Britain, were \$69,947,722. Now at least one quarter of that amount may be estimated to consist of similar articles to those from Germany. One fourth would be \$17,486,930. The average duty 30 per cent. would be \$5,246,879, a reduction of 50 per cent of which would be \$2,623,039, making an annual deficit in the treasury of the United States to that amount from such a mis-called reciprocity treaty with Great Britain. But France, too, may wish to make such a one-sided treaty with us; how would it affect our commerce with that country? The average annual importation of unmanufactured American tobacco into France may be estimated at 12,000 hhds. annually. In France there is no duty on our tobacco, but there is what is much worse, a government monopoly. Where there is no duty we cannot ask for a reduction, but suppose the French government would agree to a purchase of twenty-seven per cent more tobacco. The Regie would then have to purchase 1,620 hhds more, being 27 per cent on 12,000 hhds., the consumption as before stated. This would make a total increase in four years of 6,480 hhds., which at a cost in the United States of \$65 per hhd., would be for 1,620 hhds. equal to \$105,311, annual purchase.

The total importation from France is \$26,265,396. One half would be \$13,32,697, the average duty on the same at 30 per cent. would be \$3,939,809, and a diminution of fifty per cent on the same, would be \$1,969,954, consequently there would be this further annual deficit in the revenue of the United States.

The following recapitulation will show the supposed advantages and disadvantages of the Wheaton treaty, supposing a

similar one to be made with England and France, and the actual disadvantages of the Zoll-Verein treaty.

*"Recapitulation of the supposed advantages and the positive disadvantages to the United States, had the treaty with the Zoll-Verein been confirmed."*

#### SUPPOSED ADVANTAGES.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                |     |           |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----------|
| The supposed increased consumption in the Zoll-Verein would be 3,543 hhds. of our raw tobacco and 884 hhds. stems, annual average, and costing in the United States \$35 55 cents per hoghead, | say | \$155,738 |
| England, 2,430 hhds., annual average at \$75 per hhd.                                                                                                                                          |     | 182,250   |
| France, 1,620 hhds., annual average, at \$65 per hhd.                                                                                                                                          |     | 105,311   |

|                                                 |           |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Supposed annual advantage to the United States, | \$443,299 |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----------|

#### POSITIVE DISADVANTAGES.

|                                                                        |           |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Diminution in the duties on importations from the Zoll-Verein annually | \$903,853 |
| On annual importations from Great Britain                              | 2,423,039 |

|                                    |             |
|------------------------------------|-------------|
| On annual importations from France | 1,969,934   |
|                                    | \$5,496,846 |

Making an annual deficit in the revenue of the United States of \$5,496,846, and in four years a deficit of \$21,987,384!

Besides which, during these four years the United States could not make any attempt to diminish what would still be an enormous duty in England, or to effect any change in the monopoly of France."

Thus much for views and calculations of the Wheaton treaty as a financial affair—but we contend against it for its injustice, and the unconstitutionality of frittering away the protection to our home interests—the admission of the proceeds of the degraded labor from abroad to the destruction of our own industry interests. For although we do not make silks and velvets, yet admit the principle that the President and Senate have the power to regulate commerce by treaty stipulations, and then what use would there be in the people being represented in the lower house.

#### NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON HOMERIC TRANSLATIONS IN OUR OCTOBER NO.

Through the kindness of Mr. J. G. Cogswell, I have been able to obtain a copy of Ogilby. He is almost as prosaic as Hobbes in many places, but much more literal. Indeed, much of his version is as close as a translation in verse can well be, nothing having fallen out *except* the poetry. A few lines from the opening may serve as a specimen.

"Aehilles Pelous' Son's destructive Rage  
Great Goddess sing, which did the Greeks engage  
In many Woes, and mighty Heroes' ghosts  
Sent down untimely to the Stygian coasts;  
Devouring Vultures on their bodies preyed  
And greedy Dogs (so was Jove's will obeyed;)

Atrides and you well-armed Greeks, the Gods  
Inhabiting Olympus' high abodes  
Grant you may Priam's wealthie Town destroy  
And thence triumphant Home return with Joy,  
If you my Daughter's ransome not reject,  
Paying illustrious Phœbus due respect.

Some of Ogilby's lines appear to have served as ground-work for other translators to work their improvements upon. e. g.

"Dreadful the Twang was of his silver Bow."—*Ogilby*.  
"Dire was the twanging of the silver bow."—*Setheby*.  
"The bleeding Quarry on the Stone lay dead."—*Ogilby*.  
"The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead."—*Pope*.

But in these the improvement justifies the appropriation.

The following typographical errors occur in the October article, the Author not having been able to revise the proof, on account of absence from the city.

P. 352, 2d col. l. 10, for "sansenden" read "sausenden"—p. 353, 1st col. last l. but 2, for "edition" read "addition"—p. 353, 2d col. l. 1, for "Hale" read "Half"—p. 355, 1st col. l. 35, for "εὐχόμενος" read "εὐχόμενος"—p. 356, 1st col. l. 1, for "lag" read "εὔρε"—p. 359, 2d col. ll. 16, 32, for "base" read "vase"—p. 362, 1st col. l. 11, for "there" read "these"—p. 372, 1st col. l. 9, *delete* "shining" before "brilliant."

## ADOLPHE THIERS.

Or all living statesmen there is none more strongly marked by peculiar individuality than M. Thiers. Of all living statesmen there is none whom it is more difficult to sketch. He resembles those portraits exhibited in a certain class of low print-shops which are covered with fluted glass. Their features are striking, but entirely change with the point of view from which you behold them. Look at it from the right, it is Lafayette; move to the left, it melts into Metternich! M. Thiers is a journalist in the bureau of the National or the columns of the Constitutionnel,—M. Thiers on the benches of the opposition, assailing the Cabinet, and M. Thiers as a ministerial deputy, defending cabinet measures,—M. Thiers as a subordinate agent of power, and M. Thiers as president of the Council,—M. Thiers, as historian of the Consulate and the Empire, and M. Thiers at the head of his own hospitable board in the splendid halls of his mansion in the Place St. George—are different individuals and yet the same personage, and are all marked by features strongly characteristic.

Born poor, he had fortune to make. Born obscure, he had fame to acquire. Failing at the Bar, he took to literature; and aspiring to distinction in politics, he enlisted under the banner of liberalism more from necessity than taste. It was the only party under the restoration whose ranks were open to a parvenu and an adventurer. He commenced by some grotesque revivals of revolutionary associations, and dressed himself *à la Danton*. Like most persons of lively imagination, who in youth have been excluded from the enjoyment of the luxuries of wealth and the consideration of rank, he was devoured with wants. To the munificence of Lafitte he was first indebted for the means of their satisfaction. It was by his genius alone, however, and the opportunity afforded by the revolution of July for its development, that he was enabled to pass from a garret to a palace; from the position of a penniless adventurer to the head of the first constitutional government on the continent of Europe.

M. Thiers is now (1846) in his forty-ninth year, having been born at Marseilles on the 15th April, 1797. His father, a locksmith, belonged by family

and descent to the working class; his mother gave him an origin a shade less humble, being descended from a mercantile family whose reverses had lowered her to the level of her husband. Thus, as has been truly observed, M. Thiers, in coming into the world, was not cradled on the lap of a Duchess. In childhood, as in youth, he had all the disadvantages of poverty and obscurity to struggle against; but, on the other hand, he had in his favor those advantages which the necessity for exertion always affords to those in whom great talents are associated with aspiring ambition.

The condition of his parents would have excluded him from the advantages of education, were it not for the influence of some of his maternal connections who discovered in the child traces of that intellectual capacity which, at a later period, elevated him to a higher sphere. By their interest he was nominated to a free scholarship in the Imperial Lyceum of Marseilles. His progress there soon justified the sagacity of the friends to whom he was indebted for the opportunities of instruction which the institution afforded. He was loaded with academical honors.

The course of education pursued at these establishments, under the Empire, was mainly directed to military acquirements; and consequently the exact sciences held a prominent place, and distinction in them was the surest road to honor and promotion. From the first, M. Thiers evinced a decided aptitude for this department of his studies. The traces it left upon his mind are visible in the style and structure of all his writings and speeches. But for the events of 1814–15, his destination would probably have been the army. But the fall of the Empire and the restoration of the Bourbons turned his talents into other channels, and at the age of eighteen he was entered as a law student at Aix, in Provence, not far from his native city.

Here he became the friend and the inseparable companion of a youth who, like himself, sprung from the lowest strata of society, had his fortune to make, and who, as well as Thiers, felt that within him which assured him of success in the pursuit of fame in letters and in politics. The two friends prosecuted te-

gether their professional studies; were called to the bar the same day; failed equally in the profession they had chosen; competed for the same literary prizes; and were destined, during the remainder of their career, to pursue together a parallel course, and to mount to the Temple of Fame and Fortune by the same path. They have never separated. Through poverty and through wealth, in the obscurity of the garret and the splendor of the palace, they have still, as in boyhood, continued hand in hand; and the name of Thiers is not pronounced among his friends without that of Mignet recurring to their memory.

With little natural inclination for the dry study of the law, the two young friends obeyed a common instinct, and gave themselves up to the more fascinating pursuit of literature, philosophy and history, but more especially to politics. The ambitious and aspiring spirit of Thiers soon acknowledged a presentiment of the brilliant future which awaited him. Already, he was the recognized leader of a party among his fellow-students. Already he engaged in debate, and harangued his comrades against the government of the restoration. Already he evoked the recollections of the Empire, and recalled the glorious victories of the Republic. It will be easily believed that a spirit so turbulent was soon put upon the black list of the Royalist professors, was execrated by the commissary of police, and worshiped by his fellow-students. His activity and talents were as sure to entitle him to scholastic honors as to render his superiors unwilling to confer them upon him.

An amusing anecdote, characteristic of him, is related of this early period of his career. A literary society established at Aix, offered, in 1819, a prize for the best eulogy of *Vauvenargues*. Thiers determined to compete for this honor, and accordingly sent in his manuscript in the customary manner, with a fictitious signature, accompanied by a sealed packet containing the name of the author, which was only to be opened in case the essay should receive the prize. It had, however, through his own imprudence, transpired that he was among the competitors, and the judges, knowing from his genius the probability of his success, and unwilling to add to the influence of the turbulent little Jacobin by conferring the honor upon him, declared that none of the essays merited the prize, and postponed

the competition till the next year. When the next year arrived, the same essay was again offered; but to the infinite delight of the heads of the academy, another essay had been sent from Paris, which had been found incontestably superior to that which was known to be the composition of Thiers. But in order in some measure to make up for the disappointment of the preceding year, they granted to that essay an *accessit*, being an acknowledgment of the merit of the second degree of excellence.

The essay from Paris, then, being pronounced to be deserving of the prize, the sealed packet containing the name of the author was formally opened, and the mortification of the judges may be imagined, on discovering that this essay also was the production of the same hand! Thiers, in order to surmount the prejudice which prevailed against him, wrote a second essay, got it copied in another hand, and sent it to Paris, from whence it was transmitted, the better to mislead the judges. Thus, both the prize itself and the *accessit* were conferred on the obnoxious student.

At the Bar of Aix, Thiers soon found that it was vain to struggle against the disadvantages of his birth and parentage. It was too near the scene of his infancy, and the humility and obscurity of his origin were too well known. Besides, the city of Aix was one of those provincial places to which the influences of the revolution had scarcely penetrated, and Royahism and aristocracy prevailed there almost as much as before 1789. Impelled by mutual hopes, and full of those aspirations of the future which are so natural to youth, Mignet and himself determined to seek their fortunes in Paris, where alone, as they rightly concluded, their genius could surmount the difficulties opposed to them. To Paris they accordingly determined to go, and packing up their little all, they took the diligence and set out, as rich in hopes as they were poor in cash. Mignet went first to feel the way, and was soon followed by his friend.

During the first months of their residence in Paris, our two aspirants took a lodging, which, since their arrival at fame and fortune, has become classic ground. The house of Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon, was never visited by the votaries of the bard with more enthusiasm than the admirers of French literature have examined the dwelling of the

future Prime Minister of France, and the distinguished Professor of History. A dirty dark street in the purlieus of the Palais Royale is called the *Passage Montesquieu*, situate in the most crowded and noisy part of Paris. Here you ascend by a flight of steps into a gloomy and miserable lodging-house, in the fifth story of which a smoked door conducts you into two small chambers, opening one from the other, which were the dwellings of two men, whose celebrity, within a few years afterwards, filled the world. A common chest of drawers, of the cheapest wood, a bed to match, two rush-bottom chairs, a little rickety nutwood table, incapable of standing steadily on its legs, and a white calico curtain, formed the inventory of the furniture which accommodated the future Prime Minister of the greatest country in Europe, and the future historian of the Revolution.

Those who have visited the two friends in their obscure attic, and have since partaken of the sumptuous hospitalities of the one, in his residence in the Place St. George, and have witnessed the respect and admiration manifested towards the other, at the assemblies at the Institute, will find abundant food for reflection on the mutability of human affairs, and duly considering what we shall have to relate of them, will be ready to allow that

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune.”

Mignet had brought from the South introductions to M. Chatelain, then the chief editor of the *Courier Français*, to which journal he immediately became a contributor. M. Thiers at the same time had found means to introduce himself to the notice of Manuel, who at that moment had been elevated to the summit of popularity by his violent expulsion from the Representative Chamber, at the instance of the Ministry of M. de Villèle. Manuel, in whose veins also flowed the warm blood of the South, received Thiers with the utmost cordiality and kindness, and presented him to M. Lafitte, under whose auspices he was received among the writers of the *Constitutionnel*, which at that time was the most influential journal on the Continent of Europe. Thus was laid the foundation of the fortunes of M. Thiers. It was, in fact, all he needed. It was the opportunity which Fortune supplied to his genius, and it

cannot be denied that he has turned it to profitable account.

The traces of his genius did not fail to be speedily visible in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, and his name was pronounced with approbation in all the political coteries of the opposition, and detested in the saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain. He soon became a constant and admired frequenter of the most brilliant assemblies of Lafitte, Casimir Perier, and Count Flahaut. The Baron Louis, the most celebrated financier of that day, received him as his pupil and friend, and at his table a place was always provided for M. Thiers.

His natural endowments were admirably calculated to turn to profit the innumerable opportunities which were thus opened to him. Combining a memory from which nothing was allowed to escape, with an astonishing fluency and quickness of apprehension, he was enabled, without neglecting those exigencies of the daily press, to which he was indebted for his elevation, and at this time for his subsistence, to pass much time in society, where he spoke much, heard more, and carefully treasured up in his memory as food for future meditation, the matter of his conversations with the leading actors in the great Drama of the Revolution and the Empire. These personages he passed in review with a keen and observant eye,—the aged survivors of the constituent assembly, members of the national convention, of the council of five hundred, of the legislative assembly, of the Tribune, Girondists, Montanists, generals, and marshals of the Empire, diplomatists, financiers, men of the pen and men of the sword, men of the head and men of the arm—he conversed with them all, questioned them, and extracted from their memories of the past and their impressions of the present inexhaustible materials for future speculation.

As his relations with society became more extended, he became more and more sensible of those material inconveniences which attend straightened pecuniary resources. Fortune, however, of which, even from infancy, he seems to have been a favorite, soon came to his relief. He had, soon after his arrival in Paris, become acquainted with a poor and obscure German bookseller, by name Schubart, who passed for a person of some learning, but whose knowledge, in fact, extended to little beyond the mere titles of



books. This individual had conceived an extraordinary predilection for Thiers. He acted as his secretary and agent, sought for him the documents which he required, found a publisher for him, and, in fine, hired for him a more suitable lodging than the attic in the passage Montesquieu, in which the friends were installed. This humble but ardent admirer had often spoken with enthusiasm to Thiers of his distinguished countryman, the Baron Cotta, the publisher and proprietor of the well-known newspaper the Augsburg Gazette, or Allgemeine Zeitung, as a remarkable man, who had by honorable industry acquired an immense fortune, of which he made a noble use. Originally a bookseller, he had been elevated to nobility, and was received and acknowledged with respect in his acquired rank, by the hereditary aristocracy of his country, the proudest and most exclusive in Europe. A simple master of a printing office, he was admitted to the intimacy of the most illustrious of the age, the kings of Prussia, Wertemberg and Bavaria,—of Goethe, Schelling, Schlegel, and the highest nobles of Saxony. By means of his journal he became the depository of the confidential measures of all the governments which made those treaties between Northern and Southern Germany, on which the commercial prosperity of the country rested.

Just at this time it happened that a share in the property of the *Constitutionnel* was offered for sale. Schubart determined to spare no exertion to procure it for his idol Thiers. With this view he actually started for Stuttgart; there persuaded Cotta to lend the funds necessary for the purchase, returned and realized his object. Half the revenue arising from this share (which was then considerable) was placed at the disposal of M. Thiers. This arrangement remained a secret, and M. Thiers was allowed to enjoy the credit of being a joint proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, the most influential journal of Paris. This act of generosity was at the moment generally ascribed to Lafitte, who was certainly quite capable of it, and with whose known munificence it was quite in keeping. The poverty of Schubart, which from day to day increased, rendered him the last individual who could

have been supposed to have been able to bring about such an event.

One who knew this unfortunate and enthusiastic person has alleged that, after M. Thiers had arrived at the summit of his power and greatness, he met on a burning day in the middle of summer, a poor man whom affliction and misery had oppressed to such a degree as partially to alienate his understanding. He was then being conducted to his family at his native town. He looked at the narrator with a vacant stare, without recognizing one whom he had often seen with his favorite protégé. This wretched individual was Schubart, the most humble, the most devoted, and the most forgotten of the friends of the prime minister of France.\*

The course of life which Thiers pursued at this time, and in which he has since preserved through all the brilliancy of his successes, affords an instructive lesson to those who aspire to elevate themselves, and struggle against the advantages of birth, position, and even of person and manners. He rose at five in the morning, and from that hour till noon, applied himself to the columns of the Journal, which soon in his hands quintupled its receipts. After having thus devoted six hours to labor which most persons consume in sleep or idleness, he would go to the office of the paper and confer with his colleagues, among whom were MM. Etienne, Jay, and Everiste Dumoulin. His evenings were passed in society, where he sought not only to extend his connections, but to collect information which he well knew how to turn to account. In accomplishing his object, some struggle was necessary to overcome his personal and physical disadvantages.

In stature he is diminutive, and although his head presents a large forehead indicative of intellect, his features are common, and his figure clumsy, slovenly, and vulgar. An enormous pair of spectacles, of which he never divests himself, half cover his visage. When he begins to speak you involuntarily stop your ears, offended by the nasal twang of his voice, and the intolerable provincial sing-song of his dialect. In his speech there is something of the gossip; in his manner there is something of . . . He is restless and fidgety in his person, rocking his body from side to side in the

most grotesque manner. At the early part of his career, to which we now refer, he was altogether destitute of the habits and *convenances* of society, and it may be imagined how singular a figure he presented in the elegant salons of the Faubourg Chaussée l'Antin. Yet this very strangeness of appearance and singularity of manners, gained him attention, of which he was not slow to profit. His powers of conversation were extraordinary. No topic could be started with which he did not seem familiar. If finance were discussed he astonished and charmed the bankers and capitalists. If war were mentioned and the victories of the Republic and the Empire referred to, the old marshals, companions of Napoleon, listened with amazement to details which seemed to have come to the speaker by revelation, being such only as an eye-witness could have given, and a thousand times better and more clearly described, than they, who were present on the scene of action, could have given them. In short, in a few months, M. Thiers was the chief lion of the salons of the Notables of the opposition under the restoration.

His business as Journalist rendered the study of the history of his country, more especially for the last half century, necessary; and the opportunity which the society he frequented, presented to him of meeting the most conspicuous of the survivors of those extraordinary scenes, had unconsciously led him to collect a vast mass of material, documentary and oral, connected with the great events which passed in France and in Europe, in the interval between the fall of the Bourbons and their restoration. He desired to turn these rich materials to account, and with that view decided on undertaking his History of the Revolution.

The progress of political events, and the tendency of the Court to a retrograde policy, rendered it evident to M. Thiers that a struggle was approaching, in which a spirit of opposition would be called for, very different from that which an old established Journal, such as the *Constitutionnel*, was likely to sustain. The more youthful among the rising journalists who repudiated the measured tone of the leading organs of the opposition, hailed with undissembled satisfaction the project of a new journal, which should include the vigorous and young blood of the press. M. Sautelet, an enterprising publisher, urged M. Thiers to

take the lead in the new paper. The project of the *NATIONAL* was consequently announced. It was rumored that several of the leading political characters had secretly engaged in support of it by accepting shares. These rumors, although they had no good foundation, served to magnify the importance of the enterprise in the public eye. In truth, however, the only real supporter of M. Thiers in this project was the Baron Cotta already mentioned.

During the first years of his residence in the capital, and more especially when he became imbued with the historical recollections of the Empire and the revolution, the mind of M. Thiers became deeply impressed with the character and renown of Talleyrand. He longed for the moment when an opportunity would be presented of meeting under favorable circumstances so remarkable a man—one who had made three governments and who, after helping to pull down two of them successfully, now seemed inclined to superintend the fall of the third—a man who had dared to break with Napoleon and yet retained his head—who had Europe twice against him, and yet retained over Europe an influence possessed by no individual living. M. Lafitte at length obtained permission to present his young friend at the Hotel Talleyrand. The prince received them in the same sombre green salon where, at various times during the preceding thirty years, he had by turns received most of the emperors, kings, and princes of Europe, all the ministers past and present, and all that had been most distinguished by genius in the world. On one of these chairs on which MM. Lafitte and Thiers now took their seats the Emperor Alexander had listened to the first words which had been addressed to him in favor of the Bourbons; there had been created the provisional government; there the Holy Alliance had been compelled to make concessions to France; and there at a later period was consolidated that Alliance between France and England which had so long been a favorite project with Talleyrand, which under the Empire he pursued with unrelaxing perseverance, continued under the restoration, and ultimately accomplished on the ruins of all those regimes which had opposed themselves to his advice and remonstrances.

Talleyrand received Thiers with that distinction which manifested an appreciation of the future reserved for him.

It was on the 8th August, 1829, that the Marignac Ministry was dissolved. The formation of a new cabinet with Prince Polignac at its head, removed all doubt as to the designs of the Court. Retrogression, a gradual recurrence to the old regime, the repression of the freedom of discussion, must necessarily ensue. There was no mistaking the course which would be pursued. Thiers had the sagacity to perceive, and the courage openly to proclaim, that the moment had arrived at which the battle of constitutional freedom must be fought. The rights consecrated in the Charter would have to be defended, inch by inch. Fortune and life must be staked in the struggle.

Having arrived at such conclusions, he called together his colleagues and co-proprietors at the Bureaux of the Constitutionnel. He explained to them the causes which in his judgment rendered indispensable a new and more violent spirit of opposition to the government and the court. The hazard of their property and their lives, perhaps, on a course so much at variance with the measured and moderate opposition to which the Constitutionnel had hitherto confined its strictures, startled them. The Journal was commercially prosperous in a high degree, and constituted in fact a great literary property. A large majority of its *actionnaires* declined the hazard of the course proposed, which was rejected accordingly, being however supported by an intelligent minority, in which were included the chief editors, MM. Etienne and Dumoulin.

The project of a new opposition journal now assumed consistency. There was an absolute want of it. Armand Carrel proposed to associate himself with MM. Thiers and Mignet, in establishing one which should adopt that tone in defending the liberties of the country from the encroachments of power which the crisis demanded. It was resolved to call this paper the NATIONAL. It appeared in the summer of 1829, without any prospectus or formal programme of principles, but in the midst of high expectations. From the day of its appearance, M. Thiers gave up the historical labors in which he had been engaged, and surrendered himself body and soul to what ultimately proved to be the cause of the revolution.

The basis of the tactics which had been carried on with so much success from this

time by M. Thiers and his colleagues, was the Charter of 1814. Within the circle of power there described, he directed all his energies to hem in the ministers of the crown. Every sortie which they attempted to make from it, was met by him with promptitude and vigor, and they were repulsed within its strict limits. That principle of ministerial responsibility which is so universally understood and so admirably brought into operation in England, was as yet little understood in France. The public had been, through a succession of ages, accustomed to contemplate the person of the sovereign in all national measures; to ascribe to him personally the merit or demerit attending them. They did not comprehend that principle which withdraws the head of the state from participation in the administrative measures of the government. Nor was the principle then, nor is it even yet, fully acted upon in France. Thus the sovereign then, and even now, presides at the meetings of the Cabinet; he is consulted by the minister on all important measures, and made to participate in acts in which he ought personally to have no other share than that of adopting them upon the responsibility of his constitutional advisers. Nevertheless, although imperfectly brought into operation either then or now, still the responsibility of the sovereign, and its necessary concomitant the sole responsibility of his ministers, was explicitly declared in the Charter of 1814; and the first and great aim of M. Thiers, both then and since, has been to bring this great principle of constitutional government into practical operation in France, as fully as it has been, and is, in England. He accordingly for months urged it daily on the public—presented it in every possible form. He also declared the constitutional power of the Representative Chamber to withhold the supplies in case its majority considered the measures of the advisers of the crown injurious to the country. This he urged with admirable force and eloquence.

It was at this time that among many brilliant articles which appeared in the National, the maxim which has since acquired such celebrity—*Le Roi regne mais il ne gouverne pas*—was first put forth. In the early part of 1830, public rumor attributed to the court and cabinet the contemplation of a *coup d'état*. The limitation set by the charter, and by the very spirit of representative government, to the royal prerogative, consequently be-

came an anxious and exciting subject of discussion. As a fair specimen of the articles which appeared in the NATIONAL, and which at the moment attracted general attention and produced a profound impression on the public, we shall give the following extracts from one which bore the title, "*The King reigns but does not govern*."

"It is objected against our opposition that respect for the royal prerogative of choosing the ministers, ought to make us wait until these ministers commit some positive act.

"This prerogative, however, we answer again and again, cannot be exercised in an absolute manner. In judging of the meaning of any public act, we cannot take any single clause and consider it without reference to the context. Each clause must be taken as part of the whole. Now, the prerogative of naming the ministers, appertaining as it does to the Crown, combined with the right of refusing the supplies, appertaining as it does to the Chamber, the latter must, from the very conditions of these joint rights, have a virtual participation in the choice of the ministers.

"But it will be said that in every administration the subordinates must necessarily be nominated by the chief.

"Certainly; in matters of administration and in war this must necessarily be so; but the present case is an exception.

"*The King does not administer; he does not govern; HE REIGNS.*

"The ministers administer; the ministers govern; and must consequently have subordinates of their own choosing. But the King may have ministers contrary to his wishes, because, again and again, he does not administer, he does not govern—HE REIGNS.

"To reign is a very elevated thing, which it is difficult to make certain princes rightly comprehend. The English sovereigns, however, understand it perfectly. An English King is the first gentleman of his kingdom. He is in the highest degree all that an Englishman of the highest condition can be. He hunts; he loves horses; he is curious to see foreign countries, and visits them while he is Prince of Wales; he is a philosopher when it is the fashion to be so; he has British pride and British ambition in the highest degree; he desires the triumph of the British flag. No heart in Britain bounds with more joy on the arrival of the news of an Aboukir or a Trafalgar; he is, in a word, the most lofty type of British character; he is a British nobleman a hundred times exaggerated. The English nation respects and loves in him its truest impersonation. It confers a large income on him; is pleased to see him live in a state of splendor suitable to

his rank and to the wealth of the country over which he is placed. This sovereign has the sentiments, the preferences and the antipathies of a gentleman. While an English peer has only a small fraction of the veto which the Upper House is entitled to pronounce, he has a whole veto. He can dissolve the Lower Chamber, or reject a bill, whenever it seems good to him. But he does not govern. He allows the country to govern itself. He rarely follows his mere personal predilections in the choice of his ministers; at one time he takes Fox, whom he does not retain; at another Pitt, whom he does; and again he takes Canning, whom he does not dismiss, but who dies in office. Cases have occurred when an English King received such answers as the following: Chatham, dismissed by the Crown, was the statesman who enjoyed the confidence of the Commons; the King sent to him his political opponent, Fox, to invite him to return to office, (designing thereby to offer him an indignity.) 'Return to his majesty,' said Chatham, 'and say, that when he sends me a messenger more worthy of himself and of me, I will have the honor of answering him.' The more worthy messenger was in fine sent, and Chatham became the first of a series of ministers who, though not in accordance with the royal taste, ruled the kingdom for half a century. To reign, then, is not to govern; it is to be the truest, highest and most respected impersonation of the country; the King is the country, compressed into the person of one man.

"The analogy attempted to be established between the King and the chief of the administration, is therefore false, and it follows that there is nothing incompatible in a king being obliged to select ministers who are not in accordance with his wishes.

"But it is contended that from the virtual nomination of ministers thus claimed for the Chamber, that body will soon also arrive at the nomination of all the subordinate officers of the state, and that thus the entire administration will pass into the hands of a collective body; a thing altogether anomalous and inadmissible.

"It is true that such a body cannot, and ought not, administer. In the executive there ought not to be the deliberative. The deliberative is only good for the direction of the national will. To will, we must first deliberate; but having willed, and the expression being to act, deliberation ceases. This is as true for a state as for an individual.

"To all this, we shall make one reply. It is granted that in England the ministers are named by Parliament; that is to say, under its influence. Has it resulted from this that the administration has been deficient in power, in order or in vigor? How has it happened that confusion and an-

archy have not ensued? This has happened in the most natural manner, as we hope will be the case with us.

"The minister, once named by the influence of the majority of the Commons, wields the royal prerogative by which the executive power is concentrated in his hands; he makes peace and war; he collects the revenue; he pays the state charges; he appoints all the functionaries of the state; he superintends the administration of justice; in one word—HE GOVERNS; and as he has the confidence of Parliament, without which he could not continue in office, he does only those things which he knows that Parliament will approve of. But he acts with uniformity and promptitude, while the Parliament in its multitudinous character and with its hundred eyes, watches, criticises, and judges him. Thus the King reigns, the ministers govern, and the Chambers deliberate. When ill government begins to manifest itself, the minister is removed, either directly by the King, or indirectly by the Parliament; and the Crown must select a new minister amongst the parliamentary majority.

"Such is the manner in which, without anarchy or disorder, the minister is virtually nominated by the Chambers."

This article produced a lively sensation in all the political circles. It was speedily followed by attacks upon the Press. The ministerial papers now became loud in their menaces. They openly exhorted the court to violate the constitution. "If," said they, "the ministry cannot save the throne with a majority of the Representative Chamber, they must do so without one."

On the 2d March, 1830, the celebrated address against the ministers was voted by a majority of 221.

From this day the journals of the court threw off all reserve, and the Gazette did not hesitate to declare that there were emergencies in which "the power of the Crown might be raised above the laws." Another royalist organ published an article entitled, "The necessity of a Dictatorship!"

The close of the labors of M. Thiers as a journalist, and the commencement of his career as an active statesman, took place on the 21st July, when he wrote in the *National* an article foreboding the approaching storm.

Reader, didst thou ever behold a bull, in the sultry days of August, worried by a gad-fly; now sticking to his haunch; now to his eye; from his eye to his ear; from his ear to his nostril; stinging, in short, the animal in a thousand tender

places, until, rendered furious by his persecutor, he plunges and rolls, and unable to shake off his minute, but persevering and indefatigable foe, he at last, in mere desperation, throws himself headlong into an abyss? Well, then, if thou hast, the gad-fly is M. Thiers, the bull the Polignac ministry, and the abyss the ordinances of July, 1830.

The ordinances which were the immediate cause of the fall of the dynasty of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, were published in the *Moniteur* of the morning of Sunday the 25th July. The first of these declared that the liberty of the periodic press was suspended, and that thenceforth no journal should be published in France without the express permission of the government, and that such permission must be renewed every third month. Paris became immediately a scene of agitation in every quarter. In the Palais Royale, individuals harangued the people on this invasion of their rights. At the Bourse the public funds fell. At the Institute, M. Arago intermingled his scientific discourse with burning comments on the event of the day. The press took its own part. The majority of the daily papers of Paris, it is true, succumbed to the ordinances. Neither the *Journal de Debats*, nor the *Constitutionnel*, nor the *Gazette*, nor the *Quotidienne*, nor the *Universel*, appeared. But, on the other hand, the *Globe*, the *National* and the *Temps*, were issued and circulated in enormous numbers. They contained, in a conspicuous form, the ordinances which they violated in the very fact of their publication and circulation. They were flung in hundreds into all the cafés and cabinets de lecture in Paris. Meanwhile, the principal conductors and writers of the liberal section of the press, which, in fact, formed then nearly the whole daily press, assembled at the office of the *National*, to discuss the course which ought to be pursued in such an emergency. The Editors of the *Tribune* advocated strong measures. They would have raised the *Faubourgs*, unfurled the tricolor flag, and opposed the illegality of the government by physical force. Others, fearing the unbridled fury of the excited populace, counseled a rigid observance of the spirit of the charter. Of this number was M. Thiers, who drew up a solemn protest against the ordinances. The question was then raised, whether this protest should be issued in the name of the press generally, or with the subjoined

signatures of those from whom it actually proceeded. On this a difference of opinion arose. Some advised that each journal should issue an independent article, expressed in its own language; others agreed that a common manifesto would be more advisable, but that it should appear, as articles in journals usually do, anonymously. M. Thiers thereupon addressed his colleagues, showing, in a forcible manner, how ineffective any anonymous publication on such an occasion would be. Much confusion and dissension was arising, when M. Remusat, the editor of the *Globe*, entered the room. M. Thiers, confident of sympathy of sentiment with this distinguished writer, immediately read the protest to him, and asked him whether he would sign it. "Without any doubt I will," replied promptly M. Remusat. M. Thiers thereupon addressed the meeting, declaring that he was about to propose that the protest should be signed by the representatives of the press, there present; and calling first on the "*Globe*," M. Remusat took the pen and placed his signature at the head of the list. He was followed by Thiers, Mignet, Armand Carrel and Chambolle of the *National*, and these by all the other editors present, including those of the *Constitutionnel*.

On the morning of that day (26th), the agents of the police visited the offices of those papers which had disobeyed the ordonnances by publication, and broke their presses. On arriving at the office of the *NATIONAL*, attended by an armed force, they were met by the editors, who protested in the name of the Law against the proceeding, but offered no forcible opposition. The doors, however, were forced open, and the police, in compliance with the ordonnance broke some parts of the presses, and dismantled them. The agents themselves employed in this operation, did not dissimulate their repugnance at the duty they were compelled to perform, and limited their damage to the smallest extent necessary to comply with the letter of their orders.

Immediately after their departure mechanics were procured who remounted and repaired the presses, and they were put in immediate operation to print the protest of the journalists, which was circulated in hundreds of thousands through Paris the same afternoon.

The next morning, Tuesday, the 27th, the most influential electors of Paris assembled at the Bureaux of the *NATIONAL*,

to discuss the best method of establishing an organized resistance to the government. Great confusion prevailed at this meeting. All were for resistance, but none proposed any rational or practicable plan. A leader, in fact, was wanted. M. Thiers, who, not being then an elector, was necessarily a silent witness of this scene, seeing that some decisive step must be proposed, and that no elector was prepared to offer one, apologized for interfering, and suggested that a deputation of electors should be sent to the Hotel of Casimir Perier, where a meeting of the deputies was at that moment sitting. This proposition was accepted, and several of the electors present accompanied M. Thiers to the Rue Neuve Luxembourg.

Here they found that the deputies had separated, and that great indecision had prevailed among those who had been at the meeting. An energetic opposition had been agreed upon, but as yet nothing effectual was done. The deputation accordingly returned to the Bureaux of the *NATIONAL*, where much disappointment and dissatisfaction was expressed at the inertia of the deputies, and the meeting was adjourned to the evening, when it was appointed to be held at the house of M. Cadet-Gassicourt, Rue St. Honoré, for the purpose of finally deciding on the measures of resistance.

At seven o'clock in the morning M. Thiers was there. At this meeting a plan of serious resistance was agreed upon. It was resolved that the *National Guard* should appear in the streets in uniform; should mingle with the people and direct them; that in each arrondissement of Paris a committee of the principal electors and citizens should direct the movements of the people. In short, every practicable means were resolved on to render the resistance effectual, and to secure the Empire of the Law.

It was on this evening of the 27th, at the moment at which the meeting at M. Cadet-Gassicourt's were convened, that the first collision took place between the military and the people. A child had thrown a stone at a gendarme in the court of the Palais Royale. The soldier cut at the boy with his sabre. An individual who witnessed the incident shot the gendarme with a pistol.

When M. Thiers and his friends were leaving the house of M. Gassicourt, after the meeting had broken up, they found themselves in the midst of the

emeute. A squadron of the Garde-Royale was driving before it the people from the neighborhood of the Palais Royale, down the Rue St. Honoré, while a regiment of the line was ascending the street in a contrary direction from the Faubourg du Roule. They were thus placed between two fires.

The people instinctively appealing to the sympathies of the soldiers, shouted "Vive la ligne!" The commanding officer did not order his men to continue firing on a defenceless crowd of unarmed people, and allowed them to disperse!

During this night the greatest alarm and agitation prevailed in Paris. M. Thiers and his friends passed the night at the Bureaux of the National, where the presses were incessantly employed in printing innumerable copies of the protest of the journalists, to be distributed the next morning.

On the morning of the 28th, a meeting was appointed at the house of M. Guizot in the Rue Ville Lèveque. M. Remusat called at the office of the National to apprise M. Thiers of this, and they went together to attend it. The meeting consisted of the leading members of the chamber and the press. It was hoped that a legal resistance was still possible. Yet, whatever course presented itself seemed to be fraught with danger. The consequences of a successful resistance seemed scarcely less formidable than those of defeat. It was not hoped, however, that the unarmed and unorganized populace could prevail against the disciplined force of the soldiery. General Sebastiani expressed an opinion that the victory of the Royal troops over the people was quite inevitable. It was therefore thought advisable to endeavor to

come to some compromise with the government, and thus stop the effusion of blood.

M. Thiers encouraged the hope of the popular success, according to the statements of M. Laya. According to others, he was opposed to any measures stronger than those of passive resistance. The most experienced of the deputies and military were inclined to the latter course. In accordance with the wishes of those present, MM. Lafitte, Manguin, Cassimir Perier, Gerard, and Lobau, proceeded to the head-quarters of Marshal Marmont, to whom the command of Paris had been given, to entreat him to stop the effusion of blood. "I deplore these measures, and condemn as much as yourselves those direful ordonnances," replied the Marshal, "but I have no discretionary power left to me. I am acting under superior orders." "But," rejoined Lafitte, "no one is justified in ordering you to massacre the people. It is not your duty to obey such orders." "I see no means of relief except submission," said Marmont. "If the ordonnances are withdrawn, will you guarantee the restoration of tranquillity?" "We can give no guarantee," said Lafitte, "but will do our best for that purpose." "Well," concluded the Marshal, "I am going to send a dispatch to St. Cloud, and in an hour you shall have the answer of the King." "In an hour," replied Lafitte and Manguin, "the ordonnances must be withdrawn, otherwise we will throw ourselves, body and soul, into the movement." "Tomorrow," added Lafitte, "my baton will be raised against your sword. Remember how terrible is the power of the people when they are aroused."

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF  
THE DEVRON.

THE succeeding narrative is written without the slightest attempt at embellishment, and the incidents, although they occurred upwards of forty years ago, are too indelibly fixed in the writer's memory ever to be forgotten. Lord Byron beautifully and truly says,

"The schoolboy spot we ne'er forget,  
Though there we are forgot."

And so it is with such adventures as these, when life is young, unsophisticated and pure. Besides, every circumstance that occurred on that Sabbath evening has been a hundred times recalled, and were the writer to live thrice the age allotted to man, they would never be effaced from his memory.

On a Sunday afternoon, during the autumn of the year 1804, being on my return from a ramble into the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, I was proceeding down the right bank of the river Devron. In consequence of the Alpine nature of the country precluding the possibility of carrying roads beyond the point to which I was approaching, it was necessary to ford the river twice, before reaching the pretty little town of Huntly, some fourteen miles distant from the said point.

Huntly, anciently called Strathbogie, (the valley or *strath* of the river Bogie,) is a place somewhat noted in Scottish statistics, as well as from its giving title to the eldest son of the Duke of Gordon. The noble residence of the gallant Marquis lies on the hill-side facing the strath, about half a mile above the ruins of the ancient and once magnificent castle Huntly—burnt by that unrelenting cut-throat Cromwell, in consequence of the attachment of its princely owner to the fortunes of his legitimate sovereign.

A heavy rain had fallen while I was staying in Glenlivet, and the Devron was in a *spate*—alias freshet—and, although the "spate was somewhat subsided, the river was still so much swollen and above its usual channel, as to preclude the possibility of my being sure I had found the ford, to which I had been particularly directed. I was informed, that below the ford the river was deep

and dangerous; but as my horse was remarkably strong and steady, and not in the least afraid to *take* the water, I went boldly in.

Before he had proceeded three rods into the stream, however, I was a little dismayed to find he was suddenly carried off his legs—he sunk deep, and snorted the water from his nostrils. Neck or nothing, we were fairly in, and must sink or swim. But having acquired the art of swimming to perfection, in the Kettle of Dee, a river more rapid at that narrow strait than any in Scotland, and where Lord Byron, as I well remember, much about the same period as myself, acquired those aquatic propensities, which he afterwards made famous by his Leandering feat in the Hellespont;—having, I say, acquired this necessary accomplishment, I had, myself, little fear; but for my father's favorite horse, who, by his many noble qualities and extraordinary sagacity, had endeared himself to me, I felt rather uneasy. During my wanderings among the Highland hills, I had held many a long confab—so to speak—with my intelligent companion, and I verily believe, even unto this day, he understood much of what I said and sang to him! At one rapid eddy, or whirlpool in the river, where the water was roaring and boiling in a frightful manner, we were fairly swirled round and round, and seeing some wistful glances of his intelligent eye directed towards the opposite bank, I spoke cheerily to him.

"Come, Stately, courage, my boy; heads up, and we'll soon be over. There's a fine fellow—go it, Stately—bravely, bravely!" And then, Sunday although it was, "I whistled up Lord Lenox' march to keep his courage steady." I knew full well it was a favorite of his; for in truth he would, unbidden, set off at a spanking canter any time, on hearing "Lord Lenox," and now even, he cocked his ears, and I felt perfect confidence in him. He struck out, and breasted the plashing water gallantly; and not a little delighted was I, when I found his feet strike the bottom on the farther shore: that attained, we were soon on the verdant turf—alas! too ver-



dant by far; the danger then became more imminent than it had been in the river. It was a *quick* green bog, and although the grassy surface was sufficiently firm to sustain my own weight, the small feet of the horse went through, as if it had been paper, and he was up to the girth at every plunge. It occupied a full half hour, but I at last succeeded by holding the bridle firm, close to his head, to land him on the heather. Before I had cleared the mud from his haunches and rubbed him down, the gloaming began slowly to gather in. I knew the road lay *somewhere*, but was quite at a loss for the proper direction, having been carried far down the stream; and there was nothing for it, but to take a straight course right up from the bank of the river. I had not proceeded far, before I observed a bonny Scottish lassie "come wading barefoot through the heather" towards me. She carried a small bundle, in which were contained her shoes, her stockings, and her BRAE!

Let not the wealthy residents of cities smile or sneer at the homely economy and thrift of a peasant girl, walking through the heath *barefoot*. Small are her earnings. It is the custom of the country in summer, and is thought no degradation. But this young maiden had entered the Hovax or God that day in perfect trim. She would have accounted it sinful to have approached even within sight of the church, unless her whole attire had been neat, tidy, and in perfect order. I know this to be a fact, for, during my various journeys in the Highlands, I have more than once accompanied a party of young women to a distant country church, and it was the invariable custom to stop and arrange their whole dress at some convenient spot, before they came in view of the kirk, and after leaving it, to take off their shoes and stockings in the same place. Burns, in one line of his "Holy Fair," graphically describes such a party returning from church:

"At slaps the billies halt a blink,  
Till lasses strip their shoon!"

"My girl," said I, "can you inform me in what direction the road to Huntly lies?"

"Deed can I, sir; and I'll be blithe to put you in't. I saw you floundering i' the bog; I kent ye were a stranger, and as the nowt and owsen aften lair an droon i' the bogs down by there, I was

coming to warn or assist you, in case o' need."

"Heaven bless her kind, innocent heart," said I, silently, looking at her simple, blooming face. "She is a true type of all her sex."

I found she had that day walked four miles to her parish church, and three miles farther, after worship, to delight the hearts of her aged parents, and probably to share with them her pittance of fee, and was then on her way back to her service, when she noticed my dangerous plight. On expressing my obligations as soon as we came upon the narrow track, and saying I would detain her no longer, she said she "was fear'd I wad find twa or three unchancy crooks in the roadie, before I got through *the how*, (hollow,) and that she wad gae back wi' me a bit-tock mair, as she was sure Geordie had milket the kye for her, lang sin syne;" adding, "it wad do her mickle gude, to put ony strayed ane into the stracht gate, as the minister tould us fra the poolpit, in the mornin'." In short, the kind-hearted girl volunteered her services with so much genuine sweetness of manner, it would have been churlish to refuse her. Indeed, I soon found her guidance necessary. The narrow "*roadie*" was indeed "crooket;" but she threaded its mazes with the tact of a real mountaineer. All of a sudden, however, she made a dead stop, threw back her plaid mantle, and exclaimed—"Eh, sirs! what siccan a skirl was yon?"

After a short, breathless pause, we heard a clear, youthful voice from a long distance, come ringing through the long yellow broom—for we had again descended into the how, which was one of those lovely glades where that beautiful ever-green grows luxuriantly, rendering such spots a perfect oasis in the desert heaths of Scotland.

"An-nie! Annie Hudson!" were the words. A smile of mingled joy and pride played upon the countenance of the fair maiden, as soon as she heard her own name, for it was she who was called.

"I maun leave you, noo, sir," said she, "for that's Geordie skirlin on the brae and comin to meet me; and to tell you the truth, Geordie's half daft aboot me; he's sair fear'd o' my tacking up wi' ony body but himsel; but he hasna cause, for he's a gude lad an a leal, though I wadna say sae to himsel."

Hastily bidding me "a guid 'een,"

therefore, and telling me I wad find mysel in the *hick* road, as soon as I got ower the know (knoll), she bounded through the broom like a mountain roe, displaying a foot and ancle that would have become the De Medici herself. I need hardly say I felt deeply grateful to the kind maiden, and wished much to reward her with a gratuity, but I well know from experience, she would have mistaken the motive, and considered it an insult to offer her money for performing that which her minister from the pulpit had so lately inculcated. On our way I had given her my name, and assured her if ever she had occasion to visit Aberdeen, that my excellent mother would be happy to see her and acknowledge her kindness better than I could. As soon as I reached the "know head," I looked back, and could just observe the lovers had met, and that Geordie was carrying pretty Annie's bundle in one hand, whilst the other was folded round her waist. Happy pair!

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,

Among the blooming broom that scents  
The evening gale."

I turned, somewhat oppressed with feelings of joy and sorrow, to wend my solitary way towards Huntly. The hill road, when I gained it, was excessively irregular, with such an abundance of loose stones, it was dangerous to start a trot, much less a canter; the gloamin soon fairly gathered in; dense black clouds completely overcast the heavens, and a night of pitchy darkness was fast coming on.

There is something exceedingly depressing to the spirit, to be overtaken by night, in the midst of a wild, extensive prairie or heath, and no house within many miles; but to be so overtaken in a region entirely strange, without knowing a footstep of the way, and on a Sunday night too! I felt the loneliness of my situation acutely. An overpowering melancholy came stealing over me, heightened by the certainty that I had again to cross a dangerous river, in darkness, and in entire ignorance of the ford, before I could reach Huntly.

Deeply did I deplore my headstrong folly in leaving the hospitable roof I had quitted too late in the day, against friendly advice; but ardor of youth

was in full force; I had been long absent, and sighed for home. Under all these depressing circumstances I plodded slowly on some weary miles. It was not late, perhaps not much past six; but the solitude and profound silence, and the darkness, made it feel like midnight. After a time, I knew by the action of my horse that the road was becoming less cumbered with stones, and I soon became sensible, from the echo, that there was a wall-fence on the right. On nearing that side of the road, I found it was even so. I kept a sharp outlook, and before I had advanced half a mile farther, I indistinctly observed a lofty embattled archway, through which I entered, and immediately knew by the ring of the horse's feet that I was in a paved court-yard.

Passing onward up the quadrangle, I reached a castellated building of immense magnitude, but on viewing it as attentively as the darkness would allow, I discovered, with equal surprise and sorrow, that it was in ruins. The walls were huge and massive, and the dilapidated openings, where windows had once been, were crumbling in decay, desolation and ruin everywhere around.

Heavy of heart, I turned my horse, and was slowly retreating towards the gateway, when, to my inexpressible alarm, I heard a sound which made my blood run cold. From the stillness which pervaded the place, I had supposed the ruins were void of human inhabitant; but the sound which broke upon my ear felt, to my excited nerves, like the crack of a pistol; it was merely a "hem," intended as a prelude to what followed; but it came so suddenly, so close and so sharp, its effect in the darkness was appalling. The shrillness of the challenge made my horse arch his neck, and swerve to the right, away from the sound, whilst I grasped the bridle firmly. After a momentary pause, a voice, peculiarly harsh, and in a loud, authoritative tone, demanded what I wanted *there*?

"The road to Huntly," was my reply.

"Am I in it?"

"It's ow late for *you* to be speerin the gait to Huntly."

"But was I in it when I entered the gateway?"

"Ow aye, ow aye, the road's richt by the Haa'; but ye'll never see Huntly *this* night, I can tell you."

A peculiar emphasis was placed on the words "ye'll *never*," which somehow

made me shudder, for I was totally unarmed, not having on this occasion brought the pistols with me which on a former Highland tour I had carried. But commanding as much indifference of manner as I could assume, I readily replied, "Perhaps not, but I mean to try, come dog, come devil."

Never shall I forget the taunting sneer with which the rejoinder was accompanied.

"Weel, weel, try; but if ye'r dog, or if ye'r deevil, ye'll no see Huntly—and that you'll sune fin' oot."

The deep shadow and impenetrable gloom occasioned by the high walls, added to the extreme darkness of the night, prevented me from catching the slightest glimpse of the speaker; but I could hear him make a movement, and I felt very uneasy, for there was something particularly disagreeable, if not threatening, in the manner as well as the tone of his voice. I presumed the man to be a *contrabandista*, or Highland smuggler, who probably had an illicit still at work somewhere among the ruins; such places, in consequence of the subterranean vaults and dungeons invariably existing underneath ancient halls and castles, being well calculated for carrying on such illegal enterprises; and if the man were really one of those outlaws, I had good reason to apprehend evil, for his language was mysterious and his manner menacing. If he suspected I were a gauger or excise officer come to seize his still, I well knew, from universal report, and from what had occurred to myself the preceding summer amongst the glens of Mar Forest, that, if he were a smuggler, my life was in jeopardy.

Under such comfortable reflections, without more ado, I instantly dashed through the archway, and was well pleased to find myself again in the road, with a good horse under me. "*Faugh a Ballach!*"—now do your speedy utmost, Meg," said I to my steed, for I guessed I might fare worse than honest Tam O'Shanter in his midnight encounter with the ladies of Allo-way Kirk, when he interrupted their grand ball. Far different, although resembling it in some respects, was the sequel to my adventure, for I had not ridden above two miles when a mountain stream, a tributary to the Devron, but

without a bridge, crossed the road, and brought Stately to a stand still. For the last mile the road had again approached the river, and I distinctly heard the roar of its troubled water as it went leaping over the rocks. The sound was alternately faint and strong, as it came through the openings among the birch trees and alder bushes which line the banks. The wild roar of water amongst rocks conveys at all times an image of danger to the mind, but in darkness it is indeed dismal. The stream, which crossed the road at a right angle, was one of those mountain torrents which, when swollen by heavy rain, come rushing from the hills with fearful velocity. It leaped from the upper side of the road into a deep channel, through which it went boiling, raging and foaming, as white as snow, amongst fragments of black rock, and then tumbled into an abyss of considerable depth, as the sound seemed to indicate. The chasm in the road looked too wide and rocky to attempt a leap in the dark, notwithstanding which I backed my horse a few steps as if I intended it; but he appeared shy, and when a horse shies an object, it is rather a dangerous game to urge him—in the dark! I had too much regard for the affectionate animal, to say nothing of my own safety, to force him to the hazardous effort; yet what was to be done?

Some reminiscences of Highland *skean-dhus*\* occupied my mind. To return to the unknown and unseen of the ruined Haas' was, therefore, as disagreeable as any attempt to advance appeared impossible. I was utterly at a loss what course to pursue, but after some consideration I could think of nothing better than to dismount, lead my horse off the road, sit quietly down upon a stone, and there wait, during the livelong dreary night, until the dawn should enable me to find a place where I might cross the stream.

Before dismounting, and whilst pondering on the ominous words, "ye'll never see Huntly *this* night," I thought best to stand up in the stirrups, and take a survey, as far as practicable, of the banks of the torrent in front of me, both upwards and down. The Devron I judged might be about a quarter of a mile distant, in the valley to the right.

Unspeakable was my joy, (certainly little less than that which Columbus

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\* The Gaelic *skean-dhus* may, in America, be rendered *black bowie knife*.

must have felt when he discovered the Peruvian fire,) to behold, on looking up the burn-side, a beam of blessed light meeting my view. I may with truth declare, that in the twinkling of an eye I dismounted, after marking the *locale* of the light as well as I could. I soon found a sheep-track leading through the whin bushes,\* along the margin of the foaming burn. I led my horse carefully, and after advancing about a quarter of a mile, I arrived at a fence, surrounding a huge and lofty building—but it was dark as blackest midnight—not a ray of light was to be seen in any of its windows.

Gracious heavens! was this *another* ruined castle, and was the light I saw, that of the worker of another illicit still? "*Ye'll never see Huntly this night*," rung in my ear like a death-knell; a qualm came over me, and I was again in a most distressing dilemma. My eyes continued riveted on the supposed castle, endeavoring to make it out, or to discover a light in it: the clouds had latterly dispersed a little, and I at last ascertained, that instead of a ruined castle or hall, it was a parish church, environed by an extensive graveyard! Yet a light at such an hour, proceeding from a church, was incomprehensible. Resurrection men, or medical students disturbing the dead, in such a remote country church-yard was unlikely. I felt sure I had not deceived myself; a light I had certainly seen, clear and distinct; and although I had heard many a horrible superstition about *dead candles* being seen in church-yards, I never gave heed to them, however *well* authenticated! except in infancy, and one of my honored tutors, a venerable clergyman, had eradicated every trace of superstition from my mind. I determined on making a leisurely survey, and if better could not be, to take up my quarters in the porch of the church all night.

By proceeding round an angle of the inclosure, I at last reached what I knew must be the manse, or parsonage house; and advancing a few steps further, I was delighted to observe in several windows, bright lights, which the church had hitherto hid from my view,—but did joy ever exceed mine, on approaching the

door, to hear the cheerful gaiety and laughter of sweet women's voices!—not those of rustics, but the soft dulcet tones of persons in elevated life. I knew them perfectly. There was no mistaking the voices of ladies, well bred and polished. My heart jumped for joy. I was in those days, a lively youth, somewhat buckish, as it was then called, or dandified, as it would now be termed, and made some pretension to being considered a ladies' man, with abundance of small talk. And I will freely confess, that any then youthful bias, of being best pleased in the society of lovely women, has continued with me in full force, even unto this day. "A man's a man for a' that." All qualms and fears of dirks and outlaws vanished in an instant. I approached the door, and knocking gently with the end of my whip, it was soon opened by a very handsome young clergyman, candlestick in hand. He was one of the best-looking men I had ever seen, his hair beautifully dressed, his person compact and manly. With great courtesy of manner he inquired my pleasure? Seeing he had not shut the parlor door, in which all was now silent, in consequence perhaps, of the unexpected summons, at an hour which in the country might seem comparatively late, although it was then only about seven o'clock, in answering him, I modulated my voice in the very best tone I could command, "regretting that necessity compelled me to trespass,—that I was a benighted traveler—an entire stranger in that part of the country—*had narrowly escaped drowning in the Devron!*—*feared my life had otherwise been in danger!* and should feel deeply grateful, if he could direct me to some house, where I might obtain shelter for myself and horse during the night."

If he refuse such an appeal, thought I, he must be more churlish than most of his brethren; for the Scottish clergy are proverbially warm-hearted, benevolent, and hospitable. But, for *ance*, as Walter Scott says, I reckoned without mine host. After a short pause, in which he seemed weighing me in the balance, wherein I fear he found me wanting, he replied *there was a small house at a little dis-*

\* It is a remarkable fact that heath, broom and *whins*, (Anglice, furze or gorze,) although so plentiful over all Great Britain, are unknown on the continent of America. The writer has frequently attempted the cultivation of all of them, from seeds carefully prepared and planted, but could never succeed, although he believes the Hon. John Greig can show specimens of the broom and whins, in his beautiful grounds at Canandaigua, in Western New York.

tance beyond the church-yard, where he thought I might find accommodation—the people poor, he added, but perfectly safe, and that he would send one of the maid servants to show me the way.

I assured him that in my *then* very unusual situation, I should be but too happy to accept of any shelter, and would willingly pay handsomely for it. And so, calling for Kirsty, one of the maids, the clergyman directed her to show me to the cottage.

The regrets of our first parent Adam, on being turned out of the garden, were doubtless sad—and such were mine, unutterably so, when, with courteous but hypocritical tongue, I expressed my *thanks*, and turned me from the inhospitable door,—for, when I first heard sweet female voices within, I made quite certain I should soon be admitted to their paradise. My fate, alas, now seemed purgatory! The young woman led the way, carrying a lanthorn before me, telling me we had only a little *bittock* to gang, and that the folks were unco gude and kind. We had not proceeded far, when I heard a “hem” behind us, but it was in a very different key to that of the hem at the Haa!

“I am afraid, sir,” said the clergyman, coming up, “you will find but poor accommodation at the cottage I directed you to, and if you will accept of a night’s lodging in my house, I shall be happy to afford it.”

Honor and glory to female humanity; for to it was I indebted for a reversal of excommunication. The pure benevolence of the darlings within, combined perhaps, with a slight tittle of curiosity to see the stranger, had pleaded for a change of my sentence. But it would be alike uncharitable and unjust, not to admit, that there *was* a cause—a very peculiar and unusual one, for the apparent want of hospitality on the part of the reverend gentleman!

Joyfully did I accept his offer, and we retraced our steps towards the manse, he first leading the way to the stable, where there was an empty stall for poor Stately; who being immediately disencumbered of his saddle, soon snorted his joy by deeply imbedding his nose in a full manger of oats, with plenty of sweet hay in the rack, and a soft bed of clean straw underneath him. It did me good to see with what relish he munched his supper, and as we left the stable, he turned his

beautiful head towards me, as much as to say, good night and thanks. Those who have had little intercourse with horses, can scarcely conceive the intelligence and affection of a fine animal to his master, but there is as much difference in the sagacity, temper, and affection of horses, as there is amongst mankind.

On reaching the hall, my host inquired my name, giving his own as the Rev. Mr. C——; he then ushered me into his well lighted, well curtained, and elegantly furnished parlor, which was both spacious and lofty. I was formally introduced to his lady, and the Misses G——, two young and lovely girls.

I shall attempt a description of the interesting group to which I was just admitted, but I am sensible it would require a far more graphic pen than mine, to do it justice, or to give any the slightest idea of the supreme, nay the superlative, beauty of the lady of the house.

It is universally admitted that the true standard of female form is “the statue that enchants the world,” the pride of Florence and the glory of Italy, but I can with truth affirm, that a woman of more matchless proportions, and natural grace, united to features of more radiant beauty, I have never yet beheld, than the young, blooming, fascinating mistress of that happy home. The dresses worn then were as unlike those of the present day as can well be conceived. There were no adventitious aids to set off tour-neure, but to reverse the line of the poet—

“Nought was delusion, all was truth.”

The expression of her lovely face, varied with every emotion of her mind, although its predominant character was elevated, sedate, and serene. Her dress was emblematic of her mind, being pure white, exquisitely contrasted by a profusion of rich luxuriant hair, glossy black, beautifully ringleted, which mostly hung down over her fine shoulders, although one or two fell negligently over her superb bust.

And well was her respected husband entitled to such a lovely being. He was of the middle size, elegant and graceful in his figure and action, and as I have already remarked, of a manly beauty, his features being classic, and perfectly regular, all which lent an especial charm to his sacred office. His age could not have exceeded twenty-two. During the evening he frequently got up, and took little turns about

the room, a delightful smile constantly played on his countenance, and I noticed he always finished these perambulations, by stopping behind his lady's chair, resting both his arms on the back of it, and leaning his head over her shoulder; nay, I thought I once noticed his face touch her rosy cheek, and how enchanting it was on such occasions, to observe the upward glances of her beautiful clear bright eyes! more brilliant, I do sincerely think, than any I ever beheld in *England*! It would have required the unrivaled skill of Sir Thomas Lawrence himself, to do justice to those eyes, and it is admitted by all his contemporaries in art—nay by all Europe—that no artist ever lived who even approached Lawrence in delineating the human eye; to draw which *correctly*, and to give it its just *expression*, is universally allowed to be the most difficult attainment in the whole range of art.\*

But much as I admired the matchless beauties, and rejoiced to witness the conjugal felicity of that happy pair, there was, to use Hamlet's expression, "metal more attractive" for me, in the domestic circle of that room.

The two sweet girls, to whose humanity I had good reason to think I owed my admission, were equally beings of a superior order. They were sisters, dressed exactly alike in white satin, nearly of the same age, in their 'teens, rather tall and commanding in their persons, very fair, and the expression of their beautiful blue eyes was absolutely divine. The lines which the inimitable Burns addressed to a lady, who is now, at this very day, as much beloved for her worth and universal benevolence, as she was admired for her youthful beauty, might with truth be applied to both:

"'Twas not their golden ringlets bright,  
Their lips like roses wet wi' dew,  
Their heaving bosoms lily-white—  
It was their een sae bonny blue."

Their tresses *were* golden, but dressed in a style different to anything I had before seen, although I had read of such a fashion in Addison's *Spectator*. A few

ringlets played around their fine classic faces, but the mass was enveloped in nets of spangled gold thread, and hung down their shoulders gracefully.

I was placed beside them, and soon interested them in relating "the moving accidents by flood and field," to which I had that night been exposed, and the despair which had nearly overtaken me, ere I discovered the beacon-light beaming from their bower.

They inquired into all particulars, for they were charmingly affable beings, and we soon got into an animated conversation. They had discovered by my accent from the first, when I spoke at the door, that if I were not an Englishman, I was somewhat akin to one. In truth, I had, like themselves, lived some years in London, and the circumstance begat a sort of community between us.

In the north of Scotland, it is rather rare to meet with a man, much less a young one, and a native of Aberdeen, who has entirely lost the quick, hard, disagreeable accent of the citizens of that "gude auld honor'd Toon," which is as different from the slow, drawing twang of bonny Edinburgh, as Erse is from Italian. I had been sent to London on leaving school, before my voice (perhaps I ought to say *vice*) was broken, otherwise all the quizzing of English friends and relatives, would never have corrected an Abretonian pronunciation. The ladies were therefore perhaps pleased, to meet a young fellow who spoke and discoursed like themselves. I recollect we conversed about the heroes and heroines of the London stage, and of that empress of the passions, Mrs. Siddons, then in her prime; of her three eminent brothers—of the fascinating Miss Farren, just become the Countess of Derby, and the ever delightful Mrs. Jordan. On their various merits we had much to say. The young ladies had, as well as myself, visited the private view of the exhibition of pictures at the Royal Academy, where the elite of English nobility are seen to best advantage; we had also both

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\* This is particularly exemplified in his portrait of Sir Walter Scott, in which, to correct proportion of features, the *drawing* and *expression* of the eye, makes it the only likeness, out of all the numerous other portraits of Scott, which gives the least indication of his *mind*. Sir Walter in his private journal, published in Lockhart's life, has recorded of it, that he wished there were no other portraits of him in existence. Notwithstanding which, we have lately seen published in this city, two elaborately finished portraits, both from the same pictures by a Scottish artist, where the mere doggerel drawing of still life and accessories are the only recommendations.

seen King George the Third and his family walking on the terrace of imperial Windsor, and I recollect creating a laugh, by informing them I had overheard GEORGE telling CHARLOTTE, "that Lord De-la-warr was an excellent cook, and could dress a steak like a professor, that all the De-la-warr's were capital cooks, capital cooks, capital cooks."

The young ladies seemed to relish my manner of relating the anecdote; even the lovely hostess condescended to give ear and smile at my vivacity, and the incident seemed to remind her that my inner man might possibly stand in need of some such replenishment—as in good truth it did. She immediately left the room, and her return was soon followed by a "neat handed Phillis," who brought in a tray containing much and great variety that was inviting to the eye, but that which most attracted mine, was a dish of cold partridges, and some fresh-gathered, delicious salad, ready dressed. Such a supper—or, as that refined epicure, Dr. Dibdin, the Bibliomaniac, would say—such a "symposium"—I had seldom seen. If my host had been a little tardy in admitting me to his house, both he and his lady made ample amends for it at their table.

I should be almost ashamed to say how many of the birds disappeared before me; they seemed to take wing and fly; or how frequently I was helped to that inviting salad. The party made some show of eating, likewise, but it was make-believe, kindly and politely meant, as an apology for, and to encourage me. A single glass of excellent Madeira was partaken by all, with some fresh sugared cake, of which I ate a large slice, and after the tray had been removed, Mr. C—— said, as I was just come from Glenlivet, and had that very evening been in contact with a somewhat distinguished distiller of mountain dew, I could do no less than finish the night with a nightcap of it. Nothing loth, I replied I would gladly accept it from his hand, without the dread of a dirk being in the other.

"The hobgoblin in the ruin told you truth, however," said one of the Misses G——, "when he said you would not see Huntly this night."

"But," remarked Mr. C——, "as you have met with three weird women on the heath, you will perhaps wish to have your fate foretold by them before you leave their abode. To-morrow evening, however, will be a fitter time for them to

perform their incantations than the present."

He followed up this pleasantry by giving me an invitation to spend the following day with him, probably guessing it would be as pleasing to me as he perhaps suspected it might prove to the young ladies. To myself, indeed, it would, for more accomplished, well-informed and intellectual girls it had never before been my fortune to meet. It was, therefore, with extreme regret I informed Mr. C——, my stay in the Highlands having long exceeded the time I had promised my father, without having had the opportunity of conveying to him any intelligence of my movements or whereabouts since I left home, I should be under the painful necessity of pursuing my journey early on the morrow.

"But surely not without taking breakfast with us," said Mrs. C——, with such a fascinating smile, there was no resisting it, although I had predetermined to proceed early in the morning to Huntly, where I had a very dear friend, to whom I was under engagement to make a flying visit, and whom I knew would be exceedingly disappointed if I failed to keep it. It was therefore proposed that breakfast should be on the table at eight o'clock; and so, after a most devout, impressive and beautiful prayer, to which all the household were called into the parlor, a night as pleasant as any I have ever spent, was brought to a close with the usual forms. My respected host politely showed me to a chamber, and wished me good night. I believe few persons have ever been shown into a bedroom for the first time in a strange house without taking a survey of the premises before retiring; certain it is, I never did; and on the present occasion, from some small articles of female *bijouterie* on the dressing-table, I had some misgivings that one or other of the fair wizards who so entirely captivated me in the parlor, had abdicated for my especial accommodation. I went to bed, but not to rest. It was not the vivid contrast of the dark night and threatening waters, and the lonely situation, with the subsequent almost magic transition into and amidst the amenities of polished social life, which haunted my mind. Such refinement may be found in spots few and far between in the wildest part of the Highlands; but the queen-like beauty of the lady of the house, the undiminished admiration and perfect felicity of her adoring husband, the enchanting gaiety

and intellectual acquirements of the two lovely visitors, altogether banished sleep from my pillow. Many a long waking dream had I; but when exhausted nature would be no longer denied, real dreams of halcyon days crowded on my fancy, succeeded by others intensely painful—dirkings, drownings, and all horrible imaginings kept me in a miserably perturbed state, until blessed, unbroken repose did at last overcome all, and I slept sound.

I awoke betimes, and I need hardly say paid more than common attention to my toilet. Everything in my small valise was ransacked, which could improve personal appearance. I tried to look my very best, hoping to realize one or other of the overnight's waking dreams. After a careful scrutiny I walked down into the parlor, and although it was but a few minutes past seven, I did not doubt to find at least one of the blue-eyed belles there before me.

But I was doomed to disappointment; the room had not the least appearance of having been arranged, or even entered, since the family left it. I therefore determined to pay a visit to my faithful friend Stately. Before I reached the stable, he heard and knew my step, and as usual on my morning visits, expressed his joy by that peculiar sort of neigh, which doubtless gives rise to the phrase, hore-laugh, and all will admit it to be mightily like the cachinnations of some men when unusually tickled!

The late Charles Matthews could imitate to perfection, what he called the laughter of animals, as exemplified in men, and maintained that a shrewd observer could easily detect amongst divers of his acquaintances, the blat of the goat, the bark of the dog, the bray of the ass, the grunt of the hog, the crow of the cock, and the snicker or neigh of the horse: and he held the doctrine, that this is a proof of the transmigration of souls! but that is a ratiocination which few except the Arabs will admit.\*

I found a man busily employed grooming my horse preparatory to feeding him, and having requested the animal might then be saddled, I returned to the parlor.

It was now fully half past seven, but still there was no appearance of the family! I took a turn in the garden, and

had I not been a little on the fidget, there was much in it to interest, but I felt fearful of losing even one moment of the pleasant intercourse I expected, and soon retraced my steps. Instead of the ladies, I found one of the maid-servants engaged in arranging the room! Again I went forth; the morning was lovely, the sun shone out in full splendor, all nature seemed revived and fresh, the late rains had washed bush and shrub. On this occasion, intending to make sure the family should be assembled before my return, I went into the church-yard, a place where none can visit without advantage, at least I am sure I never did, or without feeling myself a better man. I have spent many, many hours in church-yards, and not a few in that identical one, where Gray wrote his celebrated Elegy—some reminiscences of which may follow hereafter. I strolled about, reading names and dates and ancient inscriptions, fully expecting every moment would bring me a summons to the breakfast table. A glance at my watch told it was now the appointed hour, and so, for the third time, without summons, I returned to the parlor;—still there was no appearance of the family, nor any preparations for breakfast, the cloth was not even laid! Not a little chagrined, I took up a book, and looked in it a full quarter of an hour, but without reading one word. Patience is a virtue, most certainly. Half past eight. Enter one of the damsels with a bouquet of flowers in a china vase, which she placed on a side table.

"My girl," said I, "may I inquire when the family generally breakfast?"

"Nae particular time fixt, sir," said the lass; and I fancied, as she turned her head from me, I detected something like a smile curling the corner of her mouth, but I might be mistaken; she was a pretty merry looking girl, and her smile; if she did smile, might be a natural habit.

Fifteen minutes more, and all was quiet and still up stairs. I could have detected the slightest movement of the lightest foot. I felt mortified, provoked, humbled and hungry: and observing the girl crossing the hall, inquired whether she could furnish me with paper and ink. These were speedily placed before

\* We suspect this is a plagiarism of our friend Legat's witticism, when he inquired why the Arabs are like a process of reasoning? Because they are a Racy-horsey-nation!—Ed.



me, and I instantly wrote a note expressive of my sincere thanks for the kind hospitality I had received, deeply regretting that duty to my parents demanded my immediate attention, and prevented me waiting breakfast, and with respectful compliments to the ladies, hoped Mr. C . . . would permit me to reciprocate his kindness, whenever he should visit Aberdeen.

I delivered the note to the girl, with feelings of regret and mortified vanity.

"But yer hae gawn without yer brakfast, sir," said the girl.

"Indeed I must, for I ought to have been in Huntly before now."

"Eh sirs, but the minister will be sair disappointit, an' I dootna the young laddies will na be owr weel pleased either."

"Ah, my bonny woman, all the loss will be mine."

"Na, na; nae sae muckle as ye think, if you kent what they said o' you, last night."

"And what did they say of me, Kiraty?"

"I maunna tell, sir, for fear ye wad gae gyte, an' they wad girn at me a' day, an' a' the kitchen wad be up upon me, bizzin in my lugs, like a bees-byke."

"But how should they know anything about it?"

"Ken," said she, "because I'm sure the leddies will gar me tell them an'; an' I daurna tell a lee in this hoose."

"Then if you must tell them all, I may tell you, I shall never forget them while I live."

"Lang life t' ye then," said the lass, into whose hand I immediately slipped half a crown, and in less than five minutes I was clearing the heath along the burn side at a rapid rate, nor cast one longing lingering look behind. All's well that ends well!

It is difficult to conceive the contrast which light or darkness throws upon objects unknown. On arriving at the point where the stream crossed the road, and which night had in appearance rendered so formidable, I was surprised to find it might have been crossed without the least difficulty. It is true, the water in the channel had run off, and had considerably diminished, owing to the steepness of the declivity, but I could scarcely believe it was the same place at which my horse had shied. A quarter of an hour's ride along the bank of the Devon, brought me to the ford, where the river was smoothly gliding over a wide expanse of hard firm chingle; it was

passed with ease, and I was soon at my friend's house in Huntly, doing ample justice to a capital breakfast.

On mentioning to him my disasters of the preceding evening, and their delightful termination in the hospitable reception at the manse of G . . . , together with my severe disappointment in being obliged to leave it, without seeing the young ladies, whose favor I so much desired to propitiate; I was surprised and nettled to find my friend burst into loud fits of laughter. Nothing could restrain him, until in right earnest, I demanded an explanation.

"My good fellow," said he, "you have been in luck! but did you really not know it?"

"Not know what?"

"Why, is it possible you have not heard?"

"Heard what, my dear sir?"

"And did you actually not know her?"

"Know whom—who and what do you mean?"

"Why the lady of the house, you silly man!"

"How is it possible I could know an entire stranger?"

"Not know her! Not know her! I did not believe there was a young fellow in Scotland so ignorant; why, man, you have drank her health a hundred times! Yes," said he, emphatically, "a hundred times, to my certain knowledge. Nay, I really think I have heard you—you, yourself, propose her health! You need na glowr like a gilpie, in that gait!"

"Drank Mrs. C.'s health a hundred times, and proposed it too? By all that's sacred, I never saw, heard, or thought of her, before last night!"

My provoking tormentor again burst into ungovernable fits of laughter, whilst I "glowered" at him, racking my brains to fathom the mystery, but all in vain.

"Come, Lawson," said I, "I can stand this banter no longer; out with it, or by the Lord I'll throttle thee."

With the most provoking grin, looking me full in the face, and advancing his own close to mine, he replied, making a long pause between every word: "Poor—fellow—poor—ignorant—fell-ow, how—I—pity—you. And yet, how—I envy you. Did—you—ever—hear—of—Mary—Scott?"

"MARY SCOTT—the ROSE of MOMAY—the PEARL of the NORTH!" said I, starting from my chair.

"Even so, most noble noodle; that was Mary Scott—and yesternight—the second of her honeymoon! and the blue-eyed belles were her bridesmaids, and that sugared cake which you gobbled so greedily (I wish it had choked you) was her *bride-cake*!! Lucky, enviable, ignorant dog, where was all thy boasted penetration? Thy sojourn among the Highland hills and Highland lairds, with their abominable gienlivat, hath addled thy noodles, rendered thee as blind as a bat, and as dull as a donkey."

Deeply did I groan in spirit, and admitted all he charged upon me. A thousand recollections rushed across my brain. Reminiscences of convivial parties, where the name of Mary Scott, the Rose of Moray, acted like an electrical charm as the standing toast amongst the students of Kings and Marischal Colleges. The idolizing admiration and attentions of her enraptured husband, his reluctance to be broken in upon by a stranger, the white dresses of the ladies, the smile upon the girl's face when she said no breakfast hour had been fixed: all now flashed upon me, in confirmation of what was so tardily communicated. The supreme beauty and extraordinary charms of the lady, were now no longer a subject of surprise. I no longer wondered at the inability of the enamored bridegroom to keep from her side. But how perfectly vexatious it seemed I should have been in entire ignorance of the fact; how differently, I thought, I would have conducted myself. I sat in silence, biting my lips and revolving it all, over and over. My friend sat silent too, enjoying my confusion. At last he abruptly broke out, "You must stay and dine with me; I will draw a long cork, and enable you once more to toast The Pride of the North, and all happiness to her and the man of her choice; meantime, as you have never before been in Strathbogie, you must walk up the hill with me, and view the beauties of Huntly Lodge; for the Marquis and his mother, the bonny Duchess, left it immediately after the marriage, for Gordon Castle, and you will find a fine subject for your sketch-book, in the majestic ruins of the family castle, and you shall dance the reel of Bogie at

night. "Kings may be blest, but we'll be glorious."

"No, no, Charlie," I replied, "I have been too long dancing over the heathery hills around the Buck of the Cabrach and the Tap o' Noth;\* besides, I am not in dancing trim."

"My good fellow, I'll *pump* you, and rig you out in silk tights, from top to toe; you must dance the reel o' Bogie now you are in Strathbogie! You know the song which the Duke lately wrote upon it, and although he says

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
And castocks in Strathbogie,"

I'll promise you what he gives us credit for, 'a bonny lass, baith clean and tight,' to dance wi'."

"Why, Lawson, you seem as fond of it as you used to be when we attended Duff's dancing class in the Concert Hall; and as you have quoted the Duke of Gordon's capital song in praise of the sport, I will quote you one of an older date, to qualify it:

"If you wish to live happy,  
And wish to live lang,  
Dance less wi' your doup  
To the Kipples, gude man."

Lawson laughed at the aptitude of my quotation, and inquired whether it was not an invention of my own for the nonce. I assured him that Alaster Sibbie, one of the old Scots laureats, was "the maker," in a lilt he composed in praise of three of the Queen's maids of honor, whom he styles "Beasy, and Lily and Tibbie," the latter of whom filled a very exalted station, when Her Majesty attended the Chapel Royal. My friend pressed his invitation, and on second thought, the proposal, with its accompaniments, was too tempting to be rejected; the whole would occupy but half a day; I could easily reach home by the following noon, and so it was agreed and arranged. We visited the beautiful residence of the gallant young Marquis, whose heroism in the field well sustained the hereditary title of "Cock of the North;" and I made an accurate sketch

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\*The Buck of the Cabrach, and the Tap o' Noth, are two mountains of extraordinary altitude in the Aberdeenshire highlands; the latter takes its rise immediately from the glen of the River Livat—celebrated even in this country, for the flavor of its "mountain dew."

of ancient castle Huntly, which is still carefully preserved in one of my early sketch-books. We spent a delightful morning, and enjoyed, nay reveled, in our afternoon's symposium. The claret sparkled in bumpers to the health and happiness of The Rose of Moray and her beautiful bridesmaids. Mr. Lawson and his sister hastily invited a few young friends for the evening, who with light hearts and lighter heels verified the song,

"And there we set up a' the night,  
Wi' song and glee, till broad day light,  
With lasses fair, and clean and tight,  
Dancing the reel o' Bogie."

So finished my adventures on the banks of the Devron.

And now I would ask the reader whether the reason which Mr. C. had, for being a little chary in admitting an entire stranger to his house, at such a time, and on such an occasion, was or was not orthodox?

### LONGFELLOW'S POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE.\*

HASTENING to leave the ice-bound North, we descend into a sunnier clime. On the banks of the Rhine, among castellated hills and vine-clad slopes, we find poetry as rich and various, as the materials of poetry are manifold and inexhaustible. The number of poets in Germany is immense; and where all are striving after excellence, it would be singular if there were not many who attained it. But it is not the number, nor the excellence alone, of German poets, which makes them interesting to us beyond those of any other nation. Connected as are the English and German peoples in lineage, in language, in manners and in feeling, the literature of each is all but vernacular to the other. In the last century, the writers of England, Pope and Young and Thomson were much read, admired and imitated in Germany. Since the beginning of the present century, the great writers of Germany have been no less read, admired and imitated among ourselves. That a powerful influence has been exerted in this way on the literature of England and America, is a fact, which all admit and some deplore. For the last twenty years, the translations which we have made from the German alone are perhaps scarcely less numerous than those made from all other languages taken together. If, in other parts of his work, the editor may have found difficulty in consequence of the scantiness of his materials, his

difficulties here would arise from their abundance and variety; it must be no easy matter to segregate from this enormous mass that which is best and most characteristic. Let us follow him in the execution of his task, appropriating, here and there, a snatch of verse, to serve as a specimen of the specimens which he has selected.

After a few short pieces of the most ancient German poetry, we are introduced to the Troubadours of Deutschland, the Minnesingers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In their writings we find the efflorescence of that devotion to woman, which formed one of the principal constituents of chivalry. Love-lorn professors of the joyous science, they thronged the courts of the Swabian Emperors, singing in strains endlessly varied, yet singularly monotonous, the joys and sorrows of an amorous heart. He who should judge them by the standards of the present day, would condemn them as affected and extravagant; but their numbers and their popularity should convince us that they expressed, in no inappropriate forms, the genuine sentiment of the age in which they lived. It is not to be supposed that a mere fancy or fashion could have swayed, for more than a hundred years, the poetry of a whole nation—we might even say, a whole continent. The rise of Austrian ascendancy was contemporaneous with the decline, or, more truly, the sudden and complete dis-

appearance of the Minnepoesy. It would seem as if the influence of Austria had always been hostile to everything beautiful and free. From Johann Hadlaub, one of the last of the Minnesingers, we take this pleasing and characteristic song. The translation is by Edgar Taylor.

"I saw yon infant in her arms caressed,  
And as I gazed on her my pulse beat high:

Gently she clasped it to her snowy breast,  
While I, in rapture lost, stood musing by:  
Then her white hands around his neck she hung,

And pressed it to her lips, and tenderly  
Kissed his fair cheek, as o'er the babe she hung.

And he, that happy infant, threw his arms  
Around her neck, imprinting many a kiss;

Joying, as I would joy, to see such charms,  
As though he knew how blest a lot were his.

How could I gaze on him and not repine?  
'Alas!' I cried, 'would that I shared the bliss'

Of that embrace, and that such joy were mine!

Straight she was gone; and then that lovely child

Ran joyfully to meet my warm embrace:  
Then fancy with fond thoughts my soul beguiled;—

It was herself! O dream of love and grace!

I clasped it, where her gentle hands had pressed,

I kissed each spot which bore her lips' sweet trace,

And joy the while went bounding through my breast."

Germany, like Greece, has her tales and legends of a heroic age. The *Heldenbuch* and the *Nibelungenlied*, like the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, serve as grand repositories of ancient national traditions. Of these, the *Heldenbuch* is a collection of pieces by various authors, and differing widely in character and merit. The *Nibelungenlied*, on the other hand, is a true epic, with perfect unity of plot and action, advancing with ever-increasing interest to the bloody catastrophe in which it terminates. It is curious to survey the world which these ancient poems open to our view—definite, populous, active, teeming with life and motion. In their palace at Worms, upon the Rhine, we see the royal brothers, Günther, Ghernot, and Gheseler the young. Round them stand their chosen blades, the champions of the Burgundian people, Dankwart, Ortwin, Vol-

ker, the fiddler-warrior, and, towering above all his peers, the fearful Von Tronek Hagen, dauntless, unscrupulous, vengeful and remorseless. Far away, in the land of the Nibelungen, situate in some undiscovered region of earth, shrouded perhaps by the mist and fog (*nebel*) from which its name might seem to be derived, dwells the gay and gallant Siegfried, the Achilles of this German Epos. To the South lies Bern, the centre of another circle of heroes, including the Lombard warriors, Dietrich, Hildebrand, Ilse, and others, who show themselves in no wise inferior to the bravest of the Burgundians. Eastward, on the Danube, we find the pagan Etzel, or Attila, with his terrible Huns, the scourge of Western Europe. Nor ought we to omit, while enumerating the principal figures of this Epic cycle, the two queens—the Amazonian Brunhild, jealous and imperious—and Chrimhild, beautiful and gentle, but driven by repeated injuries into diabolical rancor—whose hostile collision brings about the catastrophe that desolates this heroic world.

These poems, at least in their present form, were in great part the productions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Up to this time, the poetry of the Germans might safely challenge comparison with that of any other European nation. But the promise of its spring was not to be realized. A period followed of corruption and decline. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, flourished the Mastersingers, who made poetry a mere handicraft. Meanwhile, the vigorous minds of Germany were occupied with other matters. They had to invent the art of printing; to commence and carry on the Reformation; to fight for civil and religious freedom. The struggle for liberty was long and doubtful. After many partial encounters came the great decisive conflict in the first half of the seventeenth century. For thirty years the torrent of war rolled hither and thither over the soil of Germany. Freedom triumphed; but the country was exhausted, physically and intellectually. It was not until the commencement of the last century that the spirit of German poetry began to revive. Things grow better by slow degrees. A period of utter barrenness is followed by a period of moderate fertility. The interval between the years 1700 and 1750 is the age of mediocrities. It is the age of Bodmer, Hagedorn, Gellert, Gleim and Ramler. But just at the middle of

the century appeared two men who were to introduce a new era in the literature of their country. Klopstock, enthusiastic and sublime, intensely patriotic and religious, with a genius for the epic and the lyrical—Lessing, unrivaled as a critic, at once subtle and strong, discerning truth by intuitive perception, and combating error with matchless skill and success. These men were followed, in quick succession, by the great names of German poetry, Wieland, Herder, Goethe and Schiller.

From Goethe and Schiller Mr. Longfellow has taken but little; thinking, no doubt, that all readers of poetry must be familiar with authors so often talked of, and so much translated. His extracts from Goethe are introduced by a series of sketches, descriptive and critical, selected from different writers. The good-natured Gleim informs us, how he was himself reading the *Musen-Almanach* to a literary circle at Weimar, when "a young man, booted and spurred, in a short green shooting-jacket, thrown open," enters the room, and after listening a while, "offers to relieve him, from time to time, in reading aloud, lest he should be tired." Accordingly, he takes up the book, and at first all goes on swimmingly. "But on a sudden, it was as if some wild and wanton devil had taken possession of the young reader, and I thought I saw the Wild Huntsman bodily before me. He read poems that had no existence in the *Almanach*; he broke out into all possible modes and dialects. Hexameters, iambs, doggerel verses, one after another, or blended in strange confusion, came tumbling out in torrents." He does not spare even the worthy Gleim. "But in a little fable, composed extempore in doggerel verses, he likened me, wittily enough, to a worthy and most enduring turkey-hen, that sits on a great heap of eggs of her own and other people's, and hatches them with infinite patience; but to whom it sometimes happens to have a chalk egg put under her instead of a real one; a trick at which she takes no offence."

Then we have Hauff telling how he introduced a young American to the great poet, who hastened to relieve the anxiety of his visitor by inquiring about the weather in America. "The countenance of the young man began to brighten up, the sluices of his eloquence were soon opened, and he talked about the Canadian mists, about the spring-storms of New

York, and praised the umbrellas which are manufactured in Franklin-street, Philadelphia."

Bettine describes her first interview with Goethe, not omitting to mention how she threw herself upon his neck and fell asleep in his lap; conduct which scarcely accords with our ideas of feminine propriety, though to condemn it, as some have done, as if it were indecent and infamous, is wholly to mistake the character of the parties and their relation to each other.

Börne urges against Goethe the oft-repeated charge of utter want of patriotism. The defence, which the poet was accustomed to set up on his own behalf, we find in his *Conversations with Eckermann*. "If a poet," he says, "has employed himself during a long life in combating pernicious prejudices, overcoming narrow views, elevating the intellect, and purifying the taste of his country, what could he possibly do better than this? How could he be more patriotic?" He protests against "all intermeddling with subjects that one does not understand;" and declares that "of all intermeddling bunglers, political bunglers are to him the most odious, for their handiwork involves thousands and millions in destruction." He says farther, "that he has uniformly refused to mix himself up with party politics;" as if the subjugation of his native country by a foreign despot, and its liberation by the enthusiastic movement of the whole German people, were mere issues of party politics, to which a literary man might be wholly indifferent. The cardinal doctrine of the Goethean philosophy, that an artist may live in art alone, may hold himself aloof from the world of action, neglect the momentous questions that agitate society, refuse to take part by word or deed in the great events that are going on round him, is a doctrine which could not well be entertained by any but a cold and selfish spirit.

Menzel, in his powerful review of Goethe's personal and literary character, finds the essence of his poetry as of his life to be egotism: "not, however, the egotism of the hero and the heaven storming Titan, but only that of the Sybarite and the actor, the egotism of the passion for pleasure and the vanity of arts." This Epicurean devotion to selfish enjoyment, and indifference to the great objects of life, are well expressed in the following song, which shows at least that its author

could comprehend these feelings perfectly, even if he did not make them his ruling principles of acting. The translation is by J. S. Dwight.

## VANITAS.

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;

Hurrah!

And so the world goes well with me.

Hurrah!

And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,

Why, let him take hold and help me drain

These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth;

Hurrah!

And bartered away my peace and health;

But, ah!

The slippery change went about like air;

And when I had clutched me a handful

Away it went there. [here,

I set my heart upon woman next;

Hurrah!

For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;

But, ah!

The false one looked for a daintier lot,

The constant one wearied me out and out,

The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand,

Hurrah!

And spurned our plain old fatherland;

But, ah!

Nought seemed to be just the thing it

should,

Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,

My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;

Hurrah!

And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's

And, ah! [name;

When in public life I loomed quite high,

The folks that passed me would look away;

Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war.

Hurrah!

We gained some battles with eclat.

Hurrah!

We troubled the foe with sword and

flame,—

And some of our friends fared quite the

I lost a leg for fame. [same.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you

Hurrah! [see;

And the whole wide world belongs to me.

Hurrah!

The feast begins to run low, no doubt;

But at the old cask we'll have one good

bout:

Come, drink the lees all out!

But if there are many who censure Goethe, there are more who defend him. Among these we find Heinrich Heine, live-

ly and sarcastic, but most ingenious and able, comparing the great poet to "the oak of a hundred years, which the orthodox hated, because it had no niche with its holy image; and because the naked Dryads of Paganism were permitted there to play their witchery: which the liberals hated, because it could not serve as the tree of liberty, or at any rate as a barricade; but which the many venerated, for the very reason that it reared itself with such independent grandeur, and so graciously filled the world with its odor, while its branches, streaming magnificently toward heaven, made it appear as if stars were only the fruit of its wondrous limbs."

This criticism of Heine is followed by the short and simple, but decided testimony of Niebuhr to Goethe's indisputable superiority as a poet. Last of all comes the enthusiastic panegyric of Carlyle, whose admiration, or rather reverence for a man so opposite to his worshiper, in every leading quality in mind and heart, has always seemed to us an inexplicable phenomenon.

Equally ardent, but much more intelligible, is the devotion exhibited in Menzel's glowing eulogy of Schiller, which ushers in the selections from that poet. Perhaps no writer ever possessed in a higher degree that high prerogative of genius, the power of awakening for himself in the breasts of men the warmest feelings of love and veneration. No man who knows him, be his habits, tastes and prejudices what they may, can help sympathizing with the good people of Leipzig, as they shouted at the first representation of his *Maid of Orleans*, "Es lebe Frederick Schiller." Though his intellectual powers command our admiration, it is his moral qualities, his earnestness, his purity, his elevation of character, that give him undisputed mastery over the heart. All that he has written bespeak a nature simple and honest, uncalculating, unselfish, animated by the noblest impulses, and yielding freely to their sway. His life too is in perfect harmony with his writings. It deserves to be studied, both as illustrating much in his works, that would otherwise be obscure, and also because it possesses in itself something of a tragic interest. Its opening is marked by uncommon difficulties and embarrassments: its progress exhibits in the most vivid manner the struggles of a great and earnest spirit after light and truth: and as we ap-

proach the close, his resolute endurance under severe physical suffering, his conscientious determination to spend every energy in the service of mankind, his patient and heroic death, invest him with the dignity of a martyr.

The style of Schiller is like himself, direct, earnest and impassioned. It is the style of one, who feels that he has within him great thoughts, of vital importance to the welfare of society,—thoughts, which must not be trusted to a loose and careless statement, but worked out in their development with the most anxious and vigilant fidelity. His composition presents everywhere an appearance of effort, which at times renders it even heavy. Yet its movement, if somewhat tardy, is stately and majestic. Richter has described it very happily. "The perfection of pomp-prose we find in Schiller: what the utmost splendor of reflection in images, in fullness and antithesis can give, he gives. Nay, often he plays on the poetic strings with so rich and jewel-loaded a hand, that the sparkling mass disturbs, if not the playing, yet our hearing of it."

Whatever may be said (and we are far from denying that much may be said with truth) of Goethe's great breadth and variety, there can be little doubt, that, least among American readers, Schiller is now, and will long continue to be, the favorite German poet. It is, perhaps, for this very reason, that Mr. Longfellow has given us so few specimens of his works: and those even not in most instances his best productions. We have indeed the "Song of the Bell," and the "Knight Toggenburg," but we miss the "Hymn to Joy," the "Gods of Greece," the "Diver," "Thekla," and other poems which the admirers of Schiller are accustomed to regard as his masterpieces.

Goethe and Schiller have departed, and left behind them no equal. Among the most distinguished of their successors may be reckoned Tieck, Chamisso, Uhland, Schulze, Rückert, Heine, Hoffman, and Frielgrath. Of these, no one, probably, stands higher in the estimation of his countrymen, than the Swabian poet, Ludwig Uhland. His reputation rests chiefly on his lyrical writings, which are remarkable for depth of feeling and beauty of poetical expression. He has little humor. The perplexities and contrarities of life present themselves to him, not under a ludicrous, but under a melancholy aspect. Most of his pieces breathe a

spirit of serious and tender sadness: not unfrequently he rises to cheerfulness, the chastened joy of a mind accustomed to sorrow; seldom, if ever, does he give himself up to mirth and jollity. Yet in his very sadness there is something which elevates rather than depresses: it is not weak or querulous, neither has it a shade of misanthropy: it is rich in noble thoughts, and full of faith and hope and consolation. His soul is open to every impression of nature: he discerns the poetical elements which belong to the commonest situations and incidents of life. Everything which he contemplates, becomes invested in his mind with a beautiful halo of feeling and reflection. The following piece, selected almost at random, will perhaps give a better idea of its author, than could be conveyed by the most elaborate description.

#### THE PASSAGE. :

Many a year is in its grave,  
Since I crossed this restless wave;  
And the evening, fair as ever,  
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then in this same boat beside  
Sat two comrades old and tried—  
One with all a father's truth,  
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,  
And his grave in silence sought;  
But the younger, brighter form  
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye  
Back upon the days gone by,  
Saddening thoughts of friends come e'er me,  
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,  
But that soul with soul can blend?  
Soul-like were those hours of yore;  
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee—  
Take, I give it willingly;  
For, invisible to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Uhland's ballads are among the finest of his works. Two of these, "The Luck of Edenhall," and the "Black Knight," are set before us by the editor in his own very skillful and perfect versions. We cannot but hope that he will translate yet more from a poet with whose genius he has much in common, and whom he has shown himself admirably qualified to represent in our language. We extract "The Luck of Edenhall."

"Of Edenhall the youthful lord  
 Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;  
 He rises at the banquet board,  
 And cries, 'mid the drunken revelers  
 all,  
 'Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"  
 The butler bears the words with pain—  
 The house's oldest seneschal—  
 Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
 The drinking-glass of crystal tall;  
 They call it *The Luck of Edenhall!*

Then said the lord, "This glass to praise,  
 Fill with red wine from Portugal!"  
 The graybeard with trembling hand  
 obeys;  
 A purple light shines over all;  
 It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light:  
 'This glass of flashing crystal tall  
 Gave to my aires the Fountain-Sprite;  
 She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,  
 Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!*

"'T was right a goblet the fate should be  
 Of the joyous race of Edenhall!  
 We drink deep draughts right willingly;  
 And willingly ring, with merry call,  
 Kling! klang! to the Luck of Eden-  
 hall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
 Like to the song of a nightingale;  
 Then like the roar of a torrent wild;  
 Then mutters, at last, like the thun-  
 der's fall,  
 The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

'For its keeper, takes a race of might  
 The fragile goblet of crystal tall;  
 It has lasted longer than is right;  
 Kling! klang!—with a harder blow  
 than all  
 Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet, ringing, flies apart,  
 Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;  
 And through the rift the flames upstart;  
 The guests in dust are scattered all  
 With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword!  
 He in the night had scaled the wall;  
 Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,  
 But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
 The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,  
 The graybeard, in the desert hall;  
 He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton;  
 He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
 The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

'The stone wall,' saith he, 'doth fall  
 aside;  
 Down must the stately columns fall;  
 Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;  
 In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,  
 One day, like the Luck of Edenhall!"

The following humorous production  
 has for its author Hoffmann, of Fallersle-  
 ben, of whom his admirer, Laube, says:  
 "Yes, it is a German; and that too a  
 German from Fallersleben. It is the tall  
 Hoffmann von Fallersleben, the tall pro-  
 fessor—a German poet through and  
 through, and over and over."

#### GERMAN NATIONAL WEALTH.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 We're off unto America!  
 What shall we take to our new land?  
 All sorts of things from every hand!  
 Confederation protocols;  
 Heaps of tax and budget-rolls;  
 A whole ship-load of skins, to fill  
 With proclamations just at will.  
 Or when we to the New World come,  
 The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 We're off unto America!  
 What shall we take to our new land?  
 All sorts of things from every hand!  
 A brave supply of corporals' canes;  
 Of livery suits a hundred wains;  
 Cockades, gay caps to fill a house, and  
 Armorial buttons a hundred thousand.  
 Or when we to the New World come,  
 The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 We're off unto America!  
 What shall we take to our new land?  
 All sorts of things from every hand!  
 Chamberlains' keys; a pile of sacks;  
 Books of full blood-descents in packs;  
 Dog-chains and sword-chains by the ton;  
 Of order-ribbons bales twenty-one.  
 Or when to the New World we come,  
 The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 We're off unto America!  
 What shall we take to our new land?  
 All sorts of things from every hand!  
 Skull-caps, periwigs, old-world airs;  
 Crutches, privileges, easy-chairs;  
 Councillors' titles, private lists,  
 Nine hundred and ninety thousand chests.  
 Or when to the New World we come,  
 The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!  
 We're off unto America!  
 What shall we take to our new land?  
 All sorts of things from every hand!  
 Receipts for tax, toll, christening, wedding  
 and funeral;  
 Passports and wander-books, great and  
 small;  
 Plenty of rules for censors' inspections,  
 And just three million police-directions.  
 Or when to the New World we come,  
 The German will not feel at home.



Not a few readers, it is to be feared, as they turn the leaves of this work, will scarce forbear a smile when their eye lights upon the heading, "Dutch Poetry." The literature of Holland, neglected in Europe, is wholly undreamed of in America. Not only do we know nothing of the poetry which the Dutch have written, but we very generally imagine them to be quite incapable of writing poetry. A busy, bustling, thriving people, engaged from time immemorial in commerce and the arts, devoted to the pursuits of peace, and on this account indisposed to war, we have been accustomed to look upon them as eminently a *prosaic* people. It has seemed to us impossible that the Muses should abide on their flat and monotonous soil, where the *treckschuyts* move lazily along through the muddy waters of numberless canals. The unpicturesque landscape, the dense fog, the mingled din of trade and manufactures, have appeared to us inevitably fatal to the cultivation of taste and sentiment. To these prejudices, which we share with the nations of Europe, we have added others peculiar to ourselves, founded partly on the character of the Dutch population in some districts of our own country, and partly, we fear it must be admitted, on the comico-historical romance of our illustrious Irving. The humorous exaggeration of his Diedrich Knickerbocker is, indeed, obvious enough to the dullest comprehension. Yet so vivid are his representations, such an air of reality belongs to his most whimsical absurdities, that they take fast hold on the imagination and the memory; and while we fully recognize their imaginary nature, produce upon our minds a stronger impression than the truth. Without intending it, nay, almost in spite of ourselves, we form our ideas of Dutch habits and Dutch character from his fanciful descriptions. We can hardly hear or speak or think of a Dutchman without calling up to mental vision a short, stumpy, obese personage, with heavy face, bullet head, rolling gait, arrayed in vestments ample alike in number and dimensions, marvelously sparing of words, but prodigal of tobacco-smoke. Our minds, once preoccupied with this ludicrous image, become incapable of doing justice to the countrymen of Erasmus and Hemsterhuys, of Rubens and Van Dyk, of De Ruyter and Van Tromp, of De Witt and Barneveldt and Grotius. We forget the advanced civilization of Holland, her education and intelligence,

her progress in the arts useful and ornamental, her spirit of industry and enterprise, her unconquerable love of freedom. We forget that her people, few in numbers, unused to war, unsupported by foreign aid, maintained a seventy years' struggle for their liberties against the mightiest empire of the time; that they afterwards contested with England long and gloriously the supremacy of the ocean; that their artists are inferior only to the great masters of Italy; that their scholars have been unsurpassed for genius and erudition; that their writers on international law are the acknowledged arbiters of Europe. Why should we doubt that a people who, against all disadvantages of nature and of fortune, have been able to achieve so much for themselves and for the world, may possess all the elements of poetry? Do we not find among them, in their past and their present, ardor of emotion, energy of will, loftiness of purpose, an eye to discern the beautiful, a head to understand the true, and a heart to love the good? Nor do they lack the necessary means of expression. Their language, however rude and vulgar it may sound, when spoken by rude and vulgar men, (for such must always be the speech of such men, whatever the syllables they use,) is a highly cultivated idiom, copious and flexible, the appropriate and serviceable instrument of the educated mind. A branch of the great Teutonic stock, it stands midway between the German and the English, and may safely be pronounced inferior to neither in the most valuable qualities of a language. Its excellences have been fully proved by the numerous and able writers who have used it. Certainly, if we may judge of an author's merits by the affection and enthusiasm which he awakens, we must assign a very high rank to the poets of the Netherlands. The Dutch, far from undervaluing their poets, because they are neglected by foreigners, only cling to them with the greater attachment, as if they wished that the writer who, by using their language, has cut himself off from general and wide-spread fame, should be compensated for the sacrifice he has made by the admiration and the love of those for whose benefit he has made it.

Among the older poets of Holland the most eminent are: Cats, Hooft, Van Der Goes, and, above all, Vondel, the Coryphæus of his country's literature, celebrated as a universal genius, who tried every species of poetry, and excelled in

all. It must be confessed that the fragments which we have here by no means justify the reputation of their author. ~~They might even lead us, did we not know the injustice of judging a great poet from a few translated specimens, to fall in with those who, in more recent times, have ventured to criticise Vondel with severity, and doubt or deny his preëminence.~~

In Holland, as in every other country of Europe, the eighteenth century was a barren age for poetry. Its close, however, was marked here, as everywhere else, by the introduction of a new order of things. Among those who took an active part in the revival of Dutch literature, the most conspicuous undoubtedly was Bilderdijk. Through a long career of authorship he was distinguished for his profound and various learning, for the voluminous extent of his productions, for his energetic independence, and for the number and the bitterness of his literary quarrels. The warmth of his feelings, and the asperity of his satire, may be well enough illustrated by these few lines, in which, speaking of the French language, he says:—

“*Be gone! thou bastard tongue, so base, so broken,  
By human jackals and hyenas spoken;  
Formed for a race of infidels, and fit  
To laugh at truth and septicize in wit!  
What stammering, snivelling sounds,  
which scarcely dare  
Through nasal channels to salute the ear,  
Yet, helped by apes’ grimaces and the devil,  
Have ruled the world, and ruled the world for evil!*”

Very different from Bilderdijk is the amiable Tollens, who still lives, at an advanced age, enjoying the honors awarded him by his admiring countrymen. As a specimen of his style, we quote the following spirited verses:—

#### SUMMER MORNING’S SONG.

Up, sleeper! dreamer! up! for now  
There’s gold upon the mountain’s brow—  
There’s light on forests, lakes and meadows—  
The dew-drops shine on floweret-bells—  
The village clock of morning tells.  
Up, men! out, cattle! for the dells  
And dingles teem with shadows.

Up! out! o’er furrow and o’er field!  
The claims of toil some moments yield  
For morning’s bliss, and time is fleet  
Than thought;—so out! ’tis dawning  
ye!  
Why t’wilight’s lovely hour forget?  
For sweet though be the workman’s sweat,  
The wanderer’s sweat is sweeter.

Up! to the fields! through shine and  
stour!  
What hath the dull and drowsy hour  
So blest as this—the glad heart leaping  
To hear morn’s early songs sublime?  
See earth rejoicing in its prime!  
The summer is the waking time,  
The winter time for sleeping.

\* \* \* \* \*  
O, happy, who the city’s noise  
Can quit for nature’s quiet joys,  
Quit worldly sin and worldly sorrow;  
No more ’midst prison-walls abide,  
But in God’s temple vast and wide  
Praise praises every eventide,  
Ask mercies every morrow!

No seraph’s flaming sword hath driven  
That man from Eden or from heaven,  
From earth’s sweet smiles and winning  
features;

For him, by toils and troubles tossed,  
By wealth and wearying cares engross-  
ed—

For him a paradise is lost,  
But not for happy creatures.

Come—though a glance it may be—come,  
Enjoy, improve; then hurry home,  
For life’s strong urgencies must bind us.  
Yet mourn not; morn shall wake anew,  
And we shall wake to bless it too.  
Homewards!—the herds that shake the  
dew

We’ll leave in peace behind us.

With Dutch poetry closes the first of the two great parts into which this work may be divided—the one, which embraces the poetry of the Teutonic languages; the second part is occupied with the literature of Southern Europe—of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, countries in which are spoken languages derived from the Latin. There are many things in this part of the book, especially under Italian poetry, which we should be glad to notice; but we have already exceeded our allotted limits, and forbear to trespass farther at present on the patience of the reader.

## NOTES BY THE ROAD.—No. IV.

*The Marvel* BY CAIUS. *Arnold Grant Mitchell*  
 FROM THE ELBE TO THE ZUYDER ZEE.

[We give, in this number, the last chapter which we shall probably be able to present to our readers, of the "Notes by the Road." We cannot but feel that they have gratified many, where our Magazine is read; and we believe that they will learn with pleasure that a portion of his sketches, including one or two of the chapters published in the Review, but mainly on entirely fresh ground, may soon be given to the public. For a narrative of pleasant, minute observations, written in a graceful, subdued style, slightly quaint, making the reader an easy-minded companion of the rambling traveler—a style quite new under the prevailing taste for rapid and vigorous writing—we venture to bespeak, we might say, predict, beforehand, a most favorable reception. The writer's quick-eyed observations have covered many parts of Europe; the green lanes, and by-ways, and busy thoroughfares of England—the solitary heaths and hills of Scotland—the life led in London and Paris—the quaint and simple forms of things in France and Dutch-land—the ever-great scenery of the Alps—the scenes and associations, never yet exhausted, of "remembered Italy." With such things to talk about, and a certain way of telling his story, we do not see why his should not be a "proper book."—ED. AM. REV.]

CAMERON would not go with me to Bremen: so I left him at Hamburg—at dinner—at the table of the Kronprinzen Charles, on the sunny side of the *Jungferstieg*. There was, it is true, a great deal to detain him in the old free city:—there was the Alster, stretching out under our chamber windows in a broad sheet, with elegant new houses flanking it, with little skiffs paddling over it, from which the music floated up to our ears at eventide; and beyond it was the belt of road, along which dashing equipages ran all day, and from which rose up out of the very edge of the water, the great wind-mill that flung the black shadows of its slouching arms, half way to the 'maiden's walk,' when the sun was riding over the tops of the gardens of Vierland. Jenny Lind was coming to sing to the Hamburgers, and Cameron had secured a seat beside, there were two beautiful Russian girls sitting *vis à vis* at the table where I left him, and a Swedish bride as pretty as the picture of Potiphar's wife in the palace of Barberini at Rome. And there was a gay little Prussian girl, who could speak just enough English to enlist the sympathies of my Scotch friend, and to puzzle prodigiously her staid German Papa. I know very well, by the mischief that was in her eye, that she did not translate truly to her Papa, all the little gossip that passed between her and fun-loving Cameron, or my friend would have had, as sure as the world, a snatch of the old man's cane. Whether it was such company, or the "hung beef" that held him, Cameron would not go with me to Bremen.

I could have staid at Hamburg myself. It is a queer old city, lying just where the Elbe, coming down from the mountains of Bohemia through the wild gaps of Saxony and everlasting plains of Prussia, pours its muddy waters into a long arm of the *Mer du Nord*. The new city, built over the ruins of the fire is elegant, and almost Paris-like; and out of it, one wanders, before he is aware, into the narrow alleys of the old Dutch gables. And blackened cross beams, and overlapping roofs, and diamond panes, and scores of smart Dutch caps, are looking down on him as he wanders entranced. It is the strangest contrast of cities that can be seen in Europe. One hour, you are in a world that has an old age of centuries:—pavement, sideways, houses, everything old, and the smoke curling in an old-fashioned way out of monstrous chimney-stacks, into the murky sky: five minutes' walk will bring one from the midst of this into a region where all is shockingly new;—Parisian shops, with Parisian plate glass in the windows; Parisian shopkeepers, with Parisian gold in the till. The contrast was tormenting. Before the smooth cut shops that are ranged around the basin of the Alster, one could not persuade himself that he was in the quaint old Hanse town of Jew brokers, and storks' nests, that he had come to see; or when he wandered upon the quays that are lined up and down with such true Dutch-looking houses, it would seem that he was out of all reach of the splendid hotel of the Crown Prince, and the prim porter who sports his livery at the door. The

change is as quick and unwelcome as that from pleasant dreams to the realities of morning.

Quaint costumes may be seen all over Hamburg:—chiefest among them, are the short, red skirts of the flower girls, and the broad-brimmed hats, with no crowns at all, set jauntily on one side a bright, smooth mesh of dark brown hair, from which braided tails go down half to their feet behind. They wear a basket hung coquettishly on one arm, and with the other will offer you roses, from the gardens that look down on the Alster, with an air that is so sure of success, one is ashamed to disappoint it. Strange and solemn-looking mourners in black, with white ruffles and short swords, follow coffins through the streets; and at times, when the dead man has been renowned, one of them with a long trumpet robed in black, is perched in the belfry of St. Michael's, to blow a dirge. Shrilly it peals over the peaked gables, and mingles with the mists that rise over the meadows of Heligoland. The drosky men stop, to let the prim mourners go by. The flower girls draw back into the shadows of the street, and cross themselves, and for one little moment look thoughtful. The burghers take off their hats as the black pall goes dismally on. The dirge dies in the tower; and for twelve hours the body rests in the sepulchral chapel, with a light burning at the head, and another at the feet.

There would be feasting for a commercial eye in the old Hanse houses of Hamburg trade. There are piles of folios marked by centuries instead of years—correspondences in which grandsons have grown old, and bequeathed letters to grandchildren. As likely as not, the same smoke-browned office is tenanted by the same respectable-looking groups of desks and long-legged stools that adorned it, when Frederic was storming over the south kingdoms—and the same tall Dutch clock may be ticking in the corner, that has ticked off three or four generations past, and that is now busy with the fifth, ticking and ticking on. I dare say that the snuff-taking book-keepers wear the same wigs that their grandfathers wore; and as for the snuff-boxes and the spectacles, there is not a doubt but they have come down with the ledgers and the day-books, from an age that is utterly gone. I was fortunate enough to have made a Dresden councillor my friend, upon the little boat that

came down from Magdebourg, and the councillor took ice with me at the Café on the *Jungfernstieg*, and chatted with me at table; and after dinner, kindly took me to see an old client of his, of whom he purchased a monkey and two stuffed birds. Whether the old lady, his client, thought me charmed by her treasures, I do not know; though I stared prodigiously at her and her councillor, and she slipped her card coyly in my hand at going out, and has expected me, I doubt not, before this, to buy one of her long tailed imps at the saucy price of ten louis-d'or.

All this, and a look at the demure-faced, pretty Danish country girls toward Altona, and a ride in a one-horse gig through the garden country of Vierland,—cottages peeping out on each side the way, upon a true English road, and haymakers in the fields at sunset, with their rakes on their shoulders, throwing long shadows over the new-mown turf—all this, I say, I had to leave behind me on going to Bremen.

But my decision was made; my bill paid; the drosky at the door. I promised to meet Cameron at the Oude Doelen at Amsterdam, and drove off for the steamer for Harbourg. I never quite forgave myself for leaving Cameron to quarrel out the terms with the valet de place at the Crown Prince;—for which I must be owing him still one shilling and sixpence; for I never saw him afterward, and long before this, he must be tramping over the Muirs of Lanarkshire in the blue and white shooting jacket we bought on the quay at Berlin.

It was a fete day at Hamburg; and the steamer that went over to Harbourg was crowded with women in white. I was quite at a loss among them, in my sober traveling trim, and I twisted the brim of my Roman hat over and over again, to give it an air of gentility; but it would not do;—and the only acquaintance I could make, was a dirty-looking, sandy-haired small man, in a greasy coat, who asked me in broken English, if I was going to Bremen. As I could not understand one word of the jargon of the others about me, I thought it best to secure the acquaintance of even so unfavorable a specimen. It proved, that he was going to Bremen too, and he advised me to go with him in a diligence that set off immediately on our arrival at Harbourg. As it was some time before the mail carriage would leave, I agreed to

his proposal. It was near night when we set off, and never did I pass over duller country, in duller coach, and duller company. Nothing but wastes on either side, half covered with heather, and when cultivated at all, producing only a light crop of rye, which here and there, flaunted its yellow heads over miles of country. The road too, was execrably paved with round stones,—the coach rattling, crazy, half made, and half decayed diligence. A shoemaker's boy and my companion of the boat, who proved a Bremen Jew, were with me in the back seat, and two little windows were at each side, scarce bigger than my hand. Three tobacco-chewing Dutch sailors were on the middle seat, who had been at Bordeaux, and Jamaica, and the Cape, and in front was an elderly man and his wife—the most quiet of all,—for the woman slept, and the man smoked.

The little villages passed, were poor, but not dirty, and the inns despicable on every account but that of filth. The sailors at each, took their schnapps; and I, at intervals, a mug of beer or dish of coffee. The night grew upon us in the midst of dismal landscape, and the sun went down over the distant rye fields, like a sun at sea. Nor was it without its glory:—the old man who smoked, pulled out his pipe, and nudged his wife in the ribs; and the sailors laid their heads together. It was the color of blood, with a strip of blue cloud over the middle; and the reflections of light were crimson—over the waving grain tops, and over the sky, and over the heather landscape. Two hours after it was dark, and we tried to sleep. The shoemaker smelt strong of his bench, and the Jew of his old clothes, and the sailors, as sailors always smell, and the coach was shut; so it was hard work to sleep, and I dare say it was but little after midnight when I gave it up, and looked for the light of the next day.

It came at last, a white streak along the horizon, but disclosed no better country; nor did we see better until the Jew had put on his bands, and said his Hebraic service by the fair light of morning, in the outskirts of the city of Bremen.

I never want to go to Bremen\* again. There are pretty walks upon the ramparts, and there is old hock under the Hotel de Ville in enormous casks, and there are a parcel of mummied bodies lying under the church, that for a silver mark, Hamburg money, the sexton will be delighted to show one; but the town's people, such of them as happened about the Linden-hof, upon the great square, seemed very stupid; and not one could tell me how I was to get to Amsterdam.

In this strait, I had a wish to find the Consul; and the *garçon*, a knowing fellow took me to a magnificent portal on which were the blended arms of all the South American States. I told him it would not do—that there must be stars and stripes; at which he stared very pitiously at me, seeming to think I was a little touched in the brain. But after some further inquiries, I found my way to a cockloft, where a good-natured Dutchman received me, and took me to the Exchange and the wine-cellar, and left me at the Poste, with my name booked for Oldenberg the same afternoon. The mail line was the property of the Duke of Oldenberg, and a very good one it was, for we went off in fine style in a sort of drosky drawn by two Dutch ponies.

There is a dreamy kind of pleasure in scudding so fast over so smooth and pretty roads as lay between us that afternoon and the capital of the Duchy of Oldenberg. There was a kindly-looking old man sat opposite to me in the drosky, who would have talked with me more—for we mustered a little of a common language—but for a gabbling Danois, who engrossed

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\* Bremen, it would seem, is to be the terminus of a line of steamers from New York to Europe. What can be the motive for such course of action, it is hard to conjecture. In the first place, no steamer can approach within eight miles of Bremen—of the capacity proposed: and from that point (Bremerhaven) to the city, there is no means of conveyance, save a poor diligence, or row-boats. In the next place, when Bremen is reached, there are no means of getting away or transmitting the mails, but by diligence; whereas from Antwerp or Hamburg, are railways or steamers connecting with all the great capitals. Again, Bremen being limited in territory to its city bounds, can offer no inducements to our government, in the shape of easy contracts for mail transportation. The Belgian Government has already made repeated offers of this sort. Bremen seems to have derived a fictitious importance from its large tobacco trade with our southern cities, and from the fact of its being the great point of embarkation for the emigrants of Hanover. Sailing packets will, of course, always remain the vehicles of this sort of business; and the trade connections growing out of it, can surely be as readily arranged by mails to Antwerp or London, as by mails direct.

ed nearly the whole of his time. I met him again in the park of the Duke, and arm in arm the *vielliard* and I rambled over it together, under the copper-leaved beech trees, and by the stripes of water that lay in the lawn. Sometimes we would meet a family of the town at their evening stroll, the youngsters trooping it over the green-sward, and the half-grown girls shading their faces with the roses that grow so profusely in the park. Then would come along, laughing, a company of older ones. I would button up my coat, and put on my cleanest glove, and make the best appearance I could with my traveling trim; but for all that, there were a great many wicked glances thrown at me; and half a dozen times, I vowed I would be looking better on my next visit to Oldenberg. It would all be very well on the great routes of travel, where every third man you meet is a *voyageur* like yourself, and where a sort of traveling etiquette prevails. Not so in the out of the way, quiet, and home-like towns, where a new comer is at once an object of attention, and put down in the tattle-books of the gossips.

The palace was empty; a sentinel or two were pacing at the gates. It was in Oldenberg I saw first the Dutch taste for flowers. Every house had its parterre of roses and tulips; and the good old custom of taking tea in the midst of them, before the door, was zealously maintained. And I could see the old ladies lifting their teapots, and the girls smirking behind their saucers, as I walked before the houses, still chatting with the old gentleman of the drosky. When we had come back to his inn, we had grown quite familiar, and wholly forgot, until we told each other of it, that our paths diverged on the morrow, forever. It is sad, and it is pleasant, this experience of solitary wayside travel! An hour you interchange thought with a man of different language, different country, different religion, and different ideas of what is moral. You unite with him only on a common social ground—you grow into his thoughts, you look out through his eyes. Your sympathies chime together on some common subject, your feelings towards him grow warm, your familiarity increases; you take him, in words, to your home; you extend the sympathies, that grow and kindle into a flame at the recollection, around the new heart, that seems to pulsate with yours; and he takes you to his home, and your

affections, warmed, take the impulse and bound under it, and you are united to him by ties pure as blood ties; and yet, when you shake his hand, as I shook the hand of that old gentleman that evening on the banks of the little stream that runs into the Weser, an uncontrollable sadness comes over you, for it is the last shaking of hands that you or he will know. His sentiments may be as different from yours on some subjects that have a shape formed by education, as light from darkness. What on earth matters it, if he be Jew, or Catholic, or German? There will be words, and warm words, as common to him as to you; and he who shrinks them into little words, that have meaning so limited they cannot touch feelings except they are biased just as his on every point, does not know how to use words well, or as the God of nature meant they should be used.

In familiar life, and in a world we know, we shape words to characters: insensibly we make an estimate of what a man's opinions may be, and we shape conduct to the opinions—either to combat them or to humor them, but all the while with them in view. In a strange world, of creeds so variant and curious as scatter over the surface of the Continent, one meets man as a man, and a man only; and he tempers thought and intercourse upon a grand range—a range limited only by human sympathies; and he does not think to jar on this opinion or that, but embraces opinions that must belong to every human feeling soul. The mind and the heart expand on this great ground. Sensibilities take quicker impulse where there are no codes to regulate them: affections break out free and evenly divided: prejudice is bewildered, for the landmarks are lost. What glorious openness and evenness of feeling grow out of such experience! How one towers up, and towers up, until he feels that he can look down on the wranglers about differences of opinion—there they squabble away, the poor creatures! about thinking unlike, and can never agree to do it: they are defining charity, and cannot lift themselves to the nobleness of its practice.

I believe, on my honor, I should have preached a very good sort of a sermon that night, with no better text than the cheerful talk the gray-haired man of Bremen and I had together, along the pretty paths of the park of Oldenberg. I could

not do justice to my chops and wine at the Hotel de Russie: so I went off early to bed.

It was a good drosky and good horses put to it, that was standing at the door of the bureau de poste next morning, to take me on my way to Amsterdam. The back seats and front seats were both empty, and I dreaded near a two days' ride alone. But just as I got in, there came up a young man of nineteen or twenty, and took a place beside me. Company was agreeable; but two days together, with no common language to talk in, would be worse than no company at all.

Presently it came—just as I thought, infernal Dutch.

I shook my head in a sour way: and so, thought I, he takes me for a Dutchman; and partly nettled with this notion, and partly annoyed at not being able to talk, I muttered, "le diable!"

The exclamation was out of all place, for my companion spoke French better than I. He had French communicativeness, too, and in a half hour we were old friends. He was the oldest of nine children of a merchant of Amsterdam. Eight years he had sucked the ink from the quills in his father's counting-room. But two years back there had come under his father's patronage an Italian skipper. The skipper and he had passed many a quiet afternoon together over the tall desks, and while the old Meinheer was puffing at his meerschauim, in the leather-bottomed chair of the inner office, the young Meinheer had lolled over the long stools, killing flies with the end of his ruler, and listening to the skipper's stories of those parts of the world which lie beyond the Zuyder Zee. His youthful imagination became inflamed, and with it, his love of knowledge. He added Italian to French, and begged his father to let him change his position. He was tired of the old counting-room down by the Amstel, and tired of looking forever into the dirty Keizers Gracht. The children at home were good children and quiet children: but little Frans, and Girard, and Jans would catch hold of his coat-tails when he came in from the office tired, and would pull his hair if he did not take one in his lap, and ride the other on his foot. "All which," said my companion, "took up my evenings; which young men like you and I want to themselves."

I gave him an affirmative nod, and he went on—

"For six months my father considered

the subject. Meantime little Frans was growing up to be as high at the desk as I. The skipper became more eloquent of other lands; and I listened and grew enamored. At length one day—a week Monday—my father called me in the office and put a batch of letters in my hand, and counted out a hundred guilders, and told me I might go, and see what could be done in Bremen."

"In Bremen?" said I.

"Bremen, Monsieur."

"It is a little way," said I.

"Pardon, Monsieur, pardon, it is a long way from Amsterdam."

"I am come farther within a month—even from Vienna."

"Monsieur!—*Quel grand chemin!*"

"And before that, from Rome."

"Par bleu!"

"And from Paris."

"Ciel!"

"And from America."

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*"

When he had recovered a little from his good-natured astonishment, I inquired after his success. It could not have been better: the second day in the strange city he had secured a place, he had lived like a prince at the inn, had drunk a bottle of Hockheimer a day, and was now, with fifteen guilders left, going back to arrange his final departure from his home and kindred.

I felt interested in my companion's story, as showing the simplicity and quietude of the Dutch character; and if the reader has been as much so, he will care nothing about the country we passed over, before stopping to dine.

The postillion had given two blasts on his bugle; I gulped down the last glass of wine, seized a piece of the old lady's cheese in my hand, and we settled the cost between us, my companion and I, on the back seat of the coach. My Dutch friend had well improved his one trip over the road, for I noticed that the maid of the inn at Lingen gave him a familiar nod and a very encouraging look, leaving me to the guidance of a middle-aged woman in boots, who entertained a half-acre of fat, short boys, who followed us, by telling them that the Meinheer in the gray hat and coat was a live American; nor did I get rid of the troop, until I went in for that supper at that town on the Ems.

Here, our post arrangements underwent a change; and we were reduced to choice of seats in a wretched old dili-

gence. It was dark when we got in the coach, and I could not make out what sort of companions we had. At eleven and a half we were fairly jolted asleep, when there was a stop for the officers of the customs of Holland. All escaped, except an old fellow who was dreaming before me, and who could give no satisfactory account of a savory package in his lap. He looked appealingly, with his eyes half open, at the officer with the lantern; but the officer with the lantern was unfortunately wide awake, and our poor fellow-traveler was at length obliged to confess to—sausages: they took him and his meats out of the coach, and for a half-hour we waited in the cold, before the poor soul came back, muttering over his prostrate hopes.

A little past sunrise, I took my first cup of coffee in a true Dutch inn. The floor was as clean as the white deal table, but made of polished tiles; the huge chimney was adorned with the same. The walls were fresh painted and washed; the dishes were set on edge upon the shelves, and the copper saucepans hung round, as redly bright as in Bassano's pictures. The clock stood in the corner, the slate and the pencil were hanging beside the casement; a family portrait hung over one end of the mantel, and the hour-glass and the treasures were ranged below. A black and white cat was curled up and dozing in a straight-backed chair, and a weazen-faced landlady was gliding about in a stiff white cap.

When we reached Deventer, it was the middle of the morning of a market day, and the short-gowned women thronging over the great square, under the shadow of the cathedral, seemed just come out of the studios of the old Dutch painters. We ate some of the eggs that were in pyramids among them, at the inn of the Crown. Rich enough is the primitiveness of all this region. Even the rude stares that met me and my southern garb in the streets were more pleasant than annoying. Strangers rarely come into that region, merely to look about them; and so little is there even of local travel, that the small silver coin I had taken the evening before, was looked doubtfully upon by the ginger-bread dealers of Deventer. In every other portion of Europe I had been harassed by falling in with French and English, in every coach and at every inn. Here I was free from all but na-

tives; and not a single post carriage had I fallen in with, over all the country from Bremen to Deventer. There was a spice of old habits in every action. There was a seeming of being translated a century or two back in life; and neither in coaches, nor horses, nor taverns, nor hostesses, was there anything to break the seeming. The eggs at the inn were served in old style; the teapot, low and sprawling, was puffing out of a long, crooked nose by the fire in good old fashion; the maid wore a queer old cap and stomacher, and she and the cook peeped through the half-opened door, and giggled at the strange language we were talking.

The daughters of the market women were many of them as fresh and rosy as their red cabbages, and there were daughters of gentlewomen, looking as innocent as the morning air, out of the open casements:—in short, I was half sorry I had booked for Arnheim, and what was worse, that the coach was at the door of the Crown. Many a time before and since, my heart has rebelled against being packed off from bright sunny towns, whose very air one seems to love, and still more the pleasant faces that look after you. What large spots in memory, bright, kind-looking faces cover over! But they pass out of sight, and only come back, a long way off, in dreams—blessed be Heaven for that! And when one wakes from them into the vividness of present interests, he seems to have the benefit of two worlds at once—blessed be Heaven for that, too!

I should have grown very sulky in the coach, had it not been for the exceedingly beautiful scenery we were going through. The fields were as green as English fields, and the hedges as trim and blooming as English hedges. The cottages were buried in flowers and vines, and an avenue embowered us all the way. A village we passed through was the loveliest gem of a village, that could bless an old or a young lady's eyes in Europe. The road was as even and hard as a table, and winding. Hedges were each side of it, and palings here and there as neatly painted as the interiors at home; and over them, amid a wilderness of roses and jessamines, the white faces of pleasant-looking Dutch cottages: the road throughout the village as tidy as if it had been swept, and the trees so luxuriant that they bent over to the coach-top. Here, again, I would



have wished to stop—to stop, by all that is charming in bright eyes—for half a life-time.

An old Dutch lady, a worthy burgomaster's wife of Arnheim, would not leave off pointing to me the beauties as they came up, with her "*fort joli*," and "*charmant*;" to all of which I was far more willing in accordance, than of the two-thirds of the coach seat, which was surely never intended for such sized bodies as that of the burgomaster's wife. I was sorry, notwithstanding, when we had finished our ride in the clean streets of Arnheim, and set off, in a hard rain, by the first train for Amsterdam. All the way down, through Naarden and Utrecht, the rain was pouring so hard, that I had only glimpses of water and windmills. I bade my friend of the office in the Amstel good-by, and though he promised to call at my inn, I never saw him again.

I did not much like the little back room on the first floor they gave me at the Oude Doelen, for it seemed I could almost put the end of my umbrella into the canal, and there was a queer craft with a long bowsprit lying close by, that for aught I knew, with a change of tide; might be tangling her jib-boom in my sheets. I ventured to say to my host, that the room might be damp.

"*Le diable*," said my host; and without making further reply to my suggestion, turned round and spoke very briskly with the head-waiter. What he said I do not know; but when he had finished, the waiter clasped his hands, looked very intently at me, and exclaimed, with the utmost fervor, "*Mon Dieu!*"

I saw I had committed, however innocently, some very grave mistake, so I thought to recommend myself to their charities, by taking the room at once, and saying no more about the dampness.

When I woke up, the sun was reflected off the water in the canal into my eyes. From the time I had left Florence, four months before, I had not received a letter from home, and my first object was to seek out a Mr. Van Bercheem, to whom I was duly accredited. Godsend, in verity, are letters from home, to one wandering alone; and never did a wine lover break the green seal off the Hermitage as eagerly as I broke open the broad red wax, and lay back in the heavy Dutch chair, and read, and thought, and dreamed—dreamed that Europe was gone—utterly vanished; and a country

where the rocks are rough, and the hills high, and the brooks all brawlers, come suddenly around me, where I walked between homely fences, but under glorious old trees, and opened gateways that creaked; and trod pathways that were not shaven, but tangled and wild; and said to my dog, as he leaped in his crazy joy half to my head—"Good fellow, Carlo!" and took this little hand, and kissed that other soft cheek—heigho! dreaming surely; and I all the while in the little back parlor of the Oude Doelen, at Amsterdam!

A rosy young woman came out into the shop that I entered with the valet, upon one of the dirty canals, and led me into a back hall, and up a dark stairway, and rapped at a door, and Mr. Van Bercheem appeared. He was a spare, thin-faced man of forty, a bachelor, wedded to business. At first, he saw in me a new connection in trade; it was hard to disappoint him, and I half encouraged the idea, but my present travel, I assured him, was wholly for observation.

"Ah, he had tried it, but it would not do. He was lost, withering up soul and body, when he was away from his counting-room. He had tried the country, he had tried society for a change, but he could find no peace of mind away from his books."

He spoke of the great names upon 'change, the Van Diepens, the Van Huyems, the De Heems; and I fancied there had been hours, when he had listened to himself, adding to the roll, Van Bercheem.

The valet put his head in at the door, to ask if I wished him longer; I dismissed him, and the merchant thanked me.

"These fellows are devils, monsieur; he has been keeping his place there at the door to know what business you and I can have together, and he will tattle it in the town; and there are men who disgrace the profession of a merchant, who will pay such dogs;" and he lowered his voice, and stepped lightly to the door and opened it again, but I was glad the valet had gone.

He asked me in with him to breakfast; it was only across the back hall, a little parlor, heavily curtained, clean as Dutch parlors are always. The breakfast was served, I knew not by whom—perhaps the rosy woman in the shop below. A cat that walked in and lay down on the rug, was the only creature I saw, save my friend, the merchant. I tried to lead

him to talk of the wonders and of the society of Amsterdam; but his mind worked back insensibly to 'change and trade. It was a fearful enthusiasm. I thought of Horace's lines:

Quisquis

Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,  
Aut alio mentis morbo calet,—

Burning, surely! He finished his breakfast and went back with me to the counting-room. He gave me a list of his correspondences: he put in my hands a great packet of cards of houses from Smyrna to Calcutta, and of each he gave me a brief history, with the neverfailing close that each was safe and honorable. He pressed upon me thirty-five cards of the house of Van Bercheem; he wished me success; he hoped I would not be forgetful of him, and sent a little Dutch boy in the office to show me the Palace. He went back pale to his books. I shall never forget him.

In an hour, with the Dutch boy, I was on the top of the tower of the Palace. The view that lay under my eye that July day, and one, not wholly dissimilar, seen three months before from the tower of San Marco at Venice, are the most strange that met my eye in Europe. Here, as at Venice, there was a world of water, and the land lay flat and the waters played up to the edges as if they would cover it over. At Venice, the waters were bright, and green, and moving. At Amsterdam, they lay still and black in the city, and only where the wind ruffled them in the distance, did they show a sparkle of white. The houses, too, seemed tottering on their uneasy foundations, as the palaces of Venice and the tower of the Greek Church had seemed to sway. But the greatest difference between the two was in the stir of life. Beneath me, in the Dutch Capital, was the Palace Square and the Exchange, thronging with thousands, and cars and omnibuses, rattling among them. Along the broad canals, the boatmen were tugging their clumsy crafts, piled high with the merchandise of every land. Every avenue was crowded, every quay cumbered with bales, and you could trace the boats along the canals bearing off in every direction—even India ships were gliding along upon artificial water above the meadows where men were reaping; and the broad high dykes, stretching like sinews between land and water, were studded thick with mills,

turning unceasingly their broad arms, and multiplying in the distance to mere revolving specks upon the horizon. Venice seemed asleep. The waves, indeed, broke with a light murmur against the palace of the Doge, and at the foot of the tower; but the boats lay rocking lazily on the surface of the water, or the graceful gondolas glided noiselessly. The Greek sailors slept on the decks of their quaint feluccas; no roll of cart, or horses' heavy tread, echoed over the Piazzas di San Marco; a single man-of-war lay with her awning spread at the foot of the Grand Canal. There was an occasional footfall on the pavement below us; there was the dash of the green sea-water over the marble steps; there was the rustling of the pigeons' wings, as they swooped in easy circles around us, and then bore down to their resting-places among the golden turrets of St. Mark; everything beside was quiet!

The little Dutch boy and I went down the steps together. I thanked him, and asked him my way into the Jews' quarter of the town. He would not permit me to go alone. He had learned French at his school, where, he said, all the boys of merchants spoke it only; and a great many intelligent inquiries he made of me about that part of the world which could not be seen from the top of the palace tower; for farther, poor soul, he had never been. The tribe of Abraham cannot be clean even in Dutch-land; and though their street was broad, and the houses rich, there was more filth in it than in all the rest of Amsterdam together. There they pile old clothes, and they polish diamonds by the thousand.

Walking along under the trees upon the quays beside the canals, one sees in little square mirrors, that seem to be set outside the windows of the houses for the very purpose, the faces of the prettiest of the Dutch girls. Old women, fat and spectacled, are not so busy with their knitting but they can look into them at times, and see all down the street, without ever being observed. It is one of the old Dutch customs, and while Dutch women are gossips, or Dutch girls are pretty, it will probably never go by. In Rotterdam, at Leiden, at Utrecht, and the Hague, these same slanting mirrors will stare you in the face. Nowhere are girls' faces prettier than in Holland; complexions pearly white, with just enough of red in them to give a healthy bloom, and their hands are as fair, soft and tapering,

as their eyes are full of mirth, witchery and fire. I went through the street of the merchant princes of Amsterdam. A broad canal sweeps through the centre, full of every sort of craft, and the dairy-women land their milk, from their barges, on the quay, in front of the proudest doors. The houses and half the canal are shaded with deep-leaved lindens, and the carriages rattle under them, with the tall houses one side, and the waters the other. My boy guide left me at the steps of the Royal Gallery. There is in it a picture of twenty-five of the old City Guard, with faces so beer-loving and real, that one sidles up to it, with his hat hauging low, as if he were afraid to look so many in the face at once. And opposite, are some noble fellows of Rembrandt's painting, going out to shoot; they jostle along, or look you in the face, as carelessly as if they cared not one fig for you, or the Dutch burgomaster's family, who were with me, looking on, that morning. And there was a painted candle-light, and a bear-hunt. How a tempest of memory scuds over them all, here in my quiet chamber, that I can no more control, than the wind that is blowing the last leaves away! Would to Heaven, I could bring them all back—only so many quaint things and curious as lie together in the old Dutch Capital—churches, and pictures, and quays, and dykes, and spreading water—aluggish and dead within, but raging like a horse that is goaded with-out! Like a toad the city sits, squat upon the marshes; and her people push out the waters, and pile up the earth against them, and sit down quietly to smoke. Ships come home from India and ride at anchor before their doors, coming in from the sea through paths they have opened in the sand, and unlading their goods on quays that quiver on the bogs,

"As miners who have found the ore,  
They, with mad labor, fished the land to  
shore,  
And dived as desperately for each piece  
Of earth, as if't had been of ambergris;  
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,  
Less than what building swallows bear  
away;  
Or than those pills, which sordid beetles  
roll,  
Transfusing into them their dunghill  
soul."

The satire is undeserved; old Andrew

Marvel lived in the days when Dutch prowess on the water tinctured English blood with jealousy.

Van Bercheem had told me I must go over to Buikslut to see the ship-canal; so, one sunny noon, I sailed over, and fell in with an India Captain, who was my interpreter. He was a fat, easy talking Dutchman; but I do not now remember the half that he said about his ship and his trip down the China Seas, and the great canal we were upon. And it was something very odd, and struck me very oddly, that he, a Dutchman from Japan, should be describing to me, half a savage, from a little nook of savage country, as far West as he had been East, the strange things that were coming to our eyes through the cabin windows of our boat.

One side we looked over a wild waste, with rank herbage here and there, and over the far-off edge of which appeared some of the windmills of Saardam; the other side, we looked down upon a soft meadow where cattle were grazing, while water that floated ships was only a stone's throw away, and high over its level.

Sober-looking cottages were here and there along the margin of the canal, with sober-looking burghers smoking in the door-ways, living safely enough now; but if old Ocean were to take one little madcap leap—and he has done it before—they would go down into the sea, with their herring. Along the great sea-dyke at Saardam, one may see the ocean trying to leap over; and standing low down upon the meadow, one hears the waves dashing against the dyke high over his head, upon the other side.

From Buikslut, a little village in the trees, upon the bank of the grand canal, I would go on to Broek; so the Captain gave me over to the patronage of a little skipper, who ran his boat over the cross-country canals. A half-hour's sail brought us in sight of the church spire, rising from among the trees, and soon appeared the chimney tops, and finally the houses themselves, of the little town of Broek, all prettily reflected in a clear side-basin of the canal, that was as quiet as the air of the town. A town it hardly is; but a group of houses among rich trees, where eight hundred neighbors live, and make things so neat, that strangers come a thousand miles for a look at the wondrous nicety. Passing by the basin of smooth water that reflected so prettily the church

and the trees, we stopped before a little inn, finely shaded with a beech trained into an arbor all over the front. A very, very pretty blue-eyed Dutch girl of twenty, received me. We could talk nothing together; but there happened a stupid old Meinheer smoking with his wife at the door, through whom I explained my wants.

I saw by the twinkle in her eye that she comprehended. If I had spoken an hour it could not have been better—my dinner. There were cutlets white as the driven snow, and wine with cobwebs of at least a year's date on the bottle, and the nicest of Dutch cheese, and strawberries and profusion of delicious cream. The blue-eyed girl had stolen out to put on another dress while I was busy with the first cutlet; and she wore one of the prettiest little handkerchiefs imaginable on her shoulders, and she glided about the table so noiselessly, so charmingly, and arranged the dishes so neatly, and put so heaping a plateful of strawberries before me, that, confound me! I should have kept by the dinner table until night if the old lady had not put her head in the door, to say—there was a person without who would guide me through the village.

"And who is to be my guide?" said I, as well as I could say it.

The old lady pointed opposite. I thought she misunderstood me and asked her again.

She pointed the same way: it was a stout woman with a baby in her arms!

Was there ever such a Cicerone before? I looked incredulously at my hostess; she looked me honestly enough back, and set her arms a-kimbo. I tried to understand her to point to her blue-eyed daughter, who was giggling behind her shoulder, but she was inexorable.

I grew frightened; the woman was well enough, though jogging upon forty. But the baby! what on earth should it be doing; suppose she were to put it in my arms in some retired part of the village! only fancy me six leagues from Amsterdam, with only ten guilders in my pocket, and a fat Dutch baby squalling in my hands? But the woman, with a ripe, red, laughing cheek had a charitable eye, and we set off together.

Not a bit though could we talk, and it was "nichts, nichts," however I put the questions. Nature designed eyes to talk half a language, and the good soul pleaded to me with hers for the beauty of her village; words of the oldest cicerone

could not plead stronger. And as for the village, it needed none. It was like dreaming; it was like fairy land. Away, over a little bridge we turned off the tow-path of the canal, and directly were in the quiet ways of the town. They were all paved with pebbles or bricks arranged in every quaint variety of pattern; and all so clean that I could find no place to throw down the stump of my cigar. The grass that grew up everywhere to the edge of the walks was short—not the prim shortness of French shearing, but it had a look of dwarfish neatness, as if custom had habituated it to short growth, and habit become nature. All this in the public highway—not five yards wide, but under so strict municipal surveillance that no horse or unclean thing was allowed to trample on its neatness. Once a little donkey harnessed to a miniature carriage passed us, in which was a Dutch miss, to whom my lady patroness with the baby bowed low, came tottling by. It was evidently, however, a privileged lady, and the donkey's feet had been waxed. Little yards were before the houses, and these stocked with all sorts of flowers arranged in all sorts of forms, and so clean—walks, beds, and flowers—that I am sure, a passing sparrow could not have trimmed his feathers in the plat, without bringing out a toddling Dutch wife with her broom. The fences were absolutely polished with paint; and the hedges were clipped not with shears, but scissors. Now and then faces would peep out of the windows, but in general, the curtains were close drawn. We saw no men but one or two old gardeners and half-a-dozen painters. Girls we met who would pass a word to my entertainer, and a glance to me, and a low curtsy, and would chuckle the baby under the chin, and glance again. But they were not better dressed nor prettier than the rest of the world, beside having a great deal shorter waists and larger ankles. They looked happy, and healthy, and homelike. Little boys were rolling along home from school—rolling, I mean, as a seaman rolls—with their short legs, and fat bodies, and phlegmatic faces. Two of them were throwing off hook and bait into the canal from under the trees; and good fishers, I dare say, they made, for never a word did they speak, and I almost fancied that if I had stepped quietly up, and kicked one of them into the water, the other would have quietly pulled

in his line, taken off his bait, put all in his pocket, and toddled off in true Dutch style, home, to tell his Dutch mamma.

Round pretty angles that came unlooked for, and the shady square of the church—not a sound anywhere—we passed along, the woman, the baby, and I. Half-a-dozen times I wanted Cameron with me to enjoy a good Scotch laugh at the oddity of the whole thing; for there was something approaching the ludicrous in the excess of cleanliness—to say nothing about my stout attendant, whose cares and anxieties were most amusingly divided between me and the babe. There was a large garden, a phthisicky old gardener took me over, with puppets in cottages, going by clock-work—an old woman spinning, dog barking, and wooden mermaids playing in artificial water; these all confirmed the idea with which the extravagant neatness cannot fail to impress one, that the whole thing is a mockery, and in no sense earnest. From this, we wandered away in a new quarter, to the tubs, and pans, and presses of the dairy. The woman in waiting gave a suspicious glance at my feet when I entered the cow-stable; and afterward when she favored me with a look into her home, all beset with high polished cupboards and china, my steps were each one of them regarded—though my boots had been cleaned two hours before—as if I had been treading in her churn, and not upon a floor of stout Norway plank. The press was adorned with brazen weights and bands shining like gold. The big mastiff who turned the churn was sleeping under the table, and the maid showed me over the low ditches in the fields, for the sun was getting near to the far away flat grounds in the west. With another stroll through the clean streets of the village, I returned to my little inn, where I sat under the braided limbs of the beech tree over the door. There was something in the quiet and cleanness that impressed me like a picture or a curious book. It did not seem as if healthy flesh and blood, with all its passions and cares, could make a part of such a way of living. It was like reading a Utopia, only putting household economy in place of the *politeia* of Sir Thomas More. I am sure that some of the dirty people along the Rhone and in the Vallais Canton of Switzerland, if suddenly translated to the grass slopes that sink into the water at Broek, would imagine it some new creation.

So I sat there musing before the inn, looking out over the canal, and the vast plain with its feeding flocks, and over the groups of cottages, and windmills, and far off delicate spires.

By and by a faint gush of a distant bugle note came up over the evening air. It was from the boat that was to carry me back to Amsterdam.

It came again, and stronger, and rolled tremulously over the meadows. The sheep feeding across the canal lifted their heads and listened. The blue-eyed girl of the inn came and leaned against the door-post and listened too. The landlady put her sharp eyes out of the half opened window and looked down the meadows. The music was not common to the boaters of Broek. Presently came the pattering steps of the horse upon the foot-way, and the noise of the rush of the boat, and a new blast of the bugle. The sheep opposite lifted their heads and looked,—and turned,—and looked again, and ran away in a fright.

The blue-eyed girl was yet leaning in the door-way, and the old lady was looking out of the window when the boat slowly sailed by and left the inn out of sight.

I was standing by the side of the skipper, musing on what I had seen: one does not get there, after all, a true idea of the Dutch country character, since the village is mostly peopled by retired citizens. This other, the true Ostade and Teniers light upon Dutch land, is seen farther north and east, and in glimpses as we floated along the canal in the evening twilight home. The women were seated at the low doors knitting, or some belated ones were squatting like frogs on the edge of the canal, scrubbing their coppers till they shone in the red light of sunset, brighter than the moon. Our skipper with his pipe sitting to his tiller, would pass a sober good 'eben' to every passer on the dyke, and to every old Dutchman smoking at his door; and every passer on the dyke, and every smoking Dutchman at his door would solemnly bow his good 'eben' back. More than this nothing was said.

One could hear the rustling of the reeds along the bank, as our boat pushed a light wave among them. Far in advance, a black tall figure—the boy was moving on his horse, but he did not break the silence by a word. The man in the bow was quiet, and we so still behind that I

could count every whiff of the skipper's pipe. The people were coming up through the low meadows from their work, and occasionally some old woman harnessed to a boat load of hay in a side canal. And soon—sooner than I thought—the spires of the city were black in the sky before us. In an hour, I was in the back room at the Oude Doelen, in bed. What on earth had become of Cameron?

Five days, and he had not come. I thought of the little Prussian vixen, but her father had a lynx's eye—I thought of the two pretty Russians; but their mamma sat between them—I thought of the *Suedoise* bride, but her husband was a Tartar. And so thinking, and my heart warming with pity toward all who have Tartars for husbands, I fell gently asleep.

### HINTS TO ART UNION CRITICS.

WHEN we begin to exercise our senses upon works of Imitative Art, we are first impressed, as in Nature, with the forms and colors; but soon a deeper sense is asserted, and we discover the resemblances, the beauty of the parts, and, finally, the tone and oneness of the composition.

Let the scene represented be the murder of a son by his father, with all the bloody horrors that might attend on such a deed. Already the brain and bowels of the victim are dashed out by the murderous axe: the insane father, with the countenance of a fiend, stands meditating his completed work. The figures are correctly drawn, excellently colored; the attitudes are terrible, free and natural; the picture is complete in its parts, and has a sombre tone, with appropriate scenery. In fine, it is a perfect work, and renders back a true image of nature. One only defect it has, and that is fatal to it: *the subject is unfit*; it is hateful, horrible. We will not look at it, nor praise it, much less purchase or make a show of it. The painter has lost his labor, and injured his reputation. It is, therefore, evident that not the mere imitation of nature, but the imitation of what is sublime, beautiful or fanciful in nature is the object of the painter's skill. His subjects must amuse the fancy, satisfy the sense of beauty, arouse sublime emotions; or they fail to be artistic, and have no more intrinsic value than a ballad or narrative which should describe with a villainous accuracy a banquet of vultures or a scene of incestuous commerce.

To escape all confusion of ideas regarding the true objects of pictorial art, it

is necessary to make a distinction between the poetical and artistical view of nature; for it is certain, poets and painters see things with different eyes. The poetic imagination occupies itself with the motion and the change of things—it delights in movement and in revolution, the turn of events, the catastrophe, the deed—change is its passion, its *forte*. But in representative art, we see exactly the reverse; and the most perfect designs represent the fixed quality of things—as in the quiet Madonnas of Raphael, the Moses and the Night and Morning of Angelo, and, above all, the Antinous and Jove of Greek sculpture.

It would be idle to say that motion can be shown in painting or in statuary; only such moments are representable as the eye may catch and remember; and such moments are times of rest—pauses or instants previous to motion: as when the orator has just lifted his arm, and holds it for an instant extended; when an eagle stoops in her flight, or soars quietly; when the courser gathers himself for a spring, or is holding himself extended in the leap; when the two wrestlers have seized each other, and are stilled in their striving by equality of strength;—only such points as these have been chosen by the best artists as truly representable; and if the painter, neglecting this principle, attempts to paint real motion in bodies, he produces a ridiculous stiffness, as if his figures had been struck by a thunderbolt, or petrified on a sudden in their motion. The effect of such figures is like that of those taken from lay figures, or jointed dolls, as is very commonly done, without a proper study of the life; for the designer

begins with putting the limbs of the doll, or manikin, into an attitude of motion, in which it could not remain an instant if alive without suffering pain; and when these are put upon canvas, they give an almost equal pain to the eye of the connoisseur.

This vice of the studio may be classed with that of the theatre. Every one may have observed that some painters give an air to their subjects which is merely theatrical; or such as would be taken on by an actor whose genius is not of the first order. This kind attribute passionate actions to moral emotions, and by that error make heroes appear like naughty boys, and proud ladies like forward minxes. In such hands, King Lear is but a driveler, and Hamlet a metaphysical coxcomb; Cordelia looks pert, and Sir Thomas More quizzes the executioner. In this vice, the actor or the figure always anticipates his part, and is so ready and complete with his passions and surprises, we soon learn them by heart and set them down at their true value.

The vice of the *study* and the theatre follows that of the *parlor*. Nothing is more commonly to be seen in portraits than a silly, impudent, or artificial stare, contracted, perhaps, by the perpetual study of silly, impudent, or artificial faces, or by a desire on the painter's part to give a fashionable air to his faces; a fault which never makes its appearance in design, without disgusting one-half the world, at least.

Another remarkable fault, and which must flow altogether from the painter's own disposition, is the choice of contemptible subjects. A painter of fine abilities will often expend the very marrow of his genius in the representation of mean and pitiful ideas. Here, for example, we have a piece entitled, "The Junk Bottle," in which two or three ragged hay-makers grin ominously at you from over a bottle of "black strap," of which they are about to drink.

Let us imagine, for an instant, the different handlings of this subject by a Flemish painter of the old school, and a modern one of no school. The Flemish artist begins his piece under a belief that his object is to *please* the observer. He remembers that it is *not* a pleasure to be irreverently blinked at by three impudent fellows; or that if there is any satisfaction to be felt in such an accident, it is of a kind which even a coxcomb would take care to conceal.

The Flemish artist would make a *scene* of his picture, as a good actor makes a "scene" of the play, disconnecting it from the spectator, who should seem to look at it from without, as one looks out upon a prospect, affected by it, but not affecting it. For the instant we begin to influence a scene by our presence, and perceive this effect, or seem to perceive it, the scenical pleasure, which it is the business of true art to produce, is replaced by one of a very different kind. Every person who frequents the theatre, will have noticed the disagreeable effect of the stolen glances of the actors upon the audience. A frequent repetition of them produces a laugh or a hiss, as the humor prompts. But the effect of painting is feeblener in its kind, and requires a much greater skill of management than the stage; and with this disadvantage, that the hiss or the laugh lights, not upon the figure, but on the head of the poor artist, who had not wit enough to hide his own vanity, but it must leak out in his designs.

Perhaps it is impossible for a painter, whose personal character will not permit him to observe the actions of men scenically, to give a true scenic effect to his pictures: which gives a hint of extending the words, "objective" and "subjective," from poets to artists, and of dividing art itself into two forms, the conscious and the unconscious; the affected and unaffected; the natural and the coxcombical.

Here, for example, are two artists; one, an objective, Garrick, or Canova, or Rubens; the other, a subjective, ———, or ———, or whom you please. The first has a singular power of forgetting himself so completely in his object, and of so separating his personal from his artistic relation to it, that nothing of the former appears in the work; the bust, or character, or picture, does not show us a lady as she smirked upon her particular friend, but a lady *au fait*, with an expression of pure courtesy, as good for all the world as for you or for me. It is not to be denied, that some of the finest pictures in the world have figures which look out upon the spectator; but the effect is always as though they looked, not at our particular selves, but at some thing, or person, beyond us or near us; and the look is accidental; it does not injure the general unity of the piece, but rather strengthens it, by an apparent deviation, as a rope dragging in the water

shows the motion of the boat. If the eyes of the figure are even directed upon our own, the effect may still be perfectly objective, provided no lurking vanity glances from them, of which we seem to be the cause; and if then it is objected that in nature the fact is so, and that the features of the sitter, or the life study, do send out unmistakable "subjective" looks; we appeal to our Flemish painter, who assures us that, "the business of art is not merely to copy nature, but to please by the representation." If the painter indulge a comical vein, he may possibly turn these "subjective" looks to some account, but they seem in general as barren for comic as for serious picture; even folly, to be made amusing, must have a touch of originality; it must be, in some measure, disengaged and independent.

To return now to our three hay-makers. The modern artist of no school, will think it effective to put a few ragged holes in their jackets, and to daub their shirts and faces with a little brown pink, or the like, to make them look dirty. Indeed, by the common mode of mixing colors, he will easily distribute a dirtiness over the figures, highly suitable to their quality. The Flemish artist of the old school, on the contrary, did not lay any stress upon dirt and squalor as a source of pleasure. Abiding always by his first conviction, that "the first duty of his art is pleasure," he has taken care to use pure and bright tints for his flesh and draperies, toning these to their proper softness, and avoiding dirt in his color as he would poison in his food; and to make sure of this, he seems to have believed that a mixture of green and brown, orange and brown, orange and green, or of white with these, or of black, with a mixture of the three primary tints, piled crudely on the canvas, always makes dirt. Perhaps, with Ostade,\* he has laid on his local tints in thin coats, one over the other, preserving a perfect transparency and blending, with the greatest purity and splendor; or, with Rembrandt, he has deposited them in clots of strong and pure color, laid side by side; so as produce an effect of all together upon the eye; but whatever his method, he did not attempt to represent those harsh and dirty colors, so ordinary and so disagreeable in nature.

The Three Hay-makers have nothing of particular interest for the general observer, so far as they are merely hay-makers; but our modern artist of no school, did not consider this when he designed them. He remembered that he himself had been very happy a-making of hay, or seeing it made, on some invalid tour in the country; and that, for him, is "subjective" reason enough why he should represent them. The Fleming, on the contrary, finding it impossible to introduce these invalid associations, or the smell of fresh hay, or the taste of buttermilk, into his picture, took care, instead of these, to offer a satisfaction to the eye and mind, not only by the purity, harmony, and depth of his color, but by marks of vigor, health and pleasure in the figures. His hay-makers, though they be very ugly fellows, are wonders in their kind; full of natural happiness, strong-limbed, content; capable of all the rustic pleasures; they are merry over their pottle and viands, and take no heed of the blackening thunder-cloud that lowers on the left. They have borne their labor easily, and enjoy what is before them as though there was nothing else to be considered. All this is evident in a Teniers or a Mieris; as truly as the rapture of devotion, or of love, in a Raphael; or the deep force of character in a Poussin. The hay-makers of our modern, on the other hand, have a raw, sickly look; there is a dyspepsia streak under their eyes; or they have the faces and figures of broken drunkards, whose labors are a grief to them, and life itself a burden; or they have brassy, insolent visnomies, in which no pleasure ever shone, and which therefore give no pleasure. They are naturally, and truly, but not agreeably, and therefore not artistically depicted.

No less careful was the Fleming to preserve a proper balance of light and shadow† in this picture. The designer of no school, trusting solely to form, and color, and either ignorant or neglectful of "the power of sombre shadow," chose a point of view for the spectator which puts the sun behind him, and consequently conceals the diversity of clear obscure. A glare of daylight is poured over the landscape, at once painful and monotonous; though in all respects natural. In the folds of the draperies, however, he

\* Wilkie's Journal.—Cunningham's Life of Sir David Wilkie.

† The effect of light to shadow space, for space is as three to one, or more.



has not abided by nature; for their shadows are so faint and superficial, we pronounce them unfinished, and tell our friends who ask us what we think of ———'s picture of the "Hay-makers," that he would have done better had he put a deal more of black under his warm tints.

The Fleming, abiding by his first plan, (which was, to produce a work that should give perfect satisfaction to the eye and to the seeing, or picture-making intellect, without appeal to personal recollections, to national or provincial prejudices, or poetical emotions,) chose his point of view differently; placing the sun upon the left or right, or even in front, hidden by a skirt of dense cloud. The spectator is delighted with the lively power of his trees and hill-slopes; the shadows under the recesses of the distances, are nearly black, or of the darkest brown, covered with a blue or purple haze. A piece of water, perhaps, lies in the middle ground of the picture; a mill-dam juts across, facing towards us; and the shadow of this dam is almost of an inky blackness; the boles of the trees on either side are marked, as in nature, with black lines in their crevices; the whole has the force of one of Piranisi's engravings of a Roman ruin. Everywhere the strong lights are balanced by strong but always warm shadows. The greens of the trees are supported by red-black shadows in their depths; the draperies of the figures look real, as if daguerreotyped in a good light; the whole is effective and satisfactory. We say of this Fleming, that he was a master in the art of clear-obscure; and that he not only copied Nature, but that, artist-like, he copied her finest moods.

The surface of the modern picture is carelessly loaded with color, in pasty clots; or it is "greasy," as if daubed with soap and fat; or the colors are streaked over a cold blue or muddy ground, which quenches the brightness of its tints; or it is a mealy *muz* of red and yellow, rubbed on as if with a cat's paw. Our modern, too, is firmly persuaded that red and yellow are the only colors of note, and that if Nature had confined her blues to the sky, she would have done a shrewd thing, for he finds it impossible to imitate her blue effects by *mixing* blue with his red and yellow. It is in vain that Haydon shows him that the greater Italian colorists produced their effects by their coats, and not by muddy mixture; it is

of no use to him to know that Rembrandt laid on his colors in pure clots; or to see the effects of either method tried by his brother painters; he is deaf to Hogarth's warning, that a good colorist may be known from a bad one, by his use of blue effects. William Page may talk, and Haydon may rave, and Hogarth may dogmatize, and Wilkie may hint the secret, it has no more effect on him than going to Italy; he is only the more confirmed in his old opinion; he continues to "copy nature in her dirtiest trim."

In this picture of three Hay-makers, with its landscape, the Flemish painter has succeeded, not merely in satisfying the eye, but in pleasing the mind, with images of health and rustic liberty. Without beauty or humor in the figures, he has imparted to them all the sensuous perfection which their condition will admit, and here the power of his picture ends; the subject did not allow of exaltation, and addresses no very profound imagination,

In a picture of another order—let it be, for example, a design of four figures, representing Infancy, Youth, and Age, in that imaginary Saturnian æra, the golden age. In the composition of this picture, the artist has embodied all that is exquisite and universal; not only in the forms and attitudes of the figures (which are those of full contentment and repose); but in the very atmosphere, the foliage, and the masses of the landscape. The period chosen is not historical, but ideal, merely: it is a selection and combination of perfections—the brimming of bliss at the instant before it overflows. Let us imagine the progress of this picture from its birth in the Artist's mind to its completion on the canvas.

First it occurred to him to compose a landscape that should be the simplest possible, and yet contain every essential feature. The figures were an after thought.

Beginning on a canvas of medium size covered with a smooth layer of solid white, he sketched in red chalk a horizon interrupted by sharp peaks of snowy mountains, sunken behind a sea. In the middle ground, the sea comes forward in a great arm, broken with a few rocky islands.

On the right of the middle ground, meadows stretch away from the water to the feet of hills which rise gradually, become rugged at their summits, and close in that side of the prospect with broken masses, giving a great breadth of

shadow. The time is evening, two hours before sunset, in summer, and the scene lies in a temperate latitude.

On the left of the observer, (which is the technical *right*\* of the picture,) bosky, rounded eminences fill the interval from the sea, with green, shadowy swells; their phases falling eastward; (for the sun, behind a bar of brown cloud, delegates his power to its pearly edges.) In the middle ground, the arm of the sea terminates in an irregular plain, which comes forward to the foreground, where the figures are to appear. In the *right* angle of the picture, a forest approaches from the hills, rising gradually, and concluding under your eye and hand, with the body of a vast oak, which covers one-third of the sky, and stretches a crooked arm over the centre. On the left, weather-worn rocks go up, mossy and broken, with tufts of grass and hardy flowers in their crevices. Their black shadows shut in that side of the picture. A thin fall of water appears behind them, and threads of its stream may be seen here and there, until it widens and joins the sea.

Meditating the quiet and simplicity of this scene, it seemed to the artist, as he sketched it, a fitting abode for those Saturnian shepherds who lived in the first hope of creation. Beautifully moulded, of large and full proportions, their bodies composed of features, everywhere expressing grace; without grief, artifice, or pride, or any inequality of character visible in action or gesture; impossible to describe, because ugliness and imperfection alone admit of description; the very creatures of pictorial art, whose province begins where that of sound and language ends.

He sketches a group rudely upon paper, and then fixes it with measured proportions upon the canvas. The attitudes and outlines are studied, if possible, from life; but in doing this he suffered his pencil to glide with great ease over the inequalities of feature, and so escaped the marks of portraiture. There is but little foreshortening, for in this piece all difficulties are to be avoided, and everything is sacrificed to beauty of form.

On the right of the observer, is seen sitting, visible in profile, an old man, the image of wise and fortunate senility. His left hand leans upon a staff, the right, twisted in the flowing locks of his beard, betokens meditation. His eyes are fixed on no object, but seem to revere the earth toward which he is hastening. Before him, in the middle of the group, an infant is lying upon a leopard skin, spread upon the ground, and on the other side, a youth of great stature and Arcadian grace, stands leaning with his left hand upon a crook, and the right on the shoulder of a young woman, who sits negligently with her hands disengaged, regarding the features of the patriarch before her with an almost smiling contentment. The features of these two are counterparts, the very extreme of full, but not luxurious beauty. The locks of the young man are short, half curling; those of the woman are gathered back in a knot, showing a large and beautifully moulded head. Her features are the intermediate of Greek and Northern European, uniting pure outline with varied and full expression. The infant lies with its face upward, with large eyes fixed upon the eyes of the young man, who seems to know it for a copy of himself. The draperies of these figures are the lightest possible, belted over the shoulder and showing a natural elegance. The attitudes are human and social, but full of confiding affection; each seems free, but at the same time a part of all the others. As they are, so they might remain.

We have followed the artist through his sketch even to the last features of it. The outlines are clearly marked, and will not be altered. He begins now to lay in the shadows. This is done first in dark brown,† with stiff oil,‡ allowing the white ground of the picture to show through the half-shadows, and giving the effect of a better kind of bister-drawing. The lights are kept as much as possible in broad masses toward the centre of the picture, that the eye of the observer may not be diverted and wearied with a meaningless variety. In the foreground on either hand, the greatest pos-

\* *Lairesse*, Eng. Trans.

† *Fra Bartolomeo* began with profound black shadows.—*HAYDON*.

‡ *Oglio* cotto, baked linseed, which dries as quickly as a varnish. The finest brown is made with vermilion and black; Venetian red and black is good. Titian said that a painter was no artist who could not make tolerable flesh with black and red alone; he must then have used white grounds.

sible force of shadow is exhausted, even to masses of mere blackness, quite obscuring the ground. The folds of the draperies of all the figures, their shadows on the ground, the darkened side of the hair, and the stones which serve for seats are marked by an almost harsh distinctness of shadow, brown passing into dark brown, and black; but in this first process, the greatest depth of shadow cannot be attained. In the same manner, but with care, and a greater obscurity of features, the designer worked out the detail of his foreground and trees on either hand. With softer touches, he then puts in the half-shadows of the middle ground, touching the lighter shades of the water and meadows, and skimming the distances lightly over, studying everywhere to produce the effect of fine mezzotint engraving, or of daguerreotype, or of some marvelous kind of sepia drawing.

By treating his subject in this elegant and careful manner at the outset, the painter is sure that it will not turn out a false and blundering affair in the conclusion. He has secured the essential points; his work is perfect at the foundation; by dividing, he is sure to conquer; he will not attempt the impossibility of coloring and drawing in the same process. He therefore begins, as the art itself began, by representing all bodies as devoid of proper color, and seen only by the harmonies and contrasts of light and shadow.

Beginning now to put on the local colors of objects, he puts the dark upon dark, and the light upon light, and so secures his picture against the possibility of fading or decay. The tints will never darken or "sink in;"\* for the ground of the lights is light itself, and supports them. In the half-shadows, the light ground showing faintly through, produces a beautiful transparency, which no other method can attain. This is the effect so much admired in some old pictures of the Flemish school, painted thinly on white parchment, or on a ground of white lead, or on the canvas itself; as may be seen in some of Jarvis' portraits, which seem to have been executed in the Dutch manner, or near it. Because red is the body color of all opaque objects near at hand, (if they are

individually to please the eye,) he then gives to all in the middle and foreground as much of this tint as they will bear—for expedition using a stiff oil, or a mixture of Vandyke brown, which dries quickly—but mixing no varnish nor composition of mastic, or the like, lest his color decay in course of years: the thinness of the coating of pure red makes this process expeditious enough, and all the while nowhere destroys the transparency. Because a second coat of color is never laid on until the first is perfectly dried, he feels assured that each will have its due effect, and will not destroy those above or under it. The more of light that falls upon a piece painted in this manner, the better it appears; for the stronger rays penetrate all the coatings of oil, and are reflected by the solid white ground.

The picture is now uniformly of a fiery tint; everywhere, even in the faces of the figures, hot and harsh, with the strongest possible contrasts of light and shadow. The distances are clear and sharp: yet, strange to say, they have an extraordinary effect of remoteness, though devoid of air perspective. For it is *not* air perspective *alone* that gives distance, but diminution and indistinctness of parts: this, indeed, in a perfectly clear sky, gives a more effective distance than the mistiest gradations.

*Warmth* is present everywhere in a sun-lighted scene, even in the sky. The blue of the sky inclines to a delicate purple; the leaves and bodies of trees are warm in their shadowed parts by an effect of accidental colors; the green light producing an effect in the eye itself, which makes the shadows red; but this effect, so carefully preserved in the Dutch and Italian pictures, is so delicate and subtle, it must be imitated by transparent coats, and cannot be given in a mixture, or by one process. Even by the method of our Artist, it will be necessary to glaze the piece with warm tints, when all is finished.

In the next stage our painter lays on the proper, or *local*, colors; and here a new phenomenon appears: whenever a light color is laid thinly over a dark ground, it becomes *bluish*;—the yellows change to greens by the mixture of this

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\* It has been said of Mr. William Page's pictures, that their light tints will sink away in a few years; but if Mr. Page abides by his own theory this is quite impossible, for his lights and half-shadows are on a *solid white ground*.

bluishness; the greens change to harsh blue-greens, the orange to purplish blondes, and the white itself to skim-milk color, or gray blue. To imitate the local colors correctly, it is necessary to meet this difficulty, by putting yellow-green where green should be, yellow-orange where orange should be, and in general, by putting dark local tints on the shadows and light colors chiefly where the light colors were left; thus keeping to the system with which we began.

Particularly in the flesh and draperies of the figures, the beautiful effects of transparency begin to appear; for the shadows being underneath the color, are invisible, as in nature; the gradations become exquisitely soft, and in a manner *make themselves*.\* Because he observes that the blood under the skin gives a certain force and warmth, shining through to all healthy surfaces of flesh, the painter is careful not too much to obscure the red in which he dressed his figures: and to that end lays on the *pure yellow*† of the first body color so thinly it is converted by the brown shadows into a dull green, and by the warm half lights into a fine orange. He restores the warmth of the shadows with pure vermillion in thin oil; he *finishes* the carnations by several glazings of yellows, purples, and whites, or by a mixture of white and yellow, or red and yellow. He places the blue veins and the red of the cheeks *under* the final surfaces, to preserve a soft transparency: everywhere, in the eyes, hair, red of the lips, blue effects under certain parts of the skin, he aims at a soft and transparent result, imitating the finest phases of nature. He invents his own processes to these ends, and finds that no man can be taught by word of mouth or precept merely, the niceties of his art; it is his mystery, and his treasure.

The hair of his figures glows like natural hair; the eyes are profound and liquid; the skin has a blood circulating beneath it; the rounded flesh stands out gently from the canvass; the shadows are of no color but of an indescribable neutrality, though betraying a faint degree of warmth.

The leaves of his trees in the foreground against the sky, have a light

shining *through* them. They are not clogged nor stuck together; they are clear green and not muddy. The tonings of the picture drawn in clear oil over the obscure parts, giving it an uniform, green, golden, or purple tint, are harmonious with the dominant color of the lights. "The sky is so profound, you might throw a stone into it; it deepens as you look at it;"‡ it has a purplish lustre from the red over which its blue was drawn, and the misty horizon extends insensibly with the thin pellicle of white, up to the very zenith, diminishing invisibly. The clouds are of the true dull purple, (a transparent result.) The whole is a finished work of *intelligent* art, resting in a thorough study of the causes and effects of lights and colors.

In the *composition* of these two pictures, one of a *sensuous*, the other of a *classical*, (or, in other words, a purely beautiful,) order, different ideas are involved: for, in the picture of the Haymakers, the Artist made his endeavor to please us by representing a felicity of an inferior character approaching that of animals. In the animal pieces of Bewick, Snyders, and Landseer; still more in the hunting and bacchanalian scenes of Rubens, and Nicholas Poussin; this animal felicity is depicted in its utmost perfection. Reason has no sway here; the lusts and passions are at their play, and have a holyday. Nevertheless, it is apparently impossible for an ignorant painter, or one devoid of character, to paint even these scenes in their perfection; he must be knowing to the moral nature, and able to distinguish it, or he will not be able to depict its *absence*.

Nicholas Poussin, of all painters, was the acknowledged master of these two extremes, the sensuous, and the moral or classical; (for we mean not now to speak of the romantic or Italian school.) In some of his engraved pictures, may be seen the extremity of bacchanalian furor; yet are they delightful to the most delicate sense; the exclusion of the moral is so complete, the health and mirth are so free and sympathetic, the figures are separated from the spectator with such a scenic completeness, one never wearies of contemplating them,

\* W. Page.

† Titian is reported to have said that if white were as dear as gold, and yellow as cheap as dirt, the Venetian artists would paint better; his meaning is evident.—*William Page*.

‡ W. Page.

‡ Idem.

even in miniature etchings. Their luxury does not offend us, for we feel in these pictures that sin is the transgression of the law indeed, and that where there is no law, (that is to say, no *character*;) there is no sin, but only the mad sport of nature.

The same painter has proved for us the principle, that truth and beauty are one, (which was the favorite opinion of antiquity,) in his admirable Arcadian scenes, which discover the most perfect condition of the body and soul, and are a pure expression of the ideal human nature. These pictures, and in general all of the classical order, address the cultivated sense, for they signify the supremacy of form over matter. The sensuous perfection is here the mere instrument of the moral. The body must be absolutely elegant and powerful, that it may be able to give a full expression to the superior mind.

It seems hardly necessary, after such an exposition, to inquire whether painting, as an art, be worthy the attention of a philosophical mind. I will venture to say, and history bears out the assertion, that there is no height of character *imaginable*, which may not be felt and represented in this art. In the small compass of a canvas, six feet square, the most exalted conception may depict the flower of its exaltation. Character may here discover itself by unquestionable evidence. Even in portraiture, the hand of the great painter gives character to faces naturally mean.

Dreaming over the future of our fortunate nation, amid the promised glory of its power and the abundance of its riches, the lover of literature and art (*knowing* them to be the best and most enduring *works* of man) entertains, it may be, the proudest anticipations. He sees that the best intellects are never weary of pursuing perfection; that whatever genius and knowledge are bound together by the force of a manly, not to say a wisdom-loving (or philosophical) intellect, they overcome all obstacles; and under the stimulus of a generous ambition, wishing to have a hand in shaping the glory of a nation, achieve works of a peculiar and inimitable excellence. The delight of such achievements, it may be conjectured, cannot be paralleled with any other; the spiritual energies, the imagination, the heart, the courage, the hope, all that is admirable and inexpressible in

human character, may here find a field for itself. Great pictures speak with an irresistible force; their impression sinks deep; they are most powerful over the innocent and good; to whom, says Pascal, those who wish true fame should take care to appeal. A little print of a hermit, absorbed in pious meditation, amid solitude and natural calm, placed where the eye may quietly contemplate it from day to day, may be enough to create, in some minds, a singular happiness. The scene of Bunker's Hill, as it is grandly conceived in Trumbull's picture, has fired many a bosom with the precious enthusiasm of country. An angel whispering a dream of paradise into the ear of an infant, may touch a contemplative and pious spirit with rapture. Pictures of a sombre tone, hung in the parlors of an old mansion-house, are the features of the place and its most admirable ornament; we feel them, when we do not altogether see them. Who shall describe the effects of an engraved series of works by the great masters, turned over and contemplated quietly, from day to day? Here are assembled all the grand points of human character; man, the wise, the powerful, the heroic; woman, the pure, the beautiful, the pious; these, in their greatest actions, those in their gentlest conditions; the energies, the passions; the victories; splendor; nay, heaven itself, and the choir of angels, appear.

In order to the perfection of any art two things are clearly necessary: that there should be a demand for its works, and that *character* should be employed in their production. The religions of Greece and Rome created a demand for statues and dramatic poems; the worship of the early Christians made a necessity for cathedrals, frescos and mystery plays. The good taste of the merchants of Holland and Florence filled their houses with fine paintings. The meditative mind of England gave occasion for the Shakspeares and Miltons.

The taste for admirable works seems to be later than the taste for wealth and military enterprise. The critical and moral pleasures, succeeding upon passions and sensuous impressions, are those of a character dispassionate and disengaged. A free mind is apt to be at leisure; violence and meanness bear a sisterly resemblance; leisure, and a conversational turn, must, perhaps, succeed to that phase

of anxiety and restless striving caused by the uncertainty of affairs, before the arts can be felt and enjoyed.

If it is true that great masses of wealth are poured out in mere luxury, even in this country, and that, too, not more by the really wealthy than by those who snatch hastily at the fruit of a transient good fortune, it cannot be true that arts and letters will perish here for want of a demand; it cannot be the want of means, but the want of beautiful works that all feel and lament. Else how can it be explained that the works of Shakspeare, and good engravings of the great painters, are among the best of saleable things—always valued, always in demand? Good paintings should be like good books, so common as to bear moderate prices; and when the methods of pictorial art are reduced to a science, (of which there is hope,) there seems to be no reason why good pictures should not be as regular a commodity as good books, and as indispensable a part of house furniture. Let the painters produce, and it is a thousand to one the people will buy.

Since the artists and amateurs of New York have established a regular exhibition-room for new productions—in fact, a *picture mart*—a good picture has a certainty of being seen and valued.

Collectors of pictures in Europe, time out of mind, have employed professed connoisseurs to select for them; for to do this successfully, is a consequent of much experience and many mistakes. In lieu of a connoisseur, one may abide by the following rules, which are to be found scattered through the best treatises of art:

1. The first impression is not usually the one by which we are to choose. Pictures, like poems, strike deeper than the sense, and address faculties which a slight weariness, a fit of indigestion, a critical humor, or the presence of another, may obscure, and lay quite asleep. To buy successfully, it is prudent to ponder well, and, above all, to judge independently, by the rule of our own secret inclination.

2. The design chosen should be suitable to the place for which we intend it: a plate of fruit, for example, will not be agreeable in a bed-room, nor a head of the Saviour in a dining-room. Winter pieces show best near a fire-place, and forest scenes by the windows of a portico: the first degree of artistical pleasure being in resemblance.

3. Very large and very small pictures

are rarely good; those of medium size, and which represent some simple scene, with few figures, are most likely to give permanent pleasure. An infant St. John embracing a lamb, a half length figure of the mother of Christ, a bit of forest view, a fight between two dogs, the illustration of a fable, usually contain more of pleasure to the pictorial taste than a crowded theatrical or military composition, filled with monotony and violence.

4. So called fancy pieces, with such titles as this, "The Hat and Feather," "The Kid Gloves," "The Unopened Casket," "The Request," "The Love Whisper," &c., &c., usually disgust after a short acquaintance, however beautifully executed. They are a kind of album pictures, for the most part feeble and flashy. A picture must have a serious, or, at least, a comic, idea in it, to continue long agreeable: a shallow, smirking thing seems to insult you when once you are weary of its prettiness.

5. If a picture is excessively striking and gentlemanly, full of high foreheads, whiskers, sack coats, and the like, I would buy it for a present to my tailor, but not for my drawing-room.

6. Very German, very French, very American, or very Italian pictures are possibly not the best. Handsome men and women seem to be much alike the educated world over. Though national peculiarities may not go quite as far as portraiture toward injuring the pleasure of a picture, they go far enough notwithstanding.

7. Illustrations, particularly of Shakspeare and Milton, must be most excellent to be good at all; and if they are in the book, they are apt to mar the reading. The stage seems to be fatal to painting. It is even possible that if the Drama had arisen in Italy before Painting, as it did in England, Art would have been in Italy the same subordinate, theatrical, dangling thing it has been in France and England.

8. Barefaced imitations of any one artist, ancient or modern, seldom please long.

9. It seems not to have been observed that some designers, of Byron beauties and the like, are just now beginning to resort to little artifices to heighten the effect of their faces. Some make the eyes nearly as large as the mouth, with lashes as long and as large as bristles. This is to give an open and liquid expression. Others invariably turn up the angle of the mouth; others as invariably

turn them down. Some delight in fingers so taper and regular, you fancy they have slender cartilages instead of joints in them. The composition of these album faces is extremely easy, and requires only a very moderate ability. If they must have a place, we may consign them to the Cockney school of design—an academy that is very large and flourishing. The chef-d'œuvres of this school come to us from London in such works as the "Children of the Nobility," and its congeners. As it is not to be questioned but that the English nobility will have the best artists in England to design their children, these works may be taken, perhaps, to show what we are to expect from the late enthusiasm in England regarding art and artists. Some have had the audacity to say that America is quite as likely to produce a school of genuine art as either England or Germany.

The Munich school of German artists, under the patronage of the King of Bavaria, though they be "a profoundly earnest" school, have taken a line more consonant with discretion than with courage. Observing the peculiar excellence of Raphael's works, they considered that he owed it to his master, Perugino, a sweet but stiff and formal designer, whose works show the relics of Byzantine barbarism. With the hope that if they took the same road, they must of necessity arrive at the same goal, these serious Germans began a devout imitation of Perugino, in the full expectation of thereby becoming Raphaels. About this time (it was when Wilkie was in Rome\*) the Romanist reaction began, under the fostering care of Austria. Our young Germans failed not to catch the infection, and recollecting that Raphael and Perugino were very pious Catholics, they too turned Catholic, in expectation, doubtless, of a new dispensation of genius, in reward for so pious a sacrifice. With the Missal in one hand and the pencil in the other, they earnestly retraced the steps of their illustrious predecessors.

This German school, says an English critic, consider color a hindrance to the art, and restrict themselves, for the most part, to outline. Their pieces, of which engravings are becoming frequent in this

country, have a profoundly serious expression; to attain which, they omit the upper eyelids of their figures, and put in the least possible detail in other parts. Here you may see very German Fates, Goddesses and Virgins, sitting in dull attitudes, as though their bodies were composed of some uniformly soft material. They look upon nothing in particular, but seem (no matter what the action of the piece may be) to be absorbed in some internal sensations.

It may be assumed without much fear of contradiction, that any pleasure to be reaped from pieces imitative of this school, or of Perugino, will not be of a very enduring character.

10. As far as prejudice may be allowed to bias a choice, the connoisseur will be likely to prefer subjects of our own history; not only because they furnish the noblest artistic moments, but because they cherish love of country and respect for our ancestors. But even here, the patriotic artist will sometimes err in his design through excess of patriotism, and present us the revered image of our Washington in undignified and affected attitudes. He will be engaged, like a symbolical figure of some Hindoo Deity, in doing one thing with one hand, and something else with the other; he will point to heaven with one finger, and to his sword or the earth with the other; so that we wish him provided with several more of those graceful organs, to perform as many diverse symbolical actions; which we might study out at our leisure, with the aid of a book.†

11. To discover each particular excellence in a piece, it may be regularly taken to pieces and criticised in detail; a process which discovers every beauty, and gives the feeling of security to one's choice. To begin them in order, the first thing to be considered is perhaps the *subject*: whether it be serious or comic, beautiful or sublime, fanciful or grotesque, satirical or allegorical. Caricatures are common enough, good and bad; but there are no morally satirical designs but Hogarth's, and these require to be studied with a book. Of *sublime* designs, instance the Deluge of Nicholas Poussin, and his Sacrifice of Noah; Titian's Assumption of

\* See Wilkie's account of Schadow, and the Bavarian imitators, in his life by Canningham.

† Singleness of purpose can only be represented by singleness of action. Complex action may be described, but cannot be depicted, for it requires *time*.

the Virgin—and above all, Raphael's Transfiguration.\* Among smaller pieces, Albert Durer's Hypochondriac, and Christ Crowned with Thorns, have a kind of sublimity. Indeed pictures of this class are frequent, and seem to characterize European art. Of Michael Angelo's sublimity every one has heard.

*Beauty* of design comes next in order. Of this, instance the productions of Greek art, and modern classical pieces. There is a kind of relaxed beauty in Sir Thomas Lawrence's children's heads. Works of this class are frequent, and apt to be feeble; for the artist to gain beauty sacrifices strength.

*GRACE*, in pictures, is extremely rare, but best seen in Raphael's Cartoons, and his works generally; in these, grace in the design predominates over all other qualities: it seems to be comparatively easy to attain beauty of form; but grace being the happy union of strength and proportion, requires perhaps more power to express it than either sublimity or dignity alone. In the infinite variety of subjects, these *human* qualities of grace, beauty, and sublimity, will of course appear only in the faces and attitudes of the persons represented. It is common to speak of a beautiful landscape, a sublime scene, a graceful animal; but it is evident this is merely figurative language. In animals, the passions and affections, mirth, cunning, rage, fear and love, may be made to appear in the most surprising manner; but never, of course, any of those qualities which flow out of *character*; much less, then, in a landscape. To sum up all the particulars of this head, we look in a picture of the highest order, first for an *IDEA* to be expressed; as of meditation, holy rapture, enterprise, victory, or the like; complicated as much as you will, and in as many figures, but always with grace, or beauty, or sublimity, in the principal persons. Who does not look for grace and sublimity together, in a Washington? and for beauty and sublimity in a Cordelia or an angel?

Then for the composition. The figures to be arranged so as all to represent one idea, or event, in which all are powerfully concerned, but differently; as in the picture now on exhibition of Cromwell's Iconoclasts destroying the ornaments of a Cathedral; a piece in which the unity

of action is as admirable as it is varied; the *Idea*, a holy hatred of idolatry, prevails throughout; heightened even, by the half cunning, half terrible, face and attitude of the preaching soldier. Under this head, too, we consider the *attitudes*, whether they be natural, and not like those of a jointed doll, and whether the draperies are so arranged as not to slip off from the figure on the least change of position; as, for example, in a Daniel addressing King Belshazzar, whether, when he lowers his arm, his robe would not fall about his legs. That the figures be perpendicular upon their legs is very important: else we dread their falling over.

In the *drawing* of hands and feet, the skillful draughtsman may be easily recognized. The hands in Copley's portraits are an important feature, and express the character as natural hands do.

*Light and Shade*, or clear-obscure, as it is sometimes called, has three qualities, to wit: depth, breadth, and hardness and softness. By depth is meant intensity of shadow, and such a gradation, shade within shade, as to give an effect of *depth*; as in the hollows of rocks, foliage, and interiors of mansions. *Breadth* is sometimes defined to be a bringing of the shadows into broad spaces, and causing them to invest the great central mass of light. The principle of this is evident. Hardness and softness may be seen in any drawing or engraving; in delicate or harsh interruptions, and an unnecessary blackness or lightness in the outlines. In engravings of the first order, defects of hardness, wateriness, coldness, and the like faults of light and shade, are carefully imitated from the originals. Excessive softness and blending is as disagreeable in the outline of a face, as the contrary fault of a hard, edgy effect.

It remains only to notice points of color; and here the natural feeling for color will be our only guide. To notice harmony of color, which is the placing of the tints so that brown shall not border upon green, nor purple on orange, nor blue upon green, nor red upon blue, nor yellow upon mere red, without some intervening or transitional tint. But *blue* upon *orange*, red upon soft green, yellow upon purple or clear brown, are always agreeable. Harmony includes also the

\* Of all these there are engravings which give a true idea of the design.



distribution of the colors, not to have too much of any one tint, and to balance them one with another, that the eye be not fatigued. *Contrast* in color is of equal importance, and is accessory to harmony;—as when two tints are contrasted (as red with blue) on opposite parts of the canvas. *Transparency* has been dwelt upon in the former part of this essay. *Clearness*, or the absence of mixed muddy tints, is noticed by the best writers as an essential quality of a good picture. Last of all, to notice the *handling*, which is a merely technical matter; but it is said that the very best pieces of coloring in the world (Titian's for example, and Correggio's) discover no particular kind of handling. You cannot tell whether the colors were laid on with a short or a long brush, by 'stippling,' 'driving,' or 'scumbling'—and the like terms of the workshop, of which the connoisseur takes no particular heed, being chiefly occupied in the result, and suffering the painter to handle his brush as he pleases. *Tone* is of the first import-

ance; a picture should have a clear, agreeable green, brown, yellow, or purple tone over the whole, or it will not please, for it is so in all pleasing effects of nature.

Of course, in the three points of Expression, Light and Shade, and Color, which include all that can be said of a picture, from the idea to handling, the expression will be *first* in importance and the color *last*; but to fail in color is to fail at least in the point most likely to be observed, and to give pleasure. If a picture has any natural expression at all, it must be *good*; if the light and shadow are skillfully and powerfully managed it is *effective*; if to these a good, clear, transparent color can by any skill be added, it is delightful. But in the reverse order, the series will not hold; for the color may be exquisite, the drawing incorrect and wretched, and the idea wanting or detestable; but who will pronounce a picture *good*, in which there is no idea?\*

In the early part of this Article, which was printed on a preceding sheet, without the writer's being able to revise it, the following *errata* may be noted:—In the 5th line (page 599), for "*asserted*" read "*affected*." In the 9th line, 2d column (page 599), for "*dead*" read "*end*." In the 27th line, 1st column (page 600), for "*The vice of the study*," read "*After the vice of the study*." In the 2d note to page 601, read "The effect of light to that of shadow, *space for space*, is as 4 to 1, or a still greater ratio." In the 8th line (page 605), for "*phases*," read "*shades*."

## JULIA JAY.

### A RURAL SKETCH OF AUTUMN.

WHERE rural Chester spreads in hill and plain,  
And rippling Bronx pursues its peaceful way,  
Just as you turn within a winding lane  
Skirting the borders of a little bay,  
There stands the home of lovely JULIA JAY.

Home of her childhood,—the sweet spring of life;  
Of its young blossom ripening into love,  
Ere she had known the autumn of its strife;  
The cold rude blasts that pierce the gentle dove,  
And warn its wing to calmer climes above.

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\* Though a well painted cabbage, as a piece of mere imitation cannot be valued as artistic, yet if it suggests the qualities of ripeness, life, comfort, edibility, and all that may be seriously or comically associated with the notion of a cabbage, it must be admitted among works of art in the best sense.

Alas, there came a change upon her heart,  
A hopeless sorrow, like a withering blight;  
She saw the idol of her soul depart—  
Youth's rapturous visions take their final flight—  
Spring become Winter—Morning turn to Night!

Still climbed the woodbine by the cottage door,  
Still sang the robin sweetly to his mate,  
Still strove parental fondness as before;  
But Julia's grief still knew but one dark date,  
And flower and song and love came all too late.

It was October,—sadly wailed the breeze  
As o'er the hill and through the wood it sped;  
The fruit was gathered from the sapless trees,  
A frosty veil the meadows overspread,  
And all the groves were withering or dead.

Fair Chester seemed like some desponding maid,  
The scene so sad beneath the autumn sky;  
Her summer sun to rival climates strayed,  
Her dewy pearls ungathered left to lie,  
And tearful Bronx unkind to murmur by.

There came a stranger to the gate one eve,  
And craved, in gentle words, to be a guest;  
Might that sweet cot his weariness relieve,  
Now day so far was drooping down the West,  
A pilgrim's blessing on the roof should rest.

All welcome ever to that kindly hearth,  
None sought its plenty or its peace in vain,  
Though pensive Julia knew no more of mirth  
Yet none abiding there might know her pain,  
Did in her heart such holy calmness reign.

Came hastening on the chill autumnal night,  
With rustic pastime and its guiltless glee;  
The floor was stainless, and the fire was bright;  
The nuts were cracking upon every knee,  
And new-made cider flowed most sweet and free.

High rose the mirth as from the embers flew  
The roasting chesnut with a sudden start,  
For blushing John, or Jane, an omen true  
Of love's sly passion glowing in the heart,  
And Hymen's speedy aid in his sweet art.

The stranger's heart was moved by Julia's grace,  
And oft he gazed, as bound by beauty's spell,  
Upon her faultless form and winning face;  
And as he felt the pure emotion swell,  
He longed the secret of his love to tell.

Nor he unworthy such a maid to win;  
Of noble aspect, manly, yet serene;  
No foul deceiver, stained with reckless sin;—  
In sportive group upon the village green,  
He were a goodly king, and she a queen.

With gentle accents soon, and whispering low,  
 Besought he Julia for a hopeful smile;  
 But ah! his suit still added to her wo—  
 Her mournful thoughts were far away the while,  
 And loving words might not her heart beguile.

Ah, stranger! said she sweetly, one I knew  
 Who wooed and won this simple heart of mine,  
 And to his image still it must be true,  
 Though weary seasons it may yet repine,  
 Till life's last sun of hope in death decline.

'Twas autumn e'en as now when last we met,  
 And seven long years their dreary course have run,  
 Since here we plighted, never to forget;—  
 That holy pledge I may recall for none;  
 One shares my silent love,—and only one.

I still remember how we used to rove  
 Young and light-hearted in the frosty Fall,  
 Far in the lonely depths of nut-wood grove,  
 Listening the squirrel's chirp, the cat-bird's call,—  
 Hid from the world, and happier than all.

How through the rustling leaves we loved to walk,  
 Our ample baskets bountifully stored,  
 As hand in hand we held our cheerful talk,  
 And still each nook for hidden nuts explored,  
 Proud to bear home an unexampled hoard.

Oft through the bending orchard have I prest,  
 Among the fruits in rich abundance there,  
 To cull for him the ripest and the best,  
 The evening pastime early to prepare—  
 Undreaming then that love is linked with care!

When in the barn the laborers and he  
 Threshed out the treasures of the ripened sheaf,  
 How sweet the music of his flail to me!  
 But all is over,—save my hopeless grief,  
 And life to me is now an autumn leaf!

Oh, stranger, there be fairer maids than I  
 Would proudly welcome such a proffered hand;  
 Your lordly wealth a paradise may buy,—  
 But vain for me the glittering or grand;  
 My sootheless heart is in another land.

Said then the traveler, I knew full well  
 Your wandering Youth in Oriental climes;  
 Oft have I heard him of sweet Chester tell,  
 Repeat its tales, rehearse its rustic rhymes;  
 And talk of all its pleasant autumn times.

The ardent skies where he has sojourned long,  
 Have tinged his visage with the Indian hue;  
 His youthful limbs have stalwart grown, and strong,  
 And scarce his voice might now be known to you;  
 Yet beats his heart unalterably true!

How cruel was the storm that wrecked his bark,  
And drove him helpless o'er the raging wave;  
Above, below, and all around him dark,  
No voice to sooth him, and no hand to save,  
No hope, no refuge but a billowy grave.

And when the rescue came, and bore him far  
Through widening seas to India's distant shore,  
How sank in gloom his bosom's love-lit star,  
How seemed the visions of his home all o'er,  
Without a promise he should see it more.

But still he lives!—and in his dreams of bliss  
His faithful Julia all his ardor claims;—  
Oft has he longed for such an hour as this,  
Oft in his prayer his cherished one he names;  
Dear angel,—I am he!—your long lost James!

As sudden sunshine gilds a murky sky,  
Or moonbeams tip the raven wings of night,  
That happy word illumined Julia's eye,  
Made all the clouds of her dark sorrow bright,  
And filled the cottage with a new delight.

The glowing hearth grew warmer than before,  
The baking apples tumbled to and fro,  
The singing kettle instant spouted o'er,  
Kate could no longer spin, nor Sally sew,  
And e'en the wind seemed gladsomely to blow!

Joined all the household in a loving din;  
Fantastic shadows danced upon the wall,—  
Such clasping, kissing, gliding out and in!—  
Such leaping, laughing, talking, one and all,  
It might be deemed a romping rustic Ball!

Still rural Chester spreads in hill and plain,  
Still murmurs rippling Bronx its Autumn lay,  
Still stands a ruin in that winding lane  
Skirting the border of a little bay,—  
But all the dwellers there have passed away!

# MEMOIRS OF THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF WASHINGTON AND JOHN ADAMS.\*

THIS remarkable publication has now been some months before the country; and where it has been read and studied, it has, so far as we have the means of knowing, been received as an interesting, able and manly exhibition of the views and conduct of the great men who gave form to the Constitution and security to the liberties under which this nation has so signally prospered.

Originally entered upon by its young and very clever author, as a work of filial piety, with a view to commemorate the public services and the virtues of an honored ancestor, whose own shrinking modesty had withdrawn him more than was just from the observation of the country, he soon found from the copiousness and authenticity of the materials at his command, that a larger scope might be given to the work, and that instead of being the mere biography of an individual, it might, and properly should, be extended to a history of the times in which that eminent individual lived, and of the men and events with whom and which he was contemporary, and among whom he was not himself an undistinguished actor.

Those events were, the first organization of this federal Union, the interpretation and impress to be given at its birth to its Constitution, the establishment, after a long and costly war, of a system of finance, which, in securing the just debts of the past, should provide ample means for the conciliation of conflicting sectional interests, the soothing of angry and vindictive feelings the unavoidable legacy of a war—not without some of the worst characteristics of civil war—and, most difficult of all, rescuing the newborn nation from the vortex of that fearful phenomenon in morals and in politics, the French Revolution.

These men were, Washington, Hamilton, Jay, Jefferson, Randolph, Marshall, Gov. Morris, the Pinckneys, Knox, Pickering, Clinton, Cabot, Ames, King, Monroe, the Trumbulls, and others of that

heroic age, which never comes to a nation but once.

Urged on, therefore, by the wealth of the materials before him, and by the real importance and dignity of the subject, Mr. Gibbs, instead of presenting to us merely the life of his grandfather, has, from his copious papers, which seem to have been preserved and methodized with great care, given us the history of the Federal Administration of Washington and John Adams.

To this work the author has brought the freshness and integrity of youthful feelings, and the maturity of judgment of more advanced years: a rare combination, which gives great attraction to the book, and insures its vitality, and its value as a historical authority.

There is in these pages a complete vindication of the origin, motives and conduct of the *Federal Party*, derived as well from a calm review of the leading occurrences of the time, as from the unimpeachable testimony to their own motives and acts as displayed by the chief parties themselves, in letters never designed for publication, and where the truth is spoken out with remarkable emphasis.

If these volumes had no other merit than this, it would be a very great one; for it is always praiseworthy to bear testimony to the truth, and useful to elucidate contested political questions. At this time of day, moreover—when the term *Federalist* is freshly recommended by the political organ of the National Executive as the term which conveys in it most of reproach, and entails most certain unpopularity upon those whom it is designed to crush politically—it is a proof of great moral courage, especially for a young man, not probably without political aspirations, and, very certainly, as these volumes prove, not without abundant qualifications for honorable political services and station, thus to espouse the cause of a vanquished party, and not only to “pluck up its drowning honor by the locks,” but to place in the broad

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\* *Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams.* Edited from the papers of OLIVER WOLCOTT, Secretary of the Treasury, by GEO. GIBBS. 2 vols. 8vo. N. Y.

relief of historical truth, the more than questionable conduct of the opponents who triumphed over them.

The time had come for such a work; for we stand already in the light of posterity to the men and times here delineated—near enough yet to feel deep interest in them, and yet far enough removed, honestly to seek and to bear the whole truth. Half a century has passed away since the experiment began which “moulded thirteen States—too weak to stand alone, too jarring in their views to preserve unbroken the mere league which had hitherto bound them—into a single republic, that one great common concern, one national character should overpower all other interests, and that their people should have one country, one Constitution, one destiny.”

It is the privilege of few peoples to be able to look, as we have the means of doing, into the very foundations of our republic, and to mark, step by step, the progress in maturing the most extensive scheme of self-government ever yet attempted among men. The addition made by these volumes to the materials for judging accurately of the past, and of instruction in the future, are most precious; and even where the bias of opinions expressed by the author, and the conclusions at which he arrives, may run counter to the preconceived opinions of some readers, they will feel, in common with all honest students of history, that in the number and nature of the authentic contemporaneous letters here gathered together, a very real service has been conferred upon them; for the staple of this publication is the private correspondence of Mr. Wolcott, and of the most distinguished leaders and public men of his party.

OLIVER WOLCOTT was the son of that OLIVER WOLCOTT who signed the *Declaration of Independence*, as one of the Delegates from Connecticut, and whose whole life was in unison with the sentiments to which he then put his hand, with the resolute purpose never to look back till the objects then contemplated—of the complete independence of the colonies—were established. Sprung from one of the early settlers in New England, who had left his native land in 1630, in order to escape the religious persecution of the day, OLIVER WOLCOTT, Senr. entered the army in 1747, at 21 years of age, in the service of the State of New York, and served in the defence of the northern fron-

tier until the peace of *Aix-la-Chapelle*. He subsequently practiced medicine in his native State until the breaking out of the Revolution, when he eagerly espoused the cause of his country—as a member of the Congress of 1776 signed the Declaration of Independence, and resuming his original profession of a soldier, was constantly in the field, and was present at the reduction of Burgoyne's army at the head of 2000 Connecticut troops. He was a man of energy, probity and indomitable resolution, of whom it might be said, as Jenkins said of Coke, that “he was one whom power could not break nor favor bend.” Oliver, the subject of this publication, the eldest son of General Oliver Wolcott, was born at Litchfield, in January, 1760, and in 1774 entered Yale College, and thus grew up amid the early and stirring scenes of the Revolution. How they affected such a youth, so descended, and with a mother as heroic as his father, the whole tenor of his after life showed. When, in 1777, on a visit to home, his father being absent in attendance upon Congress, he was awakened at midnight by intelligence that Tryon and his myrmidons had landed and marched to Danbury, with a view there to destroy the Continental stores. He immediately equipped himself for duty in the militia hastily mustering, and his mother furnishing his knapsack with provisions and a blanket, quickened his departure, and dismissed him with the charge, “to conduct himself like a good soldier.” On this occasion, and on others during the course of the war, Wolcott was present in battle, and subsequently to the destruction of Norwalk and Fairfield, he was offered a commission in the army; but he felt bound to adhere to the profession of the law, which, after being graduated at Yale, in 1778, he had undertaken the study of, under Tapping Reeve, at Litchfield. He did accept, however, a commission in the Quarter-Master Department, which, stationary at Litchfield, would little interfere with the pursuit of his legal studies. It was in his capacity as Quarter-Master that the leaden equestrian statue of George III., which formerly occupied a conspicuous site in the Bowling-Green of New York, and of which the pedestal has only disappeared within the last fifteen years—after being thrown down from its height and broken to pieces, was sent to him at Litchfield to be run into bullets for the American army. This was actually accomplished

by the sisters of Mr. Wolcott and some of their friends, and "an account is still preserved in the family papers of the number of cartridges made by each." "This conversion of a monarch," says our author, "into practical arguments of the rights of the people, as may be supposed, furnished abundant material for the wits of the day."

Wolcott was not permitted to follow the bent of his inclination, in attending to his profession, but was employed first in the board of Pay Table, and when that was abolished, was appointed Comptroller of Public Accounts, to which all the duties of the Pay-Table Board were assigned, together with others. In this post he evinced so much application, and such aptness in stating and regulating accounts, as to entitle him to the special approval of the Assembly. He remained in that situation until the establishment under the Constitution, in 1787, of the Treasury Department of the U. S., when he was urged by such men as Jeremiah Wadsworth, Oliver Ellsworth, and above all, the great Secretary himself, Alex. Hamilton, to accept the office of auditor in the Treasury of the U. S. He at first declined, not because the emolument was insufficient, but because it seemed to him a station too dependent. He was, however, persuaded to reconsider his refusal, and finally accepted. The following letter from his father, on the occasion of the appointment of his son, is characteristic of their bold, sagacious, and self-relying race.

LITCHFIELD, Nov. 24th, 1789.

Sir :

Old age is very apt to be vain in giving advice. No one, I believe, of your years, requires it less, as you have been long conversant with people of almost every condition, and very readily investigate the principles of human action : yet I will indulge myself once, and, which I shall probably never think it necessary to do again, advise you that in every matter of consequence you depend, in the last resort, upon your own judgment, rather than upon that of any other. In this mode of conduct you will less frequently err. It will induce a stricter habit of reflection, and if you mistake, you will not feel the mortification of being misguided by such as may have an interest in deceiving you. The executive officers with whom you will have most intercourse, will, I believe, be inclined to treat you with generosity and frankness, from the first magistrate downwards. An

open, unassuming behavior will be most agreeable to them ; this naturally induces confidence, and may be done consistently with such reservation as may be necessary. It is generally said that courtiers always act in disguise. This is far from being universally the case, and when it is, it is more generally owing to their situation than choice, especially among those who are to be denominated good men, to which character I truly believe the first magistrate, and the heads of the executive departments, all of whom I know, are justly entitled. The habits and manners of a soldier are naturally open and frank, and if at any time it shall seem to be otherwise, such conduct will be rather assumed and politic than otherwise.

Your service will be complicated and arduous, but you will reflect that those who are to judge of your services, will be most capable of making a just estimate of them. You may therefore safely indulge yourself with as much exercise and relaxation as will be necessary for your health. Endeavor further to preserve the *mens sana in corpore sano* by yielding at times to a certain vacuity of thought. As to your mode of living, I need say but very little, your habits of temperance will render it unnecessary.

Thus far I have written, which is much farther than I intended when I began to scribble. You need be under no apprehension that I shall oblige you to read such long letters of advice in future, and will consider this rather as an evidence of my regard for your happiness, than of any anxiety I feel, lest you should be under misapprehension of what principles ought to govern your conduct. With kind regards, yours,  
OLIV. WOLCOTT."

The following letter from the newly-appointed Auditor, addressed to his mother, from New York, (then the seat of the Federal Government,) presents that city in a very favorable light. Its great increase since the date of this letter has, it may be feared, rendered impossible any such tribute now-a-days.

"NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1789.

" \* \* \* "The manners of the people here are favorable to the plan which I have in view. Great expense is not required, nor does it add to the reputation of any person. There appears to be great regularity in the city. Honesty is as much in fashion as in Connecticut, and I am persuaded that there is a much greater attention to good morals, than has been supposed in the country. So far as an attention to the Sabbath is a criterion of religion, a comparison between this city and many places in Connecticut, would be in favor of

New York. The greatest inconvenience which I shall suffer will arise from being separated from my friends—this I must remedy by keeping up a strict correspondence with them. We have not been able to hire a house, and I shall continue in lodgings till the spring. This mode of living, taking all things into consideration, is best for us at present."

Mr. Wolcott's discharge of his duties in the Treasury were eminently satisfactory to the Secretary, who seems to have consulted him freely and with advantage, on all the great questions of finance which that department had to dispose of.

This portion of the work is particularly interesting, as presenting the letters of many eminent men upon the great questions of the funding system, the assumption of the debts of the State, the creation of a U. S. Bank, and other measures, so bold, so efficient, so skillfully devised and so successfully carried out, by which the public credit was restored, and the disorder, confusion and loss consequent upon a depreciated currency and a repudiated debt, were at once removed.

To this day, the *Funding System* is regarded as a wrong by those who profess to follow in the footsteps of its original opponents; yet, when we impartially consider the immense benefit which that system conferred upon the country, its effect upon public credit and upon private business, and make ourselves familiar with the admirable letters, relating to the subject, in these volumes, and with the writings of Hamilton, which reveal the high and honorable motives of those who supported the measure, we shall be obliged to confess the great services rendered by the Treasury department and its illustrious head, in devising and carrying out so complete and well-organized a plan for redeeming the past and securing the future.

It is, however, an incident little known to general readers, that with all its strong claims upon the justice of the country, the *Funding System* for the extinction of the public debt, and especially for the assumption of the State debts, could only be carried by a bargain for removing the seat of Government from New York to the South. This occurrence is thus noticed:

"The funding of the State debts was supposed materially to benefit the Northern States, in which was the active capital of the country; and a more southern residence

was considered by some as a countervailing advantage. A compromise having been effected between the advocates of Philadelphia and those of the Potomac, a bill passed, fixing the former as the temporary, and the latter as the permanent, location, and sufficient votes were thereupon thrown in favor of assumption to make the project a law."  
—Vol. 1, p. 32.

The arrangement was, that Congress was to remove at its next session, December, 1790, from New York to Philadelphia, there to remain ten years, and then, as one of Mr. Wolcott's letters has it, "go to the Indian place with a long name, on the Potomac." This is the site of the present city of Washington, then bearing the Indian name of *Conococheague*.

In the course of 1791, Mr. Eveleigh, the Comptroller of the Treasury, died, and Col. Hamilton in the most earnest manner pressed upon the President the nomination of Mr. Wolcott as his successor. He was accordingly appointed; and the following letter from his father, on that occasion, is so full of pristine good faith, so significant of what in those days were the motives for accepting, and the rule for discharging, public trusts, that if only as a memorial of days that are past, and honorable sentiments—alas! past, too, in a great degree—we cannot refrain from copying it:

"LITCHFIELD, 4th July, 1790.

"I have been informed by the public prints that the President has been pleased to appoint you Comptroller of the Treasury. This mark of approbation and confidence is highly honorable to yourself, and will have, I doubt not, a constant influence upon you, to persist in that undeviating course of integrity which, I am happy to believe, has procured you that which is really more confidential than any other. Let us ever act, conscious that we are always under the inspection of the Almighty, and that he justly requires of all His creatures that they use the powers which He has given them, for the purposes for which they were bestowed."

The letters in this part of the first volume explain very fully, taken together with the remarks of the author, the state of feeling of the thoughtful and patriotic men, then charged with putting the new Constitution into operation, and present so faithfully the vicissitudes of hope and fear with which they watched the progress of the work and scanned the motives and ex-



tent of the machinations of those who opposed their views, as to be entirely worthy of the study and emulation of the present times. Not a word is there to be found in those letters about party; not a feeling of mere personal ambition or advancement. They are all written, as they seem to be conceived, in a spirit of pure and ardent patriotism—looking to country, and to country only. These men wrote—as many of them had fought, and all of them had labored, for the success of the Revolution—in the fear of God, the love of their neighbors, and in forgetfulness of self.

It is a tangible proof that such were the feelings that animated the public men of the federal party, that when the *Bank of the United States* was, in the summer of 1791, organized, the Presidency of that institution, with a large salary, was offered to Mr. Wolcott. He declined it, “preferring public service (though his salary was only \$2,000 per annum) and believing such a situation would be deemed unsuitable for a young man without property.” What a rebuke to the opinions and practices of our day!

It may be remarked here, as one of many evidences how much wiser the sages in constitutional lore at this day are, than those who framed the Constitution, that at the establishment of the Bank of the United States, no question was made at all as to the right of placing branches elsewhere than at the seat of government. “The discovery of this point was reserved for a more enlightened (!) age.”

In the letters that follow, connected by the thread of history, which the author sparingly but skillfully introduces, so as in fact to let the actors themselves in the scenes of the day tell their own story—we have what the French call the *leçons des cartes*—in other words, are admitted behind the scenes, of the first three Congresses; behold the ravages of the yellow fever of 1793 in Philadelphia—still the seat of government—and the even more dangerous ravages of French Jacobinism, which, towards the close of Washington’s first term, and after the arrival of *Genet* in this country, seized upon the malcontents within our country—marshaled and stimulated but not led—for he had not yet thrown off the mask of feigned respect for Washington—by the Secretary of State, *Thomas Jefferson*. In these pages—where the story is told, not with any modern gloss, but by the men of the day—the earnest seeker after truth, as to

the history and origin of parties in our country, will find written facts worthy of his attention: and we hazard the opinion with some confidence, that any impartial and intelligent reader who will, in connection with the letters here published, read the writings of Jefferson, as given to the world by his grandson, bearing upon the same period and events, will assuredly arrive at the conclusion that, in the party struggles arising in this country from the effects of the French Revolution, the balance of real ability, of real regard for popular rights and happiness, of enlightened patriotism, and of self-denying labors, was on the side of the Federalists.

On February 3, 1795, on the resignation of Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, Wolcott was appointed his successor, and carried out with ability and fidelity the great system introduced by the genius of Hamilton into the Treasury Department.

The incidents connected with the appointment of John Jay as Special Envoy to Great Britain, with the reception by the country of the British Treaty—with the wild and lawless course of Jacobin Clubs in America—the insurrection in Pennsylvania, commonly known as the whiskey insurrection—and with all the stirring and trying scenes of Washington’s administration—all pass before our eyes in these pages in the living colors of the day, and of the actors of the day—and as has before been intimated, this constitutes no small part of the value of the publication.

In the spring of 1797 Washington’s second term was brought to a close, and notwithstanding the Paines, the Callenders, the Bachees, and the Duanes—all but one foreigners—who had been petted by democracy in order that they might traduce that great and good man—his administrations were held in respect, as himself was in reverence, by the whole country.

We cannot present a more truthful passage, nor one better calculated to exhibit the taste and talent with which the author of the book has executed his task, than by extracting his notice of Washington’s retirement. Here it is:

“Just before his final retirement, Washington held his last formal levee. An occasion more respectable in simplicity, more imposing in dignity, more affecting in the sensations which it awakened, the ceremo-

nials of rulers never exhibited. There were the great chiefs of the republic of all parties and opinions; veterans of the war of independence, weather-stained and scarred; white haired statesmen, who, in retirement, were enjoying the fruits of former toil; there were his executive counsellors and private friends; ministers of foreign governments, whose veneration approached that of his countrymen; citizens, who came to offer the tribute of a respect, sincere and disinterested. Little was there of the pageantry of courts, little of the glitter which attends the receptions of royalty; yet in the grave assemblage that stood in that unadorned chamber, there was a majesty which these know not. The dignitaries of a nation had come together to bid farewell to one, who at their own free call, by their own willing trust—not as an honor to be coveted, but as a duty to be discharged—had in turn led their armies and executed their laws; one who now, his last task worthily fulfilled, was to take his place again among them, readier to relinquish than he had been to undertake power; a soldier, without stain upon his arms; a ruler, without personal ambition; a wise and upright statesman; a citizen of self-sacrificing patriotism; a man pure, unblemished and true in every relation he had filled; one to whom all ages should point as the testimony that virtue and greatness had been, and could be, united.

"And he who was the object of this gathering—what thoughts crowded upon his mind, what recollections filled the vista of the sixty odd years which had passed over him, what changes of men, opinions, society, had he seen! Great changes, indeed, in the world and its old notions; the growing dissatisfaction of certain English emigrants at customary tyrannies and new intended ones, had taken form and shape; embodied itself into principles, and vindicated them; blazed up an alarming beacon to the world's eyes as the Sacred Right of Rebellion; fought battles; asserted independence, and maintained it at much cost of bloodshed; made governments after its own new-fangled fashion; impressed a most unwilling idea on history—the doctrine of popular sovereignty; one which had proved contagious and had been adopted elsewhere, running riot indeed in its novelty. And out of all this confusion there had arisen the nation which he had presided over, already become great and factious in its greatness, with a noble birthright, noble virtues, energies and intellect; with great faults and passions, that unchecked, would as in lusty individual manhood, lead to its ruin.

"What was to be the Future of that nation? Dark clouds hung over it, dangers threatened it, enemies frowned upon it—the worst enemy was within. License might blast in a few hours the growth of

years; faction destroy the careful work of the founders. On this he had left his great, solemn charge, like the last warning of a father to his children.

"The men who stood round him, the men who had passed away, and whose forms were there in his mind's eye only—Franklin, Morris, the two Adamsses, Hancock, Greene, Jay, and that host of compatriots living and dead, honored already as of remote and ancient days, canonized in men's minds, the ancestry of the virtuous of all times, the objects of "hero worship" even in their own generation.

"Himself—uneducated son of a farmer in the provinces of a distant empire; wandering surveyor of the Alleghany forests; partisan officer; representative of some revolted colonists in a congress of other like outlaws; leader of an army of half-armed rebels; general, victorious over the tried veterans of Europe; statesman, who had helped to solve the vast problem of government; ruler by acclamation of the youngest born of nations, treating with kings and princes as their equal; now sinking back into the great mass of three million individuals, to be no more among them in the eye of the law than any other.

"What strifes had he gone through, not least with himself! How had he made passion bend to principle, impulse yield to will; how had he borne misunderstanding, calumny, desertion; withstood temptations; refrained from vengeance; how had he trod firmly the road he had marked out, or which destiny assigned, sustained by courage, faith, conscience!

"Was it strange that there were few smiles at the last reception day of Washington, or that tears fell from eyes unused to them, upon the hand that many pressed for the last time?"

On the accession of Mr. Adams, Mr. Wolcott offered his resignation, in order not to embarrass the new President in case he had any other person in view for the Treasury Department. But it was declined, and the whole Cabinet of Washington was retained by his successor. Distrust, however, was soon manifested between the President and his Cabinet, and the mind of Mr. Adams seemed so warped against *Hamilton*—whom, though no longer in public life, he insisted upon regarding as the great mover of all political events and opinions among the Federal party—that he could not heartily co-operate with any who, like Wolcott, Pickering, and others, were known to possess the confidence, and to admire the character, abilities and services of *Hamilton*. The question of a new embassy to France was one that soon made a division in the par-

ty, and the feelings thus occasioned are exhibited in the numerous and valuable letters from the most distinguished men of that party, which to the close of the year 1797 are embraced in the end of the first volume.

The second volume commences with the first session of the fifth Congress, when all was anxiety to hear what sort of reception the three envoys sent by Mr. Adams to France had met with. It strikes us forcibly, in this age of steam-packets, when an interval of *three weeks* seems a long one from Paris to New York, to find that, at such a critical moment in the political relations of France and the United States, and when the people of this country were on tiptoe, as it were, respecting the issue of our negotiations with the revolutionary government of France, more than *three months* elapsed between the date of the first dispatches of these ministers, 28th Nov. 1797, and their reception in Philadelphia, on 4th March, 1798. The tenor of these dispatches roused the indignation of the whole country. The President sent a message to Congress on the 29th March, declaring that he perceived no ground of expectation that the objects of their mission could be accomplished on terms compatible with the security, honor and essential interests of this country. He therefore exhorted Congress to adopt all proper measures in defence of the national rights.

This, which Mr. Jefferson termed "an insane message," roused the nation, which was still farther excited when, upon a call for the dispatches, the famous X Y Z correspondence was communicated.

To a great number of the readers of the Review, the nature, and even the name, of that correspondence is probably unknown, and it may not, therefore, be amiss briefly to explain it.

The three American envoys, Messrs. Pinckney, Marshall and Gerry, were refused access to the Directory, or any direct communication with the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, M. Talleyrand; but were approached by three different agents, Messrs. Hottinguer, Bellemey and Hautevel, who declared that they acted and spoke by authority of the minister, and could propose conditions on which the envoys would be received, and might treat successfully. These agents stated, at the same time, that the Directory were much exasperated at the tenor of the President's speech at the opening of the

session of Congress, and until certain passages in it were explained away, would listen to no terms; but they added, as of their own suggestion, or that of their chief, M. Talleyrand, that if a sum of money, for the personal benefit of members of the Directory, and M. Talleyrand, could be obtained at once, other difficulties might be got over.

The sum named was £50,000 (or \$250,000). At the request of these agents, their names were to be kept secret by the envoys, and hence the initials, by which the correspondence became known, X Y Z were substituted for the real names. Having verified conclusively, as appears by Mr. Gerry's statement of an informal conversation which he held with Talleyrand, that these agents had not misapprehended nor exceeded their instructions, and that this bribe was actually demanded with the knowledge of Talleyrand, the envoys absolutely refused to listen to the proposition, and it was in reference to this demand that Mr. Pinckney uttered the fine sentiment, "millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute."

After exhausting all means of seduction and menace in vain, to bring the American envoys to terms, their attempt to separate them was finally successful, and Mr. Gerry was persuaded to remain and attempt a negotiation alone, after his two colleagues had taken their departure.

The whole space devoted to the examination of this subject, and the clearness with which the case is presented in these pages, entitle them to the deliberate study of all who would appreciate justly the patriotism of the two parties which divided on this question, as on all other political questions of that day.

One great and permanent good resulted, however, from the development of this X Y Z correspondence, and of all the facts connected with it, a conviction that the honor and interests of the country required the establishment of a Navy. Heretofore, no separate Department for naval purposes had existed, the War Department having charge of the maritime and military forces of the United States. But when the public interest and public opinion concurred in calling for a permanent naval establishment; as a necessary consequence, a special department for it was needed, and the refusal of the French Directory to receive the American envoys extraordinary may therefore be proclaimed as the immediate cause of the creation of that navy which,

from its birth till now, has been the pride, defence and ornament of the country.

The Secretaryship was first offered to George Cabot, of Massachusetts, who, however, declined, and Benjamin Stoddard, of Maryland, was appointed. Efficient measures were immediately taken to provide ships and seamen, and at this same session of Congress, the bill was passed for the *Provisional Army*, the great bugbear of party at that time, and yet as innocent as waste paper in comparison with like acts since passed by those who call themselves the successors of the republican party of that day. The act authorizing this army, empowered the President, in case of a declaration of war against the United States, or actual invasion, or imminent danger of invasion, before the next session of Congress, to enlist for a term not exceeding three years, and to call into service, 10,000 men. This provisional army was denounced by the democracy of that day, as intended to revolutionize our government, and to erect a throne on the ruins of liberty! Yet the democracy of our day eagerly voted to Mr. Van Buren, under circumstances much less menacing to the peace of the country than those existing in 1798, a *PROVISIONAL* army of 50,000 men! The spirit of the nation rose under the indignities inflicted by France; and yet, at that moment, when if there had been any shadow of truth in the imputations cast upon the Federalists, of acting in concert with the British, *Col. Trumbull*, who had been the Secretary in London of John Jay, and at the date of the letter we are about to quote, was one of the Commissioners under Mr. Jay's treaty for the settlement of claims of American citizens upon Great Britain, thus writes from London:

"72 WALBECK ST., LONDON, }  
" June 8th, 1798. }

"Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 3d of April, which came to my hands some days ago. I regret that the letters I wrote you in November by the packet (which was taken), and in December by the ship *Fame* (which was lost on your coast), did not reach your hands. They would have a somewhat earlier notice of the approaching danger. I am happy to learn from your letter, as well as from later accounts, that public opinion with you is improving, and the mists of prejudice and partiality dissolving; but in recovering from one error let us not fall into another: let us not act upon the

supposition that we have one foreign friend, or rely in anything upon others; no, not even so far as good policy and manifest interest ought to lead them. I have often been thought by my friends to be a prejudiced man, in this opinion; but I trust that every man who shall have had as long experience in Europe as I have had, will find that my opinion on this point is not unsound. I think I already see, in those who ought to know and pursue their own interest more wisely, a temper, and the first steps of a conduct, ill calculated to preserve and conciliate our good opinion; and constructions are put upon parts of the existing treaty which, if within the words, are manifestly contrary to the spirit of that instrument; and now that we are committed beyond the possibility of retreat, in respect to France, it will be well if the beneficial part of the treaty, which has been the great cause of our misunderstanding with our old friends, be not frittered away into miserable scraps indeed. Be assured, my dear friend, there exists in this country no cordial esteem for ours; and be equally assured that there are those in whose bosoms still rankles the memory of former disappointments; men still in power who detest the principles of our revolution, and lament its success—who look upon that event as the great cause of the present dissolution of the ancient systems of Europe; and who rejoice to see us in a quarrel with those whom they regard as the only supporters whom we had, looking, perhaps, to the happy day when the two sister vipers shall sting each other to death.

"You will, perhaps, think this a very erroneous croaking; but believe me, I am sufficiently grounded in my opinion, and you will soon see the detail of some pitiful symptoms of the bitter and silly spirit which I know to exist. But to what does this tend? to teach us not to rely on the friendship of men, but on God and our sword. Let us recollect that when we were three millions of people, disunited, ignorant of every military art, destitute of all necessary preparation, we resisted in the years '76 and '77, and, without the aid of a friend, completely baffled 55,000 of the best troops of Europe, supported by an irresistible naval force. We are now six millions of people! the calculation is simple, and I hope we shall act as men who know their importance in the scale of human affairs. I am, my dear sir, your real friend,

"JNO. TRUMBULL."

Congress acted up to the spirit of the people, and after authorizing the raising of the provisional army, acts were passed authorizing our ships of war to capture French ships of war depredating on our commerce, and merchant ships were per-

mitted to arm for their own defence, and to make prizes. This last act was vehemently resisted by the very party which had most zealously and passionately defended *Genet* for fitting out privateers under the French flag, in American ports, to cruise against the British. These French sympathizers could see no wrong in arming French cruisers, but were exceedingly shocked at the idea of arming American vessels to defend themselves against piratical captures by the French.

George Washington was, with the concurrence of all parties, appointed Lieutenant-General of the force to be raised, and his acceptance of the appointment was a warrant to the whole nation that he thought the quarrel just. In his letter of acceptance he says :

"The conduct of the Directory of France towards our country, their insidious hostilities to its government, their various practices to withdraw the affections of the people from it, the evident tendency of their acts and those of their agents, to countenance and invigorate opposition, their disregard of solemn treaties and the laws of nations, their war upon our defenceless commerce, their treatment of our minister of peace, and their demands amounting to tribute, could not fail to excite in me corresponding sentiments with those which my countrymen have so generally expressed in all their addresses to you. \* \* \* \*

"Satisfied, therefore, that you have sincerely wished and endeavored to avert war, and to exhaust to the last drop the cup of reconciliation, we can with pure hearts appeal to Heaven for the justice of our cause, and may confidently trust the final result to that kind Providence which has heretofore and so often signally favored the people of the United States."

Congress passed all the laws requisite to give efficiency to the national feeling. It was at this session that the laws, known as the *Alien and Sedition Laws*, were enacted. The latter, although pronounced unconstitutional by Virginian theorists, was the copy of a statute of Virginia in October, 1776. Hamilton, Pinckney and Knox were appointed major-generals under Washington, and the attitude of the nation was warlike, when, in February, 1799, without consulting any of his cabinet, without having received any assurances from France of their willingness to receive an envoy from the United States, and in the face of his message of 21st June of the preceding year, in which he said, "I will never send another minister to France without as-

surances that he will be received, respected, and honored as the representative of a great, free, powerful and independent nation," the President nominated *Wm. Vans Murray*, of Maryland, as minister to France. A thunder-bolt falling from a cloudless sky, could not have excited more astonishment; for in pursuance of the recommendation of the President's own message at the commencement of the session, warlike preparations occupied all minds and all attention. But objection was made, and repeated efforts to induce the President to withdraw the nomination, but in vain. The utmost that could be done was to substitute a commission for a single envoy, and Chief Justice Ellsworth and Patrick Henry were appointed, with Mr. Murray, joint commissioners, and on the declining of Mr. Henry, Edward Davie of North Carolina, was named in his place. A very full examination is gone into by our author, of the moving causes which induced the President to institute this mission, which we can only allude to here, referring all curious readers to the volume itself. That it became the apple of discord which proved fatal to the Federal party, is unquestionable. That it was the occasion of any benefit to the country, either in its interests or its honor, can hardly now be contended.

The dismissal, contumeliously, of the Secretary of State, Mr. Pickering, the forced resignation of the Secretary of War, Mr. McHenry, and the voluntary resignation of Wolcott as Secretary of the Treasury—all occurring in 1800—gave evidence to the whole country that between the President and the Federal party all confidence was lost.

In this year, also, occurred the fourth election of a President; and the alienation which Mr. Adams' conduct as such had occasioned between him and his party, was greatly instrumental in bringing about the choice of Mr. Jefferson. Not that any portion of the Federal party supported him—for they judged him then, as they never ceased to judge him, as unsound in politics and unfaithful to the real interests of the country; and they who, at this comparatively remote and therefore measurably impartial period, will carefully study the history of the measures and the men of the day, will, it is believed, ratify the judgment. But there was an actual division among the Federalists, as to the candidate, and General Charles Cotenorth Pinckney, of South

Carolina, the author of the noble sentiment, when importuned as one of the Commissioners at Paris, to consent to bribe Talleyrand and the Directory—that “millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute,” might be obtained from the American people—was preferred to Mr. Adams; and strenuous efforts were made to induce the eastern and middle States especially, to cast their votes in such a way as that he might be selected. This division—added to the general dissatisfaction of the party with Mr. Adams—produced lukewarmness and indifference; while on the other hand, the taxes and the provisional army voted to place the country in an attitude of defence against French aggression; and the enactment of the laws known as the Alien and the Sedition Laws, furnished materials for appeal to the prejudices and passions of the people that completed the overthrow of the Federal party, and gave the Constitution and the Union into the charge of those who had resisted the adoption of the one, and had evinced no great attachment to the dignity of the other.

The private correspondence bearing on this very interesting period in our political history, is copious and full of explanation. The public, too, had before had the views of Mr. Jefferson as to this period, as disclosed in his writings; and party has ever since been busy in misrepresenting the motives and the acts of the leading Federalists of that day. Of these distinguished individuals, many in this volume speak for themselves for the first time. They speak with all the warmth of confiding friendship—and with all the earnestness of excited feeling. It is the history of their feelings and aims, written at the time to their trusted friends and associates, and therefore worthy of all credit as testimony; and the very warmth betrayed in many of their letters—sometimes amounting to the harshest imputations, in the plainest forms of speech—is decisive of the sincerity of the writers, and of the truth of their convictions. That they judged accurately on all occasions of the motives and measures of their opponents, it is not meant here to affirm, but only that the opinions they express, they honestly entertained, and had very probable grounds for entertaining. They acted and spoke, too, under great provocation. The effect of this latter cause is thus shortly adverted to by our author, in a passage immediately following his mention of the flagitious but utterly

fruitless attempt to involve Wolcott in a charge of having co-operated in firing the Treasury building just at the period of his resignation, in order to destroy the evidence of his official malversation. The attempt recoiled upon its base projectors: but, asks his biographer,

“Is it to be wondered at that when such scenes as these were enacted under the instigation or countenance of the anti-federal leaders; when the lying pen of Callender was subsidized by Jefferson to slander his political enemies; when Paine received the honors of an ambassador for an attack upon Washington; when Bache, Freneau, Duane, and a countless horde of lesser mercenaries, were rewarded by the patronage of party; when every wretch, who, by zealous assiduity in sedition or falsehood, had arrived at the dignity of a state prosecution—every clerk, who, turned out of employ for worthlessness or incapacity, sought to revenge himself by furnishing garbled accounts or fabricated conversations, was exalted into a political martyr; when a general warfare was carried on against their private character as well as their political opinions, that the federalists cherished a bitter and venomous hatred against their opponents; that with the righteous indignation of outraged honor and calumniated purity, they, in turn, pursued and exposed the practices with which they were encountered, and by which they were defeated? Much has been said and written of the vindictiveness with which they assailed their successful rivals when finally driven from power; but let their experience of the malignity of those rivals be remembered, let the ferocity with which the whole artillery of legislative and executive vengeance was armed against them, be recalled, and the assertions of the federalists, if ever unjust, will at least be found not without example or provocation. Never was a body of men more unscrupulously or wickedly belied in their own day and generation; never a party in reviling which more ingenuity and zeal were displayed; but the names to which the future historian will turn with most satisfaction, and the patriot of succeeding ages will point with most pride, will yet be found in the ranks of those of whom WASHINGTON was the chief and the example.”

Wolcott retired to his native town poorer in fortune than when he took office with Washington, at the institution of the Federal Government, and after ten or eleven years zealous service to the Union, and almost as many more before to the public in his native State; but with faculties greatly enlarged, improved and dis-

ciplined, with the respect and affection of numerous friends, and, in spite of the malicious efforts of a few partisans, with the confidence even of political opponents.

He had disapproved openly and frankly, but not with personal vindictiveness, the later course of the President; he avowedly preferred that General Pinckney, rather than Mr. Adams, should have been the candidate of the Federal party in 1800; and because of the avowed preference, when it was ascertained that Mr. Pinckney could not be the candidate, Mr. Wolcott felt bound in honor not to remain longer in the Cabinet of a chief whose re-election he had opposed. It was therefore a just and natural gratification to Mr. Wolcott, that, after the passing of the bill, on Feb. 13, 1801, for "the more convenient organization of the Courts of the United States"—without any suggestion from himself or any of his friends—in opposition, indeed, to a recommendation by them of another person, they not supposing that Mr. W. could be acceptable to the President—he was nominated by the President, Judge of the Circuit comprehending Vermont, Connecticut, and New York—and that the Senate unanimously confirmed the nomination.

A letter from *James Hillhouse*, then a Senator from Connecticut, may be found on pp. 492, 3 and 4 of Vol. II., respecting this appointment, and the manner in which he, when consulted on behalf of the President, treated it, and spoke of Mr. Wolcott's qualifications, which is a model of manly integrity, of patriotism and of true friendship, and which—for it was received, as appears by the reply, in the spirit in which it was written—honors alike the writer, his correspondent, the age in which they lived, and the party of which they illustrated the principles.

We wish we had room for it, if only to show the degeneracy of modern days;

but in default of the requisite space, recommend it to attention in the work itself.

Mr. Jefferson, as is well known—who by the natural instinct of a demagogue hated the Judiciary, as a branch that could not be awed nor bent, nor made subservient to popular caprice, or the changing will of majorities—among his first acts, caused the Judiciary law to be repealed, and Wolcott again became a private man.

These volumes terminate in 1801, with the installation of Mr. Jefferson. All who read them will, we think, unite in the opinion which we confidently express—that the materials yet in the hands of the author should be given to the country in a future volume. Mr. Wolcott survived till after the close of the war of 1812, in active correspondence with many of the leading men of the day. The mass of letters and papers yet unused is large, and it is to be desired in the interests of truth and of historical justice as well as accuracy, that these may be published with the same frankness and trust in the capacity of the country to make up an impartial award upon the merits of bygone days and men, that mark the work now before us.

In the name, therefore, of truth and of the country, we venture to claim from Mr. Gibbs—who has with such signal ability and boldness prepared and edited these two volumes—that he complete the series. As coming down to our own times, and re-enkindling fire not yet extinct, and concerning men, some of whom are yet on the scene, it may be more difficult and hazardous; but having given proof already that neither difficulties nor hazards can hold him back from the exposition of what he believes to be true, and of good tendency, we shall be the less disposed to allow any force to such objection for what remains to be done.

Give us then the sequel—with *all* the correspondence.

## THE QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH AMERICA.\*

J. J. AUDUBON is again in the field. The announcement of a new Work in Natural Science by this illustrious individual, we feel to be no common-place event. We feel it so as Americans jealous of the honors he has already won to our National youth, and proud that in this instance he has not been compelled, as in that of the "Birds of America," to go to the Old World for patronage and skill sufficient to bring out his work. We may justly congratulate ourselves that in the "Quadrupeds of America," we have at last a Great National Work, originated and completed among us—the authors, artists, and artisans of which, are our own citizens. Although a sufficient time has not elapsed since the publication of the "Birds of America," for us to have forgotten how the pulse of Civilization quickened to the very mention of that prodigious achievement, or how our own National pride was moved by such demonstrations—yet there has always been a mingled sense of shame and alienation in our regard of that Work. We could not help being proud of it, for our Father-Lands were filled to the echo with its praises; but it was quite as impossible for us to stifle the feeling of self-reproach in reference to it. The glory of its promulgation was ours in no degree or part. We had weighed the poor Young Artist and his noble enterprise here, in the same scales on which we rolled our Pork and Codfish barrels, and because he could not draw them up, he was dismissed with a stupid sneer. We all remember how his indomitable consciousness sustained him in his friendless and unheralded appeal to the Old World; and how amongst the polished Edinburghers that gallant faith met its success. Nor can we forget, that when those wise and liberal Scotchmen had given the first impulse to public enthusiasm, and the Birds of America had been received with an absolute furor throughout Europe; we, after stolidly chuckling over the pale reflex of his glory which fell to our share—because it had cost us nothing—proceeded, like a magnanimous people as we are, to bestow a characteristic and worthy re-

ward. We claimed him—admitted him to our glorious galaxy of "Sovereigns," and—"bragged" of him! "A Great People!" Who has anything to say against the liberalizing tendencies of Democracy, which can expend a hundred millions or two in illustrating its peculiar blessings at the bayonet's point and cannon's mouth, to a weak, bigoted and ignorant neighbor—in extending the area of License—not Freedom—when, if called upon to expend a paltry thousand or so for the benefit of Science or Art, it sets up a whine like that of starving curs, about Economy—taking the bread out of the dear people's mouths, &c., &c. Verily! ought it to be a matter of grave astonishment to us, that—since we have such extravagantly munificent rewards in bestowal for such artists and men of science as may illustrate our Natural Products for us—they should not be found flocking from all quarters of the Earth to offer up the best energies of their lives in our service! It is very stupid of such persons that in this age of Clairvoyant Transcendentalism, they cannot content themselves with working for the glory of being boasted of, and not intrude upon the digestion of our fat dinners their own impertinent necessities for "Grub"—in the shape of subscriptions, &c., to scientific works. "What business have such people getting hungry? What have they to do with Material wants? Can they not content themselves with our generous and unselfish willingness to beat the world (over our wine) in boasting of their achievements? Pshaw! it quite chills our enthusiasm to think of such high vocations associated with a materiality so gross." As we have practically acted upon this beautiful theory, not only in our treatment of Audubon in his earlier enterprise, but as well in regard to other men of science among us, it may not be far amiss to place the "word with the deed." Had not Audubon been made of tougher and hardier material than usually enters into the composition of what (in modern phraseology) is politely denominated "GENIUS," his career would have only furnished, under such propitious circumstances, to our sympathiz-

\* The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America. By John James Audubon, F.R.S. &c., &c.; and the Rev. John Bachman, D.D., &c. &c.



ing Public, another exemplar of "Misdirected Powers." But fortunately he was one of those stern spirits, born not to be crushed even by the mountainous stupidity of his whole nation, but to elevate it in spite of itself to something like the level of his own place. We are gratified to perceive in the list of subscribers to this new work the practical effects of the lever he has been wielding. A much greater proportion of American names appears there, than is to be found in the list for the Birds.

The sense of shame has begun to assert itself at last; and the fact that he has been thus far able to carry his enterprise through at home, shows that there has been some amelioration in public taste, and, from whatever source, a more clear apprehension of the Dignity of Art amongst us. That the mechanical department of Art has made itself worthy of this advanced appreciation, the superb finish of the Plates most conclusively shows. No clearer evidence could be afforded that our Engravers and Printers need only opportunity and a liberal patronage to mate themselves with all the conditions of higher and progressive Art. Let it never be said again, that American Painters and men of Genius must go to Europe for engravings and illustrations, because they can find here neither the enterprise, the means, nor the mechanical skill necessary. The taunt will no longer apply now, and it need not have been thrown at us years ago, if our artisans had only been surrounded by anything like fair circumstances. But these were by no means the most formidable difficulties which were to be met and overcome in the progress of a work like this of the Quadrupeds of America. Mr. Audubon, in spite of the sordid and ignorant prejudices which in this country have seemed to take special delight in wreaking themselves upon all that is exalting and beautifying in Art—which had made his early life one incessantly recurring scene of disheartening struggle with pecuniary difficulties, and had driven him to the amazing expenditure of energies necessary—not only for the prosecution of his great work, out in the fields and wilds, but as well for the maintenance of a family and provision for a large surplus inevitably entailed for the material necessary to his pursuits—has still been enabled to place himself in a condition to "pay his way," in this last enterprise, almost without reference to home patronage. As this is the

case, no Yankee will fail to understand how he has been enabled to publish here in such style. But we think these astute calculators would be somewhat puzzled to comprehend—with all the shallow flurry of go-a-head-ativeness, concerning which they vapor so much—that sublime dedication of unconquerable energies to Science, which could make—after their own fashion—and expend two or three fortunes, with holy faith, in her service; and that with no apparent interruption to other more immediate and astonishing labors in the same cause, and at the same time. Be this as it may, Mr. Audubon had other great difficulties to contend with which his own individual resources could not so well master; and one of the most prominent of these was the existing conditions of intelligence with regard to the Mammalogy of America.

Little, very little, had as yet been accomplished upon the regular basis of true Science, and what had been done was distributed through such diverse and remote mediums, as to render the task of collection a most disheartening and apparently endless one. The best years of Mr. Audubon's life had been expended upon his work on the "Birds of America;" and although, with the universality of vision which belongs to such a Philosopher, he had not failed, in the course of his tireless investigation and illustration of their habits, to note as well the localities and conditions of this cognate department—yet of course it would have been little short of a miracle, had he been able to give to Mammalogy an equal degree of accurate observation with that necessarily expended upon Ornithology. In the history of the circumstances which have enabled Mr. Audubon, thus far, to accomplish this final achievement of a long and honorable life, in defiance of every obstacle, we have one of the finest examples of a far-reaching unity of purpose aided by what seems almost Providential interposition, which we remember in the annals of successful Genius.

Mr. Audubon married, early, a daughter of the Bakewells of England. The Family name—so well known in this country—is a sufficient pronunciation of her probable worthiness to share the fortunes of such a man. But apart from all such extraneous considerations, her life is the best commentary upon, and her Sons the best illustration of, what such a matron should be. She shared, with a

smiling bravery, all the earlier wanderings and necessities of her husband. Whether the temporary occupant of some log or frame hovel attached to a Trading Post of the Great South-West, where it was necessary for the husband to take up his quarters in his double capacity of Trader and Naturalist—or as a sharer of honors, regal—so far as artistic and scientific appreciation could make them—bestowed upon him amidst the imposing luxuries of European Life, she was always the calm, wise, cheerful *helper*, as well as sympathizer. A noble relic of that almost exploded school of Matrons who recognize the compact of marriage as a sacred unification of *purpose* as well as life—she does not seem to have aimed at a higher honor than that of being the *true Wife* of J. J. Audubon. In this is her greatest glory; for a common woman, with the fears and weaknesses of common character, would soon have crushed the gossamer life of his fine enthusiasm, beneath the weight of vulgar cares and apprehensions. So far from this being the case, she appears to have been so entirely identified with his successes that it would be impossible to separate her from our loving recognition of them. She was his resolute companion in many of those long journeys he found it necessary to make in his early days to the far West. She crossed the Alleghanies with him on horseback at a time when there existed no other facilities for making the journey. She shared with him the wayside hovel of the mountaineer; laughed with him over the petty inconveniences of the travel, and shared the lovely enthusiasm which burst forth when its accidents threw in his way a long coveted or entirely new specimen. When it became necessary for him to sink his Jacob's staff here or there, and to leave her with his little family amidst strange associations for long months together, he could go with the calm feeling that, as with the favorite Bird of his own discovery, (the Bird of Washington,) his eyrie would be safe in the jealous strength of his mate, and open and warm for him on his return. How many a dark hour amidst the deep shadows of savage woods has such reposeful trust made luminous with joy and faith to him. How many gloomy defiles can be passed—how many cold and sudden plunges be endured—how many fierce, extravagant exigencies be faced—by that deep abiding assurance which feels and

knows that there is beyond all this a warm nestling-place, a true heart to welcome, and a home! Some of the most noble unpremeditated expressions of tenderness, we remember, are to be found in his *Biography of Birds*, referring to the anticipated delights of such reunions with his family—as if Heaven's own irradiation had burst upon him—amidst the grim night of solitary places—through the open doorway of that far-distant home. No one who is familiar with his earlier writings can have failed to notice this trait, and perhaps a few may have observed how significantly it expressed the central charm around which his wandering life revolved. But even no one of these could have divined how strong an influence that home circle and its vivifying centre was to exert upon his future Fame. It would have been a wild conjecture, that out of all the uncertainties that faithful Matron would have been able to bring up to him, as an offering from the penitential of her domestic life, her two Sons—worthy, in all manly accomplishments and artistic skill, to become the co-workers of his Fame and the supports of his declining years! Sublime offering!—American Mother! She can never be dissevered from the glory of the name she bears!

The two sons of the great Ornithologist—John W. and Victor G. Audubon—by a singular coincidence married the two daughters of Dr. John Bachman, the most learned and accurate student of Mammalogy our country has yet produced. Thus were the highest interests of these kindred departments of Natural Science happily affiliated by the most sacred ties in one family. Dr. Bachman is a native of New York, but has been a resident of Charleston, S. C., for upwards of twenty years. He has always been distinguished for general learning, but his early devotion to Natural Science—particularly in his favorite department of Mammalogy—was remarkable. At the time when he first began to make known the results of his studies and observations, the literature of Natural History was at a very humble stage in this country. Its earliest and most respectable medium, the *Journal of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences*, had been but a short time in existence. Comparatively little had yet been done by Americans in elucidation of the habits of our Native Species. European naturalists of the "Cabinet" school had led off

in an exceedingly vague classification, which was only rendered more and more confused by the sycophantic pretenders to Science among us, who gloried in sticking by "Precedent"—and in their weak and silly vassalship to the Old World dogmatism upon subjects which should have been peculiarly and exclusively their own—surrendered sense, opportunity and individuality, to the *prestige* of Foreign names. Among the earliest of the rebels who deserve to be classified as the signers of our Declaration of Independence of European classification and nomenclature, so far as they relate to the proper subjects of Native Science, we find Dr. Bachman to have been prominent in Mammalogy. Much more had been done in Ornithology than in this department. Wilson had accomplished much; Audubon was already in the field. The Dr. found his favorite branch comparatively neglected—that though Ornithology had begun to assert itself, yet Mammalogy had been left unrelieved of all its incipient obscurations. He soon began to exemplify the claims of American Naturalists to know most about their own subjects; and in a monograph of the Genus *Sciurus*—one of the most numerous and least understood of the genera amongst us—which was published in the Journal of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, he first made the peculiar accuracy and independence of his character as a Naturalist apparent. In a subsequent series of papers, elucidating the American Hares, these traits were even more strikingly developed. Although one of the most common and familiar species upon our Continent, the Gray Rabbit (*Lepus Sylvaticus* Bachman) had become strangely confounded with the Northern Hare (*Lepus Americanus*). Indeed the nomenclature of the whole genus had become almost inextricably involved by the ignorance, in the first place, of foreign naturalists, which had then only been perpetuated and farther involved by their timid echoes here. Dr. Bachman placed this matter right, and won for himself the extraordinary title to affix his name at last to so common a species, and on to which so many names had been applied that it would have been better without any. Dr. Bachman now took rank at once as a Naturalist of the Independent School, and never was a designation more happily given. The laborious acumen which had distinguished him in this investiga-

tion has always characterized him. He carried into Mammalogy the methods of Wilson and Audubon, who pushed their investigations to the nearest point of absolute accuracy, through personal observation of their subjects. At no period of his life was this fearless and practical spirit exhibited in a more distinguished manner, than when he engaged himself in assisting J. G. Audubon in the celebrated experiments instituted at Charleston to show the fallacy of the common opinion with regard to the power of *smell* possessed by the Turkey Buzzard (*Cathartes Aura*) and the Carrion Crow (*Cathartes Atratus*). Mr. Audubon had taken the ground—the Dr. agreeing with him—that these creatures were guided in search of food by their powers of vision rather than smell, and was of course assailed by the whole mob of Naturalists and pretenders to such science on both sides of the water. But the two gentlemen most gallantly bore up under it all, and Dr. Bachman finally put the question forever at rest in a most able paper, in which the truth of Mr. Audubon's theory was so clearly demonstrated by the facts that nobody has presumed to agitate it since. The Dr. is noted not only for his practical shrewdness and learning in all subjects connected with a wide range of natural facts including those of Ornithology and Botany, but as well for his aversion to pretenders, and his sharpness in detecting and rebuking popular humbugs. Several amusing instances of the consternation excited by his manner of handling such gentry without gloves, have come to our knowledge. Among these is one which, we presume, the citizens of Charleston will not soon forget. We allude to the far-famed "Mermaid Case," and his fiercely witty exposure of the impudent trickster who had been gulling the public of different cities with his ingenious monstrosity of half cod-fish and half monkey sewed together, until our Naturalist pounced upon him and annihilated his interesting marvel, to the no small delight of the cultivated Charlestonians who had been pretty effectually quizzed by it themselves. In addition to this very imperfect outline of a person so distinguished, we should mention that he is familiar, from personal inspection, with all the principal museums, as well as Scientific Institutions of other kinds, in Europe, and has been for many years a correspondent of the principal Journals of Science there.

Such is the person who, after having in many disinterested ways assisted Mr. Audubon in his earlier work, suggested to him, so soon as that was finished, the new enterprise of illustrating and placing upon something like a kindred basis of scientific definition the "Quadrupeds of America." For the most apparent reasons we have stated—his age, his nearly exclusive dedication to ornithology, &c.—Mr. Audubon could not have wisely undertaken such a task but with the assurance of the kind of support which had now gathered round him in the range of his own Family connexions. With the feeling that, though encumbered with years, his hand had lost nothing of its cunning, or his eye its marvelous discrimination, and that what he now lacked in capacity for labor, could be supplied by the fresh energies and cultivated skill of his two Sons, under his supervision—and that what might be wanting to himself, in the detail of personal observation or Technical Science, would be supplied by a veteran of Natural History, such as his old and dear friend, Dr. Bachman—he could enter with confidence upon so serious an undertaking. A more lovely unity of purpose, and a more consistent or nobler dedication of all kindred ties, in an unselfish loyalty to the highest interests of General Science, has never been furnished to the history of such themes, than that offered by the Family of J. J. Audubon, in even its remoter relations! There is to us something very high in this community of social and familiar life dedicated to such ends, which we conceive to be perhaps the most legitimate and exalting. We have no truer mission here than that of Commentators upon, and Illustrators of, God's first revelation to us—"the Bible of Nature!" and it would be very difficult to find a Family whose deeds and history more entirely illustrate their recognition of such an Apostleship. They may be called the Levites of a new order of Priesthood in the Temple of Nature! In discussing this detail of the circumstances which smoothed the way to the success of the new work upon the Quadrupeds of America, we cannot escape from the necessity of giving the reverse view of the difficulties with which both Audubon and Dr. Bachman had to contend, and must overcome in its farther progress. That these were not slight, perhaps we have already said enough to intimate. We have remarked that the conditions of our "Home Intelligence"

upon such subjects, interposed a serious bar to their full and proper illustration.

Until the establishment of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, we had been exclusively dependent upon Foreigners for all classification and description of our Animals. On the promulgation of the valuable Journal of that Institution, about the year 1817, it was found that we had amongst us quite a number of *amateur* Naturalists, at least, and some few men of true Science. We need only mention such names as George Orde, Dr. Harlan, Dr. Morton, Chas. Lucien Bonaparte, Dr. Leib, Dr. Pickering, Dr. Bachman, J. K. Townsend, Dr. Trudeau, among its Contributors. These men were all either native or adopted citizens. Various other Institutions of the same stamp sprung up in the different cities of our country, after the success of the Philadelphia Academy and its Journal had demonstrated the feasibility and consequence of such associations. Among them the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and the Boston Society of Natural History, have become prominent. But up to so late a date as 1825-6, nothing of great importance had yet been accomplished, in the department of Mammalogy, by Americans. The first Discoverers of North America had of course carried specimens of our Animals along with them on their return voyages. They were rather Navigators than Naturalists, and necessarily all the additions they could make to Science, beyond the mere skins they took back with them, must have been characterized by the romantic spirit which belonged to the period. Hence it is that all the old Writers who treated of the Animals of this Continent, fell into consequent errors. As they were dependent first upon these Navigators, and then upon the vague reports of Travelers, who—though they may have possessed the physical hardihood and energy necessary to the explorers of a new country—are not to be supposed to have commanded the degree of Scientific accuracy indispensable to their reliability upon such themes. To give some faint idea of the difficulties in the way of a progress to anything like accuracy in such a Science, we shall offer a faint and rapid Historical outline.

Hernandez, among the earliest Spanish adventurers after the conquest of Mexico, furnished in his journal descriptions of many of the Quadrupeds of that country; giving, however, only the Mexican and

Indian names. This is but a single instance among many, of the obscurations through which such men as Linnæus, &c., had to work their classification of our Quadrupeds. It will be perceived that so far as Hernandez was concerned, they were compelled to act upon implication. They could have no recognized data in the accounts he furnished, and were obliged to make their own deductions from the confused outlines of habit and description which he gave as to the *probable* place of the genera alluded to? We will mention that Professor Lichtenstein of Berlin, has lately, in an antiquarian spirit, attempted to identify the animals mentioned by Hernandez, and give them their Scientific names. This work is only to be regarded as one of the curiosities of this species of Literature. Herriott, an English author, whose work has been long since out of print in this country, and is almost inaccessible in any other, gave an account of the third voyage of the English to Virginia, in 1586; to which he added some description and enumeration of the Natural Productions of that country. The same perplexities with regard to the data he pretends to furnish exist. The book is of little or no practical value.

Among other journals of the adventures of that period which furnished occasional glimpses of intelligence upon such subjects, we find that of the famous Capt. John Smith—of Pocahontas memory—which was published in London, 1624, under the somewhat quaint title of "General History of Virginia and the Summer Isles," with the superb announcement of himself as "Sometime Governor in those Countries, and Admiral of New England." This very inflated personage—whom we, by the way, have always recognized as nothing better—even under his own version of the affair—than a coarse and brutal adventurer—on account of his treatment of that Queenly and sublime Indian maiden—nevertheless furnished some valuable hints with regard to the productions of those regions. These are even now worth referring to, for though he possessed no Scientific learning, yet his stout common sense made him turn all his opportunities of observation to advantage, except when his arrant and pompous self-conceit made it necessary for him to romance in his own glorification.

La Hontan, a traveler in Canada, describes the animals of that country, in a manner entirely characteristic. We have

not his book before us, but in a paragraph from the article Musk-Rat (*Fiber Zibethicus*) "Quadrupeds of America," we are given some touches of his quality which it will be well enough here to introduce:

"La Hontan, in a letter dated Boucherville, May, 1687, (see Trav. in Canada,) says—'In the same place we killed some Musk-Rats, or a sort of animals which resemble a rat in their shape, and are as big as a rabbit. The skins of these rats are very much valued, as differing but little from those of beavers.' He goes on to describe the manner in which the 'strong and sweet smell' of musk is produced; in which he so much betrays his ignorance of natural history, that we will not expose the vulgar error by repeating it here. But if one Frenchman of the 17th century committed some errors, in relating the habits of this species, another, early in the 15th, (1725,) made ample amends, by giving us a scientific description of its form, internal structure, and habits, that would do credit to the most careful investigator of the present day. This accomplished naturalist was Mons. Sarrasin, King's Physician at Quebec, and correspondent of the French Academy; in honor of whom Linnæus named the genus *Sarrasenia*. He dissected a number of Musk-Rats, described the animal, gave an account of the 'follicles which contain the perfume,' and noted its habits.

"To this intelligent physician, Buffon was principally indebted for the information which enabled him to draw up his article on the Canadian Musk-Rat."

We have here another pretty fair specimen of the fragmentary and uncertain mediums through which Linnæus and Buffon were necessitated to catch up those scraps of intelligence with regard to Foreign Animals, upon which the immense system of Classification which has immortalized the former, and the extended Biographies of the latter, are super-structured. The accuracy of Linnæus, under such circumstances, is amazing; nor are the occasionally silly tales of Buffon to be very greatly wondered at. It should be remembered that these men seldom or never left their closets. This was the case more with Buffon than Linnæus. The latter did certainly give some of his time to personal observation of his favorite Department, Botany, while Buffon boasted that he had never left his desk for fifty years. A strange boast for a Naturalist, under our modern acceptation of such a character, to make. But in addition to La Hontan, we have the names of Sa-

gard Theodat, and Charlevoix, as travelers who, about the same time threw some light—and that about equally distinct with the specimens above—upon the Quadrupeds of Canada.

In 1749, Peter Kalm, an intelligent Swede, journeyed through portions of North America, and in particular described the Hudson's Bay Quadrupeds, and those of Pennsylvania, New York, and indeed nearly all the Northern and Middle States. His work, originally written in the Swedish language, was soon afterwards translated into the German and English. It is of much more value than the ordinary books of travelers of that era. We have, also, "Travels in North America," in the years 1780–82, "By the Marquis de Chastellux," which deserves to be mentioned. The famous "Expedition" of Lewis & Clark, up the Missouri, in 1804–5–6, is well known to have been productive of important results in the elevation of the Natural History of that till then perilous and almost unexplored region. Desmarest, a Frenchman, published his "Mammalogie," in Paris, in 1820. This is a faulty but laborious compilation of another closet Naturalist, which, although it pretended to particular minuteness in the Classification of American Animals, falls rather lamentably short in many grave particulars. We shall have more to say of this work in another connection. But the celebrated Dr. Richardson made amends for this, in 1829, when he published his valuable "Fauna Boreali Americana." This gentleman bravely took the field in person, and in the devoted spirit of Audubon subjected himself to many perils and hardships, in journeyings through the Polar Regions in search of information concerning the nearly entire range of their natural productions. For true Science, he may be placed at the head of European Naturalists who have worked in person upon our home field. His contributions to Mammalogy are very highly appreciated by our Naturalists; as are also the observations of Franklin—another daring Explorer of the same field—the results of which are given in the Fauna.

Having now brought down our outline to the somewhat pivotal period (we mean that between 1825 and 1829) in the progress of Mammalogy, to a certain degree of pronouncement among us—so far as the labors of the Foreigners we have mentioned can be said to have aided in it immediately by personal observation—we shall proceed to group on each side of

this era the names of those in the Old World who have more indirectly contributed to this end. They are principally those Naturalists who have collected from such sources as we have designated, the accounts of habits which they have furnished, and depended for their measurements, descriptions and nomenclature, upon such stuffed skins and specimens as they could obtain from any other sources. We give them as nearly as we can remember, in something like the succession of their works.

After the English Willoughby and his admirable commentator and pupil, Ray, in 1678, the most important names, of course, are those of Linnæus, the great Swede, whose labors commenced about the year 1730, and Buffon, his intellectual antipode and rival, in France. The "Technical School" of Linnæus preceded by a few years that of Buffon, which went to the opposite extreme of disregarding all systems of Nomenclature, and may be called the Biographical School. Between these two masters all succeeding Naturalists have been, until late years, divided. About 1743, Mark Catesby published "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida and the Bahama Islands," with 220 plates. This book is still of some value, from the fact that the plates were colored and can be barely recognized. Edwards afterwards edited it, 1771. Schreber, a dull and inaccurate Copyist, published a work upon Quadrupeds in 1773, which is of little value. We then have the "Miscellanea Zoologica" of Professor Pallas. He is perhaps the most distinguished of the disciples of Linnæus; was a great traveler, and well versed in many branches of Natural Science. Pennant next publishes his "History of Quadrupeds," 1779. This was undoubtedly an accomplished Englishman, of Classical and Antiquarian attainments; but as usual, all the English writers over-value the importance of his labors. He did nothing out of himself, but compiled gracefully. But the Giant of laborious dullness is the Compiler Gmelin, who about this time edited the thirteenth edition of the "*Systema Naturæ*." He added to this vast work of Linnæus, all that had since been discovered in the whole World of Nature, and has been so slavishly true to the dry Technical method of his Master, that even his fellow Disciples were astonished at the monstrous accumulation of unilluminated terminology his ant-like patience had heaped together, and some of them went off in

despair to the opposite extreme of the Buffon School. The weight of this book proved pretty much a "settler" to the "Technicists." Dr. Shaw, who was an officer of the British Museum, threw in another sinker about the same time, in the form of his "General Zoology." He is one of the dullest and least respectable of all this School. His works, with those of Gmelin, proved too much for it, and it has rapidly gone into fragments ever since, until now there is left only here and there such miserable relics as the "Fauna Americana" of Dr. Harlan, of Philadelphia. Other books occur to us, which in various ways contributed to shedding light upon our Mammalogy, down to the time of Cuvier—such as Du Pratt's History of Louisiana, Lawson's History of North Carolina, Hearn's Journey, Urquart's Hudson's Bay, &c. Erxleben and Forster are also names belonging to an earlier period, which are of sufficient importance to deserve mentioning.

Now came the memorable period of Cuvier, in which a most important revolution in the treatment of Natural Science was agitated, which has since been carried forward with such admirable results as to entitle it now to be named the *Composite School*. It will be perceived we mean that in which the extremes of several Systems have met, and their best truths been united.

We have shown, in a rapid way, the manner in which even his own Disciples became gradually disgusted with the abuses of the System of Linnæus—in which its letter was heavily substituted for its spirit—and how many, even of these, were driven over into the ranks of Buffon. But it soon began to be found that no System was as bad as all System; and the Buffonians—wandering amidst the obscure mazes of an arbitrary, disconnected, and most frequently ludicrous nomenclature, in which no unity or ultimatum could by any ingenuity be found—began to perceive that fanciful and elegant Biographies were not all that was demanded to make Science attractive. The popularity of the Biographical School, on the other hand, had begun to convince the Technicists that perhaps it would be as well to have a little of the warmth of flesh and blood added to the dry bones of their System. So that a sort of affiliation was the gradual result of these mutual points of attraction. But then it was soon ascertained, still farther on,

that as our knowledge of General Nature was rapidly increasing from the impulsion towards such investigations which had been given to the popular curiosity by the brilliant rhapsodies of Buffon, that the classification of Linnæus was not sufficiently detailed. New Genera, in all the branches of Zoology, became necessary; and even intermediate groups between these Genera.\* Hence it came "that the study of Comparative Anatomy was called in to aid Zoological Classification."—(See Swainson.)

M. Cuvier must unquestionably be placed at the head of the new school of "Comparative Anatomists," who insisted that an examination of internal structure was called for in aid of Zoological Classification. The argument derived from the old aphorism of "a rule which applies both ways," was most triumphantly demonstrated by his success in the *terra incognita* of fossil remains which he reduced from Antediluvian æras to nearly absolute Serials of Transition; upon the basis of which the Known Species of our later Science have been compelled with a few modifications to settle.

We must be permitted to say, in this connection, we regret that, amongst English writers—of whatever pretension—who in treating of indifferent persons, are philosophically just and discriminating, we have observed one unvarying Cockney pretension to exalt their own men above all others. However, in our better moods, we regard these things from a very calm point of view. As Americans, we, too, belong to a "Composite School." We are English, French, Scotch, Irish, Germans and all. Therefore, we have nothing to do with the petty quirks and snarlings with which John Bull comforts himself in asserting his own especial origination of all the great ideas of modern progress. We care nothing for Swainson's assertion (who, by the way, is a true J. B.) that "Lister in fact is unquestionably the inventor of System," ("Study of Natural History," page 23.) or that "the unbounded praise that has been so profusely lavished upon Linnæus for the simplicity of his distinctions, would have been more justly merited by Lister" (see do. same page). Nor do we feel that—although such assertions with regard to Dr. Martin Lister, the "Father of Conchology," may be very broad—they by any means cover the whole ground of precedent or assumption in this

\* See Natural History by William Swainson, Vol. 1—pp. 33-4-5.

quarter. We have the following consistent announcement upon page 27, which may probably illustrate our insinuation :

"Willughby was the most accomplished Zoologist of *this or any other country*; for all the honor that has been given to Ray so far as concerns Systematic Zoology, belongs exclusively to him. *He alone* is the author of that *System which both Ray and Linnaeus took for their guide, which was not improved by the former or confessed by the latter.*"

Both of them Englishmen, and therefore both of them founders of "System"—one of General System, and the other of Particular. This is pretty fair for Englishmen! Now the true mode of regarding the different claims of Discoverers seems to be easily illustrated. No doubt many thousand persons had observed the top of the tea-kettle lifted by steam, and had vaguely thought of it as indicating some power in that agent which might be usefully applied; but only *one* man embodied these undefined ideas—which are perhaps as old as humanity—into an Iron Conqueror of elements and space, which has changed the face of the world. So Lister and Willughby, in common with many others, doubtless recognized the importance of "System" in investigating the Natural World, and may and did, to a certain extent, act upon the thought themselves; but to Linnæus unquestionably belongs the undivided glory of having demonstrated its importance and forced a *reception* of it upon the world by his prodigious labors. He is the true Inventor, so far as Invention means anything. We deny the possibility of "New Thoughts," as they are called. We have held in our own minds, since time began, *all* the Possibilities of Science, and what is called Invention is merely the reduction of these Possibilities to practical results; and the experience or knowledge of no single person accomplishes this, but all Humanity contributes to it, until, at the proper stage in the progression, some one man seizes upon and completes its development in the Utilitarian sense. We therefore regard the extravagant assumptions of Swainson, in favor of British Naturalists, as a very innocent sort of bigotry. Even his characteristic depreciation of Cuvier is only illustrative of the long standing jealousy between John Bull and Crapeau. He finds very little of importance in the System of Comparative Anatomy introduced by him into the de-

finitions of Natural History. In proof that, so far as the "*Règne Animal*" is concerned, Cuvier is nobody, he asserts that "in the investigation and knowledge of recent Quadrupeds, he has been fully equaled by the *illustrious* Geoffrey St. Hilaire—that his system of Ornithology is inferior to that of Temminik, and is *withal so defective that it has called forth an exposition from one of the first Zoologists of Europe.* Charles Lucien Bonaparte—of treacherous memory—is this "first Zoologist. The man who has not been sufficiently content with forswearing his obligations to American Science—in denying any to Audubon,—but has farther prostituted such claims as he may have won to scientific fame, in denouncing the greatest Naturalist of the Country which has given to his Family name its immortal recognition! In this he has only acted consistently!

Now, we are perfectly ready to admit the claims of St. Hilaire, Temminik, or any other true man, to excellence in his peculiar department; a claim which Cuvier himself would not have denied, so far as particulars go; but we must be permitted to protest against the bombastic denunciations of that presuming scion of a noble family—Lucien Bonaparte—being quoted against the great men of a Science in which he was only a disappointed Amateur. Swainson admits generously, as Englishmen *sometimes* know how to do, the transcendent genius Cuvier "has shown as a Geologist and Comparative Anatomist, in his *splendid theories and his fossil investigations*"—but yet thinks that "the *Règne Animal*, for all purposes of philosophic or natural arrangement, will serve only, like the *Système Nature*, to mark the period of a bygone era."

The fact is, that Cuvier's application of "Comparative Anatomy" to the definitions of Zoology, which Mr. Swainson has so much disregarded, and upon the strength of which disregard he prophesied the ephemeral life of the "*Règne Animal*," has been adopted by nearly all the true Naturalists who have succeeded Cuvier, up to Audubon. He, though prevented by circumstances from making use of it in the earliest part of his career as a Naturalist, availed himself of "Comparative Anatomy" so soon as his acquaintance with that distinguished disciple of Cuvier, Macgillivray of Edinburgh enabled him to become acquainted with its technicalities and elements. *Now,*



it is accepted as a matter of course, by all modern Naturalists, as an indispensable feature of Zoological definition. So much for the short life of the "Règne Animal!" The Eclectic or Composite School, to which our modern American Naturalists belong, will probably survive, in spite of Mr. Swainson's ingenious argument against the adoption of what he calls Cuvier's extreme views. It prevailed through the later volumes of the Birds of America, and has been equally recognized in the new work, "The Quadrupeds of America."

But to return to our Historical outline. We have as cotemporaries and collaborators of Cuvier, his brother, F. Cuvier, and St. Hilaire, and Temminik—names we have already mentioned. Leichtenstein, Desmarest, &c., bring us down again to about 1829, the period of Richardson and Franklin, the immediate Illustrators of our native subjects, who are cotemporary with our first systematic author upon Mammalogy. We will, however, enumerate among the European authors since Richardson, to whose labors our subject has been indebted, the names of Vigors, Gray, Horsfield, Waterhouse, Bennett, Trail, Bell, &c.

We will dismiss this dry enumeration with the remark that it would be rather a serious historical task to dwell upon the characteristics of all the so-called Naturalists who have written about American Quadrupeds; and as most of them are mere Compilers, we must be excused for having too little sympathy with the character to take any interest in illustrating it at the expense of so much labor. Indeed it would hardly be necessary, even if it were pleasant to us, for the definition of all the important European names is already sufficiently familiar to those who would at any rate be gratified by such commentaries.

In 1826, John Godman, M.D., published his "Mastology," the first work by a citizen which has any just claim to the title of an "American Natural History." It will be said that Dr. Harlan had issued the "Fauna Americana," the year before, but this does not in any degree weaken the force of our statement. We are entirely ready to admit the claims of Harlan as a laborious Naturalist, of the "Closet School," who worked by the square of "Precedent." But this does not entitle his work to any higher rank than that of a Compilation. Its title to this grade is even something more than doubtful, for

most of the works of the European Naturalists enumerated above were compilations, and there is a degree of honor attached to faithful labors of this kind which confers a marked respectability upon the names attached to them, which by no means belongs to that of a mere Translator. We should be sorry to say worse of the Fauna Americana, than that it strikes us as—in the department of Mammalogy—simply a pretty faithful translation of "Desmarest's Mammalogie," "improved" perhaps, by the addition of the new general name, but certainly not "corrected" by the addition of any new particular facts. We have no patience with that indiscriminate laudation which will exalt the dull book-moths of Science into place with "our Naturalists," where they must be elbowing side by side such men as Wilson, Godman, Audubon, Bachman, &c., who have shown themselves to be filled with the true apprehensions and manly energy necessary to their vocation. The maudlin excuse cannot surely be rendered *now*, that we have so few Names belonging to such Science amongst us, that we are justified in making the most of what we have. Desmarest may be classed as an honest, well-meaning and industrious Compiler, who did the best he could with the lights he had. As they were obscure, he fell into many serious mistakes with regard to our Animals, which it was certainly the duty of any one here, pretending either to compile from—or, more honestly, to translate—his work, to have corrected through his own and our home resources. But as this was not done, we can speak of the Fauna Americana only as we have, and must be excused for doubting whether the fact of its having preceded Godman a single year, goes far towards proving for the work that it was of much assistance to him, or has materially contributed to any general elucidation of its subjects. Godman's enterprise was commenced in 1823, though his first volume did not appear until 1826. He has, however, in it asserted his own claims too distinctly to need that any farther vindication of the title we have given him should be made by us. Up to his time, our Naturalists were principally Amateurs in Mammalogy, except such as had set up for the stolid dignities of Dr. Harlan, and were constantly at cross-questions with regard to Classification. No competent person had undertaken to bring together the *disjecta membra* of this species of intelligence

which were scattered, as we have shown, through such distant and obscure mediums. His became first the task of reducing them to something resembling a System. Godman, though young, was a Physician of thorough Science, and it is probable that the prepossessions of his Profession gave him that thorough bias towards the school of Comparative Anatomy which we perceive in his treatment. He was one of its earliest Disciples here, and, as so frequently the case, under such circumstances, has carried his Anatomical definitions to an extreme of dry and often fatiguing minuteness. This, however, is a good fault; at least it is far better than the other extreme of no definition at all. Carelessness or prejudice upon this point, has gone further than anything else towards the almost inextricable involvement into which the Classification of some even of our most common Species has fallen. The absurd opinion that a consideration of the dental arrangement and osseous structure is not the most sure criterion of Class, has cost our modern Naturalist a great deal of trouble. Habit, form, size and color, which were formerly depended upon, are altogether too vague to furnish data for Science. Though Godman felt this strongly, and carried his conviction to an extreme in the action of his labors, yet he fell far short of accomplishing what was demanded. He died in the midst of his work, and in the flush of his life. Undoubtedly there was that promise in him, which would have accomplished a vast deal more. But he belonged to a new country and a new race, with an infant Literature and Science just struggling for a place. We had not yet grown out sufficiently from beneath the overcoming shadows of the Great European names; and though Godman may be classed next to Wilson in the Independent School here, yet it is evident that he has not risen quite above the natural awe of Old World celebrities. Although, like Wilson and Audubon, he went out into the rugged by-ways of the Natural World to examine its creatures for himself, he rather suggests dissent from these authorities than asserts it, even though his own common sense and observation have convinced him that he was right. It would be coarse to judge harshly of one who did not live up to the ordinary stage of fixed development. Such timidity was natural both to his period and his years. Let us then do him all honor as the first American Naturalist

who went into the woods to study Mammalogy for himself, and in that department began to throw off the absolute and slavish dependence upon the facts and nomenclature of Foreigners which had so long disgraced us. He had the precedent of Wilson's ennobling example in Ornithology, to be sure; but that does not subtract from the manliness and resolution which enabled him to commence the same revolution on behalf of Quadrupeds. And again as the first American Author who has reduced our Mammalogy to anything bordering upon "System"—as it is now recognized—in introducing Comparative Anatomy to its definitions. Then he must be admitted as the first who united the "System" of Linnæus, the charming anecdotal Biographies of Buffon, with the precise Anatomical definitions of Cuvier. His Biographies are unusually pleasing, and his facts with regard to habits are in most cases valuable. His Illustrations are of small value. He made no pretensions as an Artist. The majority of his plates are copied from every direction, though Le-seur, a French Artist of some cleverness, did many for him.

This may be accounted for and excused by the condition of Illustrative Art at this period. The illustration both of Birds and Animals was now in its infancy. Here occurs the advent of the latest, the most brilliant and attractive feature of the development of Natural Science. We refer to Illustration, of which Mr. Audubon is as much the Father and Inventor as Linnæus, Buffon and Cuvier are of their respective Schools. It is an absurd criticism of those who pretend to a technical connoisseurship of Classic and Italian art, which supposes that because sculpture in Greece succeeded in embodying so divinely our ideas of majesty, strength, beauty and grace, in marble counterfeits of the human form—that necessarily the same chisels or pencils would work with equal skill and accuracy the forms of animal life which appear in the "reliefs" of temples, or frescoes of cathedrals; and that because the Italians produced magnificent effects in grouping the passions of the Elements in Landscape, or depicting those of the Human, through Historical or Domestic scenes, in connection, *therefore*, they were accustomed to throw into the Illustration of all Birds and Beasts the same vitality of absolute truth. The idea, to any wise apprehension, carries absurdity upon the

face of it. The Ancients knew nothing absolutely, beyond almost ludicrous surmises, which have been formally perpetuated since Aristotle and Pliny, of the habits of wild animals. They knew little even of their forms, except such as were brought in cages to be exhibited at their games, triumphs and festivals. These were, of course, few in variety, but not in numbers, and marked either by the ferocity or the peculiar shape which would most arrest popular attention. Apart from these facts, it is little short of insanity to suppose that, at a period when the warlike instinct predominated, and blinded the passions of our race, that sort of meek, wise energy which must characterize the Artist of those wilder forms of nature which are removed from the immediate range of our sympathies, would either exist or could take this direction. The fact is, that it *did not*. Grecian Art never did get beyond the forms of domesticated or semi-domesticated creatures; and even in representing these, neither the Grecians nor Italians ever excelled—because they belonged to the “*Passional School*,” and could not or would not give to such indifferent subjects the legitimate amount of attention. Hence it is that the delineation of domestic animals fell into the hands of the phlegmatic Dutch, and what is now called the Dutch School took hold of such domestic subjects as Cats, Parrots, Monkeys, Asses, Cows, Horses, Sheep, Goats, Dogs, and occasionally such creatures as they could delineate in their cages, as Lions, Tigers, &c. English art, soon after this same period, began—in a purely imitative spirit—to include the semi-domesticated Animals, such as the Hare, Fox, Badger, Stag, Falcon, Pheasant, &c. Within the limits we have hinted at, some of these Paintings transcended the monotone of “*still life*,” and gave all the comic and burlesque attitudes which belong to the expression of this relation of absolute and semi-domestication; but beyond, there is scarcely a character of expression which we can recognize, other than that of merely still life. As is the case with the Grecian “*Reliefs*,” a practiced eye will detect a want of accurate outline, proportion and expression, which shows the same deficiency of attention to the measurement and anatomy of the wilder species, which characterizes alike the Italian, the Dutch and the English Schools. How could it be otherwise, when the Naturalists of these periods kept pace with Illustrative Art in their

indifference to, or ignorance of, those minuter and more piquant traits, not only of habit, anatomy and physical action, but of association, which most fully illustrate such subjects.

It is somewhat curious that Le Vaillant, who, about the year 1800, was the first Illustrative Naturalist who deserves to be named, was also one of the most rigid disciples of Buffon. It seems that, recognizing in his own consciousness the inefficiency of the arbitrary school of Buffon, to which he belonged, he was disposed, through his artistical skill, to institute new data of identification which would supply the inaccuracies of his favorite method. His Ornithological figures, though brilliant from the strong coloring of the families of African Birds he exhibits, have no better claim than that which the high coloring of “*still life*” can give them. This work was very distinguished in its day. So was the Illustrative department of the work of Wilson on American Ornithology, which immediately succeeded it. Wilson did nothing more than reproduce the stiff attitudes of the old School of “*Stuffed Specimen*” Illustrators, the best of whom only gave the penciled shades and fibres of the feathers as they are shown in perfect repose. But who dared attempt to show them in all the characteristic attitudes, and with every tint illuminated, as with the living hue of passion—vivid in its milder forms—or sparkling with the savage joy of fierceness and the comic light of glee? This J. J. Audubon did. He has founded a glorious School, and elevated the Illustration of Natural History into a noble Art, of the capabilities of which no one who preceded him had ever more than vaguely imagined. With their judicious and admirable Accessories, his Plates have been made Biographical. They tell more at a glance than pages would tell. His creatures are placed in their native landscapes, and although a whole life-time of observation and study has been given to the grouping and position of his figures by himself, yet through his Sons, and other members of his accomplished Family, he has been enabled to throw the same amount of study and labor into his Accessories, so that his Plates are true Pictures in the highest sense. Each one of them is complete in itself and tells a story not to be mistaken. They strike one as unitary fragments from the memory of his long life of wanderings, reproduced complete in all their parts—

not alone the creature itself in some striking attitude, characteristic of its habits, but, as well, the very scene in which it was first observed. In the Quadrupeds of America, a group of Elks standing and lying beneath the shadows of the bordering trees, is seen looking out upon the undulations of those vast prairies of the Upper Missouri, where Audubon saw them, on his tour to that region. The Buffalo, with Bull, Cow and Calves, in the foreground, is shown in the same scenes, with the long, dark lines of the immense herd fading under the plane where the green sea of grass and the arch of the blue sky are blended. So the fatal eye of the Canada Lynx, with the yellow heat of ferocity in it, compels a sort of shiver from us as we see it in the act of springing upon its unconscious prey, amidst the broken rocks, the decaying logs and tangled firs of a Northern forest. Even the little Wood-Mouse is shown amidst the huge drift logs and the mighty desolation through which the Lower Mississippi holds its sombre way, and amidst which this creature finds its most congenial home. It is in such hearty and faithful dedication of the best and highest attributes of Genius to the work of "Illustrating" Natural History—as we have imperfectly sketched above—that the generic difference between what was called *Illustration* before, and the School Mr. Audubon has founded, is to be perceived. Others have trifled with it, made mere baby-toys of what they undertook. Mr. Audubon has elevated it into the rank of highest Art! The celebrity of Landseer in depicting the passions and characteristics of Domestic Animals—the high value even of engravings from his Paintings, shows what an impulsion the rare Plates of the "Birds of America" has given to the taste for this sort of illustration lately. Men are beginning to take curious and sympathetic interest in expositions of the life, passions and habits of the lower forms of animal existence, and to feel how graphically they illustrate their own. We will not say that Audubon's Illustrations of the Quadrupeds of America have equalled the paintings of Landseer, in his own department. That would be unjust, as Landseer has worked one field and Audubon another. But we do say that, so far as they have progressed, the Illustrations of the "Quadrupeds of America" as much surpass any efforts of the same kind which have yet been given to the

world, as the Paintings of Landseer, in Domestic and Semi-Domesticated Animals surpass those of the Dutch, or any other School! The same extraordinary Art which created the Plates of the Birds, makes itself recognized in the Quadrupeds. In a severely critical spirit we might say that there appears, perhaps, something more of stiffness than is apparent in the figures of the Plates to the Birds. This is, comparatively, a petty fault. We cannot look for all the buoyant spirit and elastic freshness of youth in the work of even *such a man*, whose years have passed 65, nor can we expect all the wonderful traits of his Genius to be infused into the execution of his Collaborateurs. It is sufficient to say that we feel the infusion of his presence throughout, and that all parties concerned have shown themselves worthy to share with him the glory of such a Work.

But here we must confess that we have been, in this disquisition upon Illustrative Art, decoyed ahead of the Historical march of our subject; we must, therefore, return. Although we have shown that there were many reasons why the Illustrations given in Dr. Godman's Work should not have been remarkable in any other sense than for their inaccuracy, the same excuses are not applicable in extenuation of the wretched and monstrous Illustrations which accompany the most important work next to that of Godman on the Natural History of America. We refer to the "Natural History of New York," published "by Authority" of the State in 1842. We have nothing to do with the other departments of this Work at present, but with that of Mammalogy, for which James E. Dekay has assumed the responsibility. This gentleman, who is a respectable and laborious Compiler, has not been content with furnishing "to order" a commendably accurate replication of all the slavish errors of Harlan and the natural ones of Godman, but has as well aspired to illuminate the donkeyish drudgery of his labors by a repetition of all the most spicy faults of his European prototypes. In addition, he has filled his Illustrative department with the boldest burlesques of Animal Forms that we have perceived in the last half century—although Landseer in Animals and Audubon in Birds had both preceded him! We will just dismiss this Work with the remark that we hope the other Volumes are better. As for this it is a

singularly triumphant illustration of the success with which a dogged resolution in sticking by "Precedent" may be crowned—so far as robbing the most interesting theme of the slightest particle of legitimate interest is concerned. We cannot help congratulating the Commonwealth of New York upon the eminently wise and sagacious disposition of its funds, which has, in this instance at least, secured to its Archives a sufficiently ponderous memorial of the *specific gravity* of Natural Science within its limits! Since Godman, up to the time of the "Quadrupeds of America," nothing has been done with any pretension to System. The facts with regard to different species have been gradually accumulating amongst us in various ways, particularly through the numerous Journals of Science which have grown up in our country. We now come to the period of the Work under consideration. We have shown, in the first place, the circumstances so honorable to all parties through which it has grown into being—then the difficulties which have enveloped the progress of Mammalogy amongst us; and as to how these difficulties have been overcome it will be our task to show hereafter. Godman's Work did something certainly towards extricating our native Fauna from the confusion into which it had fallen in this Department. But still there was a vast deal left to be done. Our Hares, Squirrels, Mice, Moles, &c., had become nearly inextricably confounded in the nomenclature of their Species. Almost innumerable errors had crept into the Classification of other Species through either inattention to system, errors in Biography, which grew out of ignorance or toadyism—inaccurate anatomical definition—and last, though not least, tame, ludicrous, and insufficient Illustration. This Work has attempted to remedy all these difficulties. In it the four prominent schools of Zoology have been united. The system of Linnæus has been recognized—the Biographical School has been carried to a degree of accuracy which has never characterized it—with a great-

er amount of truthful anecdotal outline than we have observed as giving piquancy to details of the kind before. Comparative Anatomy has been carried within the extremes to the just ultimation of its importance, and Illustration has certainly gone farther than it has ever been carried in Quadrupeds, or could have been at this period, but that the Genius which originated the "Plates of the Birds of America" had been brought to bear upon its superintendence. We may say in general terms of the Work, that in the letter-press, for which Dr. Bachman is mainly responsible, we find a greater precision of style than characterizes the "Biographies of Birds," though it has not the same spirit and vivacity. We have the same feature of personal reminiscence in connection with those living details of habit which gave such vividness to the "Biographies." And farther, that inasmuch as this volume illustrates the future conduct of the Work in Letter-Press, we are convinced that they will go on to classify more accurately through all obscurations the species of our Quadrupeds, to more fully set forth their habits in live descriptions, and "Illustrate them beyond any comparison, more exquisitely than has ever been done or attempted before. We had intended to have quoted largely from this Volume this month, but we find that our Historical sketch of the difficulties through which the Work has been necessitated to struggle to the position of its present excellence, at the head of Illustrative Mammalogy in the world, has filled all the space we can give to it for the present. Next month we promise to furnish the first No. of a Series, in which we propose not only to give all the interesting Biographical traits of Animals we find there described, but also to add the annotations and additions which our own large experience of such themes can furnish.

We thus take leave of the "Quadrupeds of America" for the present month, with the absolute consciousness that we can repay the readers of this dry sketch by an exposition of those curious novelities which its pages disclose.

## MONOPOLIES.

Much is written and said in this country about Monopolies, and an idea has been industriously spread abroad, that to protect the labor of the United States so as to secure it against the vicious systems of Europe, which so much depress man in the scale of social life, is granting Monopolies to those concerned in manufactures and mechanic arts.

Now, although to those acquainted with the subject, this is very well known to have not the slightest foundation in truth, but to be a mere invention to deceive the ignorant, we think it would be well to examine into the origin of Monopolies, and to show what really are obnoxious or liable to the odium which attaches to that much misused term.

In making this inquiry it will be our purpose, in the few remarks we make, to show that Monopolies are particular privileges, granted to certain subjects or citizens, which are refused to others, living under the same government, and that therefore, if we except the charters granted for banking purposes, there are literally no Monopolies of any kind in the United States.

Every trade and profession of every nature and kind, every pursuit in business, is alike open to every individual in this country. If any man or set of men shall elect to engage in mining or manufacturing, the way is open for them to do so, upon precisely the same terms and in the same manner as it is for any other man or set of men—all parties concerned are in an equal manner liable for the payment of debts.

It is true that certain persons may, in some of the States of the Union, unite for the accomplishment of certain objects, and not be liable, each of them, beyond the amount specifically applied by him to the accomplishment of that object; but in this there is no Monopoly, because, with the exception named, the same privilege is given to all. How far it is right and proper to permit the privileges which are nothing more nor less than special partnerships, is another question wholly different from that of granting Monopolies. Nor is it our purpose at this time to meet that question. Opinions of wise and good men differ much

as to the expediency of granting charters of any kind; the feeling at this time is undoubtedly generally opposed to them; still they are lawful, and in this State such charters can be obtained for purposes specified through means prescribed by law. But as we have said, in this there is no Monopoly.

What Monopolies really are, and when and how they were created, may be shown in few words.

King Henry VII. of England, in the year 1506, granted a license to Augustini Chigi, a merchant of Sienna in Tuscany, to import from Flanders, or elsewhere, into England, thirteen hundred quintals of alum, and allowed none else to import any until he should sell off all of his said quantity, provided, however, that neither he nor his factors should sell the said alum at a higher price than one pound six shillings and eightpence per quintal or hundredweight.

In 1530, an act of parliament was passed, "that all hemp growing within five miles of Bridport, shall be sold nowhere but in that town; that no persons other than such who shall dwell and inhabit the said town of Bridport, shall make out of the said town any cables, hawsers, &c., made of hemp, in any other place or places within the said distance of five miles from the said town."

In 1534, it was enacted by Parliament, "that no person within the town of Worcester, England, shall make any cloth but the proper inhabitants of the said city and town, excepting persons who make cloth for their own and families' wear."

In 1544 Parliament enacted, "That no person whatever, within or nigh to the County of York, shall make any coverlets for sale, but inhabitants alone dwelling within the city and its suburbs, upon forfeiture of the same."

In 1552, in the reign of Edward VI., there was passed another monopolizing act, "confining the making of felt hats, thrummed hats, coverlets, and diaper linen, to the city of Norwich, and to all other corporate and market towns of that county."

In 1554 it was enacted, that "whosoever shall wear silk in or upon his hat, bonnet, girdle, scabbard, hose, or shoes,

shall be imprisoned for three months and forfeit ten pounds, excepting magistrates of corporations and persons of higher rank. And if any person, knowing his servant to offend against this law, do not put him forth of his service within fourteen days, or shall hire him again, shall forfeit one hundred pounds."

In 1555, Queen Elizabeth granted a Monopoly to Armigell Wade, Esq. and William Herle, for the sole making of brimstone, for thirty years, and also for the sole making or extracting from certain herbs, roots, and seeds, an oil proper to be used for wool, and for the making and dressing woolen cloth, &c."

Monopolies of various kinds were granted by King Charles I. of England—such as special privileges for the making of soap, for starch, playing-cards, saltpetre, gunpowder, glass-making, wines from raisins, for gold and silver thread, for malt and brewing, &c., &c. Also a Monopoly for the sole selling of coals at Newcastle.

Monopolies of the same kind were granted in France, such as the making of woolen cloths at Sedan and other places. These were real Monopolies, the benefits of which inured to particular individuals; but they and all other privileges of a similar character are wholly foreign to, and directly at variance with, our free institutions, and no portion of our citizens are more opposed to them than those concerned in manufactures and the mechanic arts.

These monopolies, and many charters that were granted, containing peculiar privileges of trade and commerce with foreign nations, given by various sovereigns of Europe, were considered as they really were, restrictions upon trade, and it was in contradistinction to these that the term "Free Trade" first originated.

It is only since Great Britain, perceiving that her monopoly in manufactures is to be broken up by the rival nations, and that her system of securing all the markets of the world for them, is in great danger, that the idea of levying duties or imposts in other countries, had anything to do with the freedom of trade.

What trade in the United States is not as free to one of its citizens as to any other? Surely there is none in which all may not embark upon equal terms, so far as legislation is concerned. The question then, of the rate of duties to be paid on the introduction of foreign goods into

this or to any other country, has nothing to do with anything like a monopoly.

The question involves no principle of interference with individual rights, or that is at war with the most perfect freedom and success of international commerce. Even Secretary Walker admits the right and expediency of laying duties for revenue—and that being admitted, all idea of Free Trade is at an end.

We do not on this occasion desire, or intend to go into the discussion of the right and policy of laying duties for the protection of our labor—the writer of this article considers that question fully settled, from the superabundant testimony already so often and publicly adduced. He wishes simply to disabuse the public mind from all idea, that the advocates of protection are, in any manner or form, the advocates of monopoly of any nature or kind whatever; and he appeals to the recent elections, as abundant evidence that the majority of the people of this country have decided the question. The question of protection to the labor of the country is one of the most prominent doctrines of the Whig party—and what is the verdict that is found recorded in the successes which have everywhere crowned their cause in the elections which have been held since the passage of the Tariff of 1846.

Until the passage of that law, many States which have since shown their preference for Whig principles, gave the suffrage of their citizens in favor of President Polk; that they should have changed their political complexion, shows that they are in favor of American industry, and will not consent to the doctrine that Congress have no power over the commerce of the country, further than to make it merely subservient to the public revenue.

We look, therefore, for brighter days in the future, when the times created by the wise enactment of the Tariff of 1842 will return, and give a new impulse to the whole industry of the country.

We desire no monopolies, no privileges, but those for which our institutions were specially framed, to be enjoyed alike by every citizen, be his condition in life what it may.

Our principles are, that our country should avail itself of all its natural endowments—should cultivate its rich and genial soil, and fill the garner of our agriculturists with stores of grain, and our

mills with the fleeces of their flocks; that our miners should extract the rich mineral treasures from the teeming bosom of the earth, that our planters should reap rich rewards in the abundance of their crops of cotton, rice and tobacco, and the surplus of our productions should be carried to the various marts of the world by our gallant ships; that the arts of

peace should flourish to the utmost limits of our widely extended borders—and to reach this happy consummation, nothing more is necessary than to protect our well-conditioned laborers from the vicious systems by which men are kept down and depressed under the monarchical institutions and privileged orders of foreign despotisms.

## THE CREATION OF VALUES.

WITHOUT going into the intricacies of political economy, it is proposed in this article to consider in a common sense manner, what it is that creates values, and how they are accumulated.

If we inquire into the foundation of all values, we shall be led to the inevitable conclusion, that there are a multiplicity of ingredients in their creation: Labor, skill, invention, soil, climate, the presence of natural endowments, such as forests, fisheries, minerals, &c., and also water privileges, roads, canals, and other means of using them and conveying them to market.

In considering, therefore, the power possessed by a nation or people to create and accumulate values, we must take into calculation how far they can command any or all of these ingredients; for exactly in the proportion in which they are more or less present, will be the power with which values can be created.

We think this position so impregnable that we shall not waste time in undertaking to fortify a self-evident truth. There is no fair way of estimating what ought to be the policy of any nation without an examination into the presence or absence of these original sources of national wealth.

If it can be shown that they exist in an uncommon degree in any one country, we shall contend that it is the bounden duty of the people of that country, separate and apart from all other considerations of intercourse with any or all other countries, to frame its laws in such manner as shall best tend to the use of any or all of them, so as to produce from them the greatest amount in value and of comfort and happiness to the people.

We have advanced these truisms with a view to examine in what degree the United States possesses these all-import-

ant ingredients for the well-being of its population, at this particular time; and having shown what we believe to be our position in regard to them, we shall next consider what is the best policy for the government to pursue (in the language of the Constitution) most to promote "the general welfare." In soil and climate, in the possession of forests, fisheries, minerals, &c., indeed in all natural endowments, is there any country upon the habitable globe that can boast of such a profusion. The Rev. Timothy Dwight, in his valedictory address delivered to his class in 1776, in speaking of the country, thus describes it: "Whatever may conduce to health, plenty, and happiness, is almost the spontaneous products of its fields. Our corn is of every kind of the best quality, and of a quantity that cannot be measured. Our cattle and fruits of every kind are without number. Our plants and flowers, for health and pleasure, appear to have been scattered by the same benevolent hand which called forth the luxuriance of Eden. All that the wish of an epicure, the pride of beauty, or the curious mind of a naturalist can ask to variegate the table of luxury, to increase the shrine of splendor, or delight the endless thirst of knowledge, is showered in profusion on this, the favored land of Heaven.

"Nor are these bounties bestowed only on the earth. The ocean, the lakes, and the rivers pour forth an unlimited abundance of wealth and pleasure. Commonly the munificence of the Deity is equally distributed. Where the soil is barren, the sea is fruitful and supplies the defect. Where the land is fertile, the sea is empty and unfurnished. Here, the ocean and the continent were evidently formed for each other by the same open hand, and stored with blessings by the same



unlimited indulgence of bounty. That this is the unstrained voice of truth, and not the extravagant declamation of panegyric, might, with the utmost ease, be demonstrated by a bare enumeration of the articles which constitute the furniture of this mighty structure; but as the time will not suffer such an enumeration, and especially as none of my audience can be supposed to be ignorant of them, I shall barely notice them.

"Our forests are filled with the finest timber, and exude in the greatest abundance tar, pitch, and turpentine. Our fields may, with the utmost facility, be covered with hemp and flax. Our provisions can never fail. Our mountains are everywhere enriched with iron and lead. Our improvements in the art of manufacturing are astonishing even to ourselves. Our uncorrupted manners, and our happy climate, nourish innumerable multitudes of brave, generous, and hardy soldiers, to improve those advantages, to strike terror into their enemies, and brighten the glory of their country."

Such are the glowing terms used by this eminent divine in 1776, when we were yet scarcely a nation, to set forth the endowments and advantages of our country, the advances it had made, and the character of its citizens. What would be the language in which he would portray its present condition, had he lived to witness the mighty advances we have made in civilization, in science, and in every art which can minister to the comfort and happiness of man.

In 1776, we numbered about three millions of inhabitants; we are now little short of twenty. At that period we were without manufactures to protect the hardy soldiers of whom he bears such honorable testimony from the hidden severity of the elements. Our minerals lay in their native beds, untouched by the hand of man. No coal had been discovered to soften the rigors of a winter climate—no canals had been cut, nor rail-roads made to give a magic circulation to the various proceeds of our skill and industry. The mighty power of steam had scarcely become known as an agent in human affairs. Yet the destiny of our country was foreshadowed to the mind's eye of this great and good man, and we cannot forbear to give, in his own language, his views of the then future prospects which presented themselves to him, and which he describes in the following eloquent manner:

"This western world, not with so much propriety called new, from the date of its discovery, as from the unprecedented union it exhibits of all those articles which are the basis of commerce, power, grandeur and happiness; this favorite region, by the hand of Heaven sequestered from the knowledge of mankind till that period when European greatness began to totter, is destined to be the last retreat of science and of glory, beholding a rapid progress towards the consummation of excellence already commenced."

Is it not so? Have we not "those articles which are the basis of commerce, power, grandeur and happiness?" Is there anywhere to be found such a happy combination of the elements of wealth and greatness? This question can only be answered in the affirmative.

How, indeed, can a doubt exist, when it is well known that the canvas of our ships whitens every sea, and that the proceeds of our skill and industry are thus conveyed far and wide, to every nation or people in the known world.

Why, then, should there arise a question, whether or no this country should realize the destiny to which it is so well adapted by the bounteous treasures with which nature has endowed it. Is it because we are an ignorant or an idle people? that we are deficient in intellectual capacity? Does this question need a reply? Where shall we go to find greater inventive genius? Where shall we look for a higher state of enterprise? where for a more indomitable perseverance—both on the land and on the sea? Why, then, we again ask, is there any question of our continued advancement? Is there any satisfactory answer to this query? We unhesitatingly say there is none. Left to ourselves, and uninfluenced by any other political institutions but our own, nothing can arrest us in our career, if true to ourselves. This is no speculation; it is a fixed fact, tested by an experience which cannot admit of a doubt. We have so tested it on several occasions to our sorrow, and at an immense cost, from the Confederation, and before the adoption of the Constitution, down to the present day. We have had seasons of the highest prosperity, and of the deepest gloom.

Above all other benefits resulting from the peculiar institutions of the United States, there is one, the value of which admits of no estimate, whether we consider it in a physical or moral point of

view—for it is the foundation of all the blessings enjoyed by the great mass of the people—and that is, the remunerating distribution of the proceeds of labor—giving to the laborer a much larger portion of his earnings than is yielded to him in any other country on the globe.

It was, indeed, for *this* that our institutions were established, and without it they cannot exist. Monarchies, with privileged classes, may continue, as they have continued from the earliest records of history, to hold masses of mankind together by force and intrigue; and under that form of government a greater or a less degree of discomfort may exist, according as the people have more or less power awarded to them, by what are called Constitutional Monarchies, as separate from absolute despotisms. But under what potentate of so called enlightened Europe, can we find the great mass of the population permitted to partake of even the common necessities of life? The writer of this article has recently made it his particular study to investigate into the condition of those who create all the value which results from labor, in every country of the world; and he solemnly avers it, as an indisputable truth, that, with some very few exceptions, where particular skill has been acquired in delicate and difficult manipulation, nowhere, but in this blessed country, does the working-man receive a sufficiency to feed and clothe him with anything approaching to comfort.

In Christian England, the laborer is so robbed of his reward, that one-eighth, or one-tenth, of the population, according to circumstances, are degraded to such an extent as to receive assistance through the poor-rates established by law. In France, Germany, Switzerland—all over the Continent of Europe—it is little, if any better. Throughout Asia, it is much worse. In the United States alone, under a proper system of imposts, can the mass be said to have a comfortable existence.

The question, then, of whether we shall, or shall not, carry out the system of government under which we live—the vital question—is, shall we shut out from our borders the vicious institutions which degrade man in the scale of creation? or shall this glorious republic follow the sad fate of those which cast such a gloom over the pages of history, as to sicken the heart with their decay and their ultimate downfall?

Can any man of common sense believe, that if by any change in the institutions of Europe, the people were to become, as they are in this country, the source of power, and that an attempt should be made to establish a Republican Government, that such a government could stand, with the people in the condition in which they can scarcely be said (at present) to exist? If any such there be, let him cast his eyes towards the southern portion of this continent, and there he will see the sad fate of fruitless attempts to found free institutions upon the basis of ignorance!

But enough of this argument, if argument that can be called, which is little more than an appeal to the pages of history, and to the notorious exhibitions of the every-day experience by which we are surrounded.

Let us now return to the inquiry which we proposed to pursue, namely, in what manner the greatest value can be created out of the means at the disposal of the citizens of the United States; preserving, at the same time, the present comfortable condition of the laborers who are to contribute to its production.

No one, we think, can doubt the objects of those now possessed of the power of the general government. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury have not left us in doubt upon that head. They have indeed told us almost in so many words, that their plan is to confine the country to Agricultural pursuits, and abandon the Arts to their fate, unless the people of this country can be made to work at prices regulated by the price of labor in Europe.

Stripping their Messages and Reports of all the verbiage and plausible fallacies of which they are made up—this is the long and the short of their story.

Now we shall endeavor to show that if it were in their power to accomplish this, there would be an end of all accumulation of capital in the country.

We speak not now of the Tariff of 1846—that will speak for itself soon enough—we war now against the principle of abandoning the labor of the country to an unprotected competition with the labor of Europe, lowering the wages of our working-men so as to drive the population from the free States, to settle as Agriculturists in those of the South-western part of the Union. This we have reason to believe is Secretary Walk

er's plan. Premising that we have not the most distant idea of his eventual success, we still think much mischief may result to the capital and business of the country in the attempt, even during the short remnant of his inglorious career; and would fain convince him, if he would listen to us, that in so doing he would destroy much of the present capital of the country, and prevent all future accumulation of the values, which under the wholesome Tariff of 1842 were fast increasing; and had he permitted that Tariff to remain undisturbed, would have saved him much trouble in providing the ways and means which he now finds it so difficult to procure.

The moment the Tariff of 1846 was enacted, and the Sub-Treasury law passed, a great sensation was produced in the trading community, the Capitalists, the Manufacturers, and the Merchants. All felt that it was one of those sudden and hurtful experiments, of which we have had previous examples, and that the wisest could form no certain estimate of what their enactment would produce. Hence the greatest caution was immediately adopted; all new operations of business of every nature and kind were suspended. The purse-strings were drawn tight, lest the money which might escape should not only not yield a profit, but might never come back. For what in such a state of things can be done with Capital, with any hope of having even a new dollar returned for an old one. In manufacturing operations it assuredly could not be invested—neither in merchandise of any kind: there was no sort of inducement to purchase real estate, as that was sure to decline in value. Produce then offered no gain in foreign markets. Dry goods could not be imported without loss; so, to sum up the whole matter in few words, confidence was greatly impaired, and every man thought himself truly fortunate if he could save himself from ruinous losses. If we estimate the value of the various articles of trade and commerce in the country at \$200,000,000, the enactment of these laws must have annihilated some 40 or \$50,000,000 from its value, as no one estimated the average fall in prices at less than fifteen or twenty per cent. That this was an unnatural reduction, and arose from the sudden want of confidence created by the passage of the laws referred to, is rendered more obvious from the fact that many, indeed almost all articles, have partially re-

covered from seven and a half to ten per cent. of their value. The demand for grain in Europe and the short crop of cotton doubtless effected this rise to a considerable extent, but we venture the assertion that no Capitalist even now feels the confidence he did before the Tariff of '1846 and the Sub-Treasury were enacted. Nor, we venture to say, will any settled state of things be experienced so long as the principle of Protection shall be repudiated, the Tariff of 1846 remain as it is, and men remain at the head of the General Government who deny the right of Congress to legislate on the subject of a Tariff, except for the purpose of raising "the largest amount of duty from the lowest revenue."

In the matter of accumulation, we can look to nothing with so much confidence as to the arts. As we have said, invention is one ingredient in the creation of values, and one of no mean order. It would be difficult to say what amount of wealth has been created in this country from this single source—of Whitney's cotton gin, who can estimate the millions it has added to the values of the nation? Fulton's steamboats, which if not his original invention were the first brought into use; Whittemore's carding machine, and Morse's telegraph, to say nothing of the thousands of labor saving and ingenious machines which continue to crowd our patent office—many of which have been adopted in Europe, as of more value than their own.

Next to invention, may be ranked in this category, the skill with which the various manufacturing processes are acquired, and the dexterity with which they are used. So much for our people as the instruments—but who shall estimate the interminable value of our iron, copper, and lead mines, our inexhaustible coal measures, both anthracite and bituminous—who can calculate the value of the countless millions of sheep, whose wool can be worked into the finest cloth.

Now, though we consider agriculture and commerce as of inestimable value, still they are not the parents of these immense sources of industry and wealth and their accumulation. Iron must first be smelted before a plough can be made or a harvest reaped—and a surplus must be created before we can have any useful commerce. They are therefore conjointly the three pillars of the social edifice, acting always in entire harmony when mutually protected, existing only in

perfection when all are simultaneously prosperous.

Great evil, however, often arises from the erroneous under-estimate of the value of our internal commerce, the immensity of which can hardly be appreciated—but it is invidious and unjust to draw any distinctions. These three pursuits constitute the whole wealth of the nation, giving a vigor, an activity and intelligence to the body politic, without which man would be but a physical animal, dragging out a miserable existence in a state of barbarism, if not in savage wretchedness.

We forbear to introduce statistics into view at this time, it being our purpose to speak of principles rather than amounts.

In conclusion, therefore, we would press upon the consideration of our readers the iniquity of that system, which avows—as President Polk and Secretary Walker have avowed—that it is not in the power of Congress to protect these great interests; for the denial of protection to one is the abandonment of all; and the day that shall fix, as a settled principle of the general government, that Congress have no power over the foreign commerce of the country in levying imposts upon the importation of the products of other nations, except for the purposes of revenue, will seal the fate of the creation and accumulation of values to an extent that will blot out the United States from the family of independent nations.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

ALTHOUGH nothing of startling interest has occurred within the month, the affairs of Europe seem to wear an unpromising aspect. The Spanish marriages still furnish material for general dissatisfaction, even where no more angry feelings are entertained. No immediate rupture is anticipated in consequence of these events between any of the European powers; but good understandings have been destroyed, mutual distrust has been implanted, national pride has been wounded, and the seeds have been sown which may hereafter produce harvests of hatred and embroilment, to be reaped in tears and in blood. It is understood that Mr. Bulwer, the British minister at Madrid, delivered to the Spanish government, in behalf of his own, a very energetic protest against the marriage of the Infanta with the Duke of Montpensier; and communications were also addressed by the British Government to the principal European powers, declaring that Great Britain would never recognize the issue of this marriage as having any right of succession to the Spanish throne. This interference may seem uncalled for, and is denounced as insolent even by British journals; but it is not likely to be without some effect. England is unlikely to stand alone in the position she has taken. The Russian government, through its Charge d'Affaires at Paris, has informed M. Guizot that it coincides fully in the views maintained in the English protest, and will maintain, according to the treaty of Utrecht, the equilibrium of the European powers. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* announces that Austria and Prussia will also join with

England and Russia, in the course they have adopted. Thus is likely again to be formed a coalition of European nations against France; and although no one can suppose that the immediate result will be, on any side, an appeal to arms from this cause alone, it cannot be denied that a temper and tone of feeling have been induced, far less favorable to continued peace than those which have hitherto existed. The *entente cordiale* between England and France, which has formed the theme of so much boasting on the part of M. Guizot, and so much rejoicing throughout Europe, is pretty evidently at an end. The two nations are no longer governed by a common spirit. Jealousy and resentment have taken the place of that unbounded mutual confidence and regard, of which the professions at least have heretofore been so plentiful and incessant. Louis Phillippe has evidently acted for his own supposed interests, and in defiance and scorn of the feelings and interests of England. His breach of confidence may not be forcibly and at once resented, but it will scarcely be forgotten or readily forgiven.

Meantime events are occurring in Switzerland, which may precipitate some general issue. The twenty-two *Cantons* of that country are bound together by a federal compact, which expressly forbids the formation of private leagues among the cantons to the prejudice of the federal compact or the interest of the other cantons. In alleged violation of this provision, a private alliance was recently formed by the seven Catholic cantons of Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Underwald, Zug, Fribourg, and Valais; the

object of this alliance was to secure the rights guaranteed to these Catholic cantons, by the federal compact against the apprehended violence of the radical Protestants. It seems that the legality of this alliance was called in question in the Grand Council; and in that Council, through the equal division of the other cantons, Geneva held the balance of power, and her Council voted in favor of the Catholic cantons, on the ground that the course they had pursued had been rendered necessary by the refusal of the federal diet, to secure them against the violence of the radical cantons, which had vented itself in actual force upon Lucerne for having invited fourteen Jesuits into her midst, to take charge of her schools. Geneva is a Protestant canton, but stands above all the rest in intelligence and moral qualities, and she evidently acted in this case from the purest regard to the rights of the oppressed and wronged cantons, without regard to their religious predilections. As soon as the decision of the Council was known, a rabid French democrat, named James Fazy, who left his own country soon after the revolution of 1830, and has since been an editor in Geneva, convoked a mass meeting, and brought forward a protest denouncing the Council in the most violent manner, and declaring its vote null and void. Counter meetings were held, and the excitement increased, until an appeal was taken to arms. The mob under Fazy barricaded the bridges of the Rhone. The government on its side was not idle—and on the 7th of October, the artillery was brought to bear upon the barricades. The government prepared to negotiate, but Fazy rejected the proposal, and after a sharp and severe engagement the government troops were compelled to retreat, and the next day the government itself fled from the city. A provincial government was immediately formed with Fazy at its head; and at the time of the latest accounts, his rule seemed to be firmly established. He was conducting affairs with a good degree of moderation. The example of Geneva, however, is likely to prove contagious, and Basle-city and Basle-Campagne are arming against each other. The probability is that radicalism, which most unfortunately seems to be there identified with Protestantism, will prevail, and will thus gain the ascendancy in the federal Diet, which will, of course, pronounce the dissolution of the league of the seven Catholic cantons. In anticipation of this result, the cantons are consolidating their league and arming for the emergency. France has already advanced a military force to the Swiss frontier, undoubtedly with the intention of interfering when the proper time shall arrive; and similar measures are anticipated on the sides of Austria and Sardinia. A

furious civil war is imminent in the very heart of Europe; and in the existing state of international feeling, such an event will be almost certain to involve some of the leading powers of Europe.

To complicate still more the affairs of the Continent, another revolution has occurred in Portugal. At Lisbon it was at first completely successful, and was brought about without bloodshed, by the admirable management of the Queen, by whom it was started. Afterwards, however, it met with warm hostility even in that city, and in some other parts of Portugal it encountered a short opposition. At Oporto, the Duke of Terceira, who was sent thither by the Queen as Lieutenant-General of the Northern Marines, was imprisoned on his arrival, and a junto was immediately convened, which declared the dethronement of the Queen, and proclaimed her son, Don Pedro, King of Portugal, with a Council Regency. This movement was generally followed by the cities of the North; and Spain was marching troops to the frontier. It is also thought that France, Spain, and even Belgium have had an agency in fomenting these disturbances.

Immense and destructive floods have occurred in France along the course of the Rhone and Loire. Many lives have been lost, and property to an immense amount has been swept away. It was the severest ever known in France, the great flood of 1789 not excepted.

In Italy the Pope seems to be going forward rapidly, and with great popular applause, in the new career of improvement and reform, which his councils and example have opened to the people. He is encouraging attempts to promote the cultivation of rice in the neighborhood of Rome, and they are said to be completely successful. A company has been formed for the purpose of growing rice on the whole plain between Ostia and Porto d'Anzo, which is forty miles long, and can easily be flooded at will by the waters of the lakes Albano and Nemi. It is said upon intelligent authority, that the Pope is acting under the advice of the Abbé Grôseaux in all his schemes, and that the Abbé is desirous that he should put himself at the head of every new movement, and so signalize himself by his zealous promotion of liberty in thought, speech, and action. The Abbé was banished by the late Pope for his counsels to the same effect. His plans, however, met a very warm reception from the Italian people; and the present Pope, then a cardinal, was one of his warmest friends. He was a man of liberal opinions, had visited various parts of Europe, and was thus prepared to enter upon the duties of the Papacy with far wider and more intelligent views than those which had influenced his predecessor. The measures he has already

taken have alarmed the jealousy of Austria—the watch-dog of despotism in Europe; and it is by no means improbable that he may come to an open rupture with that court.

A very heated and intemperate discussion has been started between the French and English journals, concerning the discovery of the new planet. It is not denied, we believe, in any quarter, that M. Leverrier is entitled to the transcendent honor of having accurately demonstrated its existence and calculated its position, before any similar calculations had been published. But it is claimed by the English that Mr. Adams, of the Greenwich Observatory, had also calculated the place of the planet, and furnished to Mr. Challis the means of securing two observations of the planet, before any announcement was made by M. Leverrier. To prove that the object observed was a planet, the observations of different days should have been compared. This essential point, however, Mr. Challis neglected; and without laying any claim to the discovery, he simply says, that “the planet was virtually secured, and its place determined, six weeks previously to any recorded observation of it elsewhere.” These allegations are supported by the testimony of Sir John Herschel, and will be, it is said, substantiated by the records of the observatory. The claim, however, has excited the anger of the French, and even in the debates of the National Academy, the most violent language has been applied to the English *savans* who have in any way given their countenance to it. The King of Prussia, meantime, anxious to signalize the slight connection of his own country with this astronomical event, has conferred the cross of the Red Eagle of the fourth class upon M. Galle, the Berlin astronomer,

who first directed his telescope to the new planet, following the directions of M. Leverrier.

The literary and general intelligence of the month has but little interest. A young astronomer of Rome, M. Alberi, has discovered a MS. of Galileo, concerning the satellites of Jupiter, which was supposed to be lost; it was found in a private library. Mr. Richardson, the celebrated traveler, has returned to London, after a journey of three months directly through the heart of the Sahara desert. He is about to publish the results of his inquiries, which have mainly related to the slave trade. The Leipsic catalogue announces that 5,283 books have been published in Germany since the Easter fair of the present year. In various parts of France, a disease has manifested itself in the beet root, similar to that which has proved so generally destructive to the potatoes. The corner stone of a monument to Columbus was laid at Genoa on the 28th of September. An immense concourse was present, and the ceremonies of the occasion were highly imposing. The Congress of Italian savans have decided to hold their meeting of 1848 at Bologna. This is the first time such an event has ever occurred within the limits of the Papal States; and it is feared that the Pope, with all his liberality, will regard the step as premature. The Germanic Diet has awarded the sum of 100,000 florins to Prof. Schonbein, on condition that his newly discovered gun-cotton shall be proved able advantageously to supercede the use of gunpowder. The Sardinian government has opened negotiations with Spain for the recovery of the remains of Columbus, which are now at Havana. A weekly journal called the *Contemporaneo*, is announced as about to appear at Rome, under the auspices of the Pope.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

**SIVORI, THE VIOLINIST.**—This is a progressive era; ours is a progressive nation; the city of Gotham—wherein we more immediately exist—is a progressive city; and, undoubtedly, our readers are progressive characters, or ought to be such, only taking excellent care that they are “right before they start.” Amid the perpetual motion of our unquiet time, Art, Science, and Taste, it must also be presumed, are moving onward; and in no department of these is there more evidence of movement, and of movement too in the right direction, than in what relates to the “divine science” of Music.

Although much of the apparent enthusiasm now so widely fashionable, upon the subject of music, is probably neither deep nor genuine; though too many of those who crowd the concert-room are probably attracted thither by motives somewhat foreign to music and the love of it; yet we think it cannot be denied that a truer appreciation and a warmer love of this beautiful art is really spreading among the community. That this is the case is evidenced by the cordial welcome which has greeted the few great musicians of the Old World who have already visited us; by the improved character of, and sustained attend-

ance upon our public concerts, and by the increase of facilities within reach of students of the art. Among the distinguished artists to whom we have alluded, and whose genius has done so much toward raising our perceptions of the *possible* in musical art—Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps, and De Meyer have stood pre-eminent—but to these names must now be added that of Sivioli, the pupil and friend of Paganini, and upon whom the mantle of the “weird Master” may almost be said to have fallen.

Those whose hearts have thrilled to the wild melody, the deep pathos, and the impassioned fervor of the poetic Northman, have never withdrawn from their remembrances of him the meed of affectionate admiration which they had accorded to him; while the admirers of Vieuxtemps, his high artistic skill, his great science, and the finished correctness of his play, still recall his performances with delight. But the young artist who has won the suffrage of all Europe, is now by his rich and diversified imagination, and an almost superhuman mastery over his instrument, holding in suspension the judgment of the critics, as to whether he may not be entitled to take precedence of all our former favorites.

We have not space to enter into a minute account of the varied beauties of Sivioli's play, of the profusion of exquisite and admirable effects which he draws from his instrument, until one becomes almost sceptical as to the *catgut* and *horsehair*, or of the ease with which he overcomes the greatest difficulties, performing on a single chord the wonders of four—

“With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
The melting *sound* through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the strings that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.”

We have only space to express our cordial hope that this truly classic Artist may be the means of awaking in all parts of our country which he may visit during his stay among us, a deeper and purer love for this noble art, to which he is consecrated.

#### LECTURES OF MR. HENRY GILES.—

We are glad to be able to speak of the Literary Discourses of this gentleman, in view of their being soon delivered in this city. Mr. Giles has, in different places and for several years, delivered lectures on various subjects of high interest in literature and social life. His style, in those which we have heard, is earnest and impassioned—two of the chief elements in oratory—and the fullness of his mind, by the aid especially of a fine analytical power and a fervid fancy, supplies his audience at all times with many desirable treasures of thought, feeling and excellent language. We sincerely trust that he may not lack hearers in any

quarter. Lectures, when presented by an orator—in other words, public orations on noble subjects by an eloquent man—are of great value in a community, where large portions of the people have so little time to read and study books.

#### *The Sacred Mountains*: By J. T. HEADLEY, New York, BAKER & SCRIBNER.

This volume was laid upon our table at so late a date that we are unable to give any extended notice of its qualities. In mechanical execution no more beautiful book has been issued this season. As a gift book it has a high recommendation in its subject. The idea of making the “Sacred Mountains” of the Bible a series of solemn and majestic pictures, as the old Italian Painters chose their touching and impressive subjects from the various characters of Scripture, was a happy one, and, we believe, original. Of each Mountain and its surrounding scenery there is an engraving on steel. They are mostly very beautiful; we notice, however, a singular mistake in the first—Mount Ararat. A rainbow is represented as bending over the plain in front of the Mountain, while the trees still more in front of the rainbow have shadows on the *near* side. Now to make a rainbow at all the sun must be behind the looker-on, in which case, of course, there could be no shadows on the *near* side of the trees. But the picture is beautiful, notwithstanding. As to the sketches by Mr. Headley, they are principally groupings of the incidents that took place upon and around them. They have many of the characteristics of the author's style, placing the scenes distinctly before the mind. But quite too many passages are loosely written, with false imagery and strained language. As an interesting gift however, to the imaginative, and the lovers of Scripture scenes, we would suggest “the Sacred Mountains.”

#### *Moore's Poetical Works, complete in one volume. Illustrated with ten Engravings.* G. APPLETON & Co. N. Y. 1846.

A splendid edition of the poems of this most melodious of versifiers, with Engravings of admirable elegance, and appropriateness—one a very excellent and spirited likeness of the poet, in the style of Sir T. Lawrence's head. Among the Engravings the most remarkable are a *Psyche* opening a casket,—a composition of landscape and figures of Landseer,—a *Peri*, by K. Meadows, (which is a *Peri*,)—all in the richest style of modern soft engraving, suitable to the elegance of the volume and the mellifluous smoothness of its contents.

It is clearly impossible for the art of engraving or the art of versifying to go any farther than they have already gone in this direction. The production of soft effects has been carried to its limit. Excessive elegance and sweetness in letters, has prepared us to enjoy the rude periods and violent contrasts of Carlyle and his imitators, as the epicure is tempted to a coarse and bitter diet, after a surfeit of sweets. The excessive and somewhat weak refinement at which this art of engraving has arrived, seems to promise already a revolution in taste. We have seen some works, lately executed in Paris, which show a wonderful purity of line, and a force of shadow not unworthy of the old masters in this art.

Since Wordsworth and the German poets, between whom there is a close though unacknowledged affinity, have possessed us with sentiments to the neglect of melody and passion, Moore and Byron with Rossini, who represents them in Music, have fallen not a little in estimation, though they are still extremely popular in despite of moral criticism. Be it there is no deeper moral in a song of Moore, or a stanza of Childe Harold, than in one of Rossini's delicious and inexhaustible cavatinas, or in a group of Bacchanals from Poussin, they are none the less excellent, nay, unapproachable in their kind, rich flowers of genius, full of melody, and the most perfect sensuous beauty. They must remain, too, as the types of perfection for the musical qualities of our tongues, and must continue to give pleasure long after the present fashion of sentimentalism has ceased even from history.

*Memoirs of the Life of Addison: By Miss AIXIN, complete in one volume. CAREY & HART, Philadelphia, 1846.*

A life of Addison by one of the most elegant of the female writers of England, composed in the subdued and classic manner of that school of English prose, of which Addison himself, unless Cowley be preferred to him, may be taken as the source and the model. The memoir itself is not remarkable for any marked or brilliant qualities of wit or sentiment, but chiefly for the sweetness of its periods and the mild enthusiasm with which it follows the illustrious moralist through all the progress of his dispassionate but not uneventful life.

The other remarkable characters of that age, particularly Swift and Pope, are treated with much severity by the Biographer, who ascribed to them a degree of inveterate and ungenerous malice toward their rivals, which their admirers will disclaim. The author discovers but little respect for those great names, and strikes the balance against them by an excusable degree of admiration for the accomplished Addison; a

man of a noble but somewhat timid and exclusive nature, who carried the idea of taste and classic reserve from letters into the conduct of life, and who is marked, like all great moralists, with the excess of the qualities which his writings have stamped upon the literature and manners of his nation.

*Essays on the Progress of Nations in Productive Industry, Civilization, Population, and Wealth,—illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Manufacture, &c.: By ELIZA C. SEAMAN. Detroit, M. GIEGER & Co. New York, BAKER & SCRIBNER.*

We cheerfully express our opinion of the great value of Mr. Seaman's book entitled, "Essays on the Progress of Nations." Besides the amount of exceedingly valuable statistical information which it contains, and which alone should ensure to it a most extensive circulation, it has high merits in a political and philosophical point of view. The author evidently views the Tariff and kindred subjects from a position higher than that from which they are ordinarily contemplated. The reader will find on the examination of this work, that these are not questions merely of temporary prices, or market fluctuations, but that they have a permanent bearing on the highest well-being of the nation. The author demonstrates that the encouragement of a national industry, in its various branches, is far more than a mere nominal matter of cheap buying, (although even here its advantages are in the end more clearly shown,) but that it is more intimately connected with the moral welfare and highest prosperity of a country.

*Destiny: a Poem: By E. DELAFIELD SMITH.*

Of the twenty or thirty poetical addresses on public occasions, large and small, sent to us within the last eight months, this is a fair sample. It is legitimate, at such times, to deliver moderate verse, and the present seems to be no infringement of the rule. The laying out of its subject is better than the execution. The design is to show that all nations, from the Hindoo and the Parsee to the Gipsies and Lord Byron, are imbued with a dark belief in Fate. This undoubtedly laid the ground-work for some swelling and powerful poetry; but the piece, though with some good passages, is very loosely written. Among other faults the writer will have so short a thing in eight or ten kinds of metre—a ridiculous and fatal conceit, which we have condemned half a dozen times already in similar productions. A dozen lines, or so—a new fancy comes up—and, *presto*, the measure is changed! Thus walking, limping, and



swinging along, it is impossible to produce any body of impression. As to the writer's idea of Fate, it may be taken as a poetical feeling; but such lines as these, at this age, are either blasphemy or idiocy: Eternal Powers! as on life's ocean dark Years hang more deeply o'er my humble bark, I feel that God, permitting Fate's decree, Divides his radiant throne with Destiny.

Some clever lines might be quoted in the course of the poem, but we were *fated* not to have room.

*The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, Inaugural, Annual, and Special, from 1799 to 1846, with a Memoir of each of the Presidents, and a History of their Administrations, compiled from official sources by EDWIN WILLIAMS. In two volumes. New York, Edward Walker.*

Of the real value of this work to the people of this country, too high an estimate can hardly be formed. Whatever may be the feelings of any foreign nation towards us, there can be no citizens of another country who will not acknowledge that ours has been a wonderful career. In so few years to have swept the vast wilderness away; to have erected towns and cities in every direction, populous and powerful; to have covered our hills and valleys with cultivated fields, crowded a thousand great rivers with steam-vessels, and dotted the innumerable inland streams with busy manufactories; to have achieved so much of physical triumph over a region two-thirds as large as all Europe—and, in addition, to have established, on the broadest base, new forms of government, new institutions, new laws and elements of social life, so that we rank, beyond any question, as one of the first four nations of the earth—is a result which must always be considered among the most extraordinary that can be recorded. But in the history of these things, our physical progress has been noted much more than the formation of our political, moral and social institutions. Among other disadvantages, this has been the cause of the chief misunderstandings abroad respecting our character, and of the equal misconceptions at home, as to the true elements to be regarded and hoped for in our future growth. We have been looked upon by others as a young overgrown giant, impetuous, awkward, and something dangerous. We have looked upon ourselves as

vigorous, progressive, and destined to an extraordinary future of *wealth and strength*. It is time we should view ourselves, and be viewed, in a nobler and more trying light. In this relation, as clearing up, in a more thorough and impartial manner than had before been done or attempted, that part of our history which embraces all past political movements, this work of Mr. Williams is invaluable. That our politics, so far, make up the most important portion of our history, both to ourselves and to other nations, will not readily be questioned. But no work, till the publication of this, had presented any sufficient body of their annals and statistics. The Presidential Messages and Addresses would, of themselves, be valuable enough to commend the compilation to every one's use; but in addition to those, the author has added a sketch of the life of every President, and a history of his administration; amounting, in all, to nearly 500 out of the 1700 pages comprised in the two octavo volumes. These portions of original matter are full of information; and it is worthy of a distinct and emphatic tribute, that they are written in the most sober and impartial spirit. The writer seems to be of a serious and conservative turn of mind, as he could hardly have failed to be, after surveying our politics from Washington to Polk; but there is no quality of the partisan in him. The book is a thoroughly impartial one, and will, therefore, be of infinitely wider usefulness. Every person should possess a copy.

One thing only, in these volumes, strikes us as worthy of censure: and that is utterly wretched. We refer to the engraved heads of the Presidents, placed as frontispieces. We have never seen anything more absurd and abominable. They look as if they had been etched on clay and moulded of cast iron; and even in that case, they must have been badly done. By the way they look, the cares of State must have made terrible inroads upon them. We should think the old bald eagle at the top would scream over them worse than he appears to be doing; and we only wish the blaze of glory around him would consume the whole infamous combination together. Seriously, it is unjust, and altogether unprofitable, in an age so accustomed to good engravings, to put out such miserable caricatures of our most eminent men; and we frankly advise the publisher to change the plates as soon as possible.

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We have received several other books, also, but are unable to insert notices of them this month. Among them are, from Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*; Mrs. Southey's *Poems*; Goethe's *Autobiography*; *The Water Cure in Chronic Diseases*; also, Milner's *Poems* and the *Poems* of O. W. Holmes, from Ticknor & Co.

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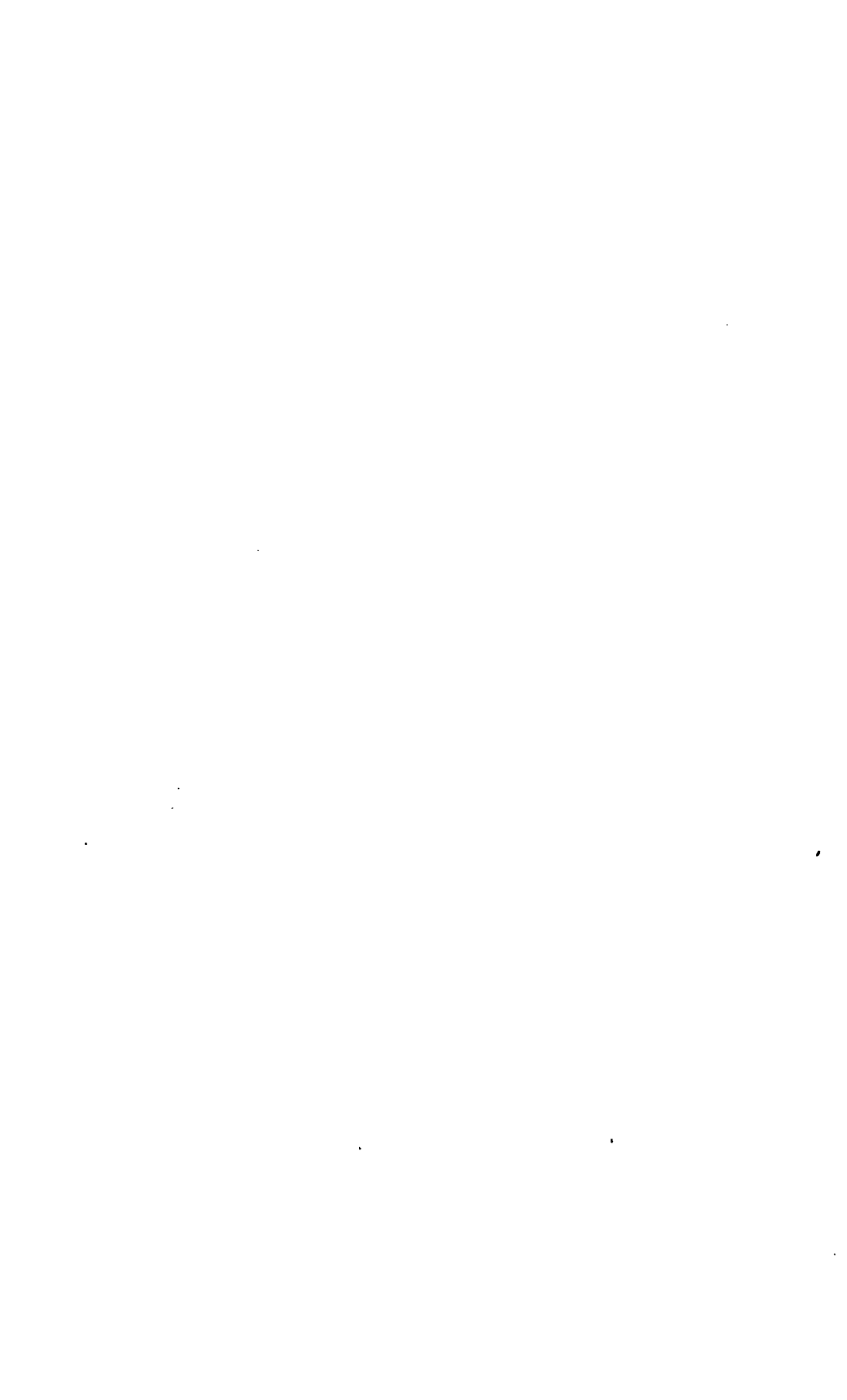
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